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ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

VOLUME XXXVII.

PART II.—MAY TO OCTOBER, 1910.

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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XXXVII.

PART II.

SIX MONTHS—MAY TO OCTOBER, 1910.

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“‘OH, LOOK AT THE DATE ON THE CORNER-STONE!’ EXCLAIMED HILDA,—‘1759!’”

ST. NICHOLAS

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MAY, 1910

No. 7



The League of the Signet-Ring

by Mary Constance Du Bois

CHAPTER I

WYNDGARTH

"WHAT a dear old house! It looks as if it were full of mysteries and legends and secret staircases, and all sorts of fascinating things!" exclaimed Jean Lennox, as the twentieth-century motor-car turned in at the gate of the eighteenth-century homestead.

It was Easter Monday, and a few minutes before a round dozen of young people had arrived at the Tallulah station on their way to hold a house-party at Wyndgarth, the Arm-

strongs' country-seat on the banks of the Hudson. Mrs. Armstrong and the girls, spinning along in the automobile, had left the boys in the carriage far behind; and here they were already, stopping before the stately colonial mansion. The party that alighted from the motor-car consisted of Mrs. Armstrong, her daughter Carol in all the bloom of her nineteen years, and seven boarding-school maidens—Jean Lennox, tall, dark-haired, with deep blue eyes; Evelyn Sherwood, Cecily Brook, Betty Randolph, Hilda Hastings, Phyllis Morton, and merry little Frances Browne.

These girls belonged to a sisterhood worthy

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of the days of chivalry. A year ago Jean, then a freshman at Hazelhurst Hall, had banded her classmates together into the Order of the Silver Sword. This society had a distinctly military flavoring. The members called themselves battle maids, and their badges were miniature golden shields crossed by silver swords. *Caritas et Veritas* was the motto on the badges, and these girl knights had armed themselves with two mystic weapons—*Caritas*, the silver sword of love and kind-heartedness, and *Veritas*, the golden shield of truth, honor, and loyalty. Jean herself had been elected queen of the order. Cecily as secretary and Betty as treasurer had received the titles of princesses of the Scroll and of the Treasure. Carol, then president of the seniors, having adopted fourteen-year-old Jean as a younger sister, had become her Majesty's chief counselor, the "alruna" or prophetess of the order. This Easter-tide Carol and Jean had invited those members of the society whose homes were far away to spend the vacation with them in New York. To-day Carol and her guests, and Jean and hers, had joined forces, and the merry-making at Wyndgarth was to crown the holidays.

"Oh, look at the date on the corner-stone!" exclaimed Hilda,—"1759!"

"Does n't it seem as if George Washington ought to be on the porch making a bow to us?" said Carol. "He did spend a night here once."

As she spoke, the door opened; they heard a rush like an avalanche—a huge, dark body hurled itself through the doorway, and a monstrous creature came bounding forth—the largest dog they had ever seen! Yet it was not for the strangers, but for Carol, that he sprang. She braced herself against a pillar not a second too soon. He bounded upon her, but she met the onslaught by throwing her arms around his neck and laughing.

"Hamlet, you dear old fellow! Was he so glad to see his family he wanted to knock them down? How d' ye do, Aggie?" She waved a greeting to the servant who had opened the door. "His name 's Hamlet because he 's a Great Dane," she explained, as the other girls joined in fondling her turbulent welcomer. "And he has a tendency to insanity, like the Prince of Denmark. He thinks he 's a little fuzzy white poodle, just the right size to cuddle down in your lap, which is slightly inconvenient."

"Now, girls," said Mrs. Armstrong, "come and see the kind of homes people used to have." She ushered them into the large, square hall, with its blazing wood fire, and then Carol led the way through parlor, library, and dining-room. On all sides they saw high-paneled wainscoting, massive

old mahogany furniture, and portraits of imposing ladies with powdered coiffures, and gentlemen with lace ruffles and gay coats. They peeped into the old kitchen, not the one in present use, and saw a huge open fireplace with a crane, and with chimney-corners so capacious that two cronies might have drawn up their chairs inside and chatted across the blaze.

Finally Carol took her guests up the wide staircase to the floor above. Here the girls found, in the rooms which they were to occupy, high four-posters, each bed being provided with a small step-ladder.

Hats and coats laid aside, they turned to go down-stairs. At the top of the flight they encountered the rest of the house-party—two out of Carol's trio of brothers, and their four boy guests. In the lead was Alan Armstrong, a handsome fellow of seventeen. After him came his friends Dick Bradley and Ned Conyngham; then Cecily's cousin Jack Hamilton, and Douglas Gordon. Jack was sturdy of frame and jolly of countenance. Douglas was a fair-haired Scotch lad, his face clean-cut and strong, and his gray eyes as honest as they were clear and keen. Bringing up the rear with Hamlet was the youngest Armstrong, fourteen-year-old Eric, tawny-haired and merry-eyed.

"This is an awfully jolly place!" said Douglas.

"Grandfather left it to us, only a year ago. We mean to make it our summer home," answered Carol.

There was no time for further exploration just then, for luncheon was announced, and a long automobile ride was planned for the afternoon.

"Jean, do you know what I keep thinking about all the time this vacation?" asked Douglas, after luncheon, when the young folks were gathered on the porch. "It 's the difference between last Easter and this. Last year there I was, all alone in the world, trying to find work, and nobody to care a cent what happened to me! And now look at the change! I tell you I can't believe I 'm the same fellow, sometimes!"

"And would n't I have been surprised," said Jean, "if anybody had told me last Easter I was going to have a great big brother like you!"

It was indeed hard, at times, for Douglas Gordon to realize that he was the very boy who, the year before, had been left to fight his way in the world, unfriended and alone. His mother he could scarcely remember. His father, a physician, had been forced through ill health to give up his city practice and go with his little son to live in the Adirondacks. More than a year ago he had been taken down with pneumonia and had died on Christmas Day. The boy, left destitute,

had faced his sorrow manfully, and had set forth resolutely to seek his fortune. Looking for work, he had come to Halcyon Lake. Soon afterward a number of Hazelhurst girls had arrived at Halcyon also, to spend the summer at a camp belonging to Cecily's mother. Among them was Jean Lennox, leader of "the battle maids." Jean and Douglas had met, her girlish sympathy had soon won from the lad his whole story, and the young queen had drawn her silver sword on his behalf. Through her pleading he had obtained the place of boatman at the Brooks' camp, and between the boy and girl a fast friendship had sprung up. Before the vacation was over Douglas had had a chance to prove his mettle, and had shown himself to be of such brave, good stuff that when Mr. Lennox had come to see his little daughter he had made up his mind that here was a lad of whom any father might well be proud. And when it was found that, years ago in Scotland, Douglas's grandfather and Jean's had been close friends, it had seemed to Mr. Lennox that the boy had a strong claim upon him. So he had taken Douglas into his own home, determined to give him an education which should fit him for whatever work he might choose in life. The boy had thrown himself with a will into his work at the boarding-school to which he was sent. At least he could show that the trust in him had not been misplaced. Alan and Eric Armstrong were among his schoolmates.

"Come down to the stable while we're waiting for the autos, Gordon, and see my Airedale," begged Eric, coming up to Douglas and Jean.

"You must see Hiawatha, too," said Carol. She went ahead of them into the stable, and when Eric's shaggy terrier had been pronounced "a crackajack" by Douglas, they followed and found her in a stall, feeding sugar to a beautiful, spirited bay. "This is Hiawatha," said she, "and I'm very proud of him. Come, Pet—back! back!"

"Here, let me help you," began Douglas. But no hands but hers were needed as she backed Hiawatha out of his stall to greet the company.

That afternoon the motor-cars carried the young folks over fifty miles of country, and it was eight o'clock by the time a very hungry, very jolly company assembled once more around the dining-table. Carol had planned to treat the village children to an Easter-egg hunt the next day, and when dinner was over she slipped away to collect her eggs and her dyes. Mrs. Armstrong called Alan to help her find a box of old curios. Eric went off to see his puppy safely locked up for the night, and the rest of the party drew close to the dining-room fireside, for a cold, March-like gale was rising.

"Listen! What is that queer sound?" Cecily raised a hushing hand. The others listened and heard a sound as of music, sweet, plaintive, vibrant, coming from somewhere aloft in the great brick chimney. "How weird! What is it? What makes it?" the girls exclaimed.

"Must be the wind," said Dick Bradley. "I wonder what makes it sound like that, though!"

"It's a banshee," said Jean. "There's a ghost up in the chimney!"

They listened to the mournful strains, wondering and conjecturing, till Carol came back with her bowl of eggs.

"Carol," said Ned Conyngham, "there's the ghost of a prima donna up in the chimney."

"Oh, you hear Grandmother Veronica's voice, do you?" returned Carol. "My great-great-great-grandmother left her voice behind her, they say. I thought we'd hear it to-night, there's such a high wind."

"What is it really?" asked Douglas.

"It's only an Aeolian harp," answered Carol.

"They were always putting harps in chimneys in these old houses," said Alan, coming in with his mother. "It's near the top, but you can hear it down here when the wind blows hard."

"And the tradition is that it's Grandmother Veronica's voice," said Carol. "We have a very romantic story about her. Little Mother, you tell it while we dye the eggs. Come and sit in the old Tory's arm-chair, deary, and look colonial." Her mother was soon ensconced in a carved, high-backed chair by the fireside, and began the story.

CHAPTER II

THE SECRET ROOM

"THIS house was built by Gilbert Chauncey before the Revolution. He was an old man by the time the war broke out, and he had living with him his two orphan grandchildren, Hugh and Veronica Chauncey. Old Gilbert was a staunch Tory, and when his grandson joined the Continental army he disinherited him and made his granddaughter his heir. But Veronica's sympathies were secretly all on the American side, too; and one day, as she was looking for wild flowers in the woods near the house, whom should she come upon but a young Continental soldier! She knew the neighborhood was full of redcoats, and she warned him of his danger, and told him that she was a Continental at heart even though she was a Tory's granddaughter. When the young soldier found he could trust her, he told her his story. He was carrying important despatches, and as he was riding along he had been shot at and his horse so badly wounded that a

few minutes later it had fallen dead. He knew that the enemy must be on his track, and he said that unless he could get another horse at once it was all up with him and his mission.

"Veronica gladly offered him her own, but said he must wait till it was brought home from the blacksmith. She told him that while he was waiting she would hide him where the enemy would never dream of finding him—in the house of her Tory grandfather, for there was a secret room there."

"Is there really a secret room?" asked Jean.

"So they say," replied Mrs. Armstrong.

"I don't believe it's here now," said Eric, who had joined them, and who was stretched on the hearth-rug, with Hamlet for a pillow. "I've looked all over the house."

"Oh, but it *might* be here still," said Jean, unwilling to relinquish the romantic thought. "Mrs. Armstrong, may n't we hunt for it to-morrow, just in case we *could* find it?"

"Certainly, and I hope you'll be successful."

"She won't," declared Eric.

"Maybe she'll be smarter than you," said Alan.

"Well," Mrs. Armstrong resumed, "the soldier decided to trust himself to Veronica; and as her grandfather was out, she was able to lead him safely into the house without being noticed, and hide him in the secret room. She had hardly done so when in came her grandfather, and with him two redcoat officers on their way to join their regiment. It was late, and old Gilbert Chauncey had invited them to spend the night, and poor little Veronica did n't see how in the world she was to get her soldier away safely. Her grandfather gave his guests a regular banquet to prove his loyalty; and, to make matters worse, the only person she could trust to help her was Hannibal, an old slave, who was busy waiting on the table. But all the time the feast was going on, her little ladyship was plotting and planning. When at last the officers had left the table, she managed to have a word with Hannibal, and she told him when he heard her singing in the parlor to go and let the soldier out of his hiding-place and send him away on her horse. Then she went to her harpsichord and began singing Tory songs. Of course in a minute she had the officers beside her, listening entranced, and her grandfather too, for she had an exceedingly beautiful voice. And soon the gallant redcoats joined in the choruses and sang at the top of their voices! And they sang so merrily that nobody heard when Hannibal let the young soldier out; and nobody heard the clatter of hoofs when he galloped away. A few weeks later Veronica's horse was mysteriously returned to her, so of course she knew the sol-

dier had reached his destination safely. Then, first her grandfather died, and then her brother was killed in the war, so poor Veronica was left all alone. Two years went by, and one day an officer in Continental uniform came riding up to the door. It was Major Alan Armstrong, and he was the very same soldier whom she had hidden in the secret room. He had come at last to thank her properly; and he thanked her very properly indeed, for he asked her to be his wife! And so Veronica Chauncey became Veronica Armstrong, and this house has come down in the Armstrong family. There is a tradition that Grandmother Veronica used to sing to Major Alan and their children every evening, and that she left her voice here in the chimney as a legacy to her descendants."

"What a splendid story!" the girls exclaimed.

"You must look at this box of curios now," said Mrs. Armstrong, when the egg-dyeing was over. "One of Veronica's sons was a sea-captain, and he brought these from the East. There are various stories about him; how he fought in the War of 1812 and had all sorts of adventures."

When the captain's collection of curiosities, gathered from many lands, had been examined, it was time to say good night. The next morning was devoted to an excursion by steam-launch to West Point to see the Military Academy. Early in the afternoon came the work of hiding the Easter eggs in different parts of the grounds, and this was scarcely finished before the troop of village children arrived. Carol had to take charge of her little guests, and so Jean was asked to play hostess to the house-party.

"Suppose you take them on a hunt for the secret room," said Carol. "Eric will show you around. Take them down cellar, Eric; I want them to see that odd step in the stairs, with the brass nails in it."

Before Jean could collect her forces, Evelyn, Hilda, and Phyllis had gone off with Alan, Dick, and Ned for a stroll. But Cecily, Betty, and Frances were as eager as Jean to investigate; and Douglas and Jack were pressed into the service. Eric conducted the explorers to the cellar.

"This is the step," said he, pointing out the lowest one of the cellar stairs. The top of it was fastened down with a row of large brass nails, and hinges at the back showed that it must have been used as a box.

"Have n't you ever opened it?" asked Jean.

"No; I've never been here much myself, and I never bothered."

"Open it now," said Frances.

"All right. Wait till I get some tools." Eric ran off, and returned with hammer and chisel.

"Maybe the old Tory chap kept his money here," he suggested, as he set to work.

The girls watched him eagerly while he pried open the lid.

"Hello! There *is* something here!" Neither gold nor silver appeared, but Eric drew out a

XX—XXV 15 21—XIII 5 5 XX—XIX III 1 XII 5—
XX VIII 5—VIII 5 9 VII VIII XX—XX VIII 9
XVIII XX 25—VI 5 5 XX—VI XVIII 15 XIII—XX
VIII 5—II XVIII 15 XI 5 XIV—1 XVIII XVIII
15 XXIII—XIII 5 1 XIX 21 XVIII 5—VI 5 XII XII
—XX VIII 5—XXIII 15 15 IV—1 XIV IV—VI 9
XIV IV—XX VIII 5—XX XVIII 5 1 XIX 21 XVIII 5



"THERE 'S THE ARROW!" SHE CALLED, POINTING TO A SPOT AT HER FEET."

folded piece of paper, yellow with age, the sole contents of the box.

"That must be old Chauncey's will!" said Jack.

Eric unfolded the paper, and they saw, written in pale, faded ink, a series of figures, Roman and Arabic.

"What under the sun can it be?" exclaimed Jean, as they read:

XX 1 XI 5—VI XII 9 VII VIII XX—XX 21 XVIII
XIV—XX 15—XX VIII 5—XVIII 9 VII VIII XX—
XX VIII 5 XIV—VII 15—VI 15 XVIII XX VIII—5 1
XIX XX—II 25—XIV 15 XVIII XX VIII—XX 9
XII XII—1—XIX XX 5 5 XVI—1 XIX III 5 XIV

"What *can* all those numbers mean?" asked Cecily.

"It looks like a cipher!" said Douglas.

"That 's so!" Jack agreed. "See here. There was a lot doing around this place in the Revolution, was n't there? You don't suppose this is a cipher despatch?"

"I 'll wager it is!" cried Eric.

"It is! It is!" declared Jean, in great excitement. "It 's a Revolutionary despatch!"

"Let 's study it out!" said Cecily. They hurried up-stairs and settled themselves around the library table with pencils and paper.

"How do you begin, anyway? Give us a starter, Scotchy," said Jack.

"If it 's a cipher, every number must stand for a letter," said Douglas. "I 'll make three or four copies, so we can all get at it. Now then," he said, when he had finished, "count up and see what number is repeated most."

"Double X and 5 both come in twenty-three times," Cecily announced, after a long silence.

"Then one of them stands for E," said Douglas; "E is the commonest letter in English. Now if we find three numbers, and 5 or double X the last of them, coming in several times in the same order, we 'll know they must spell 'the.' Then we 'll have three letters, and that 'll help us a lot."

"Double X, V three I's, and figure 5 'come in five times," said Jean.

"And those dashes come in fore and aft," said Jack. "They must mark the division between words."

"Here 's the figure I all by itself," said Frances. "It must stand for a word of one letter, 'a' or 'I.'"

"Here!" cried Douglas at last. "I 've got it! The whole key! They just numbered the letters according to the way they stand in the alphabet. A is 1, and B is 2, and so on. And they used the Roman numbers for the consonants, and our ordinary ones for the vowels."

"Oh, pshaw! Could n't they be any foxier than *that*!" said Eric, who had been scowling hopelessly a minute before.

"It can't be an army despatch," said Jack. "They 'd have used a harder cipher. Must be the major's bread-and-butter letter to Veronica."

"How do you know but it 's buried treasure?" suggested Douglas. "Did n't Captain Kidd ever come up the Hudson?"

"Let 's hurry up and translate it, anyway," said Cecily. "I 'll write out the alphabet and number the letters, so we won't have to count up each time."

With the aid of Cecily's numbered alphabet they deciphered the mysterious document, and the excitement increased with every word made plain. The cipher, when wholly interpreted, they found to be in verse and to run thus:

Take flight. Turn to the right.
Then go forth, east by north,
Till a steep ascent you meet.
Scale the height. Thirty feet
From the broken arrow measure.
Fell the wood and find the treasure.

"It is buried treasure!" cried Jean. "I know what it means! The sea-captain who brought all those curios probably fought with pirates and came home with their hoards of treasure! It 's as plain as day! I 'm certain we 'll find heaps of

gold and diamonds if we hunt, and we 'll all be rolling in wealth!"

"You 've solved the problem!" declared Cecily. "Of course it was the captain, and he buried the treasure, so it would be safe while he was at sea!"

"And he must have buried it in a hollow tree," said Frances. "We 'll have to find it and chop it down!"

"No," said Jean. "There would n't be room enough in a tree. It 's buried down under the roots."

"Jean, you beat Sherlock Holmes," said Douglas. "But don't you forget, when we get rich, that I gave you the key to the cipher!"

"Things are sure coming our way," said Eric. "Let 's get to work! But I bet it 's been dug up long ago," he added, his face falling.

"Oh, we 'll find *something*. Don't you worry," Douglas assured him. "Come on, let 's excavate these diggings!"

"*'Take flight.'* I 'm sure that just means *go a long distance* before you turn to the right," said Cecily. "But where do we take flight from?"

"From the cellar, I think," said Eric; and he studied his paper. "*'Then go forth, east by north, till a steep ascent you meet.'* That might mean the Van Sicklens' hill. It 's about north-east of us, and it 's woody. We 'll have to get an ax and a spade."

"Let 's see if we can find the arrow before we lug along an ax and a spade," Jack advised.

"I 'm going to tell Carol and make her come, too," began Jean.

"I 'll go after her." And off went Douglas, paper in hand. He came back alone. "Carol can't leave the kids till they 've had their ice-cream; but she wants us to go on and hunt. She thinks it 's worth investigating. Come along; let 's start."

From the cellar they "took flight" as far as the road. There, turning to the right, they found themselves looking toward the Van Sicklens' hill.

"I don't suppose there 's a chance the arrow could be there still," said Cecily, as they walked up the road.

"I suppose you realize, too," said Jack, "that the first week of our search will have to be devoted to finding what part of the steep ascent to climb up."

"We 'll probably have to go over every square foot of it," said Jean, "but who cares?"

Not even the prospect of scouring the entire hillside could daunt the girls, and as for Douglas, his zeal seemed to increase with every step. The steep ascent reached, they exploited the foot-path, but though they scaled the height to the very top, not even an arrow-head appeared.

"Look here," said Douglas. "Maybe '*take flight*' means *take a flight of steps*! Let 's go back to the cellar and start over again."

The other guests had returned from their walk by the time the treasure-seekers reached the house, and were ready to join the search as soon as they were shown the mysterious rhyme. With this reinforcement, the expedition set forth again from the head of the cellar stairs.

"Right face!" Douglas commanded. With one accord they turned, and found themselves facing the kitchen.

"I believe it 's buried somewhere in the house!" cried Jean. "I believe it 's hidden in the secret room!"

"Sherlock 's hit it again!" said Douglas. "*Fell the wood*' means, *Chop down a wall*. Of course Mrs. Armstrong won't mind a little thing like that."

To "go forth, east by north," they now discovered, meant to pass through the kitchen and dining-room into the main hall.

"*Voilà* the steep ascent!" said Jack, waving his hand toward the staircase.

"How about the arrow?" asked Cecily. "There are n't any arrows stuck up around here, are there, Eric?"

"No," replied Eric, "but we 've picked up arrow-heads on the place."

"Carol says there are stacks of old things up in the attic," said Betty. "We *might* find an arrow hidden away."

"Or the broken arrow might be some mysterious 'symbol,'" said Jean. "Anyhow, let 's scale the height and keep on to the attic."

Ascending the first flight, they pursued their quest up the narrow stairs leading to the garret.

An ideal attic it was, a perfect treasure-house in itself, with its great, dark oaken chests and ancestral relics.

"You don't want to poke through all that old junk, do you?" Eric inquired lazily.

Jean turned to examine one of the chimneys, in the hope that in some cranny she might find a piece of the broken weapon. Her eyes wandered up to the rafters, then down to the heavy planks forming the floor.

"*There 's* the arrow!" she called, pointing to a spot at her feet. Sure enough, there, painted on the rough floor, was a tiny red arrow, the shaft divided in two.

"Hello!" cried Eric. "Why, I never saw *that* before!"

Great was the exultation of the company until there came the question of measuring off the thirty

feet from the arrow. Pacing off the length of the attic, the boys found it only twenty-seven feet.

"Thirty feet takes you out of the window," said Jack.

"How about thirty feet straight down?" said Douglas. "Let 's see: drop a plumb-line down through the arrow thirty feet—that ought to land us in the dining-room alongside the fireplace."

"Land us in the china-closet!" said Eric.

"We 've got it now! I know we have!" declared Jean. "There must be a secret cubbyhole in the china-closet!"

"Come on, then," said Jack. They hastened down-stairs, to be met by Carol.

"Have n't you found it yet?" she asked. "You ought to be staggering under bags of gold by this time."

They told her of the painted arrow, and she hurried with them to the dining-room. The chimney, in which they had heard Veronica's voice, projected far out from the wall. The angle to the left was occupied by a three-cornered chimney-cupboard. On the right a mahogany china-closet had been built, and made to extend from the fireplace to the side of the room.

Carol threw open the doors, and the explorers found that in the center the lowest shelf was placed about four feet from the floor. Beneath this could be seen the paneled wainscoting of the room.

"Secret rooms always have sliding panels," said Jean. "See whether any of these slide!"

Douglas and Eric set to work testing the wainscoting by rapping and pressure. "This panel won't budge any more than the chimney," began Eric.

"Same here!" said Douglas. "No! Look here! Here 's one that does n't seem to fit very tight." At the bottom of this panel there was an all but imperceptible crack.

"Let 's see if we can pry it out," said Douglas, and he forced the blade of his knife into the crack. Suspense had now reached its height, and the girls watched him breathlessly. But the panel remained fixed. Finding the prying method of no use, Douglas passed his knife-blade back and forth in the crack, until it came in contact with something hard. He pressed it against the obstacle, and was rewarded by finding that it yielded.

"Hello! I believe I 've slipped a bolt!" he exclaimed. "Now we 'll see if the panel will move." A moment more, and the youthful cracksman had it out, revealing a narrow entrance into a dark inner closet. How they all cheered! The secret room was found!

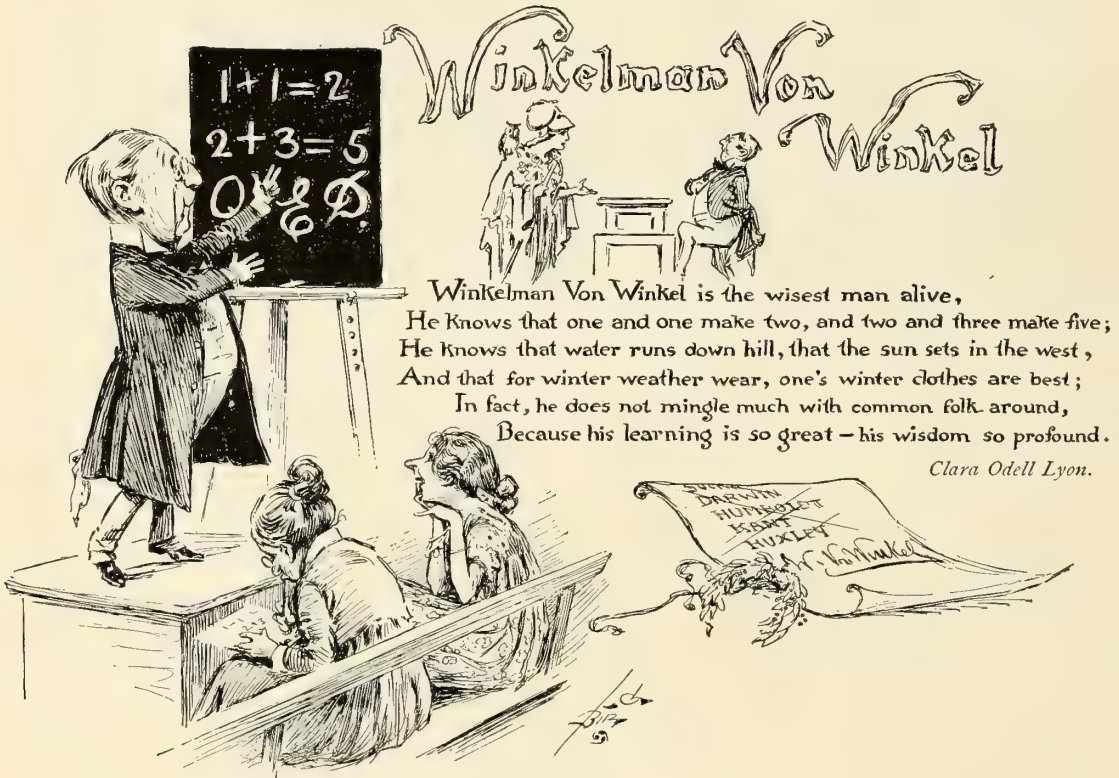


The Wish of Priscilla Penelope Powers

Priscilla Penelope Powers one day
Took tea at a neighbor's just over the way.
Two pieces of pie they urged her to take.

And seven whole slices of chocolate cake !
"Oh, dear," sighed Priscilla Penelope Powers,
"I wish I was your little girl 'stead of ours !"

Mrs. John T. Van Sant.



Winkelman Von Winkel is the wisest man alive,
He knows that one and one make two, and two and three make five;
He knows that water runs down hill, that the sun sets in the west,
And that for winter weather wear, one's winter clothes are best;
In fact, he does not mingle much with common folk around,
Because his learning is so great — his wisdom so profound.

Clara Odell Lyon.

The Home-Builders: A Birdologue

By Arthur Guiterman

*The Time is May. The Scene is any Orchard.
The Characters are Lord and Lady Baltimore,
the Orioles.*

LORD BALTIMORE: So here we are, my sweet, and glad

We came; for, while 't is true we had
A charming winter holiday
In Southern climes, when gentle May
Has come, our cooler Northern sky
I much prefer.

LADY BALTIMORE: And so do I!
The very heart within me quakes
To think about those dreadful snakes
Among the swamps! I can't forget
That mottled wretch with eyes of jet
Who swung his ugly head above
Our nest—

LORD B.: There! calm yourself, my love;
He is n't here, and if he were
I'd teach him manners!—Well, bestir!
'T is May, 't is May! my dearest one;
The sun is bright, our journey 's done;
The grass is green; the orchard trees,
In bloom, are all alive with bees;
The gipsy Wind shall help us plan
A frolic flight—

LADY B.: How like a man!
To think of play and idle flight
Before we'd even found a site
To build our proper, hanging nest!

LORD B.: Ah, well, I thought you needed rest;
But since you're anxious, let's prepare:
Now, that young Maple over there—

LADY B.: Oh, no, indeed!
It's much too near
The house.

LORD B.: That leafy Birch—

LADY B.: My dear!
It's far too low.

LORD B.: The Sycamore?

LADY B.: Too bare.

LORD B.: The Oak?

LADY B.: I've said before
That oaks have branches far too
rough;
Besides, they never sway enough
To rock the babies.

LORD B.: How about
That spreading Elm? It's just
without
The orchard wall; that dizzy height
No Cat may climb; those branches
light
No Boy dare trust; besides, you see,
My office in the Cherry-tree
Is close at hand.

LADY B.: You don't suppose
Those thievish Jays or hungry Crows—

LORD B.: I'd like to see them go so far
As just to peep!

LADY B.: How brave you are!

LORD B.: Well, then it's settled?

LADY B.: Yes, I trust
Your judgment, dear.

LORD B.: My love, we must
Be sure to find the very best
Of grass and moss to build our nest,
With threads from Dobbin's tail and mane
To weave it close against the rain;
With thread as soft as spiders spin,
And wool to line it warm within;
With raveled bits of silken clues,
With tangled yarn of many hues;
And, last, to make it doubly fair,
Some strands of Edith's golden hair.





The property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The gift of Mr. George A. Hearn.

THE YOUNG PIONEER.

PAINTED BY DOUGLAS VOLK.



THE DROP-BOXES OF A LONDON POST-OFFICE.

LETTER-BOXES IN FOREIGN LANDS

BY A. R. ROY

THE year 1910 brings the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the letter-box. For the first letter-box was established in Paris in 1560. It is true that a kind of letter-box was in use in Italy before that time; it was not used, however, by the postal service, but as a place for denunciations directed to the police.

The first letter-box in Germany was established in 1766, in Berlin. At first the boxes were simple; both for depositing letters and for removing them the cover was lifted. During the last century a great many different styles of boxes have been introduced, but the so-called Swedish system is now in universal use.

In Germany the letter-boxes are highly ornamental, and in many cases made especially to be in harmony with the architecture of the building to which they are fastened. They are painted blue, and show the coat of arms of the empire and that of the postal department, a post-horn with tassels. The mail is removed by fastening a bag to the bottom of the box; the bag is slipped in and opens and closes automatically. The postman does not handle or even see the letters, and cannot get at them.

In London large letter-boxes are placed on the sidewalk, at nearly every street corner. They have different compartments for city and country mail, and this, as well as the height of the aper-

tures, makes them rather inconvenient for any but grown people. While they are painted a brilliant red and therefore very conspicuous, they are by no means an embellishment to the city. The let-



A LONDON STREET LETTER-BOX.



A MODERN LETTER-BOX OF PARIS.

ters are taken out by opening a large door and literally shoveling the mail-matter into a bag.

The letter-box in the general post-office in England is a magnificent construction. The sign-board is made of brass, on which the directions

are engraved in ink. Large slits provide for the country and colonial mails, and there is also a different compartment for newspapers and parcels.

The modern French letter-box has the shape of a pillar, profusely ornamented with the conventional lily. The whole box or stand is fashioned after a plant, and the top resembles a bud. The body is surrounded by floral wreaths or festoons, and the base is formed by large leaves. The boxes are placed against buildings and have a very pretty effect.

In Brussels the government keeps pace with the needs of the people, and has attached postal boxes to the rear ends of cars in the city. This aids and hastens the delivery of letters and telegrams, as most of these cars pass the post-offices, where



A LETTER-BOX IN AMSTERDAM.

the boxes are emptied. This street-car letter-box, in fact, practically takes the place of the "pneumatic tube" postal system, for which London and Berlin have become famous.

The Russian post-box is an old-fashioned, awkward-looking box. It looks something like a peasant hut. The roof is lifted up, and letters



A GERMAN STREET LETTER-BOX.

taken out from the top. The postman handles the letters as freely as the sorters themselves; it really does not matter much, for the governmental power in Russia is so strict that it is believed the post-office officials frequently open letters suspected of being connected with plots against the State, and read them.



A BRUSSELS STREET-CAR LETTER-BOX.

The Italian post-boxes are prettily constructed and grouped together in threes and fours. One box is used for the city, another for the country, and by the side is a big automatic machine for stamps. A "penny in the slot" supplies the various kinds of stamps required.

The Amsterdam letter-pillar is of very artistic construction, which is both pleasing to the eye and practical. The royal arms are conspicuously and prettily embossed on the face of the box, and below them are two rosettes of conventional style. There are two letter-slits, one for the country and one for the city. The top is crowned with ornamental flowers. Right above the pillar is a board on which the times of delivery and collection are clearly written.

The Rumanian letter-boxes are all numbered in large letters so as to help the public to keep track of where they post their mail, and also the postman in his collection. It is a simple square box which



A STREET LETTER-BOX IN RUSSIA.

is placed generally on the walls of large buildings in the main streets.

Throughout the Orient, where the national influences are many and various, each country has its own post-office. For instance, the British have their own, and the French and the Germans theirs. The stamps used by each of these post-offices are,



AN ITALIAN LETTER-BOX.



A GERMAN POST-OFFICE BOX IN TANGIER.

of course, their own, there not being a universal system for all countries.

Right on the city gate in Tangier we meet, in

this town of an old civilization, the convenience of most modern time—a letter-box. Before the natives were used to them they were considered as wonderful machines into which a missive once being put was mysteriously conveyed to its destination, and they were generally feared. To-day the smallest boy uses them. The style of course varies with the power that puts it up.

Here we can notice with what expression of wonderment the native posts a letter. He is only certain the letter will go, but how, he does not know.

The German post-box is painted blue, and has only German directions written on it. The directions giving time of delivery and collection are written in many languages.

The final photograph shows a letter-box on a Moorish gateway in Tangier, Morocco. And here this convenience of modern days looks strange in its surroundings of Arabic fresco and characters. No attempt has been made to harmonize with the Moorish architecture. The letters are collected from an opening on the other side of the wall.



A LETTER-BOX ON A MOORISH GATEWAY IN TANGIER.

GIRLS' ROOMS

BY ANTOINETTE R. PERRETT

EARLY in her teens, a girl feels the impulse to add cheer and beauty to her surroundings, to make her room the interpreter of her higher life, and to fashion joy or contentment out of the things that serve her daily needs. There is an art and a high art in giving a soul to things and in realizing the beauty that is fitting to the place that belongs to us. Sometimes a girl thinks that riches bring beauty to a home. That is not true. Knowledge and appreciation, good taste and imagination, and a willing spirit, these are the helpers. Do not mistake luxury, as young people often do, for beauty. Learn to look deeper into the heart of things. I often think that the great thing that I learned at college, the best lesson of all my studies, of languages and history, of mathematics, of chemistry and astronomy, of music, was just this: that the universe is a universe of laws. The sweetest melody, as well as the orbits of the planets, and the conjugations of the verbs, is governed by laws.

And with the beauty of our own four walls there are laws of proportion, of composition, of color, of design. As you feel and understand these laws, you will gain a power far greater than riches to transform your surroundings. You will have ever at your beck and call the handmaidens who will help you to express the growing world of your imagination in the familiar scenes of your daily life.

There can be beauty in the color of a tinted wall as well as in the richness of brocade, but there cannot be beauty in an inexpensive roll of wall-paper that seeks to imitate brocade. In the ready distinction between sincerity and sham, between naturalness and pretense, lies one of the very foundations of good taste.

THE ATTIC SITTING-ROOM

A RUG may be a modern floor-covering from a Western loom, but it cannot hide the effect of ages nor forget its Eastern influence. The rug in the attic sitting-room (see page 594) is a design from Feraghan, where the scarlet poppies and red anemones, the yellow snapdragons and the white henna, the carnation, iris, tulip, and narcissus grow upon the hillsides among the pasturage of the flocks. The rug has patterned this wealth of flowers in its close all-over design and in its richness and harmony of color. The background is a deep blue. There is some white,

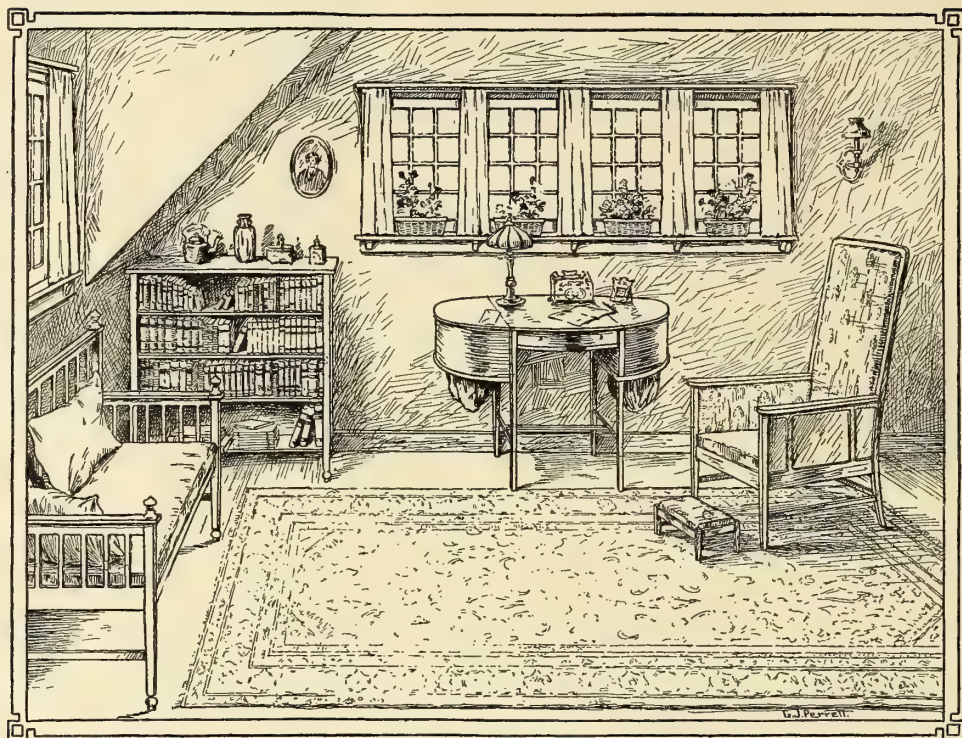
some yellow, and some pale French blue. But the rose-color seems to have blended all these into its own subtle self.

The walls of the sitting-room are tinted a dull buff, a kind of old yellow. What wall would dare to be spotted with flowers or pattern in the face of a Persian rug with its wonderful feeling for color and marvelous skill in design! Plain surfaces through their very contrast give value to ornament. You sometimes have to cultivate an acquaintance with Spartan simplicity, to make artistic sacrifices, for the sake of artistic successes. Beauty lies, not in lavishness nor in bareness, but in a thoughtful moderation.

The first form of long seat in this country was the high-backed fireside "settle." Since then it has assumed various forms and has been called by various names, such as settee, couch, double chair, and sofa. Still its popularity remains, and it is growing in usefulness and variety as our homes grow in taste and charm. A cozy seat is always an attractive piece of furniture for a girl's room. It invites confidences as well as sociability. The settee in the attic room has a certain girlish lightness in its posts and in the space-divisions of its arms and back. It is wonderful how a piece of furniture can express the ages and the moods of people. In the girl's small boudoir (see page 595) there is a white painted bench with a paneled back. In the girl's studio (see page 594) there is an upholstered corner seat that helps to give the room, with its heavy oak easel and its modeling-bench, a suggestion of feminine comfort. Who can resist the invitation of the tea-nook? Who does not love its party spirit and gaiety in the gloaming of a winter afternoon? The tea-pot is such a warm busybody. It makes the world seem full of happy nothings. It has such a good-natured rotundity of form, it almost looks rollicking by the side of the precise little cream-pitcher. The tea-table in the studio has two lower shelves, one for the extra cups and one for the tray.

THE STUDIO

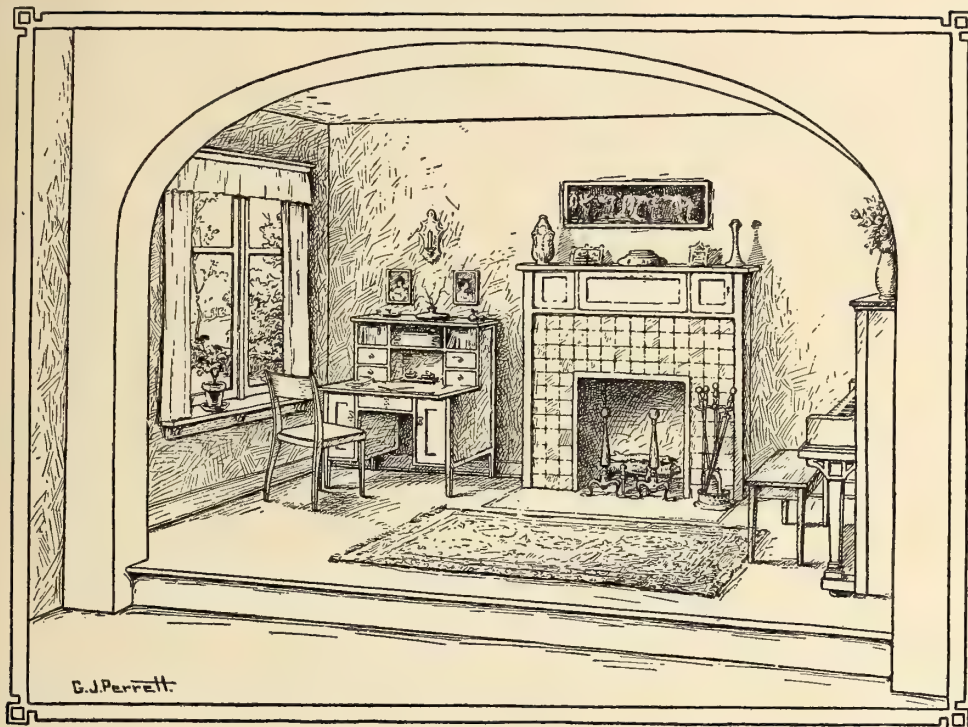
In this studio, the high rounded window with its small panes of glass and its paneled back of oak is the architectural feature, as the window of a studio should be. The grayish-green walls and the weathered green woodwork give the room its color restfulness. A studio naturally lends itself to decoration. The wall-shelf has a collection of



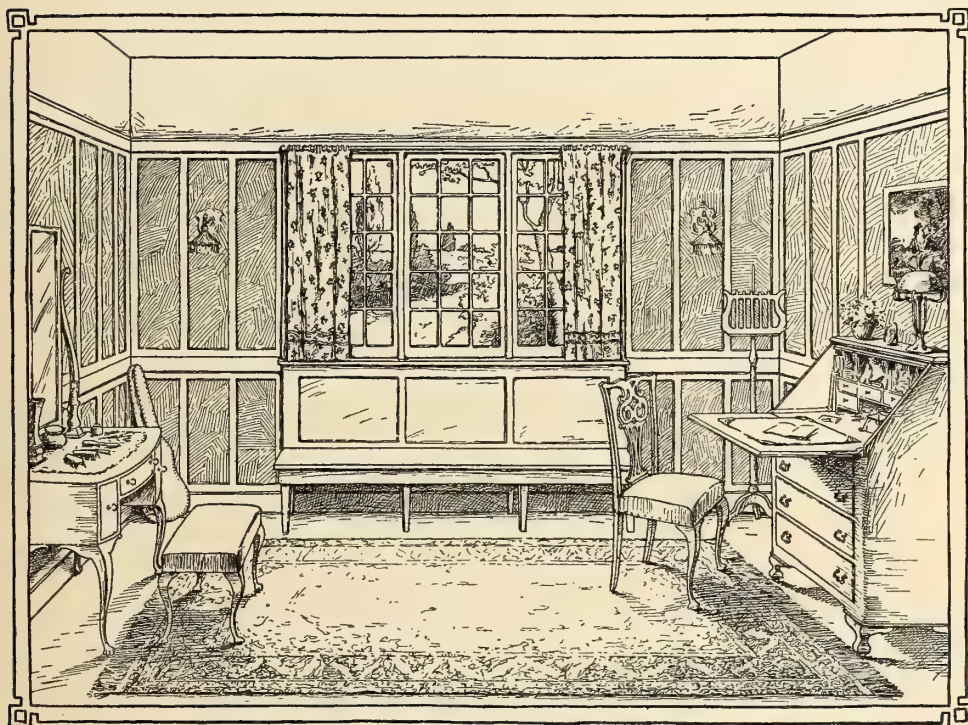
THE ATTIC SITTING-ROOM.



THE STUDIO.



THE ALCOVE NOOK.



THE BOUDOIR.

simple pottery, shapes that a girl can mold herself. When it comes to pictures, I think it a mistake for a student to follow an artist's example in surrounding herself with her own work. There are many things a master may do with impunity and success that a student does not profit by. It looks unambitious, at least, for a girl to surround herself with her own sketches, when the world is full of masterpieces that can be daily an inspiration to her. Every student has her own favorites. It is by decorating her walls with the pictures she loves that a girl can best give her room the individual touch that a room should have.

In the studio are prints of "The Butterfly" and "A Quiet Hour," by J. W. Alexander, portraits effective and graceful, full of a modern poetry. The girl putting on the hat is by Frank W. Benson. The picture on the side wall is "The First Music Lesson," by Francis Day.

THE ALCOVE NOOK

In the alcove nook, over the fireplace, is "The Castle of the Maidens," by Edwin Abbey, which forms part of the frieze decoration "The Quest of the Holy Grail" in the Boston Public Library. Its row of beautiful maidens makes it peculiarly appropriate for a girl's room, while the long, low composition makes it an excellent space-division over the mantel-shelf.

The problem of pictures in a room is not only a problem of pictures. It is a problem of space-filling. Of course this problem of space-filling concerns doors and windows, fireplaces and lighting-fixtures, and wall-paneling even more than it does pictures. We hang a picture in a certain position without being able to explain why we feel satisfied when we hang it so. In the studio, along the window wall, for instance, we hung four portrait studies of equal size and felt content. But why? I think it was because they helped to emphasize the horizontal line of the shelf, an emphasis that was needed because of the very interest aroused by the window with its long vertical lines and rounded top. On the side wall, on the other hand, two pictures of equal size looked strangely unsatisfactory. They gave to the wall-space above the seat something that was at variance with the feeling of completeness that helps to make the charm of a cozy corner. In the attic sitting-room, the oval frame balances the lighting-bracket. Here you will notice the sewing-table. It was selected not only because it has quaint pockets and a girlish lightness of construction, but because its oval top relieves the long, narrow lines of the casement window

through the introduction of a curve. In the girl's alcove nook, the long, low picture gives a space-meaning that no other shape would have expressed as well. Two high, narrow panels, for instance, would have increased not only the height of the mantel, but the very height of the walls. That may be exactly the effect you need in some rooms. But here the mantel-shelf is high. What it needs is the broadening effect that the frieze gives it. Over the desk, the candle-sconce takes part with the photographs of girl friends in a triangular arrangement.

THE BOUDOIR

In the boudoir there is another problem.

This room is a small room in front of the upper hall, with which it is connected by double doors paneled with small panes of glass. The walls are not wainscoted, because wood paneling is too expensive. But the general line effect of wainscoting is expressed in an inexpensive way through the use of wooden strips and fabric paper. The wall-space has been divided horizontally into three parts by a chair-rail on a line with the window-apron and by another wooden strip continuing the line of the top of the window. There are three vertical strips making small upper and lower panels. Then there are the triple windows, the doors, and the broad panels against which the desk and the dressing-table have been placed. The dressing-table mirror fills the upper panel on the left side, but the panel above the desk needed an added space-division. To have used several small pictures would have broken the dignified wainscoted look that the strips are meant to give, but a single large picture of importance emphasizes this intention.

The picture chosen for this position of honor is by Sir Joshua Reynolds. It is a portrait group of the three beautiful daughters of Sir William Montgomery. It is a picture full of youth and grace, and it reveals not only a world of fashion, but a world of taste and refinement. It reveals the world of the Chippendale chair. The Chippendale chair stands idly shoved back from the desk. Perhaps you have overlooked it. But a Chippendale chair is the English aristocrat of chair history, the culmination of beauty in English chairdom. Its every part is full of meaning and history.

In these four illustrations our aim has been to show you that your own four walls will respond to your dreams and longings; to show you that a room is an art product, rich in thought and in all those qualities and possibilities that make for culture and happiness through all your life.

JINGLES

BY DEBORAH EGE OLDS



FLOWERS

SOME posies wear bonnets and aprons,
While others have ruffles and frills.
Some flowers climb up the steep mountains;
Their sisters seek out shady rills.

Some blossom and thrive in 'the sunlight,
Some droop when not tucked 'neath the shade;
A lot of them wear the bright colors,
While others prefer those that fade.

Some flourish and grow in a minute,
While others are slow to make haste,—
They seem almost like grown-up people,
No two having quite the same taste.



CANARY, WHAT IS IT?

CANARY, canary, light-hearted and merry,
What is it that warbles so sweet in your throat?
I think it a whistle from down of a thistle
And blown by a fairy to make a sweet note.



THE MAY-QUEEN

A NONSENSE BALLAD
OF THE GENTLE SPRING

By C F LESTER



Oh, blithely on the bango-bush the poojum piped his lay!
(You know a springtime ballad *must* begin in *some* such way.)
But Lady Ann was twice as blithe and several times as gay.
"Te-he!" sang she, "they 've chosen me to be the Queen of May!"

Well might the Lady Ann rejoice to hear of the intent
To confer this honor on her, for 't was quite a compliment;
But 't was not that that made the maid to singularly sing;—
'T was because Sir Bing the Brigand was going to be the King!



Sir Bing and his band set forth to collect some coins



Sir Bing had worked at brigandage for several years or more,
And stood high in his profession (he was nearly six feet four);
He was a great collector of curios and things,
But he gave his chief attention to coins and diamond rings.



Sir Bing loved Lady Ann; a tender tune he tried to toot
'Neath her window once, upon a moonlight evening and his flute;
But the window (how discouraging!) was *not* the Lady Ann's,
And—oh, well, let 's drop the subject and describe these May-day plans.

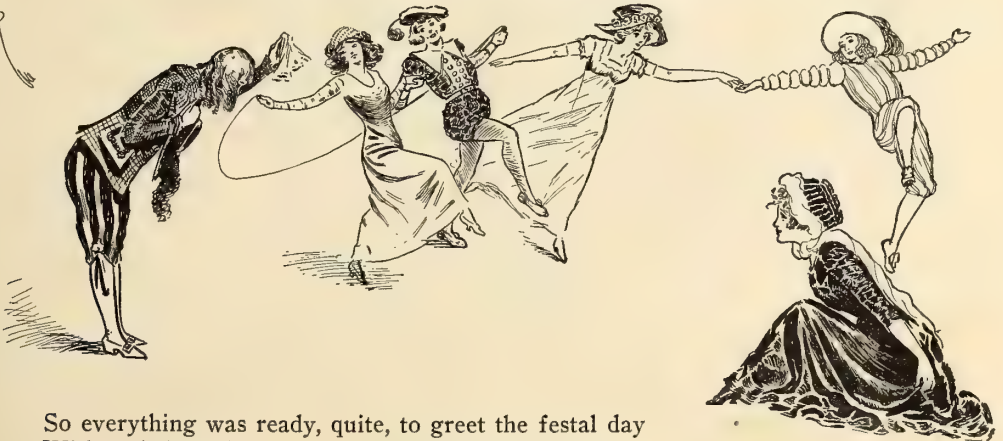


The May-pole (brought from Poland) was in a lovely dell
With waving grass and lofty trees and babbling brooks as well,
And a pump that ran a fountain (though I regret to say
That when the pump refused to work, the fountain could n't play).

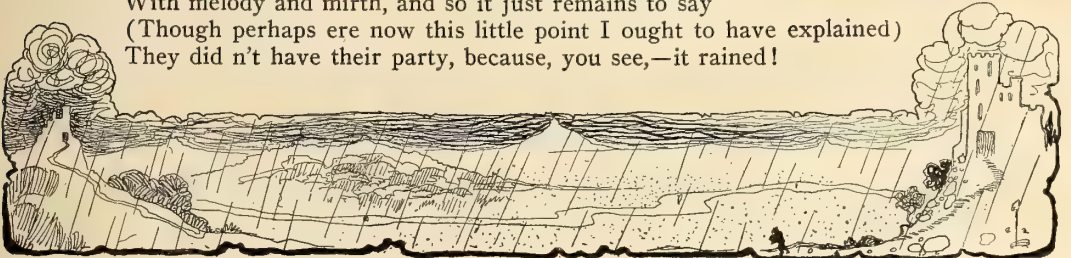


Sir Twiddle, the court poet, had composed a May-day song.
Although each line had seven feet, 't was only one foot long.
It had nine "ohs" and fourteen "hails," and lots of "thees" and "thys";
And Sir Twiddle was so proud of it, he gave himself a prize!

Some noble youths and maidens were to dance the Dancorelle;
Just how they went about the thing I can't exactly tell.
I *think* 't was like a cake-walk (or else a minuet);
Some steps I can't remember, and the others—I forget.



So everything was ready, quite, to greet the festal day
With melody and mirth, and so it just remains to say
(Though perhaps ere now this little point I ought to have explained)
They did n't have their party, because, you see,—it rained!



THE YOUNG WIZARD OF MOROCCO

BY BRADLEY GILMAN

Author of "A Son of the Desert"

CHAPTER VIII

MOSQUES AND MOSLEMS

OF course the flowing robes and flaming colors of the Moorish costumes recalled to Ted the sights which he had witnessed in other days. There was the red fez (usually called a tarboosh in Egypt) and the thin muslin turban so ingeniously wound around it; also the long *jelabeehah*, or cloak with sleeves, now of one color, now of another, and the bare brown legs, and the naked feet, or feet thrust loosely into red or yellow slippers. In many cases the men wore cream-colored *haiks* (long gowns) of cotton or woolen or even silk, which enveloped their entire bodies, legs and head, leaving visible only the brown bearded face at the top and the bright leather slippers at the bottom.

There were three Moors thus arrayed who sat in silent dignity inside the water-gate, the *Bab el Mezra*, and inspected courteously, but carefully, the baggage of Ted and Achmed. They must have been puzzled at seeing the young American walking about with a little sharp-eyed monkey on his shoulder; perhaps they thought it was the custom of the country from which he came; but their dignity showed no decrease; their faces expressed no curiosity; and the eldest of them, with a grand gesture that might have befitted a king, waved to our young travelers their permission to pass into the town.

Once through the gate, the lads picked their way up an ascending, winding lane paved with cobblestones, and Ted began his acquaintance with the unswept, refuse-filled streets of a Morocco town. As he pursued his slippery way, amid garbage and waste matter of all sorts, skipping like an agile goat from rock to rock, he remembered reading that Blondin, the famous acrobat and tight-rope walker, when he visited Tangier, left a record on one of the hotel registers saying that all his acrobatic skill was called out in his traversing the thoroughfares of the place.

The lads were making their way, and directing their porters, to the Hotel Bretagne, which overlooks the smaller *sōk*, or market-place, of Tangier. On all sides could be seen specimens of the several races to be met with in the northern districts of Morocco. There were the Moors, a people of walled towns; and the Jews, in black

caftans and blue *jelabeehahs*, who are found in nearly all the Moroccan towns, and are much persecuted, but control the business and the money-markets wherever they live. Then there were tall Berbers from the highlands, many of them light in color, with brown hair, and all of them proud, reserved, watchful, with long inlaid muskets and curved daggers, and often with their red woolen gun-cases wound about their heads like turbans. A few men of the fierce Souss tribe of Arabs also could be seen, looking as if they needed only the slightest annoyance to lead them to shoot and strike right and left.

"Balak! Balak!" came a noisy cry behind Ted; and he allowed to pass him a huge bow-legged Moor, bearing a staff with which he forcibly cleared his path if people were slow in getting out of his way. He was the servant of a richly clothed sheik, who rode leisurely behind him, on a splendid white horse.

Other European tourists and travelers were to be seen, pricing and purchasing at the quaint little shops, which were set into the houses on either side of the narrow streets, like pigeon-holes in some large desk. Some of the ladies of these tourist parties carried parasols or umbrellas; for the sun was now high in the heavens, and beat down with much heat. No Moor, man or woman, in all Morocco carries an umbrella, with one exception; that is the mighty Sultan himself. When he leaves his palace at Morocco City, or Fez, or Mekinez, he is attended by slaves who hold over him an immense umbrella of red silk; and this umbrella is a sign of his coming, and all his subjects must make way for him.

Achmed, although he himself was a Bedouin of the Bedouins, and never laughed and rarely smiled in public, yet seemed to enjoy seeing his friend Ted Leslie give himself up, as he often did, to unrestrained laughter; Ted's sense of humor always was very keen. So it frequently happened, when the lads were walking about together, that Achmed called his companion's attention to funny incidents, and then quietly enjoyed Ted's more open and hearty enjoyment.

That was what happened on this first day of their stay in Tangier. "Look! Look there!" said Achmed, in a low tone, and nodded his head toward a corner where a narrow street opened into the main thoroughfare.

Ted looked at once, as directed, and saw this: a string of three camels had come out of the narrow street, each with his head high in air, and a camel's usual scornful expression of countenance. Two or three European women—tourists probably—were standing upon a low terrace on the main street, at this corner; they were looking in the other direction, up the street, and were quite unaware of the presence of the camels behind them. One of the women—the one nearest the little lane—wore a hat of the latest fashion, huge in its proportions, and decorated with great masses of bright artificial flowers.

As the first camel emerged from the narrow street, he evidently took note of this striking assortment of foliage and flowers, but passed on; the next camel half stopped, turned his head, put his nose close to the hat, then shook his ears and likewise passed it by. But the third camel, being of a greedier disposition, perhaps, and perhaps less keen of smell, and finding this tempting mass of green and red and yellow exactly on a level with his jaws—his head being fully nine feet above the street level—he seized the hat with his strong teeth, and wrenched it from the now terrified woman's head, nearly pulling her down into the street, and went calmly on his way, munching the dry mass with much content.

He escaped the hat-pins because they were loosely adjusted and so fell out quickly, but Ted could see the fright of the now disheveled woman, and was glad when she quickly recovered herself, and, saying she was not hurt at all, began restoring her hair to partial order, and even joined in the merriment of her laughing companions.

It must not be supposed that Ted and Achmed, amid the novelty of their surroundings, forgot, in the least, the supreme importance of the mission on which they were bent; but the country was new to them both; even though Achmed could speak easily with the Moors about him,

and Ted could make himself understood in most matters, yet they were not at all familiar with the customs and habits of thought of these people; and they both knew that it was highly important, for the success of their undertaking, that they should get as closely in line as possible with the people around them; otherwise there would be serious mistakes made, and even dangerous disputes might arise; for, as Achmed himself soon realized, the Moslem religion, of



"THE CAMEL WRENCHED THE HAT FROM THE TERRIFIED WOMAN'S HEAD AND WENT CALMLY ON HIS WAY."

which he was a devout disciple, was marked by a more intolerant spirit in Tangier than in Egypt.

One evening, when Achmed came in and learned about Ted's doings that day, he said, with grave countenance: "You would do well to put on the Moorish garb, my brother; once clothed in that, although you might not always pass for a Moor, you would not so quickly be taken for a foreigner. Did not I adopt the dress of Europe when I came to Europe?"

It was reasonable, the young Bedouin's advice; but Ted hesitated; he was reluctant to appear in public wearing the strange—and to him uncomfortable—articles of the Moorish costume. He had tried them on, in the seclusion of his room, but felt as if he could never be at ease in them. There was the *serwal*, first, a pair of short baggy trousers; next, the *schamir*, a kind of cotton shirt, reaching below the knees; then the *fara-jiah*, a silk shirt over the other, and embroidered down the front; then the fez and turban, and the loose slippers, or *babooshes* (always so true to their English name, always slipping off); and, last of all, for full dress, a cream-colored *haik*, a very large, loose garment, like a sheet, which could be made to completely envelop the wearer, head and all.

Ted put on the costume, and danced about, and made faces at himself in the mirror, and laughed heartily at his own appearance. But he saw that sooner or later he must really wear it; and he held himself ready to do so, when it became actually necessary.

"The whole country of Morocco is in a very unsettled condition," said Achmed, as they were conversing later. "I have talked with many persons, of several tribes and several districts, and there is great unrest throughout the country."

Ted listened attentively, and responded: "I have talked with the American consul, Mr. Wilson, and he gives me the same impression; but that must not prevent us from carrying out our plan; do you think it will?"

Achmed shook his head slowly but firmly. "It is partly because of the danger of a revolution that we are here; and we will go forward. But whither? In which city or quarter of Morocco shall we find the Sultan, Abdul Hafid? Yes, and when we find him, how strong will he be on his throne?"

"What do you mean by that question?" asked Ted, as Achmed paused and seemed to reflect.

"This. The power of a sultan of Morocco is very uncertain. He rules some tribes and towns wholly; but others are half defiant toward him. Local sheiks and kaid, chiefs and governors, render him submission only because they fear his greater strength; as soon as they suspect that he cannot back his commands and taxations with troops, with gun and spear, they openly revolt; then, if he dares, he attacks them, or kills them."

Ted was not startled at this piece of information. It was not altogether new to him. He smiled, and remarked: "Well, I suppose, Achmed, the thing to do is to keep on the sunny side of the Sultan."

Achmed nodded and smiled. "There is a

claimant to the throne," he continued, "a fellow called Bou Hamara, who has come up from the lower Atlas range of mountains, and he pretends to be a direct descendant of the great prophet Mohammed—praised be his name forever! People speak of him with caution and dread; I think he has increasing power and influence. I could not learn all that I desired about him, nor could I learn exactly where the Sultan now is."

CHAPTER IX

SEEING THE TOWN

THE next morning our two young friends—no, our three young friends—were up soon after sunrise. Through a crevice in the shutters a ray of light entered their bedroom and made a great sphere of golden sunshine just above their heads; indeed, it was inquisitive little Mall'y's determined attempt to pick this sunbeam off the wall that gave the last arousing touch to Ted's senses.

"Have you found something new, old man?" inquired Ted, opening his eyes, and laughing at his pet's vain attempts. "It's stuck on hard; you can't get those little black fingers under the edge." And, thus chaffing the perplexed animal, Ted sprang out of bed, flung open the shutters, and leaned out into the clear, fragrant air. The intense, sparkling blue of the Mediterranean lay in the distance, the hazier blue of the Spanish coast range rose grandly beyond and above, and, in the foreground, the tinted walls of the houses gave the human touch to the scene.

Scores of gown-clad men were moving about in the little *sök*, or market-place, below the window; the various races that dwell in Tangier were represented in the moving throng; almost under the window was a tiny cook-shop where women—veiled up to their dark eyes—were frying flat, thin loaves of bread in seething pans of oil made from the nuts of the argan-tree.

Off at the left, above the roofs, rose the tall minaret of a mosque; and, as Ted looked, he saw its white flag run up, and knew this as the sign of morning devotions; at the same moment a white-robed figure issued from a door in the minaret, stood upon the balcony which ran entirely around the slender tower, and sent his powerful, rich voice resounding out over the city. "Prayer is better than sleep! Prayer is better than sleep! To your prayers! To your prayers!"

After breakfast it seemed best that they go out for a stroll through the town, and especially through the large *sök* outside the wall, where one might pick up valuable bits of information. For the first time Ted yielded to his companion's gentle but repeated suggestions, and wore the

Moorish garb. "You must certainly wear it later on," were Achmed's words, "and you need all the practice you can get, in order to wear it easily and appear as much as possible like a native."

So, with much laughter, Ted arrayed himself, and they went out into the town. They soon passed through the old cracked gate which opens on the sōk; its rusty bolts and the greenish mold on its copper plates gave the gate an ancient and insecure appearance. Just outside, lined up against the wall, stood a file of Sudanese soldiers, their nearly naked bodies black and glistening; they were the body-guard of the kaid, or Moorish governor, who, as a lieutenant of the Sultan, ruled the native population of Tangier and the adjacent region. Accustomed, as Ted now was, to the soldierly bearing of British troops, he thought the careless postures and awkward movements of these fellows very unmilitary; still, they carried modern rifles, and, as Ted knew, would shoot human beings, or cut off human heads, without hesitation, if so ordered.

Although the hour was an early one for tourists, who could sleep in comfortable beds, it was by no means early for the natives, who enjoyed but little shelter and other luxuries; and the great market-place, semicircular in form, with a diameter of two hundred yards, was thronged with picturesque but wild-looking human beings. The day was a market-day, and the crowds were therefore unusually large; the place swarmed like an ant-hill; donkey-drivers jostled their way along, shouting, "Balak! Balak!" More carefully moved a *bhisti*, a water-carrier, with a hairy goatskin of water slung over his back, and

ceaselessly clinked two brass cups, to call attention to his occupation; whole families from the interior valleys and deserts sat around their garden products—oranges, onions, carrots, and the like; some men offered charcoal; and a small



"ACHMED ARRANGED WITH THE SHEIK TO RETURN WITH THE CARAVAN TO FEZ."

group of women displayed a few embroidered cloths. A camel caravan had been expected in from Morocco City (Marrakesh, the Moors call it), but had encamped one or two miles outside the city, as a recent rain had made the roads muddy and slippery. Camels find very insecure footing where the ground is muddy; their big

sponge-like feet stick fast, or they slide and fall, usually breaking bones. So the caravan must remain outside, for the present, on higher, rockier ground.

Ted was managing fairly well with his unaccustomed garments, although the slippers—which are always worn with the rear part turned in under the wearer's heel—caused him some annoyance; he felt sure that he did not deceive any Moor who looked at him closely; in fact, he now and then detected smiles on swarthy faces, which showed him that he had much still to learn.

But he was bent on making himself proficient in wearing this strange garb, and he suggested that he and Achmed should try a short ride on horseback; and horses, excellent ones, were easily obtained from the dealers in the *sök*. So they had a merry time of it, Achmed explaining to his companion how to mount, and how to gather his long robes up under him, in the Moorish fashion. They even pushed their ride out to the point on the Café Sparteel road where the camels—scores of them—were waiting for drier and better walking.

Achmed took this occasion to arrange with the sheik of one of the caravans for joining it on its return journey to Fez. This arrangement called forth all of the young Bedouin's shrewdness and patience; but it was finally accomplished. Then, after a pleasant ride through an orange orchard, fragrant with its ripe, golden fruit, the boys turned back to Tangier.

CHAPTER X

THE OUTFIT OF A WIZARD

As they rode into the town, and had just surmounted the circular crest of the hill above the large *sök* outside the wall, sunset came; and they paused a moment to gaze across the flat-roofed houses and out over the strait. Never had the coast ranges of the Spanish Sierra Nevada lifted themselves with greater grandeur, and never was their gauzy drapery of azure more beautiful. As our young friends paused a moment to drink in the beauty of the scene, a faint booming sound came to their ears; and Ted remarked: "That is the sunset gun from the citadel. 'Gun-Fire' it is called by the dwellers at Gibraltar. I hardly supposed it could be heard as far as this." Then he fell into a momentary reverie about England, and naturally of the United States, so closely bound to "Mother England" by ties of history and kindred.

The high-souled young Bedouin beside him divined his mood and his line of reflection; for he said, in a quiet tone: "My brother thinks of home

now. The Gun-Fire reminds him of those who are of his own race; but to Achmed, also, the sound brings pleasant memories; it speaks of right and justice wherever the English flag floats, and that brings pictures of Egypt before him, his own home, where England has righted the wrongs of centuries."

Thus the two friends felt their hearts knit together by the common bond of respect for England, in whose service they were now enlisted.

Naturally there were many things to plan about, in preparation for such a journey as our two friends were about to take; some of these things Achmed thought of, and others occurred to the quick intelligence of Ted Leslie. The next day after their ride into the country Ted seemed to have some important matter on his mind; he was evidently revolving some project, and had not reached any decision. Finally he went out, and in an hour he returned, bearing a small package. Laying it on the table with great care, he began to open it, saying: "See here, Achmed, I've had an idea; I think it may turn out to be a big idea, too."

Achmed turned slowly and inquiringly toward his American friend, and Ted continued: "Yesterday I remembered reading about the famous French conjurer or sleight-of-hand performer Robert Houdin, who came over here into either Tangier or Algiers, a few years ago, and totally dumfounded these Moors and Arabs by his tricks of magic. I learned, then, how useful some such performance might be among people as ignorant and superstitious as these natives are."

Here he laid open the package, and Achmed could see several small bottles and boxes, such as might have come from an apothecary's store. Then Ted said: "I took this idea of the wizard Houdin's, and put with it another idea, namely, that I should like to help any sick or injured people whom we might meet. And there are many such in the interior of the country, I am told. As you know, Achmed, I have made some study of medical matters, and I hope sometime to become a regular physician."

"So I have heard you say," responded Achmed. "And I noticed that you read much in the big learned books at the hospital in Gibraltar."

"Exactly," confirmed Ted. "Now I have here several simple drugs and some court-plaster and prepared bandages; some of the drugs are for medical use—'household remedies,' so to speak—and one or two others are to use in mystifying the natives, if the need arises. I bought them at a remarkably well-stocked drug-store kept by a Frenchman in the lane near the French consul's house. I shall not explain any more about them



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"THE ATTACK."



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"THE VICTORY."



THE TWO GOWNS

My mama has a pretty dress
 Of silk, that 's rich and fine;
 She wears it when there 's company
 Or when she 's out to dine;
 The collar has a velvet bow
 Below my mama's face;
 The skirt is long, and very wide,
 The sleeves are trimmed with lace;
 It shines and shimmers in the light,
 All changing, gold and green;
 I smile at her, and whisper low,
 "My mama is a queen!"

My mama has another dress
 That 's cozy, soft and red.
 She wears it on "home evenings,"
 When I am going to bed;
 And after I have said my prayers
 And when I 've said good-night,
 I 'm not afraid of hurting it,
 I hug up to it, tight,
 And say, with arms round mama's neck,
 "Oh, have you ever guessed,
 That though your fine silk gown is grand,
 I like this dress the best?"

Miriam S. Clark.

KINGSFORD, QUARTER

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," "Captain Chub," etc.

CHAPTER X

DEVENS AGREES

ON Saturday the School Team journeyed to Providence to play Bannard, and the Independents used their gridiron, while Malcolm and a dozen helpers marked off the scrub field with whitewash brushes and pails of lime. There was a little signal work that day for the more advanced candidates, Evan handling the first squad and a middle-class youth named Rogers playing quarter for the second. The work was decidedly encouraging, although somewhat ragged. The Second Team, with nothing to do, watched from the side-lines and had their fun, but it was all good-natured. Gus Devens told Rob that he was doing wonders and declared that he would n't have thought it possible to find eleven players as good as those in the first squad.

"Oh, we have n't started yet," answered Rob, quietly. "Our coach comes Monday, and after that things will take a brace. One thing we need, Gus, is a good guard. You 'd better think it over."

Devens stared.

"Meaning me? I 'd look nice, would n't I, throwing up my place and leaving the Second in the lurch in the middle of the season? You must be crazy, Rob. That 's not what I 'm here for."

"All right. As long as you think that, Gus, you stay. When you change your mind, though, you mosey over to the other gridiron, and we 'll look after you."

The School Team came home that evening with its third victory, having managed to win from Bannard with a score of 6 to 0. But the victory had cost something, for Tom Reid, left tackle and one of the strongest units of the line, had been hurt and would be out of the game for two weeks at least.

On Monday, which fell very close to the middle of October, Walter Duffield made his appearance at Riverport. Those who had expected a large, stern-visaged individual were disappointed, for the former Brown tackle was not over five feet nine inches in height and weighed under a hundred and sixty. He was twenty-three years old, but did n't look it. He had a smiling, alert face, curly brown hair, a pair of quiet brown eyes, and a somewhat thin voice. He began proceedings by giving the candidates a talk on the grand

stand, away from any possible eavesdropping on the part of the Regulars, as the Independents had grown to call the members of the First and Second teams.

"Now then, you fellows," said Duffield, "I 'm here to show you what I know about foot-ball, and you 're here to learn. That means that I say and you do. Any one who does n't like that wants to run along right now. I 'm going to be 'it' around here for the next month or so. You all understand that? All right. Now then, find your squads and let me see you handle the ball. Here, you fat boy, whatever your name is—what is it, by the way?"

"Jell."

"Well, Jell, you want to move faster than that, or you 'll go to sleep. Let 's see you run. That 's it! We 'll make a sprinter of you yet. Where 's your manager, Langton? How are you, Warne? Glad to know you. You stick with me this afternoon, please. I 'll want to ask a lot of questions, probably. Is that your 'Varsity Team over there?"

"Yes; School Team we call it, sir."

"What 's the matter with them? Are they walking in their sleep? My, but I 'd like to be that quarter for a minute! All right. Now, let 's have a look at our own collection of wonders."

For the first few days the Regulars regarded the doings of the Independents with amused curiosity. When Walter Duffield appeared on the scene curiosity continued, but was richly leavened with resentment. The idea of those fellows having the services of a real coach, while they had to get along as best they might with Hopkins, who, after all, knew no more foot-ball than many of the rest of them! The idea of the school turning its back on the regular team and lending its aid and support to a lot of renegades! It was disgusting and annoying.

Frank Hopkins's attitude had so far been one of amused tolerance. Prentiss, on the contrary, had let his chagrin get the better of his temper many times, and Rob and the others had heard at second or third hand many an unpleasant remark which had emanated from the manager of the School Team. So far, however, Rob had avoided controversy with either of them, although he and Joe Law had their arguments at almost every meal. On the Wednesday following the arrival

of Duffield, Rob encountered Edgar Prentiss in the corridor of Academy Hall. Rob was for passing on with a nod, but Prentiss stopped him.

"How 's the team getting on, Lanky?" he asked, with an unpleasant smile. Rob did n't mind being called Lanky by fellows he liked, but resented it from Prentiss. So he answered rather shortly: "All right."

"Hear you 've got a coach," pursued the other.

"Yes."

"Got about everything but players, have n't you?"

"We 've got those, too, Prentiss. If you don't believe it, bring your team over some afternoon for practice. You 'll get it."

Prentiss pretended to think that a pretty good joke and laughed loudly. Rob kept his temper, although it was n't easy.

"Want a game, eh?" asked Prentiss. "I dare say. Well, we 've got too much to do, Langton; like to oblige you, but we 're busy."

"I should say you *had*," answered Rob, with enthusiasm. "If you 're going to make a foot-ball team out of that aggregation of yours, you 've a lot to do. We don't want to play you; get that out of your head; we 've got all the dates we can fill; only, if you really want to learn a little about the game, you see Warne, and if we have an open date, we 'll take you on. So long."

On the steps Rob came across another Regular in the person of Gus Devens. "Hello, Gus!" he said. "Well, I was wrong the other day, was n't I?"

"I dare say you were, Rob, only I don't recall the particular occasion."

"When I said you would n't make the First Team. I suppose it spoils our chances of getting you to come over to us, but I 'm glad of your luck. You deserve it, Gus; you 've tried long enough."

Gus looked puzzled and a trifle uneasy, as though he suspected Rob's sincerity.

"What are you about, Rob?" he asked.

"Why," answered Rob, looking surprised, "about your making the First Team, of course."

"Who said I 'd made it?" asked Gus, glumly.

"Why—why, I don't know. Maybe I just naturally jumped to the conclusion. I knew that Tom Reid was out, and of course you were the best man for the place. So I supposed—"

"Yes, you did!" Gus growled. "You need n't rub it in."

"Rub it in?" exclaimed Rob, with a fine show of innocence. "Do you mean that Hop did n't take you to the First?"

"Not that I 've heard of. He moved Ward over from right and put Little in Ward's place.

I suppose he knows his business, but I 'm jiggered if I don't think he might have given me a show, Rob."

"Rather!" exclaimed Rob, warmly. "Why, Little can't play tackle! He can't play—ping-pong! Did you—say anything to him? Hop, I mean."

"Not likely. I 'm not running his show. If he does n't want me, he does n't have to have me. But I 'm getting tired of his nonsense, I 'll tell you that"

"Little 's a rather good friend of Prentiss's, is n't he?"

"I dare say. Came from the same town, I think. The way that precious pair runs things makes me tired! Maybe you 'll see me bringing my doll-rags over to play with you fellows some day, Rob, after all."

"Well, don't do anything hasty," said Rob, soothingly. "Maybe you 'll make it yet."

Gus laughed.

"You 're foxy, are n't you, Lanky? See you later."

Gus hurried into Academy, and Rob meandered toward Holden, smiling contentedly.

The Independents stuck pretty closely to the rudiments of foot-ball for the first part of that week, but, since there was enough experienced material in the ranks to form a first and second squad, on Thursday Duffield, much to every one's surprise, held a ten-minute scrimmage. The biggest surprise came when the coach put Jelly in at center. But, strange to say, Jelly took to the place like a fish to water, and, with Evan driving him and Duffield close on his heels every minute, showed evidence of real speed. The first squad as composed that day was as follows: right end, Cook; right tackle, Kasker; right guard, Chase; center, Jelly; left guard, Koehler; left tackle, James; left end, Brimmer; quarter-back, Kingsford; right half-back, Lyman; left half-back, Langton; full-back, Shaler.

The work was pretty ragged that first day, but that was to be expected. Duffield scolded and threatened, and one would have thought, to hear him take on, that he was deeply disgusted with the material before him. Rob was certain of it and had visions of Duffield throwing up his position on the spot. And so, when, at the conclusion of the afternoon's work, the coach called him aside, Rob was prepared for the worst. Duffield made him put his sweater on and then took him by the arm and led him to a seat on the old grand stand. For a full minute Duffield said nothing, only watched the First and Second teams plugging away at each other on the farther gridiron, and Rob's heart sank lower and lower. At last, however, Duffield turned and spoke.

"Well, Langton," he said, "I don't see why we can't turn out a pretty good team with those men."

"Wh-what?" stammered Rob.

"Why not?" asked Duffield. "We've got good material; better than the average, considering age. We're going to be light, but that is n't anything to worry about. Take a light team and teach them the sort of plays that fit 'em, and

did n't grab him?" Duffield nodded toward the farther field.

"The same old story," answered Rob. "They did n't give him a chance to show what he could do. They had him on the Second for a few days, and then he hurt his ankle, and they lost all interest in him."

"They must be a fine set of foot-ball players,"



"'NOW THEN, FELLOWS,' SAID DUFFIELD, 'I'M HERE TO SHOW YOU WHAT I KNOW ABOUT FOOT-BALL, AND YOU'RE HERE TO LEARN!'"

they'll hold their own with a team ten pounds heavier. I've seen it time and again. Look at some of our teams at Brown; look at last year's."

"That's so," murmured Rob, wondering whether his face was expressing the relief he felt.

"We've got to be fast, though, Langton, almighty fast! We've got to din speed into that crowd right along, every minute. If it comes to a choice between two men, the man with ginger gets the job. You've got a find in that chap Kingsford. Where did he fall from?"

"He's new this year. Came from Elmira and played up there on his grammar-school team."

"Well, how does it happen the other camp

said Duffield, disgustedly "We've got good end material, too, in Cook and that other chap—Brimmer. They're showing up pretty well, already. Kasker's a good man at tackle, and Koehler's another at guard. But the others in the center are n't much to boast of. Still, you can't tell what a week of coaching will do. That little fat Jelly boy may make a good center. If he can learn to keep awake, I think he will. Well, you'd better run along and get changed. I'll see you to-morrow."

ON Saturday the cut was made, and all but twenty-nine candidates were diplomatically in-

formed that their further services would not be required. The disgruntled ones had a good deal to say, but they did n't find much sympathy except from one another. The School Team journeyed away from home that day and won a listless, poorly played game from Hope Hill Academy, 8 to 0. During their absence the Independents held practice on the School Team's grid-iron, and in the twenty minutes of scrimmaging the first squad scored twice on the second, once by straight line-plunging and once with the help of a blocked kick which Kasker captured and then romped over the line.

On Monday Malcolm announced that he had arranged for three games, the first to be played the following Saturday with Cardiff High School, the second with Hillsgrove High at Hillsgrove the Wednesday after, and the third with the Overbrook Academy Second Team three days later. The Cardiff game would be an ideal one for a first contest, since Cardiff was not a strong team. The Hillsgrove game was possible enough because Hillsgrove was only three miles distant, and the expense of getting there and back would amount to little. Rob wanted something better than the Overbrook Second for a third contest, but, as nothing better offered, was forced to be content with it. On that Saturday the Overbrook First Team was coming to Riverport to play the School Team, and the Overbrook Second would accompany it and take on the Independents as a side issue.

"That leaves us one more Saturday and Thanksgiving Day," said Rob, thoughtfully. "I'd like to get a couple of rattling games for those dates, Mal."

"So would I," answered Malcolm, "but I don't know where to look for them. Every team has its dates filled, you see."

"That's the dickens of it. We'll have a talk with Duffield to-morrow. Maybe he can suggest something."

"I wish," said Jelly, who happened to be present at the time, "that we could have a game before Saturday. That's a long time to wait, fellows. Could n't we find some one to take us on Wednesday?"

"I'm afraid not," said Malcolm.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Rob. "I've got it! I heard that on Thursday the First's going to lay off and take a rest for the Mifflin game; they're going out on the bay or some fool thing like that. Sounds like Prentiss, does n't it? Well, anyway, that leaves the Second with nothing doing. Suppose I see Gus Devens and ask him to play us a short game; say, fifteen-minute halves? It would be good practice, anyhow!"

"Great!" said Evan, and the others agreed.

"But will he do it?" asked Malcolm. "Will Hop let him?"

Rob thought a moment.

"I think he will do it if he can. You leave it to me, Mal, and don't any one breathe a word of it. I'll see what can be done. Land o' Goshen, but I'd like to take a fall out of the Second!"

"We could beat the boots off of them," declared Jelly, stoutly.

The next afternoon, following the practice, the Independents held an election in the rowing-room of the gymnasium and made Rob permanent captain of the team. There were no other candidates for the honor, and the choice was unanimous. The next evening, Wednesday, Rob called on Gus Devens after study hour. Gus lived in Second House and shared his room with Joe Law. Luckily for Rob's plans, Law was not at home when he got there. After a few minutes of talk, Rob remarked:

"I suppose, Gus, Hop and Prentiss make you do about as they want, don't they?"

"How do you mean?"

"I mean as regards your team. I suppose, for instance, you could n't get up a practice game with another team without asking their permission."

Gus viewed Rob speculatively.

"Meaning with your outfit?"

Rob nodded. Gus considered. Then,

"To-morrow, you mean?" Rob nodded again. Gus smiled; then he laughed.

"They'd be as mad as hornets, Rob, but I'll do it if I can get the fellows together."

CHAPTER XI

INDEPENDENTS VS. SECOND TEAM

DUFFIELD shrugged his shoulders.

"To be sure," he said, "play them. But don't expect to win. That Second Team has been together all fall, and you chaps have n't played together once yet except in practice. But it'll be good for you. What time?"

"Four-thirty," answered Rob. "The First Team and subs are going out on the bay. Prentiss and Hopkins think they need a rest."

"What they need," snarled Duffield, "is a stick of dynamite under 'em. Four-thirty, you said?"

"Yes, sir. Devens wants to wait until Hop and Prentiss get out of the way. He says the Second is crazy to play us."

"H'm; well, look out they don't use you up. Remember we've got a real game the day after to-morrow. Better get busy now and run through signals for ten minutes or so."

Five minutes later the Second Team began to trickle out of the gymnasium. They had a few minutes' practice on the school gridiron, and then Gus Devens walked across in search of Rob. The latter saw him coming and called a halt, and Duffield sent the first squad to the side-lines.

"All ready, Rob?" asked Gus.

"All ready. We 'd better play over there, had n't we? This field is pretty rough."

"I think so," Gus replied. "Who 's going to referee for us?"

"Any one you say. How about Duffield?"

"He will be satisfactory to us, I dare say. I suppose you know I 'm going to get Hail Columbia for playing with you chaps?"

"I should say you are!" laughed Rob. "Come on and meet Duffield."

The coach was extremely polite, but not genial, and Gus felt somehow as though he were on the wrong side of the fence.

"Will you referee, Mr. Duffield?" he asked.

"If you like. Want to toss now?"

"You call it, Rob."

"Heads," said Rob.

Duffield picked up the coin.

"Tails," he announced.

"We 'll take the west goal," said Gus. "Second, this way!"

Two minutes later Koehler kicked off and the game was on. Peeble, the Second Team's quarter, caught the ball and gained nearly twenty yards before he was downed. Then the Second began to make short but unpleasantly steady gains through Chase, who played right guard, and past James at left tackle. An occasional plunge at center netted little, for Mr. George Washington Jell proved a tough proposition. The ball crept down the field to the Independents' thirty-yard line. There Devens and Peeble held a whispered consultation, and on the next play Peeble tried a quarter-back run. But he chose the wrong side of the line, and Brimmer, left end, nabbed him for a loss. With twelve yards to go and only two downs left, Peeble sent the backs at the line again. But the Independents were encouraged by their momentary success, and the gain was short. Peeble was evidently at a loss, for he twice changed his signals and then consulted Devens.

"You 're delaying the game," cautioned Duffield.

"Hinkley back!" called the Second's quarter, and the team arranged itself to protect the kicker.

"It 's a fake!" cried Rob. "Look out for a forward pass!"

The ball went back to Peeble, and he bounded to the side and poised himself for the throw.

Then Brimmer squirmed through outside Devens and hurled himself on Peeble just as the latter sent the ball away. The pass was spoiled, Evan tipping it and then falling on it, with half the Second Team writhing about him.

It was now the Independents' time to show what they could do at offense, and Evan went at it hammer and tongs. The team, even in one short week, had learned speed, and the way the plays were pulled off was a veritable revelation to the Second. The backs were "knifed" through the Second's line time and again for gains of two and three yards, being stopped only when the back-field defense was reached. Rob distinguished himself that day as a line-plunging back. He went in low and hard and at top speed, and tore and squirmed and fought his way through, keeping his feet astonishingly. On the third down, time and again, it was Rob who took the ball and made the required distance, often with barely an inch to spare. Had the Independents possessed at that time any semblance of real team-play and rallied around the runner as they should have, Rob's gains would have been considerably lengthened. But, even as it was, the ball was soon past the middle of the field, and Devens and Peeble were imploring their men to hold, to "get low," to "break this up." Almost down to their opponents' forty-yard line, the Independents met a reverse. Lyman, right half-back, fumbled, and the Second got the ball.

Peeble sent his backs at the Independents' line again, but now the latter had tasted battle, had got over any stage-fright they may have had at first, and were fast learning what to do and how to do it. Two tries netted the Second but eight yards, and Hinkley punted. Lyman, playing back with Evan, fumbled his catch, but recovered it again, eluded a Second Team end, and reeled off twelve or fourteen yards before he was brought down. There remained but a bare two minutes of playing-time, and Rob, after he had torn off three yards and Shaler, full-back, had gained two more, punted the ball down to the Second's thirty-five. The Second sent Hinkley back again and returned the punt on the first down, relying, evidently, on another fumble in the Independents' back-field. But it was Evan who made the catch this time and who dodged at least half a dozen of the enemy and brought the ball almost to the middle of the gridiron. Then time was called by Warne, who was combining the offices of timekeeper and linesman, and the teams trotted off.

Duffield followed his charges over to a sheltered position behind the old grand stand and saw them well wrapped in their blankets. Then one by one he drew the players aside and pointed out

their mistakes. When it came Evan's turn, he said:

"You did pretty well, Kingsford, all things considered. But you slowed up a little toward the end. That's what you've got to guard against.

I want you to drive the team just as hard in the last two minutes as in the first, harder if it can be done. Remember that the other team is as tired as you are, and perhaps a lot more tired. If they're big and heavy, with a little too much flesh, they're bound to be feeling it more than you. That's the time to snap it along, Kingsford. Now another thing. You've got to use your wits. I know we're hard up for plays as yet, but you can make what we have got go better if you study things a bit. Watch how each play works. If you send a back outside of end and find later that that end is playing wide and looking for another play of the same sort, why, jab a runner inside of him. Or if you find he is running in fast on plays directed at his end, take the ball yourself and try a wide end run. Don't get into a rut with your plays; keep them guessing every minute. In the next half I want you to cut out the punting unless the other fellows have shoved you inside your twenty yards. You need n't be afraid of a field-goal, I think. If you get inside their twenty yards, Kingsford, hammer Langton and Shaler at their right guard. That chap's soft, and

I think he will quit after you've roughed it up with him a few times. But leave him pretty generally alone until you're where you can take it out of him. If you use him up early in the half, Devens will put in a substitute. That's all; except this: fast, fast, fast!"

Duffield slapped him on the shoulder and sent him back to the others. Then Warne announced that time was up, and Duffield followed the men onto the field again. He had made no changes as yet in the line-up, for all the fellows had wea-

thered the first half in good shape, and he wanted them all to have a good taste of experience. By this time news of what was going on had reached the school, and there was quite an audience strung along the side-lines, an eager crowd of spectators.



THE GAME BETWEEN THE INDEPENDENTS AND THE SECOND SCHOOL TEAM.

Devens had made but one change in his team, and Duffield and his charges were relieved to observe that the new man was not a right guard. He was a full-back, by name Putnam, and his one forte was kicking.

"That means that they'll try for a field-goal if we give them the chance," whispered Rob to Evan, as they took their places.

"Then they must n't have the chance," answered Evan. "Anyhow, they've weakened their back-field, for Deering is a good man, you know."

Then Duffield blew his whistle, the Second's center kicked off, and the second half began. For the first six or eight minutes it was virtually a repetition of the preceding period. The ball changed hands a little more often, perhaps, for each team played together rather better and each rush-line was stiffer. The half was more than half gone when the spectators got their first taste of excitement. The Second worked a pretty forward pass, quarter to left end, and left end went dodging and scampering over four white lines before he was laid low. That brought the pigskin to the Independents' eighteen-yard line. A fake plunge at center with the runner cutting past tackle gained five yards, and a mass-play on the right side of the line gained two more. Then Putnam was sent back, and the Independents set their teeth and crouched low to get through and block at any cost.

Back went the ball, and Putnam, rather nervous because he had not been used much as yet, dropped it in front of him and swung his long leg back. Toe and ball met, but Kasker and Jelly were through, and it was Jelly's ample form that got between ball and cross-bar. There was a loud thump, a mingling of cries alarmed and triumphant, and a wild scurry for the elusive oval. Up the field it bounded and trickled, and player after player hurled himself upon it, only to have it slip from his grasp and begin a new series of gymnastics. It was the Second Team's left guard who finally captured it, and by that time it was back past the thirty-yard line. The audience yelled approval, and Rob thumped Jelly on the back and called encouragement. The catastrophe had unsettled the Second, and in three downs the ball changed hands again.

"How much time is there?" called Evan.

"Almost six minutes," answered Malcolm.

Then Evan snapped out his signals, Rob fell back as though for a punt, and Evan skirted the Second's left end for a good twelve yards. Three plunges at the left of the opposing line gave them their distance again, and the ball was just short of the fifty-five-yard streak. Then came some pretty playing on the part of the Independents, while the spectators ran along the side-lines and cheered madly. Shaler, who had been used very little so far in the half, was given the ball time after time and went fighting through for a yard, two yards, three, sometimes even four. Three times the Independents made their distance on line attack. Then the measuring-tape showed that they had failed, and, to Evan's despair, the ball went to the Second. On the threshold of the enemy's goal, luck had turned her back!

But if luck can turn once it can turn again, and it did. After one ineffectual plunge at right tackle Peeble sent Putnam back. Again the Second's line failed to hold, and Putnam, with another blocked kick threatening him, swung hurriedly, and the pigskin went hurtling out of bounds at the forty yards. Evan took up the fight again, sending Lyman outside of left tackle for a short gain, and then winning the distance in two plunges at the tackle-guard hole on the left. The thirty-yard mark passed under foot. The Second was getting slow now, and Evan, with no mercy for his own tired men, sent his plays faster and faster. Gus Devens began to put in substitutes: a new man at left end, a new man at left guard, a new man at center. But Corbett, at right guard, remained, and Evan sighed with relief. Nothing about Corbett suggested the quitter to Evan, nor did the fellow seem soft, but Evan relied on Duffield's judgment. It was second down now and eight to go, and the ball was still a good five yards from the twenty-yard line. Evan pulled Rob aside and whispered to him. Rob nodded, glancing at the cross-bar of the goal. Then he went back, patted the ground, and held his arms out. The team formed for defense of kicker. Back went the ball, but not to Rob, although that youth seemed to catch it and swing his leg at it. It went to Evan, and Evan doubled himself over it an instant, and then, straightening up and dodging his way behind the battling lines, he found an opening and went spinning through, and would have had a clear field to the goal-line had not Putnam redeemed himself and brought him down some fifteen yards short of the last mark. Pandemonium reigned along the side-lines. Duffield, inscrutable and impartial, allowed himself the ghost of a smile as he waved to Malcolm and announced: "First down!"

Then, fighting like heroes, Rob and Shaler hurled themselves upon the Second's right guard, and Duffield's prediction came true. Corbett gave, slowly at first, until, although the Second's back-field rallied behind him, he was worse than useless, and Devens, crying for time, sent him staggering off and put a new man in his place. The ball was inside the five yards then, and the spectators were imploring a touch-down.

They got it.

Evan sent Rob again at the same place, and, although the new man was fresh and strong, and although the Second expected the play, the Independents went through. There was a wavering, indecisive moment, and then the defending line buckled inward, and the foe came swaying, falling through for a touch-down and the game.

(To be continued.)



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"PETS."

FROM THE PAINTING BY S. GRANITSCH.

THE GREEN PAPER DOLL

(More "Betty" Stories)*

BY CAROLYN WELLS

"Oh, Betty, I 'm so upset!" exclaimed Dorothy Bates, as she came into the McGuire library one afternoon in early May.

"What 's the matter, Dotty?" asked Betty. "The party is n't off, is it?"

"No; we 're to go, all right; but Jeanette can't go. She has such a cold, her mother won't let her go away from home. And I 've just come from there. She really is ill; is n't it too bad?"

"Yes, indeed it is! We would have had such a lovely time, all together."

"Well, we 'll go, anyhow. And, Betty, as Irene expects three of us, I think it would be nice to ask some one to go in Jeanette's place. I 'd like to ask Constance Harper, but I know you don't like her very much."

"Oh, I like Constance well enough, but she does n't like me."

"Well, whichever way it is, you two never seem to get along very well together. But who else is there?"

Betty hesitated a minute, then she said:

"I 'd like to ask Martha Taylor."

"Martha! Why, Betty, nobody likes Martha. And well—you know Martha, poor girl, has to count every penny, and—and she never seems quite at her ease—not that that 's anything against her, but she would n't have pretty dresses and hats, and the people at Halstead House are often dressy and gay."

"I know it; but if Martha does n't mind that, we need n't. And, Dorothy, you don't know Martha as well as I do. She never has any good times, and it 's that that makes her shy and awkward. Oh, do ask her to go with us, if only for my sake."

"Betty, what a queer girl you are! I like Martha well enough, but I don't believe she 'll go with us. I 'll ask her, though, as you 're so set upon it."

"What 's this enthusiastic discussion all about?" asked Mrs. McGuire, pausing at the library door, as she was passing through the hall.

"Oh, Mother, come in!" cried Betty. "What

do you think? Jeanette is quite ill and she can't go with us to the house-party at Irene Halstead's."

"That is too bad; I 'm very sorry. Shall you ask any one in her place, Dorothy?"

"That 's just what we 're talking about, Mrs. McGuire. Betty thinks it would be nice to ask Martha Taylor, but I don't think she quite fits in."

"But think how she 'd enjoy it! Martha almost never gets invited to a lovely outing like this one you have in prospect. Why, she 'd be overjoyed to go."

"Yes 'm, I s'pose she would," admitted Dorothy; "but she 's—she 's so bashful, you know."

"That 's mostly because you girls slight her. Now you 've a fine opportunity to give her a pleasure, do it, and do it heartily and kindly. Let her feel that you really want her to go with you."

"Yes, do," said Betty; "and, truly, Dot, if you ask her as if you wanted her, and if you treat her cordially, you 'll be surprised to see how gay and jolly Martha will be."

"All right," said Dorothy, agreeably; "I really do like her, and I 'll do my best. Come on, Betty, let 's go and ask her now."

Betty whisked away, and returned in a few minutes with her hat on, ready to start. It was but a short walk through the bright May sunshine to Martha's house, and they found her in the garden, watering some flower seeds she had just planted.

"Hello, Martha!" called the two girls, and she came running to meet them.

"Come, sit on the veranda," she said; "it 's so pleasant there. I 'm glad you came to see me."

"We 've come to invite you to a party," said Dorothy, plunging into the subject at once.

"A party!" exclaimed Martha. "Where?"

"Oh, Martha," cried Betty, "it 's more than a party—it 's a house-party! At a lovely country place,—Dorothy's cousin's,—and we 're to stay from Wednesday till Saturday! Is n't that grand?"

It was so grand that Martha could scarcely realize it.

A CONDENSED OUTLINE OF "THE STORY OF BETTY" AS ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN ST. NICHOLAS.

*Betty McGuire, a waif from an orphan-asylum, is an under-servant in a boarding-house.

Suddenly she comes into a large fortune, which she inherits from her grandfather who died in Australia. Somewhat bewildered by her good luck, but quite sure of what she wants, Betty buys a home, and then proceeds to "buy a family," as she expresses it.

She engages a lovely old lady as housekeeper, but adopts her as a grandma, and calls her so. She takes Jack, a newsboy, for her brother, and she selects a dear little child from an infant orphan-asylum for her baby sister.

With this "family," and with some good, though lowly, friends who were kind to her when she was poor, for servants, Betty lives at her new home, Denniston Hall.

By reason of several circumstances Betty feels sure her relatives may be found, if she searches for them.

Her search results in finding her own mother, who is overjoyed at finding again the daughter who, she supposed, had died in infancy.

"I go?" she said. "For three whole days! Oh! what a party!"

"Yes, it 's going to be lovely," said Dorothy. "A May party on Friday, and lots of picnics and things on the other days. Will you go with us, Martha?"

"Indeed, I will! I 'm sure Mother 'll let me. But, girls, I don't know if my clothes are good enough for such a grand place."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Betty. "Don't think about that. Just come on and have a good time, and never mind what you wear."

Mrs. Taylor was delighted to have Martha go with the other girls, and at once set about furnishing up her wardrobe as best she could.

And, indeed, when at last the day came to start, Martha, in her trim, neat traveling-suit, looked almost as well dressed as the other two. They were to travel in charge of Mr. Halstead, Dorothy's uncle, who was returning to his country home after a short business trip to Boston.

He was a genial, affable sort of man, but after a little kindly conversation he left the girls to entertain themselves, and became absorbed in his paper.

Martha was as happy as a bird. The prospect of the good time coming seemed to transform her, and she was so gay and merry that Dorothy concluded she had misjudged her, and that Betty was right about her.

When they at last reached Halstead House, Irene was on the veranda to greet them.

She kissed her cousin Dorothy and greeted her warmly, and then welcomed the other two as Dorothy introduced them.

Neither Betty nor Martha had ever met Irene before, but Mrs. Halstead had written for Dorothy to bring two friends with her, and so the girls were at once made welcome.

Two other girls were visiting Irene, so the house-party numbered six young people, and a gay flock they were. Maude Miller and Ethel Caswell were from New York, and proved to be pleasant and kindly, so Martha was not shy or embarrassed, and soon the half-dozen were chatting away like old friends.

Halstead House was a large colonial mansion with innumerable rooms and wide porches and gardens.

Irene was the eldest child, and there were also a small boy and a baby girl of three. The little Daisy reminded Betty of Baby Polly, and she made friends with her at once.

Friday was Irene's birthday, and in honor of it there was to be a May party, with a May-queen, May-pole, and all the traditional features. Of course this was the principal event of their visit,

but the six girls managed to have a lot of fun besides. There was a lake on which to row, a pony-cart to drive, tennis-courts, croquet-grounds, and everything that could make country life pleasant.

On Thursday afternoon the girls decided to walk down to the village.

It was a pleasant walk along shady roads, and in a short time they found themselves in the tiny hamlet, with its little post-office and two or three small shops.

Martha had been in especially gay spirits all the way. She had laughed and joked until Dorothy began to feel she had reason to be proud of her merry friend instead of ashamed of her.

But Betty looked at Martha curiously. She could n't quite understand her to-day. Several times Martha had started to say something to Betty, and then stopped, as if afraid the others would hear.

"What is it, Martha?" asked Betty, at last, dropping a little behind the others. "What are you trying to say?"

"Oh, nothing," said Martha, turning red and looking embarrassed. Then, as if with a sudden determined effort, she turned to the whole group and said:

"Will you—won't you—all come in and have ice-cream with me?"

It was a pleasant invitation, but Martha stammered so and seemed so nervous about it that Irene hesitated before replying. Betty hesitated, too, for she knew that Martha had little, if any, spending-money, and she wondered at this unexpected hospitality.

But Martha turned pleading eyes upon her.

"Make them come, Betty!" she said. "I 'd be so glad if they would."

"Come on, girls," said Betty. "Indeed, Martha, we 're very glad to accept your invitation; it 's so warm and dusty."

Dorothy, though mystified at Martha's sudden rôle of Lady Bountiful, took her cue from Betty and said:

"Oh, how lovely! I 'm just famishing for ice-cream."

The others accepted gracefully, too, and they all went into the latticed inclosure where ice-cream was sold. There were many little tables and chairs, and pushing two tables together, the girls all sat round, and Martha asked each one to choose her favorite flavor.

Martha looked very happy and a little excited; her cheeks were red and her eyes bright, and Betty thought she had never seen her look so pretty.

"Are n't we having a good time?" said Ethel Caswell, as they slowly ate the refreshing dainty.

"Yes, indeed," said Maude Miller. "It 's my turn to treat next. Let 's come down here again to-morrow morning, and I 'll buy the ice-cream."

"All right," agreed the others, and Betty and

offer any remonstrance, and the pretty cakes were brought and enjoyed by all.

When at last the little feast was over, the check was brought and handed to Martha. Betty did n't



"'TAKE MY RACKET,' SAID BETTY, 'AND PLAY A SET WITH MARTHA.'" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Dorothy secretly resolved to find some pleasant way to do their share of the "treating." Martha beamed with pleasure to think she had been the one to start a round of merry times, and, as an additional touch to their present feast, she ordered some small cakes. Betty and Dorothy looked frankly astonished, for it was an expensive little place, and they wondered if Martha knew how much her "spread" would cost.

But Martha smiled so gaily that they could n't

see the amount, but she saw that again Martha turned scarlet and looked embarrassed. But, with an air of endeavoring to look unconcerned, she drew a crisp, new five-dollar bill from her purse, and then, receiving her change, she put it away with the same elaborate carelessness, not stopping to separate the notes from the silver.

"Whatever is the matter with Martha?" thought Betty. "She 's trying to act a part, I think."

Back walked the merry half-dozen girls to

beautiful Halstead House, and grouped themselves on the veranda to wait for dinner-time.

"Let 's build air-castles," said Irene. "What would yours be, Betty?"

"Do you mean that *could* be real, or *could n't*?"

"Yes, that could be real, but are n't likely to be, you know."

"Yes, I know," said Betty, promptly. "Well, I 'd be a princess, with golden hair all twined with pearls; and a long white satin train, with little page-boys holding it; and slaves fanning me with long peacock-feather fans."

"My, how fine!" said Dorothy, "but it 's too story-booky for me. My air-castle is just to travel all over the world—not by any magic, but just travel in real cars and boats, and see all the countries there are."

"I think that 's a nice air-castle," commented Irene. "What 's yours, Ethel?"

"Oh, I 'd like to be famous; a great celebrity, you know. I don't care whether it 's in the musical or artistic or literary line. But I 'd like to feel, and to have other people feel, that I 'd done something grand."

"I don't believe you ever will," said Maude, laughing. "Now, my air-castle is awfully prosaic. I 'd like to be a nurse."

"Oh, what a funny air-castle!" exclaimed Martha. "How can you like to be mixed up with sickness and medicines and such things?"

"That 's just what I should like. And then to feel that I was helping to make people well! Oh, I think that 's fine!"

"Yes, I s'pose it is," said Martha. "Mine is n't so noble; I 'd just like to be at the head of a big house—about like this—and have a lot of money. Not a great fortune, but just enough to entertain my friends and give them good times—just as Mrs. Halstead does."

"That 's very pretty, my dear," said Mrs. Halstead herself, who had just stepped out on the veranda to summon the young people to dinner. And again Martha became embarrassed and blushed rosy red, as Mrs. Halstead smiled at her kindly.

The next day was fair and beautiful, a perfect day for a May party.

"It 's a few days past the first of May, which is the real May-day," said Mrs. Halstead, at breakfast, "but as it 's Irene's birthday, we thought we 'd celebrate it by a May party. So it 's an afternoon affair, from four to seven, and we 'll have a May-pole dance to wind up with."

"And a May-queen?" asked Betty. "Queen Irene, of course."

"Yes," said Mrs. Halstead, "Irene will be queen, as it 's her party. And all you girls must

be ladies-in-waiting. You may make wreaths for yourselves and trim your dresses with flowers or garlands any way you choose. Now, scamper, and don't bother me, for I 've lots of things to attend to."

"May n't we help you, Mrs. Halstead?" asked Betty.

"No, my dear. There 's really nothing you could do to help. Indeed, you 'll assist me most by entertaining yourselves."

"All right," said Ethel. "As Maude has invited us to go to town with her, we 'll have that to entertain us this morning."

But as they walked out of the dining-room and through the broad hall, Maude said:

"I 'll have to take back my invitation, girls. I 'm not going to take you to get ice-cream this morning."

"Why not?" cried Ethel, impulsively, and then, as they all saw that Maude did not smile, they felt rather uncomfortable.

For a few moments nobody spoke, and then Betty, to change the subject, said:

"All right; let 's play tennis, then."

But there was a constraint over them all, and no one knew exactly why.

To be sure, it was strange for Maude to invite them to go for ice-cream, and then to recall her invitation so suddenly. But they each felt there was more than that in the air, and Maude looked so disturbed that it seemed there must be something serious the matter.

So strong was the conviction that it would prove embarrassing, that Betty repressed her inclination to invite the girls to take ice-cream with *her* instead of Maude.

Instinctively she felt she had better not do this, and so she proposed tennis instead.

Half-heartedly they went for their rackets, and as they went toward the courts, Irene and Maude fell behind and talked in whispers. Then they turned and went back to the house.

The other four went on, and had nearly finished a set of tennis when the two rejoined them.

Maude looked angry, and Irene looked as if she had been crying, but no questions were asked, and no information was offered as to the cause.

"Take my racket," said Betty to Maude, "and play a set with Martha. I 'd just as lief sit and watch you."

"No, thank you," said Maude. "I don't care to play."

Betty looked up suddenly at this, and saw Maude give Martha a contemptuous glance and turn away.

Martha turned red and looked dismayed, as she well might at such a speech.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Betty, ready to take up the cudgels for Martha, if need be.

"Never you mind," said Maude. "Martha knows what I mean!"

"I don't!" stammered Martha, choking with mortification at being thus spoken to.

"Oh, yes, you do!" said Maude. "I 'm very much obliged for your *ice-cream*!"

"Betty, what does she mean?" cried Martha, turning helplessly toward her friend.

"She does n't mean anything," said Irene, looking angrily at Maude. "Mother told you to wait."

Maude turned sullen, and refused to say anything. Betty looked mystified, but was n't sure whether she ought to insist on an explanation or not.

She had been responsible for bringing Martha, and if Maude did n't like her, it was unfortunate, but to discuss it might only make matters worse.

Dorothy, with her ready tact, came to the rescue. "You four play," she said, throwing down her racket, "and Maude and I will go for a row on the lake."

Maude brightened up at this, and Betty concluded that she had been merely ill-tempered over nothing, after all.

"I 'm going to tell you," said Maude to Dorothy, as they pushed out on the lake, "but I promised Mrs. Halstead I would n't say anything to Martha about it. I 've lost five dollars, and I can't help thinking she took it."

"Who? Mrs. Halstead?"

"Mercy, no! Martha."

"Never! I don't believe it!"

"Well, did n't you notice that new five-dollar bill she paid for the ice-cream with?"

"Yes."

"It was exactly like mine. You see, I had a new, crisp bill that Father gave me to spend while I was here. And when we went to town yesterday, I thought I would n't take it for fear I 'd lose it. And Martha, or somebody, must have taken it, for when I got home it was gone."

"I don't believe Martha took it."

"Who else could have done it? Mrs. Halstead says she knows her servants did n't take it. She 's had them for years, and they 're perfectly honest. And you know how queerly Martha acted while she was paying for the ice-cream. She does n't have much money, does she?"

"No," said Dorothy, reluctantly.

"Then how would she happen to have a new five-dollar bill just like mine, all of a sudden? And why would she act so embarrassed and queer about treating us to ice-cream?"

"Martha loves to treat," said Dorothy, a little

lately. "But I 'm sure she never took it," she added doggedly. "I 'm going to ask her."

"No, you must n't. Mrs. Halstead said she 'd make up the loss to me, but we must not speak to Martha about it. Of course I won't take five dollars from Mrs. Halstead, but I promised I would n't tell Martha that she took it."

"You were very 'uppish' to her, though!"

"Well, who would n't be? That bill was on the table in my bedroom, and Martha was in the room after I was. And when I came home, it was gone."

"You were very careless to leave it on the table."

"No, I was n't. I did n't want to take it with me, so I stuck it behind a picture that stands on the table. Nobody would have seen it, but Martha knew it was there; she was in the room when I put it there."

"Maybe it blew off the table."

"It might have, but I 've looked all over the room everywhere."

Dorothy sat silent. She had n't wanted Martha to come, but Betty had coaxed her into it, and this was the result.

"Well," she said at last, "I 'm going to tell Betty about it, anyway. I know she 'll think as I do, that Martha could n't have done such a thing."

"No, don't tell Betty."

"Yes, you will tell Betty, too!" said a voice, and looking up, the two girls saw Betty looking at them. The boat had drifted near shore, and Betty beckoned to them to come in.

"Now, you tell me what it 's all about," she said, as they landed. "I 'm not going to be kept out of it any longer."

When Betty spoke like that, her comrades usually obeyed her.

Half scared at Betty's frowning face, Maude told her story.

"What foolishness!" said Betty, as she finished. "Martha could no more take a penny that did n't belong to her than I could!"

"Then what made her act so flustered when she invited us to have ice-cream and when she paid for it?" demanded Maude.

"I don't know," said Betty.

"And where would she get a new five-dollar bill all of a sudden?"

"I don't know," said Betty.

"And where is my bill?" wound up Maude, triumphantly, and again Betty was forced to reply, "I don't know."

"But all the same," she went on, "Martha did n't take it! And I 'll prove it somehow!"

"You can't prove it unless you find my bill."

"Then I 'll find your bill!"

"You can't; I 've hunted everywhere for it."

"Well, I *will* find it, and I 'll make you take back all you 've said about Martha."

"I 'm sure I 'd be glad to," said Maude, staring at Betty's angry face; "I 've no wish to make her seem dishonest if she is n't."

"I 'll clear this matter up!" exclaimed Betty, "and then you 'll feel sorry for what you 've said. And first I 'll go and tell Martha, and let her speak for herself."

"No, you must n't do that! Mrs. Halstead forbade us to mention it to Martha."

"All right; then I 'll take Martha and go straight to Mrs. Halstead and let her tell her."

"But you can't now, for Mrs. Halstead is superintending the May-pole. The carpenters are putting it up, and she asked us to keep away."

"Well, I 've got to do something! I can't rest till Martha is cleared. Poor Martha! I don't see how anybody could think such a thing of her!"

Betty put her arm through Dorothy's, and they went on ahead, leaving Maude to follow alone.

"Betty," said Dorothy, "we know Martha never has spending-money. And for that to be a new bill that she had yesterday does look queer. And she did act awfully funny about it all."

"I know it, Dorothy," said Betty, in a tone of despair; "I think it looks awfully queer. But I would n't own up to Maude that I thought so. And, even if it does look queer, I won't believe Martha took Maude's money unless she tells me so herself—so there, now!"

Betty had unconsciously raised her voice in her indignation, and as they turned a corner of the path, they came upon the other girls, sitting on a settee, waiting for them.

"What are you saying, Betty?" asked Martha, her face perfectly white.

There was no blushing embarrassment now; Martha looked horrified, and even incredulous, but she was calm and self-possessed. Betty quite forgot what Maude had said of Mrs. Halstead's orders, and spoke right out to Martha.

"Martha," she said, "did you see Maude take some money out of her purse and lay it on her table yesterday?"

"Yes, I did," said Martha.

"Did you take it from the table—to—to put it in a safer place—or anything?"

"No, of course I did n't! Why should I?"

"Well, it was n't a very safe place," began Betty.

"I should say it was n't!" exclaimed Maude.

"Well, I did n't touch it!" said Martha. "What are you talking about, Betty?"

"Then where did you get that new five-dollar bill you spent yesterday?" burst out Maude, unable to control her tongue.

Martha looked at her.

"Do you mean to say that you 've been thinking that was *your* money?" she said, in a low, scared sort of voice.

"Yes, I do!" declared Maude.

"Oh, oh! I did n't, I did n't! Betty, Betty, what *shall* I do!" and Martha burst into a fit of crying which nothing could stop.

"Now, you see," said Betty, as she caressed her weeping friend. "Please all leave her to me."

The others went away a little shamefacedly, while Betty remained with Martha. She waited until the first bursts of sobs were over, and then she said:

"Now, Martha, brace up. I know and you know you did n't take her old bill, but we 've got to prove it."

"How can we prove it?" asked Martha, between her sobs, as she dabbed her eyes with her handkerchief. "Oh, Betty, I wish I had n't come!"

"So shall I, if you act like this. Cheer up, I tell you, and help me, and we 'll fix this matter right yet."

"How brave you are!" said Martha, looking up at Betty's determined face.

"Somebody 's got to be, and you won't," said Betty, smiling. "Now tell me everything you know about Maude's money."

"I don't know anything, except what she told you. I was sitting by the table when she stuck it behind the picture. I thought it was a funny place to put it, but I did n't say so. I would n't have been so careless with my bill."

"Where did you get your bill, Martha?"

"Uncle Fred gave it to me on Christmas. He said to save it until I was sure I 'd thought of the thing I 'd like best to buy with it. And I was *sure* I 'd rather treat you all to ice-cream than to buy anything for myself. Oh, Betty, I do love to be hospitable to people, and I never have a chance! And when the chance really came, I was so glad and so happy about it, that it made me rather fidgety and embarrassed."

"You dear thing!" cried Betty, kissing her. "And then to think of how they 've spoiled your little ice-cream party! Well, go on; then did you stay in Maude's room after she left it?"

"Only a minute, to say good-by to little Bobby Halstead. He was playing around there, and he 's such a cunning little chap."

"Bobby! I 've an idea! Now you stay right here till I come back! Don't you move!"

Betty flew into the house and went in search

of four-year-old Bobby. She found him in his nursery, mounted upon his black hobby-horse.



"BETTY FOUND BOBBY IN HIS NURSERY."

"Tell me, deary," she said, "when you were in Maude's room yesterday, did you see any money around?"

"Pennies?" asked Bobby.

"No, not pennies. Paper money. Green money."

"Ess, green paper, but not moneys. I cutted out a paper dolly; see! It's not vewy good 'cause my sissiz was dull."

Bobby dived down into a box, and produced a queer-shaped paper doll which was surely cut from a five-dollar bill!

Betty's eyes danced, but she only said quietly:

"Where did you find the green paper, deary?"

"In ve was'e-bastick," said the child; "I can always have what's in ve was'e-basticks. Muvver said I could."

"Yes, of course you can. That's all right. But lend this dolly to Betty, won't you? Just for a little while?"

"Ess, I will," and the child gave it up willingly enough.

Back ran Betty with her prize.

"There!" she cried, triumphantly waving the five-dollar doll above her head. "I told you Martha did n't know anything about Maude's money. It must have blown from the table into the waste-basket, and Bobby picked it out."

"Oh — I do — remember!" said Maude, slowly, "the waste-basket was upset when I came home! So I looked through all the scraps carefully, but of course I did n't find it. I'm awfully sorry, Martha,—truly I am,—more sorry than I can say! I don't suppose you can ever forgive me."

"Oh, yes, I can," said Martha, smiling through her tears.

"I'm going to forgive you, too, Maude," said Betty; "but it will take me a little while. I am afraid it will be half an hour before I can

feel toward you as if you had n't done this."

"I don't wonder," said Maude, contritely; "but, Betty, I did n't know Martha as you did, and it did look queer."

"Yes, that's so," conceded Betty. "I think I'll get over it in a *quarter* of an hour."

She did, and when it was time for the May party, the late unpleasantness was ignored by all, if not entirely forgotten.

Mr. Halstead gave Maude a five-dollar bill to replace the one his son had spoiled, and he then also presented her with the green paper doll, as a reminder not to trust too much to appearances.

A JUNGLEVILLE AIR-SHIP

DRAWN BY I. W. TABER



"I THINK," SAID THE CROW TO THE REST OF THE FLOCK,
"THAT MIGHT BE THE EGG OF AN ANCIENT ROC."



"WELL, WONDER OF WONDERS, WHAT DO WE BEHOLD!
IT'S OUR FRIEND ARMADILLO WHEN WE SEE HIM UNROLLED!"
"YES," SAID ARMADILLO, "AND YOUR AID I BESPEAK;
I ROLLED THE WRONG WAY FROM YON ICE-TOPPED PEAK.
CAN'T YOU CARRY ME BACK TO THE TOP?" HE CRIED,
"AND START ME DOWN ON THE OTHER SIDE?"



"DON'T LET ME DROP!" HE CROAKED IN FRIGHT,
AS THEY WHIRLED HIM AWAY AT A DIZZY HEIGHT.



"THANKS!" SAID ARMADILLO. "NOW I'M ON THE RIGHT WAY,
I'LL BE SAFELY AT HOME BEFORE NOON OF TO-DAY."

THE REFUGEE

THE STRANGE STORY OF NETHER HALL

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES GILSON

Author of "The Lost Column," "The Lost Empire," etc.

CHAPTER XIII

THE THUNDERBOLT

"WHAT 's this?" cried Sir Michael. "Who, in the name of perfidy, are you?"

But his only answer was the muzzle of Jerry Abershaw's horse-pistol leveled at his head.

He drew sharply back. His eyes went swiftly round the room, and finally rested on the Vi-

comte sprang down from the chair, laughing and swinging the bell-rope in his hand. And the old Squire took him by the throat and hurled him to the ground.

"Ye villain!" he thundered.

But, as quick as thought, the Vicomte was again upon his feet, and slipped like an eel to the window.

Sir Michael had his back to the wall. He had



"'WHAT 'S THIS?' CRIED SIR MICHAEL. 'WHO, IN THE NAME OF PERFDY, ARE YOU?'"

comte, who still stood with his back against the door.

"Ring for help," he whispered.

"I will," answered the Vicomte, so softly that neither of the men could possibly have heard.

He passed swiftly round the room, taking a knife from his pocket as he went. Then he leaped quickly upon a chair; and before any one had time to realize what he was about, he had severed the bell-rope at the top.

Sir Michael caught his breath like a man shot.

drawn himself up to his full height and raised his fists to the level of his broad, deep chest. His face was red, and his eyes were flashing fire. He looked the very grandest figure of a man, standing there defiantly at bay. His square jaw was closed like a vise; his powdered hair showed snow-white in the candle-light; and above his head was the picture of a gallant ancestor who had charged in the battle of Blenheim.

He crossed the room in a single stride, bearing down upon the Vicomte like a bull. But the two

men, with the black masks upon their faces, fell instantly upon him, and brought the old man to the ground. He struck the table in his fall, and struggled desperately. But the combined strength of Yates and Abershaw was too much for him, and in the end they had the fine old gentleman bound hand and foot.

In the meantime Anthony stood facing the Vicomte, who stood at his post at the window. He had seen his father hurled upon the floor. He looked at his sister, who had got to her feet. She trembled visibly from head to foot.

Without a second thought, the boy seized one of the great silver candlesticks that stood upon the table, and, dashing across the room, leveled a blow with all his might fair at the Frenchman's head. But the Vicomte was as quick as he. Parrying the blow with his left forearm, he sent the candlestick flying from Anthony's hand. It struck a silver bowl upon the sideboard, and brought it rattling to the ground. Then he bent the boy back across the table, and thrust a pistol in his face.

"Mercy!" cried Cicely.

She moved swiftly toward the window.

"Stop!" cried the Vicomte. "One step more, and I will shoot!"

"I do not fear you," she uttered.

She was very brave, now that she saw that they were lost.

"Not you," said the Vicomte; "the boy. Raise your voice, or attempt to leave the room, and—" Again he lifted his weapon and pointed it toward Anthony.

She drew back. The man meant it: it was plain upon his face.

Though the Vicomte firmly held him down, Anthony kicked out frantically.

"Look to yourself, Cicely," he cried. "Get away and warn the men!"

She dared not do it. She knew the man would slay or wound her brother. She was near the door, and she seized the handle and wrenched at it madly. But the lock was fast and strong. To burst open the heavy door was more than her strength could do. She fell back, from loss of breath and the terror of it all. She felt her heart beat violently; and so strangely free is thought that she then remembered the little robin, when the boy climbed up the tree.

She turned at the sound of the Vicomte's laugh. Her brother was now in the strong arms of the two masked men; and in a minute they had him bound to the back of a chair. Sir Michael lay full-length upon the floor. The Vicomte stood in the window, with his ruffians on either hand.

"Mademoiselle," said he, with a bow, "I request

you to come with me to France and to be my wife."

"To France!" she gasped.

"That is my invitation. I have been a guest too long. I should like, in my turn, to play the part of host."

"You cannot mean it!" she exclaimed; but so terrified was she that the Vicomte himself could not hear the words her low voice uttered.

"Do you mean you refuse?" he asked.

"Yes," she cried, finding her voice again. "A thousand, thousand times!"

Then there followed a silence, during which they stood facing one another across the table. She stood defiant, though still very white. Her arms were rigid at her sides, and her fists were tightly clenched. As for the Vicomte, he was the same as ever, debonair, smiling, and altogether at his ease.

"You are hardly in a position to refuse," said he. "I do not think that there is anything that I would not dare for the sake of my love for you."

He was so quiet and gentle with it all that she fell, weeping, upon a chair. The Vicomte made a sign to his assistants; and they brought a thick, warm cloak and put it round her. And as they did it, the Vicomte stood over them, and vowed that if they hurt so much as a hair of her head, they would pay for it with their lives.

After this the three led her through the garden to the field beyond.

Here they came to a part of the fence where three horses were tethered by the reins. The Vicomte gave the girl into the care of Jerry Abershaw, while he vaulted into the saddle.

The young highwayman looked into her face in the bright light of the moon. Her head had fallen back.

"Christopher!" he exclaimed; "she's fainted!"

"So much the better," said Yates.

And then she was lifted up to the saddle, and lay across the pommel as if she did but sleep. And together they all moved off into the darkness of the night.

CHAPTER XIV

JUDAS GAP

THE first glad greeting ended, Roland Hood tore himself from his mother's arms and returned to the stable-yard. Then he shouted out for Thomas Timms; and Thomas Timms came twinkling out of the harness-room in a jiffy.

"Tom!"

"Your honor?"

"There are highwaymen on the road."

And Thomas's ears dived behind his whiskers.

"Was that where your honor got the horse?"

"Yes," said Roland. "They had about four shots at me, and missed."

And at the same psychological moment out came both of Thomas's ears.

"Your honor does n't say so!" exclaimed Thomas.

"But I do," laughed Roland.

"Your honor does," said Thomas.

"Are you for it, Tom?" asked Roland, eagerly.

"Every inch," was the answer.

"All right! I'll fetch you a brace of pistols from the house, and here 's a horse. Get on a coat, man, and let 's be off; they're not three miles from here!"

So saying, he entered the house, while Thomas twinkled back into the harness-room, and pulled on a coat and a pair of long boots.

On returning to the stables, Roland found Thomas in the harness-room, reading a letter by the light of the stable lamp. He was scratching the round bald patch that was situated exactly in the center of his head, and his face was more oval than Roland had ever seen it before.

"What have you got there?" asked Roland.

"A letter, your honor," was the answer.

"Come on, man!" cried Roland, impatiently. "This is no time to stand reading letters. There is a job of work to be done."

But Thomas only continued to scratch his head.

"It came out of the wallet on the captured horse, your honor," said he; "and bless me soul if I can make head or tail of it!"

Roland took it from him, and by the light of the lamp he read the following words:

The boat is to be at Judas Gap by ten o'clock. By then the tide will be nearly high. The wherry is to be under the Suffolk bank, near the wooden bridge at Manningtree, opposite the place where the Judas Creek meets the estuary. The man at the Gap is to keep hidden among the rushes in the creek until he sees a party coming from the direction of Jupe's Hill. In all weathers and at all costs, these orders are to be obeyed.

L. D'O.

Roland could hardly believe his eyes. Des Ormeaux! He knew the man's writing well enough, and there it was, as plain as day.

"To your horse, Tom, and quickly! We must ride for Judas Gap!"

"What 's in the air, your honor?" cried Thomas, as he lifted himself into the saddle.

But "Who knows!" was his only answer. And Roland, loosening his sword in its scabbard, sprang into the saddle; and, side by side, they thundered down the drive.

They turned into the road like jockeys round a bend, and leaving the Wenham Hills behind them, came down the valley-side. They had all

the light they wanted. As the reader knows, it was a starlit night; and now the moon was up in the heavens, and it was all but bright as day. The cool night air filled their nostrils, and the trees went past like specters.

They took the hill on the Flatford road, leaving the village of Brantham to the left, and came out upon the road that runs parallel to the river, above the marshes on the Suffolk side. As they passed Brantham Church, the clock struck ten, and Roland called back to Thomas, who had fallen some distance to the rear.

"How can we cross the river, Tom?"

"Up-stream at Flatford, your honor, or by the ford near Brantham Lock."

Roland pulled up, and soon Timms was at his side.

"There 's no time for either," said he. "Can we cross the marsh?"

"On foot, your honor," answered Tom. "The horses would sink over their hocks."

"Then on foot it is," said Roland, leaping to the ground. "At all events we'll be able to discover what they are about."

Thomas followed suit and dismounted, and in a minute they had tied the horses to a stile and set off southward toward the river.

They ran as fast as they could, and Thomas, with his short, fat legs, was soon left far behind. But Roland, jumping dikes, and sinking again and again to his knees in mud, struggled on, until he had gained the bank of the river Stour.

Directly facing him was Judas Gap; and he could hear the salt water falling over the green, warped, wooden gates, and splashing into the river below.

The wind was from the south. From the direction of Jupe's Hill, on the Essex side, he heard the sound of the hoofs of horses on the road. He listened. They appeared to pull up some little distance beyond the farm which stands at the foot of the hill upon the skirting of the marsh. Suddenly all was still.

A light burned up from across the valley, flickered an instant, and then remained stationary and very bright in the clearness of the night.

After an interval it began to flicker again, at the same time growing bigger and brighter. It was plain to Roland that some one with a lighted lantern was coming toward the Gap.

At last he was able to make out the figure of a man, who halted on the side of the pool, placed the lantern upon the ground, and then, putting his fingers to his mouth, whistled long and low.

Almost immediately a boat shot out from the salt-water creek, where it had lain hidden among the reeds.

"Is that you, Gipsy?" called the man from the boat.

"Aye," came the answer. "Jim Leake, ahoy?"

"Aye; and look out for yerself. There 's some 'un acrost the river, in the reeds."

"Don't believe it," came the answer, in the gruff voice of our old friend Gipsy Yates. "An' what if there is? He can't get acrost to us."

"No; but he can put a bullet acrost, if he feels that way. So yer 'd best keep down, out o' the light o' the moon."

The wind carried every word across the water to Roland's ear. He lay silent and expectant, listening to much splashing and grunting behind him that was drawing nearer and nearer.

It was only poor Thomas trying his best to twinkle, in a two-foot depth of mud.

Finally Thomas was at his side.

"Lie down, Tom," he whispered. "They 've seen us!"

"Where are they, your honor?"

"On the other side of the river—in the salt-water creek. There 's one in the boat, and another on the bank; and I think I hear some more coming across from the road. But we can't do much good here. Is there no way of getting across? Can't we wade?"

"Wade!" exclaimed Tom. "It 's ten feet deep if it 's an inch! We can only lie still and watch their game."

Indeed, this seemed to be all that they could do. For, though they were within pistol-shot of each other, a deep swollen river lay between the parties. The Gap lies about midway between Flatford and Brantham locks; and if the boat made off down the creek, they would have to ride to the Manningtree Bridge, below Brantham, to reach the place where the salt-water creek joins the open estuary of the river Stour. Therefore, though they were but a few yards from Judas Gap, they might as well have been miles away, for all the good they could do.

Suddenly a voice that Roland recognized at once—though it was many months since he had heard it—called out from across the marsh: "Hold up the light, you fool! Parbleu! But we are up to the knees in mud!"

"Keep to the left, me lud," answered Yates, "an' come down along the dike."

Then, upon the bank of Judas Pool, Roland Hood saw a sight that made his blood run cold. For, out of the darkness and the rustling reeds, there stepped into the light of the lantern two men, leading the drooping figure of a girl; and the straight form of one was that of Louis des Ormeaux, with the moonlight dancing on the twisted hilt of his sword.

The man addressed as Jim Leake ran the boat under the bank; and the Vicomte and his companion carried the girl down, and placed her on the seat in the stern.

Then, standing up in the boat, he wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Ma foi! but what a slow and dreary ride it was!" said he.

"And what a place!" threw in Jerry Abershaw, looking around him across the open, desolate marsh. "Christopher! we could be caught here like rats in a trap! Give me the highroad and a straight gallop!"

"Aye," observed Mr. Yates. "I 'm with yer there, Mr. Abershaw. But, me lud," he added, turning to the Vicomte, "d' ye happen ter know we 're tracked?"

"*Comment?*" rapped out the Vicomte.

"There are men acrost the river, me lud—in the reeds."

The Vicomte, who was still standing upright in the boat, sprang suddenly upon the shore. He took Jerry Abershaw and Yates aside, and gave his instructions calmly and in a low voice, little thinking that the wind carried every word across the stream.

"Where can you cross the river?" he asked of Yates.

"Flatford, me lud, up-stream," answered that gentleman; "and Brantham, down."

"Which is nearest?" asked the Vicomte.

"Flatford, me lud."

And thereupon my lord gave out his orders. "Abershaw, back to your horse," said he, "and across the river at Flatford! Yates will go with you to show the way. I leave it to you to clear those men out of the reeds, whoever they are."

"As good as done!" said the highwayman.

And at that, without another word, the two men had disappeared in the darkness, while the Vicomte stepped back into the boat.

Roland and Thomas heard the oars grating against the rowlocks, the stream of the river stirring the rushes and the weeds, and the water falling over the woodwork of the Gap.

They saw Cicely seated in the stern of the boat upon the pool, the Vicomte at the bow, and Jim Leake rowing; and as they looked, she called on Roland by his name.

"We must get back to the road, Tom! We must gallop to the bridge. They are going down to the wherry at Manningtree Bridge."

The young man was nearly distracted.

"We 'll never do it in the time," answered poor Tom. "The road is miles around, and the creek goes straight to the sea. Oh, your honor, if we had only thought of this before!"

Tom's voice was thick with anguish.

"We can only try," was Roland's answer. "There is not a second to lose."

Simultaneously, they sprang to their feet, coming out of the rushes into the full light of the moon.

"Halt!" cried the Vicomte from across the stream. "*Qui va là? Who goes there?*"

But he received no word in answer. The two figures turned from the river-bank, and plunging into the mire, made off toward the higher ground on the Suffolk side.

The Vicomte, springing to his feet, discharged his pistols across the river. A duck got up at the shots, and went off into the night. Then again they heard the wash of the boat and the loud creaking of the oars, as Jim Leake's strong arms sent her shivering down the creek. Also, from across the Essex marsh, they caught the sound of the drumming of hoofs, as two horses galloped past Jupe's Hill Farm on the road that leads to the Flatford ford.

Roland was already some distance ahead, knee-deep in bog; he struggled onward to the road. The sweat poured from his forehead, and his hands were cut and bleeding from the sharp grasses on the marsh, by means of which, time and again, he pulled himself from the mud.

At last, panting and plunging in the mire, he gained the hedge-row, and, without a moment's thought, broke through the brambles into the road, tearing his hands and face upon the thorns. Fortunately, he had come out upon a place not a hundred yards from where the horses were tethered at the stile; and in less than a minute he was once more across his horse.

But, even as he mounted, there broke upon his ears the sound of the hoofs, coming hard up the road from the direction of Flatford and the Valley Farm. He was about to turn and fly, when he remembered Thomas Timms.

He paused to listen, with his ears toward the marsh. He heard Tom, gasping and struggling in the bog. If he left him now, Timms would come suddenly upon the two men, fast drawing toward them on the road. And the Vicomte had ordered them to "clear them out." Turning his horse, Roland galloped to meet the men.

In a mad, furious gallop, he and Jerry Abershaw met upon the road. It was as fine a sight as ever the moonlight saw. Both were superb riders; both were mounted on thoroughbreds; and they thundered nearer and nearer to one another, between the leafy hedge-rows, with the stars above their heads.

They came upon each other at a headlong charge. Captain Hood raised his pistol, and

pulled the trigger at a distance of thirty feet. The trigger snapped, but there was no discharge. Without a second thought, he cast it into the hedge, and drawing his second pistol, tried to fire again. But again it was a misfire. The charges had been dampened in the marsh.

The horses' heads were now level. They passed like a pair of swallows on the wing; and Roland Hood caught Jerry Abershaw, the king of the road, by the throat, and hurled him into the dust. He came down, and lay in a crumpled heap, while his horse went madly on.

But Roland neither drew rein nor looked back on what he had done. He met Yates at an angle of the road; and as he came upon him, his sword flashed in the moonlight, and then, with one fierce thrust, carried the man clear across the cantle of his saddle.

Then Roland Hood pulled up, so suddenly and violently that his horse all but fell. Leaning forward in his saddle, he turned, using his spurs, and once more set off again.

He came upon the senseless form of Jerry Abershaw, huddled at the roadside. But he did not stop. He gave it naught but a glance as he flashed past in the moonshine. It was then in his power to have captured the famous highwayman; but there was other and better work for him to do.

He found Timms already mounted and on the road, and called to him loudly as he flew past him in the night: "To Brantham, Tom! And ride for love and life!"

And then he was gone again; and there was only the dust, hanging above the roadway in the moonbeams that broke through the branches of the tall, sheltering trees.

CHAPTER XV

BY THE COLD LIGHT OF THE MOON

ALL peace-loving folks in Cattawade had long since gone to bed, and only an occasional light burned in an upper-story window, when Roland Hood went through the village like the wind, and came out upon the open, mud-girt valley, where the North Sea has broken an inlet into the Essex coast. His horse was dripping wet, and its chest and flanks were bespattered with white, soapy foam, that flew off in the wind, and caught the brambles at the roadside on the way. He had ridden from "The Tankard" to Bentley Hall, and thence to Judas Gap. He had covered the greater part of the distance at the gallop; and now there was this wild, frantic ride along the Bergholt road, through Cattawade, to the old wooden bridge across the Stour.



"STEP BY STEP, ROLAND DROVE HIM BACK TOWARD THE RIVER-BANK." (SEE PAGE 633.)

That once-famous bridge has long since been destroyed, and an iron railway bridge has now taken its place, but it was considered a masterpiece of construction in its day. Daniel Defoe saw it, upon his journey to Ipswich, and it is mentioned in his "Tour through Great Britain." In the old days when Dedham was the weaving-center of East England, and the waterways were used more for traffic than they are to-day, the ponderous Flemish barges used to pass beneath it, and steal silently between the willows into the valley of the Stour. Here, when Brantham Lock was open, the incoming tide met the current of the river; and the salt water, mingling with the fresh, lapped the rush-grown banks in little wavelets crested with creamy foam.

On this fateful night, destined never to be forgotten by at least one family on the banks of the sleepy Stour, and that lives even to-day by hearsay in the annals of the countryside, the old bridge spanned the river much as the eyes of the author of "Robinson Crusoe" had seen it, three-score years before.

In the bright moonlight, its uneven profile threw a dark and curving shadow upon the flowing tide below. The rolling hillocks of Essex and Suffolk rose on either side against the starlight. At the mouth of the estuary, the lights of Harwich marked the boundary of the open sea. Eastward, the masthead lights of ships mingled with the stars; but to the west, the hills closed in about the river, and the soft beauty of the valley was buried in the darkness of the night.

Between the foot of the hills and the river, where the rushes waved in the cool night air, stretched the open marshland, cut and drained by a thousand dikes. It was that no-man's-land, where only smugglers ventured, and that only the duck and the moor-hen had a right to call their own.

The tide was still on the flow, and the ripples danced in the moonshine, and gnawed and fretted at the standing trestles of the bridge. Not a hundred yards below lay a wherry, moored to the Suffolk bank. Her hanging sail, from time to time, beat in the breeze against the mast; and save for the lap of the water at her bow and under the wooden bridge, no other sound disturbed the silence of the night.

The tall figure of a fisherman stood at the stern, looking out expectantly across the river, toward the place where the estuary is joined by the creek that comes from Judas Gap.

For several minutes the man stood quite motionless. Then he turned impatiently away, and going to the mast, picked up a lantern that burned upon the deck, and scanned the face of a

great Flemish watch that he held in a broad and sunburnt hand.

Suddenly, from across the water, there came the grating sound of oars; and a few minutes afterward a boat shot out from the entrance to the creek, and began to cross to the Suffolk bank.

At that, the man raised the lantern over his head, and began to rock it to and fro.

"Jim Leake, ahoy!" he let out.

And "Ahoy!" came from the direction of the boat.

A few more strokes of the oars, and Jim Leake was under the starboard quarter of the wherry. The Vicomte was in the bow, and Cicely, trembling, was seated in the stern.

The wherry, by reason of the fact that she carried no cargo, stood high above the surface of the stream.

The Vicomte, with a motion of his arm, ordered the boatman to row up-stream; and Jim Leake with a few strokes brought the boat alongside the bank, at a place where the gunwales were on a level with the ground, just clear of the archway of the bridge.

Cicely was so faint and weak that she could scarcely walk. The Vicomte politely helped her to the shore. And, as he did so, a horse came thundering down the hill.

The Vicomte looked up sharply, and carried his hand to the hilt of his sword. Upon the instant, he was all alertness; his elbows were drawn back; his dark eyes peered before him into the night.

He may have thought for a second that it was Yates, coming in for his wage; for he laughed aloud and threw off the attitude of eagerness. He did not know that already Yates had been paid in other coin.

At all events, the mad fury at which the rider approached puzzled him. He looked sharply around him, as if to see that Cicely was safe; and then, drawing his sword, he cautiously advanced.

He had not gone three paces on his way, when the horseman reached the end of the road, and came full into the moonlight on the bridge. The hoofs rang out on the wooden roadway, and sounded across the marshland, like the beating of a monster drum, as the rider drew rein so suddenly and violently that he threw his steed back upon its haunches. As quick as thought, he sprang from his saddle, and came down to the tow-path, where Louis des Ormeaux was waiting.

The path was of newly laid gravel, and showed white in the moonlight. And against this background the Vicomte—to his surprise and dismay—immediately recognized the figure of Roland Hood.

"Ma foi!" said he, and quickly drew back a pace. Past a doubt, the man was as cunning as a fox, and retreated only to allow his rival to reach the bottom of the slope, in order that they might meet on level ground.

Roland Hood's sword came from its scabbard, and he hurled himself upon the Vicomte with all the pent-up fury that had spurred him on his ride. So that it was all the other could do to keep him back.

When the first savage onslaught had been beaten off, Louis des Ormeaux laughed—the old, false laugh that they all had known so well. But after a while he became silent, his features set; and there was no sound save the shuffling of feet in the mud and that of the constant ringing of steel.

Roland held the offensive, pestering him like a ferret at a rat, thrust following thrust hot and fast upon the Frenchman's chest; while Cicely stood by with blanched cheeks and parted lips, and watched it all. Louis des Ormeaux's sword-arm rocked and swayed, as he turned his opponent's thrusts aside; and, though he did it all with a grace and agility that proved him a master in the art, his teeth began more and more to show, as, step by step, Roland drove him back toward the river-bank.

"It is time this came to an end!" he cried, and lunged forward as he thrust.

"Then end it," growled Roland, savagely—"if you can!"

Once more the Vicomte laughed.

"I will," said he.

At that, he leaped backward, so suddenly that Roland, plunging forward, thrust into the air. And before he had time to recover himself, the Vicomte was upon him, seizing the advantage and pressing his adversary with a violence only equaled by his own.

Surprised and angered at finding the young Englishman able to keep him off, he flung prudence to the winds, and his thrusts came so close upon each other that he must have loosed his grip upon his sword. Roland followed a parry by a quick and sudden turn of the wrist, that, had it failed, would have left his chest open to

his foe. But evidently the Vicomte had never looked for it, for the action sent his sword shivering from his hand.

Roland rushed in upon him, with a cry that was half a sigh of relief and half a cheer. If the Vicomte had stayed to attempt to recover his weapon, past a doubt, his adversary, whose blood was fully roused, would have run the villain through. And we are to imagine that the Vicomte was aware of it; for this is one of the few recorded instances on which he is known to have taken deliberately to his heels.

He sprang on board the wherry. He himself never gave the word, but the men, upon their own responsibility, did the thing that was the end of all his hopes, acting as quick as thought, and no doubt thinking that ignominious flight was the order of the day. Such fellows are easily panic-stricken; and perhaps Roland's savage onslaught had given them for the moment a little of the taste of fear; and this is the more likely since neither carried arms. Be that as it may, certain it is that the fisherman ran up the sail, while Jim Leake, quick as thought, loosed the wherry from her mooring.

It was all done in an instant; and before the Vicomte had time to stop them, or Roland could follow him, the boat was out upon the tide.

She took the slightest list to leeward as the breeze caught the sail, and shot off from the bank, her bow cutting the water in a long feathery wave.

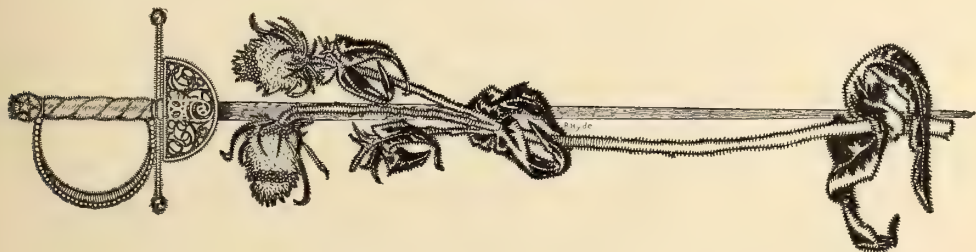
Roland, the next moment, was at Cicely's side. The Vicomte from the deck saw them standing together in the moonlight on the shore; and this was the greatest blow of all.

The man, livid with rage, brought down his foot upon the deck, and the moonlight sparkled on the buckle of his shoe.

"We shall meet again!" he cried, across the widening space between them. "And, if there be a Power above, you shall pay me back for this!"

And when next they met, the sky was red. But there *was* a Power above, who then, too, fought on the side of Right, as we shall see.

(To be continued.)



ROBIN OF THE LOVING HEART

BY EMMA ENDICOTT MAREAN

"Please, Mother, tell us a story. Have him a wood-chopper boy this time. Please, Mother, quick, for Elizabeth is sleepy already. Oh, Mother, hurry!"

So here is the story.

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy who lived all alone with his parents in the heart of a deep wood. His father was a wood-chopper who worked hard in the forest all day, while the mother kept everything tidy at home and took care of Robin. Robin was an obliging, sunny-hearted little fellow who chopped the kindling as sturdily as his father chopped the dead trees and broken branches, and then he brought the water and turned the spit for his mother.

As there were no other children in the great forest, he made friends with the animals and learned to understand their talk. In the spring the mother robin, for whom he thought he was named, called him to see the blue eggs in her nest, and in the autumn the squirrels chattered with him and brought him nuts. But his four dearest friends were the Owl, who came to his window evenings and gave him wise counsel; the Hare, who played hide-and-seek with him around the bushes; the Eagle, who brought him strange pebbles and shells from the distant seashore; and the Lion, who, for friendship's sake, had quite reformed his habits and his appetite, so that he lapped milk from Robin's bowl and simply adored breakfast foods.

Suddenly all the happiness in the little cottage was turned to mourning, when the good wood-chopper was taken ill, and the mother was at her wits' end to take care of him and to provide bread and milk. Robin's heart burned within him to do something to help, but he could not swing an ax with his little hands.

"Ah," he said that night to his friend the Owl, "if I were a great knight, perhaps I could ride to the city and win the Prize for Good Luck."

"And what is the Prize for Good Luck?" asked the Owl, who knew everything in the world except that.

Then Robin explained that the lovely princess, whose hair was like spun gold and whose eyes were like the blue forget-me-nots by the brook, had lost her precious amulet, given to her by her godmother, which kept her, as long as it lay on her neck, healthy and beautiful and happy. One

day, when she was playing in the flower-garden, the little gold chain snapped and the amulet rolled away. Everybody in the palace had searched, the soldiers had been called out to help, and all the small boys had been organized into an amulet brigade, for what they cannot see is usually not worth seeing at all. But no one could find it, and in the meantime the princess grew pale, and, truth to tell, rather cross. Her hair dulled



"THE OWL CALLED A COUNCIL OF ROBIN'S
BEST FRIENDS."

a little, and her eyes looked like forget-me-nots drowned in the brook. When the court philosopher reasoned the matter out and discovered that the amulet had been carried far away, perhaps outside the kingdom, the king offered the Prize for Good Luck for its return.

"Now, if I could win the Prize for Good Luck," said Robin, "we should have bread and

milk all the time, and Mother need not work so hard."

Then the Owl in her wisdom called a council of Robin's best friends, and asked them what they were going to do about it. They waited respectfully for her advice; and this was her wonderful plan:

"Robin could win the Prize for Good Luck," declared the Owl, "if only he were wise and swift and clear-sighted and strong enough. Now I will lend him my wisdom, the Hare shall lend his swiftness, the Eagle shall lend his eyesight, and the Lion shall lend his strength." And thus it was agreed.

Then the Owl went back to little Robin's window and explained the plan.

"You must remember," she said warningly, "time is precious. It is almost morning now. I cannot long spare my wisdom, for who would guide the feathered folk? If the Hare cannot run, how can he escape the fox? If the Eagle cannot see, he will dash himself into the cliff if he flies, and he will starve to death if he sits still. If the Lion's strength is gone, the wolves will be the first to know it. Return, then, without delay. At the stroke of nine o'clock to-morrow night, we shall await you here. Now go quickly, for rather would I die than live like the feather-brained blue jay."

Immediately Robin felt himself so strong and so brave that he hesitated not a minute. Swift as a hare he hastened to the palace, and at daybreak he blew the mighty horn that announced the coming of one who would seek for the amulet. The king groaned when he saw him, sure that it would be a vain quest for such a little fellow. The truth was that the court philosopher feared the amulet had been stolen by the Ogre of Ogre Castle, but no one dared to mention the fact, much less to ask the Ogre to return it. The princess, however, immediately sat up and took notice, charmed by the brave light in Robin's eyes and his merry smile.

Robin asked to be taken up into the highest tower of the palace, and there, looking leagues and leagues away to Ogre Castle, he saw with his Eagle sight the amulet, glowing like sunlight imprisoned in a ruby.

The Ogre was turning it over and over in his hand, muttering to himself, in the stupid way ogres always have: "It must be a nut, for I can see something good inside." Robin could not hear him, but he was sure, by the help of the Owl's wisdom, that it was the amulet.



"AT DAYBREAK ROBIN BLEW THE MIGHTY HORN."

In a thrice—that means while you count three—Robin was speeding away with the Hare's swiftness toward Ogre Castle, and in a few minutes he was demanding the amulet from the Ogre.

Now usually the Ogre was not at all a disagreeable fellow, and the Owl's wisdom would have easily sufficed to enable Robin to secure the amulet without trouble, but he had just tried

to crack the amulet with his teeth. It broke off the very best tooth he had in his head, and his poor jaws ached so that he was in a very bad temper. He turned fiercely, and for a few minutes Robin needed all the strength the Lion had given him.

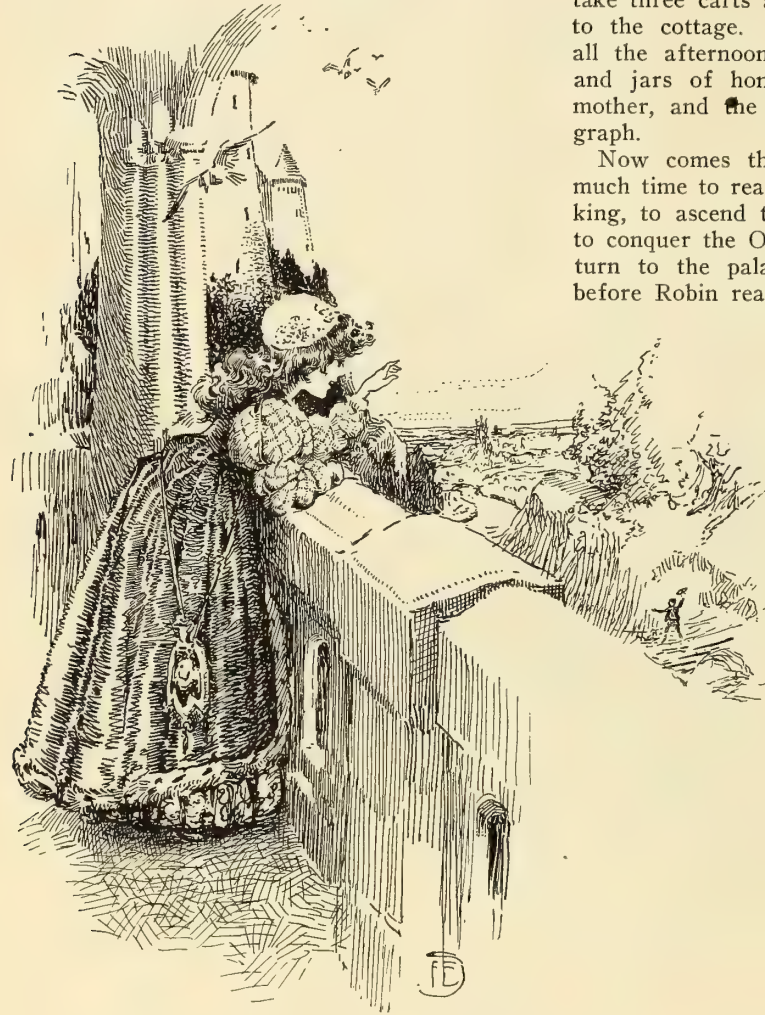
After all, the Ogre was one of the pneumatic-tire, hot-water-bag kind of giants, who flat out

tower window, saw the rosy light of the amulet in the distance, pinkness came back to her cheeks, and her eyes shone like stars, and she waved her lily hand to Robin in perfect happiness.

Ah, such a merry-making as they planned for that evening! Robin was to receive the Prize for Good Luck, so much gold coin that it would take three carts and six mules to carry it back to the cottage. The king counted out money all the afternoon, and the queen put up tarts and jars of honey for Robin to take to his mother, and the princess gave him her photograph.

Now comes the sad part. It had taken so much time to reach the palace, to explain to the king, to ascend the tower and find the amulet, to conquer the Ogre of Ogre Castle, and to return to the palace, that it was almost night before Robin realized it. When the money had been counted out and the tarts wrapped in paraffin paper and the pots of honey packed in excelsior, it was seven o'clock.

Now the party was to begin at nine, for the princess had to have her white satin frock sent home from the dressmaker, and her hair had to be curled. The Punch and Judy was to come at ten, and the ice-cream was to be served at eleven, for in palaces people keep terribly late hours, not at all good for them. Just as Robin had dressed himself in a beautiful blue velvet suit, thinking how fine it was that he should open the dance with the princess and how lucky it was that he had the strength of a lion, so that he could dance at all after his busy day, he suddenly remembered his promise to the Owl.



"THE PRINCESS WAVED HER LILY HAND TO ROBIN."

if you stick a pin into them and lie perfectly limp until they are bandaged up and set going once more. That is really a secret, but Robin knew it by the help of the Owl's wisdom, and he was not the least little bit afraid.

So Robin managed to get the amulet away without too much difficulty, and the Hare's swiftness quickly took him back to the palace. When the princess, who was watching from the

It was such a shock that, in spite of the Lion's strength, he nearly fainted. Then he went quickly to the king and told him that he must go away at once. The king was very angry and bade him have done with such nonsense.

"Faith, you must stay," he said crossly. "There would be no living with the princess if her party is spoiled. Besides, you will lose the Prize for Good Luck, for the people have been

promised that they shall see it presented to somebody to-night and we must not disappoint them."



"THE SAUCY BLUE JAY MOCKED THE FLUTTERING OWL."

Poor Robin's heart was heavy. How could he lose all that he had gained and go away as poor as when he came? That was n't all nor half of all. To lose the money would be bad, but he had much more to lose than that. For one day he had enjoyed the fun of being stronger and wiser and swifter and keener-sighted than anybody else. Is n't that better than money and all the prizes for good luck? Yes, indeed, his heart answered over and over again. How could he go back and give up the wisdom and the swiftness and the clear sight and the strength, even if he could give up the money?

"I know now," he thought bitterly, "how the Owl felt when she said she would not be a feather-brain like the blue jay. And it is much more important for a boy to be strong than for a common old lion, who is pretty old anyway. And there are lots of hares in the forest and eagles on the mountain."

Then Robin slowly climbed the stairs to the tower, for he thought he would see what the Owl and the Hare and the Eagle and the Lion were doing in the forest. He looked over to the cottage, leagues and leagues away. There, under a big oak, lay the Owl, her feathers all

a-flutter. She had had no more sense than to go out in the brilliant sunshine, and something had gone wrong inside her head. The saucy blue jay stood back and mocked her. Robin's heart gave one little throb of pity, but he was wise enough to see the value of wisdom, and he hardened himself. "I don't believe she has sense enough to know that anything is wrong," he said to himself.

Then he looked for the Hare. "Oh, he's all right," said Robin, gladly. But just then he saw a dark shape, only about a mile away, following the Hare's track.

Robin's heart gave two throbs of pity. "Poor old Hare!" he said. "I have had lots of fun with him."

Then he looked for the Eagle, and his heart beat hard and fast when he saw him sitting alone on the dead branch of a tree, one wing hanging bruised, perhaps broken, and his sightless eyes turned toward the tower, waiting, waiting. Blind!

Robin looked quickly for the Lion. For a time he could not find him, for tears came in his eyes as he thought of the Eagle. Then he saw the poor creature, panting from thirst, trying to drag himself to the river. He was almost there when his last bit of strength seemed to



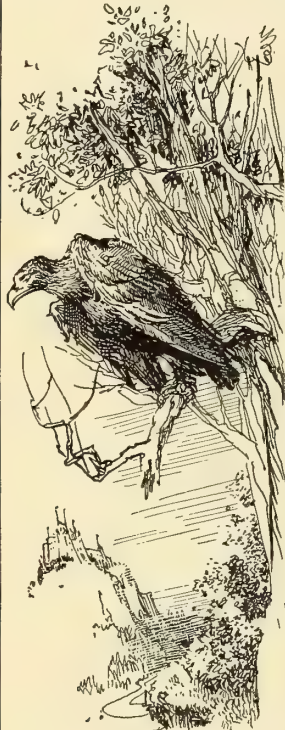
"IT FOLLOWED THE HARE'S TRACK."

fail, and he lay still, with the water only a few yards away.

Then Robin's heart leaped and bounded with pity, and with pure gladness, too, that he was



"HE SAW THE POOR CREATURE PANTING FROM THIRST."



"HE SAW THE BLIND EAGLE SITTING ALONE IN THE TREE."

not yet too late to save his friends from the consequences of their own generosity. The last rays of sunset struck the tower as Robin, forgetting all about his blue velvet clothes and the princess and the Prize for Good Luck, ran and raced, uphill and down, through brambles and briers, over bogs and hummocks, leaving bits of lace caught on the bushes, swifter than ever he hastened to the Ogre of Ogre Castle to the lovely princess with the amulet.

He was there—oh, yes, he was there long before nine o'clock. The Owl received back her wisdom, and I can

fox was left so far behind that he was soon glad to limp back home and eat the plain supper that Mrs. Fox had prepared for him. The poor blind Eagle opened his eyes, and saw the moon and the stars, and, better than moon and stars, the loving face of his comrade, Robin. The Lion drank his fill, and said that now he would like some breakfast food, please. So the story ended happily after all.

Oh, yes, I forgot about the Prize for Good Luck, did n't I? When the king told the princess that Robin was foolish enough to give back the wisdom and the swiftness and the clear sight and the strength that had won the prize for him, and that without them he was only a very common little boy, not good enough for a princess to dance with, she stamped her foot and called for the godmother who gave her the amulet in the first place.

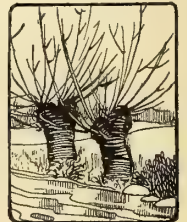
Then the princess's godmother said that the princess for once was quite, quite right—that Robin must have the three cartloads of gold coin drawn by six mules, and the tarts and honey for his mother, and whenever the princess gave another party she must ask him to open the dance with her, blue velvet suit or no blue velvet suit—"because," said the godmother, "there is one thing better than wisdom or swiftness or clear sight or strength, and that is a loving heart."

But Elizabeth had gone to sleep.

tell you that she soon sent the saucy blue jay packing. The Hare had his swiftness, and the

IN SPRING

RIPPLING and gurgling and giggling along,
The brooklets are singing their little spring song;
Laughing and lively and gay as can be,
They are skipping right merrily down to the sea.



JACK'S ELECTRIC SIGNAL

"THE YOUNG RAILROADERS" SERIES. TALES OF ADVENTURE AND INGENUITY

BY F. LOVELL COOMBS

"ORR, Mr. Black wants you."

Jack Orr, passing through the business department of the Hammerton telegraph office, promptly turned aside and entered the manager's room.

"Good morning, Jack. Sit down."

"My boy," began the manager, "can you keep a secret?"

"Why, yes, sir," responded Jack, wondering.

"Very well. But I must explain first. I suppose you did not know it—we kept it quiet—but the reason Hansen, the janitor, was discharged a month ago was that he was found taking money from the safe here, which he had in some way learned to open. Well, after he left I changed the combination, and thought the trouble was at an end."

"Last Tuesday morning the cash was again a little short. At the time I simply thought an error had been made in counting it the night before. But this morning a second ten-dollar bill is missing, and the cash-box shows unmistakable signs of having been tampered with."

"Now, Johnson, the counter clerk, to whom I had confided the new combination (for it is customary, you know, that two shall be able to open a safe, as a precaution against the combination being forgotten)—Johnson is entirely above suspicion. Still, to make doubly sure, I am going to change the combination once more; and as I have known you for so long, I have chosen you to share the secret."

"That is, of course," concluded the manager, "if you have no objection."

"Certainly not. I am sure I appreciate the confidence, Mr. Black," said Jack, quickly.

"Very well, then. The combination is, 'Right twenty, twice; back nine; right ten.' Can you remember that? For you must not write it down, you know."

Jack repeated the numbers several times, and again thanking the manager for the confidence, continued up-stairs to the operating-room.

Two mornings later Jack was again called into Mr. Black's office. For a moment, while Jack wondered, the manager eyed him strangely, then asked, "What was that combination, Jack?"

"Right ninety—no, right thirty—why, I believe I have forgotten it, sir," declared Jack, in confusion.

"Perhaps you have forgotten this too, then?" As he spoke the manager took from his desk a

small note-book. "I found it on the floor in front of the safe this morning."

"It is mine, sir. I must have dropped it last night. I worked extra until after midnight, sir," explained Jack, "and on the way out I chased a mouse in here from the stairway, and when it ran under the safe I dropped to my knees to find it. The book must have fallen from my pocket. But what is wrong, sir?"

"The cash-box is not in the safe this morning."

Jack started back, the color fading from his cheeks as the significance of it all came to him.

"And now you pretend to have the combination entirely wrong," went on the manager.

Jack found his voice. "Mr. Black, you are mistaken! You are mistaken! I never could do such a thing! Never!"

"I should prefer proof," Mr. Black said coldly.

Jack caught at the idea. "Would you let me try to prove it, sir? Will you give me a week in which to try to clear myself?"

"Well, I did n't mean it that way. But, all right—a week. And if things do not look different by that time, and you still claim ignorance, you will have to go. That's all there is to it."

"Thank you, sir."

At the door Jack turned back. "Mr. Black, are you positive you returned the box to the safe?"

"Positive. It is the last thing I do before going home."

During spare moments on his wire that morning Jack debated the mystery from every side. Finally he had boiled it down to two conflicting facts:

First, that the box was placed in the safe the night before, and in the morning was gone; and that, besides the manager, he was the only one who could have opened the safe and taken it. And,

Second, that he knew his own innocence.

The only alternative, then, was that Mr. Black had been mistaken. He had not returned the box to the safe.

Grasping at this possibility, Jack argued on. How could the manager have been mistaken? Had he overlooked the box, say, because of its being covered by something?

"Why, it may be there yet!" exclaimed Jack, hopefully. And a few minutes later, relieved from his wire for lunch, he hurriedly descended again to the manager's office.

"Mr. Black, may I look around here a bit?" he asked.

"Look around? What for?"

"To see if I cannot find something to help solve this mystery," said Jack, not wishing directly to suggest that the manager had overlooked the box.

"So you keep to it that you know nothing, eh? Well, go ahead," said Mr. Black, shortly, turning back to his desk.

But Jack's hope was quickly shattered. Neither on the desk, nor a table beside the safe, was there anything which could have concealed the box.

Stooping, he glanced under the table. Something white, a newspaper, leaning against the wall, caught his eye. With a flutter of hope he reached beneath and threw it aside. There was nothing behind it.

Disappointedly he caught it up and tossed it into the waste-basket.

But suddenly, on a thought, Jack recovered the paper and opened it. On discovering it was the "Bulletin," a paper he knew Mr. Black seldom read, the idea took definite shape. And—yes, it was of yesterday's date!

"Mr. Black," exclaimed Jack, "this is not your paper, is it?"

Somewhat impatiently the manager glanced up. "The 'Bulletin'? No."

"Were you reading it yesterday, sir?"

"Well, I don't see what you are driving at—but, no. It was probably left here by Smith, one of the express clerks next door. He was in yesterday on some telegraph money-order business. Yes, he did have it in his hand, now I recollect. But why?"

At the mention of Smith's name Jack started, and there immediately came to him a remembrance of having a few days previously seen Smith on a street corner in earnest conversation with Hansen, the discharged janitor.

In suppressed excitement he asked, "When was Smith here, Mr. Black?"

The manager smiled sardonically and turned back to his work. "No, you can't put it on Smith," he said shortly. "It was after he went out that I returned the box to the safe. But—if it's any good to you—he was in here from about five-thirty to ten minutes to six, and was talking with one of the boys in the outer office when I left."

"And, Mr. Black, were you outside during the time Smith was in here?"

"No, I—yes, I was, too. About a quarter to six I was over at the speaking-tube for a minute.

"But enough of this nonsense," added the manager, sharply. "The box was in the safe when I closed it. Don't bother me any further."

Despite this declaration, Jack turned away with secret satisfaction.

Just outside the office door he made a discovery which further strengthened the theory he had formed. It was a small coal-cinder, and an ash-stain in the shape of a heel, overlooked by a careless sweeper.

They could only have been left by a foot that came from the cellar!

Promptly Jack turned to the cellar door, and made his way down into the big basement.

Going directly to one of the rear windows, he carefully examined it. The cobwebs and the dust on the sill had not been disturbed for months.

He turned to the second. Instantly he uttered a shrill whistle of delight. Its cobwebs had been torn and swept aside, and the ledge brushed almost clean; and evidently but a short time before, for the cleared space showed little of the dust which filtered through the floor above.

"Fine!" exclaimed Jack. "Now I—" He paused. The window was latched on the inside!

For several minutes Jack stood, disappointed and mystified. Then, examining the latch-staple closely, he laughed, and grasping it with his fingers, easily pulled it out. It had been forced from the outside, then replaced.

But its being replaced showed that the intruder had not made his escape that way.

At once Jack began an examination of the end of the cellar toward the express office. And the exit was soon disclosed.

The dividing wall was of boarding, and at the outer end, to make easy the examination of the gas-meters of the two companies, was a narrow door, ordinarily secured on the telegraph company's side by a strong bolt. The bolt was drawn, and the door swung easily to Jack's touch.

On the other side of the partition all was darkness, however, and Jack returned to the window. As he approached it, something on the floor beneath caught his eye. It was a lead-pencil. He caught it up, and with a cry of triumph discovered it bore the initials and miniature crest of the express company. And, more, a peculiar long-pointed sharpening promised the possibility of fixing its actual owner.

Filled with elation, and confident that it was now only a matter of time when he should clear himself, Jack hastened up-stairs, determined to pursue his investigations next door, where he knew several of the younger clerks.

"Hello, Danny!" he said, entering the express office, and addressing a sandy-haired boy of his own age. "Say, who in here sharpens pencils like this?"

"Hello! That? Oh, I'd know that whittle

anywhere. We call 'em daggers—Smith's daggers. Where did you get it?"

"Smith! Who wants Smith?"

Jack turned with a start. It was the clerk himself.

Instantly Jack extended the pencil. "Is this yours, Mr. Smith?" he asked, and held his breath.

that cash-box. Now look here, why not confess this wretched business before it's too late, and—"

The clerk spun about. "Cash-box? Business? What do you refer to?"

"Mr. Smith, it was you took our cash-box last night."

Though again pale, the clerk faltered only an



"PLACING A HAND ON THE CLERK'S SHOULDER, JACK SAID: 'I 'VE FOUND OUT ABOUT THAT CASH-BOX.'"

"Yes, it is. I must have—" Suddenly a look of terror came into the clerk's face. But quickly he recovered himself, and seizing the pencil, proceeded hurriedly to his desk.

Jack was jubilant. Nothing could have been more convincing of the clerk's guilt. But following this feeling came a sense of pity for the unfortunate man; and after a debate with himself, Jack followed him.

Placing a hand on the clerk's shoulder, he said, in a low voice: "Mr. Smith, I've found out about

instant. "What nonsense is this?" he demanded angrily. "This is the first I have heard of your cash-box! What do you mean by—"

"Well, then, I'll tell you just how you did it," said Jack, determinedly. "While you were in Mr. Black's office yesterday afternoon he stepped out and left you alone for a moment. The cash-box was on the table. You immediately saw the opportunity, and threw over the box a newspaper you had in your hand. As you hoped, not seeing the box, Mr. Black forgot it, and at six o'clock

left without returning it to the safe (you had remained about the office, watching him). Then, after midnight you came down, forced your way into our building, and secured it.

"I'm sorry, but is n't that so? And you got the idea of doing something of the kind from Hansen, did n't you?"

The clerk laughed dryly. "The great Mr. Sherlock Holmes, Junior," he remarked sarcastically. "Nonsense! Run away and don't bother me with your silly detective theories," and he turned back to his seat. Jack stood baffled and surprised.

"But look here, Orr!" As Smith again spun about, a hard look came into his face. "How do you come to know so much about this business yourself? Eh?"

Jack uttered an exclamation, and a sudden fear of the clerk came over him. Was Smith thinking of trying to place the blame upon him?

However, further discussion was clearly useless, and he turned away.

The following morning brought quick proof that Jack's fears were but too well founded. As he entered the telegraph office, Mr. Black called him and handed him a note. "Now what have you to say?" he demanded solemnly.

In a lead-pencil scrawl Jack read:

MR. BLACK: Your yung Operatore Orr can tel sumthin about thet cash-box wats stole he was showin the key of the box to sumone yesterday an i saw him meby you wil find the key in his offis cote.

A FRIEND.

"It is the very key," said the manager, producing a small key on a ring. "I recall having left it in the lock."

For some moments Jack stood pale and speechless. Despite the disguised writing and poor spelling, the letter was from Smith, he had scarcely a doubt. But how was he to prove it? Truly matters were beginning to look serious for him.

Quickly, however, Jack's natural spirit of fight-to-the-end returned to him, and handing the letter back, he said, respectfully but determinedly: "Mr. Black, I still hold you to your promise to give me a week in which to prove my innocence. And I'll prove, too, sir, that this key was placed in my pocket by some one else—probably by the one who really took the box. I believe I know who it was, but I'll prove it first."

Reluctantly the manager consented, for he now firmly believed, at least, in Jack's complicity; and leaving him, Jack sought the operating-room, to spend every spare moment in turning the matter over in his mind.

What next could he do? If only he could find the box. What would Smith probably have done

with it? For it seemed unlikely that he would have taken it away with him. Might he not, after removing the money, have hidden it in the cellar? Jack determined to search there; and accordingly, at noon, hastening through his lunch, he descended and began a systematic hunt amid the odds and ends filling the basement.

The first noon hour's search brought no result. The second day, returning to the task somewhat dispiritedly, Jack began overhauling a pile of old crosspieces. There was a squeak, and a rat shot out.

In a moment Jack was in hot pursuit with a stick. The rat ran toward the furnace and disappeared. At the spot, an instant after, Jack found a hole in the brick foundation, and thrust the stick into it. The stick caught, he pulled, and suddenly several bricks fell out.

Dropping to his knees, Jack peered into the opening. A sharp cry broke from him, and thrusting in a hand, he drew something forth.

It was the lost box!

Uttering a shout of triumph, Jack leaped to his feet and started on a run for the stair. But suddenly he halted. After all, was he absolutely sure it was Smith who had placed it there? Would the producing of the box prove it?

The question, which had not before occurred to Jack, startled him.

As he stood thinking, half consciously he tried the cover of the box. To his surprise, it gave.

Quickly he opened it—and the box almost fell from his hands. It still contained the money! And apparently untouched!

But in a moment Jack thought he understood. Smith, or whoever it was, had left it as a clever means of saving himself from the worst, in case of being found out, intending to return for it if the excitement blew over.

Then why not wait and catch them at it? Good! But how?

As he pondered the problem, Jack thought of Alex Ward. "I wonder what he would do?" he asked himself. "He would be sure to think up some clever—"

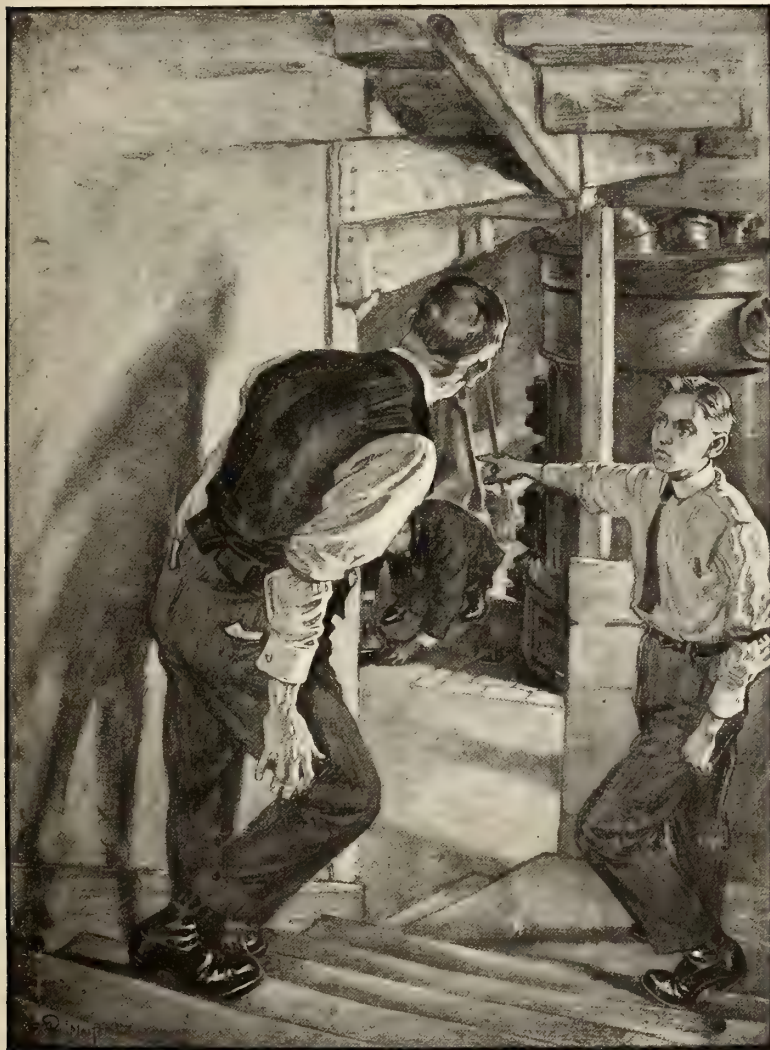
"I know! That's it! That's it! Great! Alex himself could n't do better!

"I'll get down and do it early in the morning. And now I'll stick this back in the hole and fix up the bricks again."

Seven o'clock the following morning found Jack carrying out his plan. First carrying down to the cellar from the battery-room two gravity-jars, he placed them in a dark corner behind the furnace. Next, finding an old lightning-arrester, he opened up the hiding-place, and placed the arrester beneath the cash-box, in such a manner

that, on the box being moved, the arrester arm would be released, fly back, and make a contact. Then, having carefully closed the opening, he secured some fine insulated wire, and proceeded to make up his circuit: from the arrester, out beneath the bricks, around the furnace, to the bat-

ter returned from his dinner a half-hour earlier than the others in the express office, he had little expectation of Smith visiting the cash-box at that time. Nevertheless, as the noon hour drew near, he found himself listening for the bell with suppressed excitement.



"QUIETLY THEY TIPTOED DOWN THE CELLAR STAIRS."

tery; up the wall, and through the flooring by the steam-pipes into the business office; and, running up-stairs and procuring a step-ladder, on up the office wall, through the next floor, into the operating-room.

And there a few minutes later he had connected the wires to a call-bell on a ledge immediately behind the table at which he worked. And the alarm was complete!

Although Jack knew that the clerk next door

in charge, and the telegraph manager grasped Jack's hand.

"I am more sorry than I can say to have placed the blame upon you, my boy," he said earnestly. "And I am very thankful for the clever way you cleared the mystery up. You are a sort of 'electrical detective,' are n't you?" he added, with a smile.

And about the office, and even over the wire, Jack went by that nickname—the "Electrical Detective."

"There might be just a chance of his visiting the box," he told himself, "just to learn whether I had—"

From behind him came a sharp "Zip, zip!" then a "Whir-r-r!" With a bound Jack was on his feet and rushing for the door. Down the stairs he went, three steps at a time, and into the manager's private office.

"Mr. Black!" he cried. "I've got the man who took the box! Down the cellar! Quick!"

"I found the box, with the money still in it, and fixed up an alarm-bell circuit, to go off when he came for it," he explained hurriedly, as the manager stared.

In a moment Mr. Black was on his feet and hastening after Jack toward the cellar stairs.

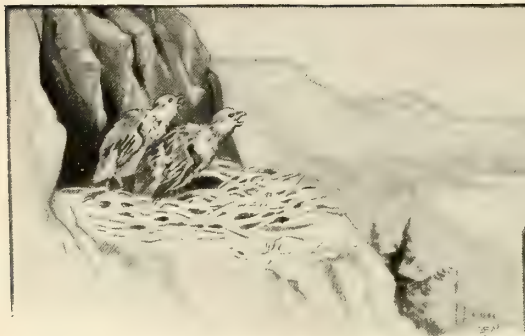
Quietly they tiptoed down. They reached the bottom.

"There!" said Jack, pointing in triumph. And looking, the manager beheld Smith, the express clerk, on his knees beside the furnace, before him on the floor the missing box.

Ten minutes later the manager of the express company, who had been called, passed out of Mr. Black's office with his clerk

Nature and Science for Young Folks

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW



THE NEST OF A BALD EAGLE ON THE EDGE OF A CLIFF.

THE HOMES OF WILD CREATURES

THERE is a peculiar charm and interest in the study of the homes of wild creatures. Their efforts and the results in building these, even if crude, appeal to our sympathies.

We have admired, and, to some extent, have investigated the nests of the more familiar birds; we have seen the squirrel make his home in some dead tree or hollow limb; we have, perhaps, studied the muskrat and his peculiar, dome-shaped house. Few people, however, have had the opportunity of giving the matter extended study.

Among birds, the home of the bald eagle is perhaps the most striking, possibly because of the majesty of the bird itself. It appeals to the



BALD eagles feed chiefly upon fish. As a last resort they sometimes capture these in the water, but they prefer to rob the fish-hawk or to take dead fish cast up on the shore. They feed also on water-fowl, which they capture themselves. They occasionally carry off a rabbit (as pictured by our artist) or other small form of four-footed life. As to their ability to carry off larger forms of life there has been much discussion. "Birds that Hunt and Are Hunted" has this statement: "In the interior young domestic animals are carried off, but scientists raise their eyebrows at tales of children being borne away by eagles; yet it would seem that some rare instances are well authenticated."

the stern and savage character of its builder. Here the eagle reigns supreme, and here year after year he and his mate rear their young. This is the aery from which he can scan the whole country-side and, like the robber barons of old, levy toll on all who pass his door.

Far in the still, white North, where winter reigns supreme, is the home of the polar bear. When the long arctic night approaches, the bear retires to some sheltered spot, such as the cleft of a rock or the foot of some precipitous bank. In a very short time he is effectually concealed by the heavy snow-drifts. Sometimes the bear waits until after a heavy fall of snow, and then digs a white cavern of the requisite form and size. Such is his home for six long months.

Our common little cottontail, or so-called rabbit, does not live in a burrow as does the English rabbit, but makes a slight depression in the ground, in which she lies so flatly pressed to the earth as to be scarcely distinguishable from the soil and the dried herbage in which her abode is situated. The rabbit is strongly attached to its home wherever it may be placed, and, even if driven to a great distance from it, contrives to regain its little domicile at the earliest opportunity.

One of the most gruesome among animal homes is the wolf's den. This is simply a hole dug in the side of a bank or a small natural cave, generally situated on the sunny side of a ridge, and almost hidden by bushes and loose boulders. Here the wolf lies snug; in and about his doorway lie the remains of past feasts, which, coupled with his own odor, make the wolf's den a not very inviting place. Nevertheless there is something so dread and so mysterious about this soft-footed marauder that it even lends a fascination to his home.



A COTTONTAIL CROUCHING CLOSE TO THE GROUND.

imagination. Built of huge sticks loosely interwoven, and situated on some lofty and inaccessible ledge, with the bones of the eagle's victims scattered round about, it gives a proper setting to

A "fly-by-night" sort of home is that of our friend the bob-white, yet it seems to serve the purpose very well. Under the broad, low bough of a small pine- or cedar-tree the flock take their night's repose. Quail, in retiring, always sit in a circle with their heads outward, and so they rest, presenting a barricade of sharp eyes and sharper ears against possible danger.



"THE WOLF'S DEN IS SIMPLY A HOLE DUG IN THE SIDE OF A BANK OR A SMALL NATURAL CAVE."

The home of the elegant little harvest-mouse next claims our attention. It is built upon three or four rank grass stems and is situated a foot or so from the ground. In form it is globular and about four inches in diameter. It is composed of thin dry grass, is of nearly uniform substance, and open and airy in construction. It shows great cleverness in this little animal, which is the smallest of mammals.

The winter home of the American red deer is very interesting. When the snow begins to fly, the leader of the herd guides them to some sheltered spot where provender is plentiful. Here, as the snow falls, they pack it down, tramping out a considerable space, while about them the snow mounts higher and higher until they cannot get out if they would. From the main opening,

or "yard," as it is called, tramped-out paths lead to the near-by trees and shrubbery, which supply them with food. In this way they manage to pass the winter in comparative peace and safety.

One could go on enumerating bird and animal homes by the score, and they would all be of interest. The present space, however, will not permit of going further. The writer has, therefore, simply described some of the more curious of the homes, as well as those presenting the widest contrast.

EDWIN MEGARGEE.

A COMPOUND TREE BASE

IN Llewellyn Park, West Orange, New Jersey, three trees—a chestnut, a beech, and a birch—grow so closely together as to give the appearance of one compound stump.

This recalls the fact that the "big elm" at Springfield, Massachusetts, much eulogized by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and others on account of the huge size of its trunk, was found, when cut down, to consist of three trees, a com-



THE TREES GROWING FROM CLOSELY SET BASES.
Photograph by Frank P. Jewett.

pound trunk, with the bark of each distinct in cross-section; yet the united three were so covered with bark as to give to the group the appearance of one tree trunk.

HANDLING ALLIGATORS

THERE is a man with the quite unheroic name of Bert Swan who catches alligators with his hands,

Swan waited a long time before he saw his chance, and the eye could scarcely follow the movement of his hands as they were darted toward the outstretched jaws. Once the jaws were closed in the man's vise-like grip it was a simple matter to slip one hand under the snout, seize one of the clawing legs with the other, and turn the alligator on his back.



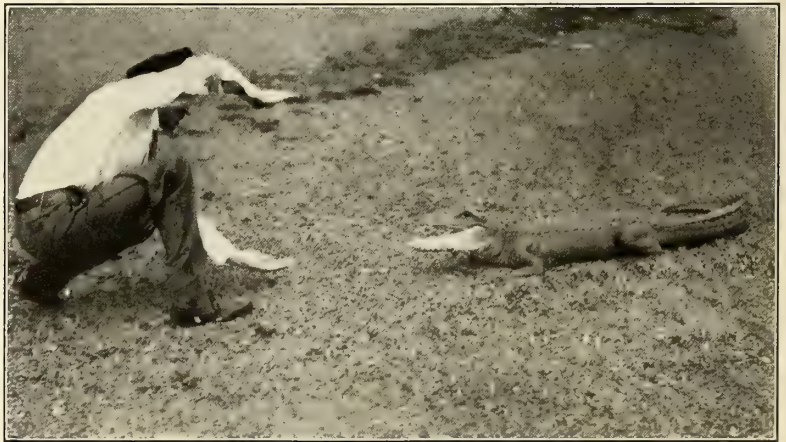
"WAIT FOR A FAVORABLE CHANCE TO GRAB THE UPPER AND LOWER JAWS."

turns them on their backs, and makes them as helpless as infants. The alligators that Swan does this with are not the giants that bask in the mud of tropical rivers, but they are sufficiently formidable nevertheless. It is wonderful with what quickness these saurians can snap at a man. Swan gave a little session with his pets for the benefit of the camera man, and this quickness of action on the part of the alligators was fully demonstrated before the little private performance ended.

The first task was to get the alligator into the open where the light was sufficiently good to permit of snap-shots. This was done by two men grasping the alligator, one seizing his jaws with a lightning movement and the other grabbing his wildly waving tail. In the open the alligator proved as wicked as could have been wished. Swan's method of catching him was to hold the hands in readiness and wait for a favorable chance to grab the upper and lower jaws. As this was done while the formidable rows of teeth were apparently aching for a chance to snap the man's arm, it was no simple matter to catch the jaws and imprison them.

When Swan put him down and touched his throat with a finger, he awoke once more into vicious life and began snapping as before.

The alligator cannot move very quickly on his legs, and it is easy enough to avoid him when he comes at you, but to try and pinion his jaws is another matter, and a task that no one would care to try unless gifted with lightning-like agility and the quickest of eyes, as well as with muscular hands.



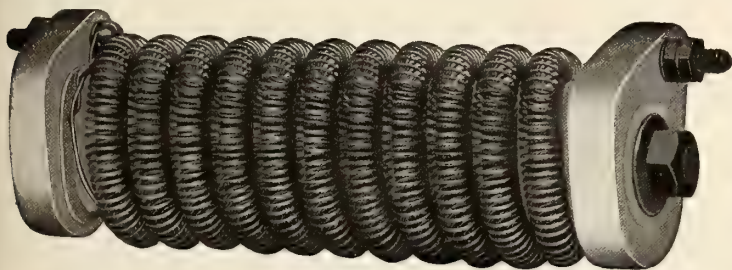
A CURIOUS PLAY WITH THE ALLIGATOR.
The mouth opens when the hands are held apart.

Small alligators may be purchased at most animal stores, and are as easily cared for as are frogs and turtles.

H. D. JONES.

THE TROLLEY-CAR ELECTRIC HEATER

IN order to produce heat, some kind of work must be done; for instance, when you run or jump or exercise violently you become heated. This is because you do a certain amount of work.



ONE FORM OF ELECTRIC CAR-HEATER. A LARGE AMOUNT OF LOW-RESISTANCE WIRE ON A SUPPORT.

Another example that might be taken is a rapidly revolving wheel. You boys and girls all know that if you hold your hand on such a wheel lightly, you can keep it there; but if you bear down at all, your hand will become so hot that you will draw it away quickly. This latter example is much the same as heating by electricity. Electricity, many of you know, of course, has to have a conductor which has to be metallic. When you wish to make a good deal of electricity go through the conductor, or wire, you use a conductor which will not impede its progress, or, speaking in electrical terms, one of low resistance, and, like the example of holding the hand only lightly on the swiftly moving wheel, will not cause the electricity to generate any heat.

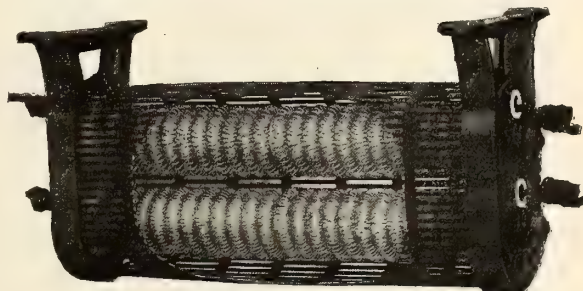
If, on the other hand, we should use a conductor which would impede the flow of electricity, or, again speaking in electrical terms, one of high resistance, we will cause the electricity to generate heat in its effort to travel along the wire. The more resistance offered to the flow of electricity, that is, the higher the resistance of the conductor used, the more heat we obtain for a given flow of current. But, going back to the wheel example, if we should hold our hand on the wheel and keep bearing down, we would in time stop the wheel, unless additional power is expended to keep the wheel turning. This is the same with the electrical current. If we use a conductor of high enough resistance, which corresponds to bearing down on the wheel, we would stop the flow of current almost entirely unless extra power or electrical energy were applied to keep the current flowing. This would mean an increase in the voltage necessary.

What, then, is voltage? The term is familiar.

You all know that to force water through a pipe requires a certain pressure, and the smaller the pipe the higher is the water pressure required to keep the water moving. In other words, water pressure corresponds to electrical voltage, and the amount of water flowing corresponds to the amount of electrical current, or amperes, flowing. You will therefore see that in order to generate a great deal of heat we will have to use a certain amount of current and also have to offer resistance to its flow, maintaining sufficient voltage in order to keep it flowing, as the heat depends upon the amount of current forced through the wire.

In one of the commercial car-heaters the resistance-coil is wound upon a porcelain support, and a coil of great length is used. This aids in getting the heat out into the surrounding air, as the greater the heating surface the more heat will be radiated.

On account of the absolute cleanliness of the apparatus, the ease of turning on the heat with an



ANOTHER FORM OF ELECTRIC HEATER TO GO IN CROSS-SEAT CARS.

electric switch, and the extreme light weight of the heaters, electric heating is coming into use very rapidly.—THOMAS FARMER, JR.

WE WILL BE IN THE COMET'S TAIL

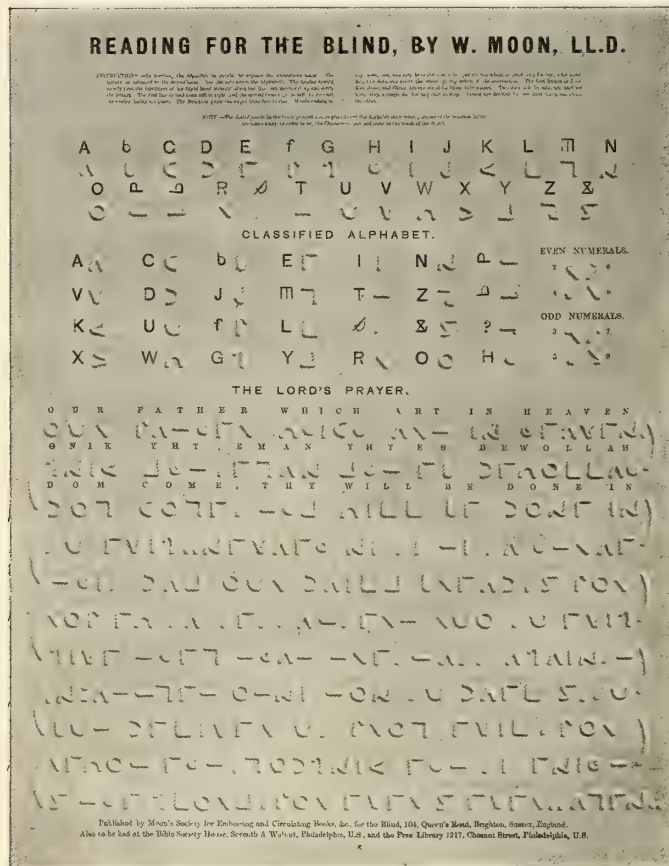
ACCORDING to the calculations of the astronomers, on May eighteenth the earth will be plunged into the tail of Halley's comet, while the head will be fifteen millions of miles away.

Similar passages of the earth through the tails of comets have previously occurred without producing any appreciable effect. There have been wild tales of the effects of poisonous gases, but all these are without foundation. It is not probable that our atmosphere will be affected so that even the most skilled chemist can discover a change in its composition. No one need fear because our earth is "brushed" by the tail of a comet.

THE MOON TYPE FOR THE BLIND

In the year 1840 a young man, William Moon, living in the town of Brighton, England, who afterward became a Doctor of Laws, was stricken with blindness as he entered into manhood. He at once gave his attention to mastering the various systems of embossed reading, and began to seek out and teach other blind persons to read.

positions. It is composed of the simplest geometrical forms, such as the straight line, the acute and right angles, the circle, and the semicircle. In order that the reader shall not lose his place, the first line is read from left to right, and the second from right to left, and so on. The finger is guided by a curved bracket from the end of the line to the one below.



But, as he soon found difficulties in teaching his pupils by methods then in use, he devised an easier plan of reading, which was readily acquired by a lad who had in vain endeavored for five years to learn by the other systems.

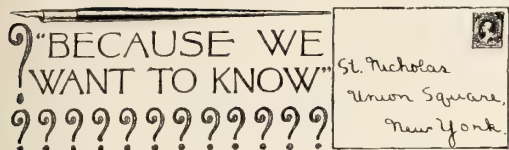
This new type—now known as the "Moon type"—has an alphabet consisting of letters of very simple construction, combined with a full orthography. The characters are composed principally of the Roman letters, in their original or in slightly modified forms; and where some of the more complex letters of the Roman alphabet could not be altered with advantage, new characters are substituted for them. The alphabet consists of only nine characters, placed in various

The more the type was tried, the more evident it became that it was adapted to the needs of the blind, and for half a century Dr. Moon devoted himself with untiring energy to the preparation of embossed literature in the English and many foreign languages. The total number of volumes issued in this type, since the commencement of the work in 1847 up to the present time (1910), has been 280,000, and 77,000 stereotyped plates made during that period are carefully preserved at the Moon Institute for the Blind, at Brighton, which, since Dr. Moon's death in 1894, has been conducted by his daughter, Miss Moon.

Since the introduction of the Moon type, home teaching societies and free lending libraries for the blind have come into operation. The first was established in London by Dr. William Moon and a friend in 1855, and has at the present time fifteen teachers engaged in seeking out and teaching the blind to read in their own homes and furnishing them, free of charge, with a regular exchange of books. Eighty similar societies have been formed in various parts of the world. That in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, is the pioneer society of its kind in America, having been organized by

Dr. William Moon and his daughter, Miss Moon, in 1882. It now has a circulation of 16,000 embossed books yearly, loaning books free of charge to blind people in various parts of the United States. Any information in reference to that work will be gladly furnished by the secretary, Dr. Robert C. Moon, 617 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia. The easily felt Moon type can readily be taught the blind, and many young persons have succeeded in teaching blind people to read. Since the United States Congress in 1904 granted free postage of embossed books sent through the mail, there has been a great increase in the number of books for the blind.

ROBERT C. MOON, M.D.



THE MOON SEEMS LARGER NEAR THE HORIZON

VICKSBURG, MISS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Why does the moon look bigger when it first rises than when it is farther up in the heavens? This summer I was at Galveston, Texas, and one night when we were walking on the beach the moon looked as big as a steamship. Can you tell why this is?

Your loving reader,

CHESLEY N. WOOD.

One of the principal reasons assigned to this well-known deceptive appearance is that on the horizon we compare the moon with houses and trees and see how large it really is; but when the moon is well up in the sky we have no such scale of comparison, and in the surrounding vacant space it seems smaller.

WHY TELEGRAPH POSTS "HUM"

ABINGER HALL, DORKING, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to know why telegraph posts "hum." I wonder if it is the messages passing over the lines, because sometimes one hears the sound and sometimes one does not. May I look for an answer in "Because We Want to Know"?

Yours truly,

KATHARINE D. FARRER (age 12).

The humming sound originates in the vibration of the tense wires and is carried by the posts to your ear. The vibration is usually caused by a peculiar quality or condition of the wind, or may be caused by a stroke from a stick or stone. This musical vibration is carried through the wires and posts to a great distance.

In Henry David Thoreau's Journals there are frequent references to the music from what he very fittingly calls the "telegraph harp." He was especially fond of it and much affected by it. He writes thus:

The telegraph harp sounds more commonly now that westerly winds prevail. The winds of winter are too boisterous, too violent or rude, and do not strike it at the right angle when I walk, so that it becomes one of the spring sounds.

Again he says:

Few are the days when the telegraph harp rises into a pure, clear melody. The wind may blow strong or soft in this or that direction, naught will you hear but a low hum or murmur, or even a buzzing sound; but at length when some undistinguishable zephyr blows, when the conditions, not easy to be detected, arrive, it suddenly and unexpectedly rises into melody, as if a god had touched it, and fortunate is the walker who chances to be within hearing.

VOL. XXXVII.—82-83.

Thoreau was especially fond of his "telegraph harp" in a certain cut by the railroad. He compared the music to Greek poets, to the finest of life, to all ennobling influences.

When I hear the telegraph harp I think I must read the Greek poets. This sound is like a brighter color, red or blue or green, where all was dull white or black. It prophesies finer senses, a finer life, a golden age. It is the poetry of the railroad. The heroic and poetic thoughts which the Irish laborers had at their toil have now got expression, that which has made the world mad so long. Or is it the gods expressing their delight at this invention? . . . The telegraph harp has spoken to me more distinctly and effectually than any man ever did.

TINY, SPONGE-LIKE BODIES ON THE GRASS

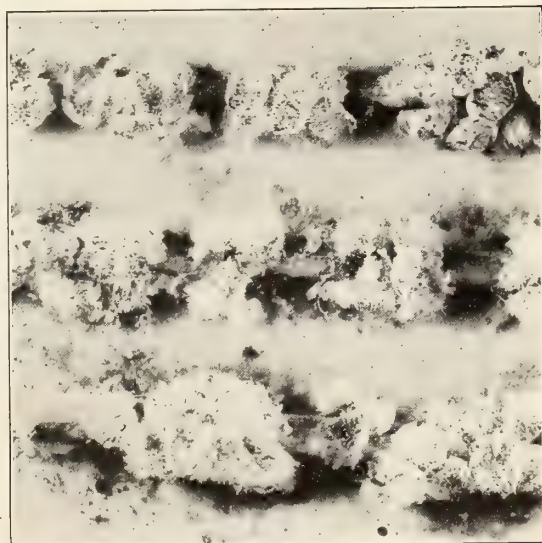
HIGHMOUNT, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day I was out looking for four-leaved clovers, when I found these curious purple insect eggs "growing" on the grass. Would you please tell me to what insect they belong?

Yours truly,

FLORENCE TANENBAUM.

Without the aid of a microscope the tiny particles on the grass may easily be mistaken for insect eggs; but under even a small pocket-microscope their appearance is wonderfully changed. The growth is a form of "slime-mold," known to the scientists as *Physarum cinereum*. The family of molds is called *Myxomycetes*, and is usually described in advanced books of botany, though some modern authors consider it a group belonging to neither the vegetable nor animal kingdom. These growths are quite common upon



MAGNIFIED VIEW OF THE GROWTHS ON THE GRASS.

grass and other plants, especially on those grown in rich soil. The dark, powdery substance within the sponge-like parts consists of the spores; that

is, bodies that are somewhat like the seeds of flowering plants.

CORN WHICH HAS CHANGED THE PLACE OF ITS EAR FOR GREATER STRENGTH

INDEPENDENCE, ORE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This morning I was walking through my small garden when I came across an ear of corn growing out of the tassel. I have heard of double roses, but this puzzles me. I am sending it to you. Please enlighten me.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH EATON (age 13).

The explanation for this apparent freak is that the corn plant is a member of the grass family, but through its natural selection, and the selection and specialization of mankind, it has changed its habits in regard to the point at which it attaches the corn upon the plant. You will recall that the common grasses have both their flowers and seed in the head—the part that corresponds to the tassel of the corn. In the case of the grasses the weight of the seed produced, however, is very little; in the case of the corn the weight of the seed has become comparatively heavy, and hence the reason for the location of the ear as we find it at present—farther down on the side of the stalk, where it will not be easily broken off, and so that the plant can support it and keep it off the ground.

Just why an occasional corn plant will attempt to go back to the habits of its ancestors has never been satisfactorily explained, though it has long been considered by those making a study of he-



THE MINIATURE YET COMPLETE EAR, WITH SILK, FROM THE END OF THE TASSEL.

TWO FORMS OF LEAVES OF A MANDARIN ORANGE

NAPLES, ITALY

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was examining a few days ago a mandarin-tree, and found on it two different kinds of



CURIOUS FORMS OF THE LEAVES OF A MANDARIN ORANGE.

leaves on the same branch. I am inclosing the leaves to show you; one is the natural one, and the other is the freak. Could you explain the reason of this curious growth?

Your very interested reader,

CHARLES I. MORTONA.

The leaves of the oranges are compound and in most species with but one leaflet. The common leafstalk in the same species develops or does not develop a wing. In one of the leaves the wing is developed, and in the other it is not.

THE SO-CALLED "SNAKE HOLES"

WAKEFIELD, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have found many snake holes in the fields. These holes are round, usually about an inch in diameter, very neatly made, and seem to go a long way into the ground. Can you tell me how the snakes make these holes?

Yours sincerely,

MARION RICHMOND GARDNER.

The holes commonly seen in the fields are not "snake holes," though commonly called such. They are made by field-mice, shrews, and moles, often by the larger insects, and it is very seldom that snakes even take refuge in them. Few snakes actually dig holes. They burrow in soft ground—the subterranean species; but these live, as a rule, in soft, yielding soil.—RAYMOND L. DITMARS.

editary tendencies.—C. H. KYLE, Acting in Charge of Corn Investigations, United States Department of Agriculture.

WHY SNOW IS DIRTY AFTER A THAW

WEST NEWTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell me why the snow is usually dirty after a thaw. After thinking on this subject for a while, I came to the following conclusions:

1. Perhaps the dirt that appears on the surface was in the snow before the thaw, and as the snow decreased in quantity, the proportion of the dirt to the snow would become greater, and the dirt, therefore, would be more visible.

2. The slight warming of the air would make it lighter than before, and more ready to receive moisture from the melting snow; then, warm and laden with moisture, the air, doubly light, would be so light as to no longer bear up the dust in it, which would fall upon the snow.

Respectfully yours,

PHILIP D. WOODBRIDGE

The dust particles that are in the air are continually being deposited, and when the snow becomes moist they adhere to it more readily, and also the relative amount of impurities is increased as the snow melts. In case of rain falling during a thaw, the raindrops also bring down the impurities in the atmosphere, and thus increase the amount of dust particles that are deposited upon the snow.—H. E. WILLIAMS, Assistant Chief of Weather Bureau.

AN INTERESTING NEST MADE OF MUD

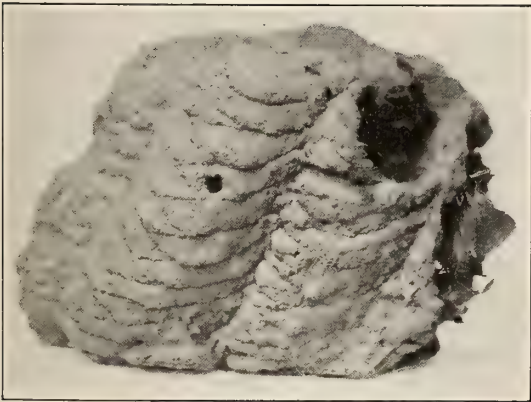
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you kindly let me know what kind of a nest the inclosed is? I found it fastened on the wood of our roof scuttle.

Yours truly,

FRED LOHMAN.

The nest was made by the common mud-wasp, *Sceliphron cementarius*. This insect is fairly common in the eastern United States, and can be



A WASP NEST, SHOWING THE OVERLAPPING LAYERS.

found especially around buildings in the country sections.—L. O. HOWARD.

Note especially the interesting forms of overlapping layers in which the mud is arranged.

A CAMERA VIEW IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

FORT WILLIAM MCKINLEY, RIZAL, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I noticed in "Nature and Science" of your December number a picture of carabaos, or water-



"HOW FOND THE CARABAOS ARE OF WALLOWING IN THE WATER."

buffaloes, plowing, and I also read your short article describing them, so therefore take a great deal of pleasure in sending you the accompanying picture showing more clearly how fond the carabaos are of wallowing in the water. I also have observed carabaos employed in plowing rice-fields.

I hope this snap-shot may be of interest to you and your readers, and if at any time I can answer any questions that you may ask, I shall be very glad to do it. I remain,

Always your true friend and admirer,

GLADYS BOWEN.

WHAT IS A SUN-DOG?

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would you please tell me what causes sun-dogs? This morning there were four around the sun and a large ring around them. A rainbow was in the middle that seemed to cut the sky right in two. Our teacher told us to go to the window and see it. It was all very beautiful and did not stay long. We have been having very severe weather, and I wondered if that had anything to do with it. I have seen other sun-dogs, but none so large or beautiful as these.

Your affectionate reader,

LORRAINE TOWNSLEY.

When the rays of the sun pass through the small ice particles high in our atmosphere, they are so bent or refracted as to cause rings of various diameter to be formed that seem rings around the sun. These rings are termed halos; sometimes they are wholly separate and sometimes they "cut" into each other. In the latter case the places where they "cut" each other are bright patches of light, called "mock suns" or "sun-dogs."



BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

SUN-RAYS

HAVE you ever, when you were smaller than you are now, seen a sunbeam glancing across the room, and tried to catch it in your hands? Of course you cannot possibly get it, cannot feel it, cannot do more than close your little hands upon it and pretend it is within them.

Well, there are a lot of other things besides sunbeams that it is practically impossible to catch; and yet we have a way of trying to do it, even after we are far past childhood. Among the rest are a number of feelings and ideas that, like the sunbeam, seem tangible enough, but which somehow slip through the words in which we try to catch them, as the ray of light slips through your fingers. It is in order to grasp these shining yet immaterial parts of our mind and heart that poetry came into existence. For poetry is more than just words, and often, even when you do not understand what it is all about, you get a great deal of pleasure just from its sound and movement; it satisfies something in you, it manages to hold the sunbeam for a moment, and for an instant to catch what it is impossible ever wholly to capture.

This does not mean that poetry is always about things hard to understand, or that you cannot find much in it that might perhaps be said in prose. But there is something besides, and it is that, and not the actual rhymes, that makes it different from prose, and which gives you a pleasure in addition to that given by the meaning of the words alone.

In early times in Italy there used to be people who could improvise in verse, and who would recite beautiful poems on any moving or lovely topic without having to stop and think for their words. The Italian language is especially suited to this form of expression, and so it was not so difficult to do as it would be in English; but the point is that these Improvisatori, as they were called, felt what they wanted to say so intensely that their feeling naturally translated itself into the measure and rhythm of verse, since it could not all be expressed in prose. Of course some of the feeling must still escape, for we can never quite get it all.

It is difficult to talk of this particular quality so that it may be understood, since it is, really

the poetry alone that can explain; fortunately most of us need no other explanation. For instance, if, like Wordsworth, you were suddenly to come upon a lake bordered by nodding daffodils in countless numbers, the beauty of the sight would awaken a strong and happy feeling in you which you certainly could not express by simply describing how the flowers looked; that would still leave your own feeling about them untouched. But if you were a poet like Wordsworth you could put most of that feeling into a lyrical arrangement of words and have a poem like his beginning:

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills—

and thus the feeling of beauty as well as its sight would be caught.

Not being poets, which is true of most of us, we are nevertheless able to feel the ecstasy and enchantment which those flowers and that clear lake gave to the poet Wordsworth, by reading what he wrote; and our "inward eye" is also blessed with the same radiant vision that inspired him with such rapture.

ODES OF VICTORY AND DEATH

THUS it is that great emotions of triumph or sorrow or joy or patriotism find their way into verse because they must have more than just the words to express themselves.

Read Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" if you would see how the solemn music of the lines, quite apart from the meaning of the words, gives you the sensation of grief and solemnity.

Bury the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentation,
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation:
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

Is that not high and noble music? And this:

Now to the roll of muffled drums
To thee the greatest soldier comes;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea;
His foes were thine; he kept us free;
O, give him welcome; this is he

Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee.

Lowell's "Harvard Ode," where he hails Lincoln, touches these same heights of sorrow and of triumph over the great dead, and moves you, as you read it, like the sound of the wild wailing of a splendid storm. There are short songs, too, like Tennyson's "Tears, Idle Tears" or Shelley's "O World, O Life, O Time," that give a keener note of sadness than lies in the words alone.

"SOUND AND FURY, SIGNIFYING NOTHING"

SEVERAL writers have rather mischievously taken advantage of this peculiar attribute of verse and written lines that sound very fine, but really mean nothing at all. Such is Lewis Carroll's "The Jabberwock," that assuredly seems to mean quantities of heroic and exciting things, but when you come to look at the words you find that most of them are nothing but sound, though, to be sure, they sound all right. I know a little boy, not three yet, who knows "The Jabberwock" by heart, and loves it dearly. And since most words are as yet only sound and feeling to him, probably he understands the verses better than the rest of us.

STORIES IN SONG

ALMOST all of us are fond of the poems by Scott and Macaulay that tell of ancient deeds of war and love and adventure. Do you know Scott's "Lady of the Lake," with its picture, in the first stanza, of the stag asleep on the Scotch mountain-side, "in lone Glenartney's hazel shade," and all its splendid story of the adventures of FitzJames and the love of Roderick Dhu for Ellen (daughter of the great Douglas), of whom the poet sings:

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face?

There is no manner of use reading these narratives in verse except for the pleasure they bring; to bother too much over their form or their historic correctness is a pity and a waste of time. You want to let your fancy go and follow the story to the beat and rhythm of the lines, letting them take you along as the fairy horse Pegasus was famed to take his rider, without touching solid ground except for the fun of it, and leaping again at the least suggestion into the free blue air, whence, on looking down, everything appears lovelier, stranger than it ever can with both feet planted on the ground. If your heart does not beat a little faster at Marmion's last words:

Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!

than if the whole story had been told in prose and Marmion himself only a prose hero, why,

I 'm very sorry for you, for you miss a lot of happiness, and happiness that will become more and more intense as you grow older, even though you will probably come to prefer other forms of verse above Scott's manly poems or the ringing lines of Macaulay.

PLAYTIME SONGS

BESIDES these poems that were not written especially for children, there are many books which were so written. Among them are Robert Louis Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses," and the charming books by Eugene Field. I used to know Mr. Field when I was a child, and he was a famous playmate. Such games as he and my brothers and sisters and I had together, and what tricks he would play on us! But no matter for that; we adored him, for he understood children thoroughly, and was largely made up of pure child himself, for all his six feet of height and bald head. I remember how surprised I was, after his first visit to us, to read his "Little Boy Blue," which is so exquisitely sad and tender; for I was too young then to know that it is only the hearts that have intimate knowledge of sorrow that can also be the gayest and the kindest.

Later on we heard Field read many of his songs. And one of them, "Seein' Things," was suggested to him by a small brother of mine, who came to breakfast one morning with round eyes still filled with terror, and related a tale of hobgoblin sights that had made the past night hideous to him. The last two lines of the poem,

No, ruther let Starvation wipe me slowly out of sight,
Than I should keep a-livin' on an' seein' things at night

impressed us as particularly awesome, since we were children of no meager appetite, while the prodigies performed at meal-time by that same small brother were truly wonderful. Well, it's all "over the years and far away," now. But the books are still here, and I find that my little nephews and nieces are as fond of them as we were, and as I hope you all are.

Another lovely writer of poems for children is James Whitcomb Riley, who was himself a close friend of Eugene Field. His verses are as numerous as they are delightful, and one cannot go wrong with any of them, while one ought to have them all. Nowadays they are brought out so prettily, with charming pictures and beautiful covers, that they are a joy every way you look at them. But they are best of all when you know them by heart and tell them over to yourself when you are lying out under the trees or wandering beside the brook in the fields of summer,

full of all those mixed-up and delicious feelings that crowd into you at those times and want to make you do absurd things like hugging the gray trunks of the old trees, or rolling on the soft grass that hides so many miracles under its stalks and blades. It is this mixed and tumultuous feeling that poetry is best for. In the old days warriors used to go to battle chanting strange runes and songs to relieve their excitement. And we have no better way to express ours, coming from whatsoever sources. Give yourselves a chance to find out how real this enjoyment is, and do not be frightened away from poetry because it looks difficult or unnatural. For it is really one of the most natural things in the world.

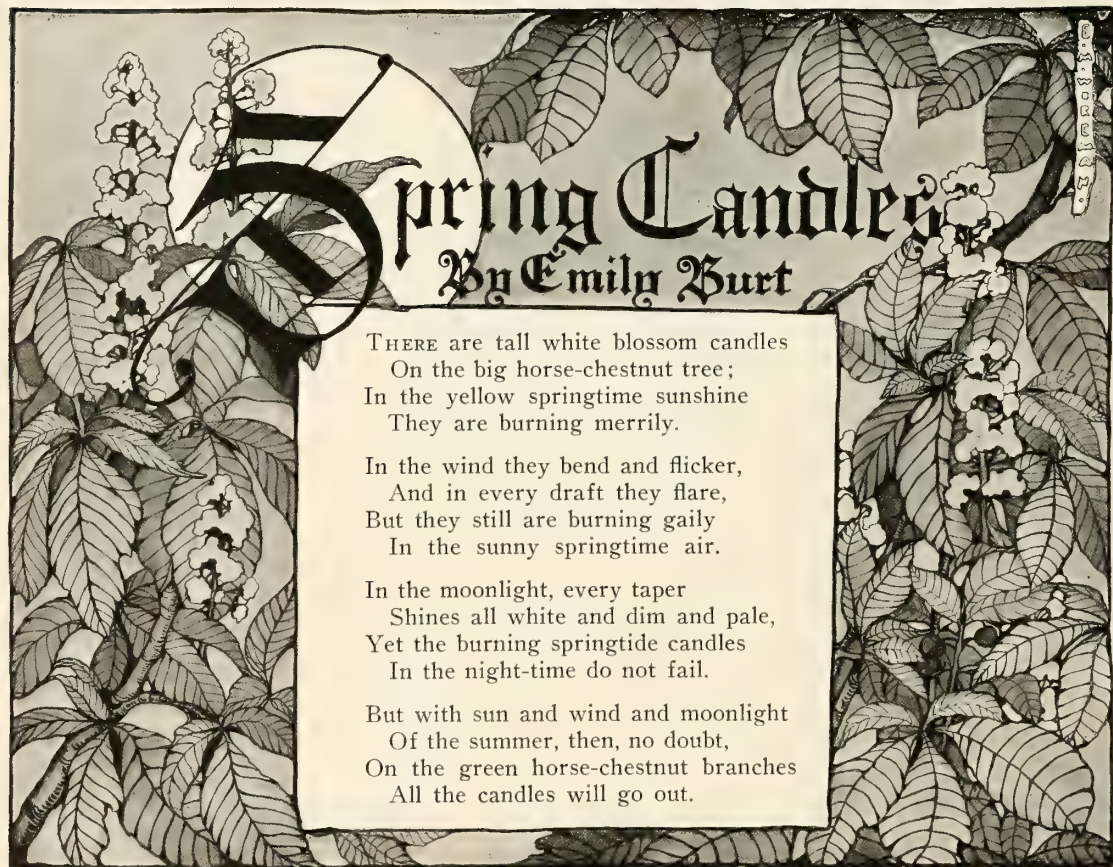
AN INDIAN LEGEND

THERE is another long poem I hope you will learn to like as children, and that is Longfellow's

"Hiawatha." There is not in the world a more lovely or touching story than this old Indian legend, and the poet put it into music so haunting that it sings itself through all the rest of your life once you have read it.

Just now, when all the flowers are nodding to each other after the winter's seclusion, and the birds are frantic with the joy of the green world, just now seems to be, and so has seemed for ages, the special singing-time of earth. And that is why I have talked of poetry all through this month's "Books and Reading." It is what Tennyson called "the boyhood of the year," and was meant to sing in.

Open your books of verse and go out into the sunshine, which you know is real even though you can't hold it in your hands, and sing too. Some of the sun-rays will stay in your hearts, if not in hands, all your life.



THERE are tall white blossom candles
On the big horse-chestnut tree;
In the yellow springtime sunshine
They are burning merrily.

In the wind they bend and flicker,
And in every draft they flare,
But they still are burning gaily
In the sunny springtime air.

In the moonlight, every taper
Shines all white and dim and pale,
Yet the burning springtide candles
In the night-time do not fail.

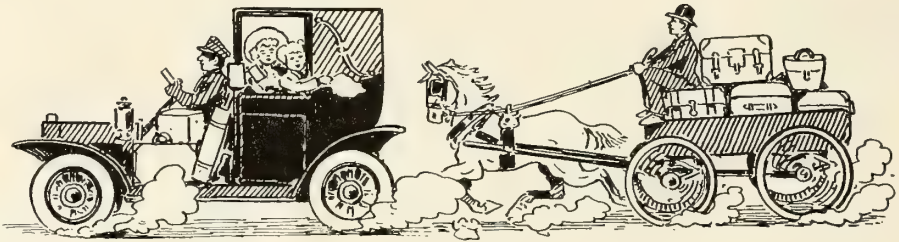
But with sun and wind and moonlight
Of the summer, then, no doubt,
On the green horse-chestnut branches
All the candles will go out.





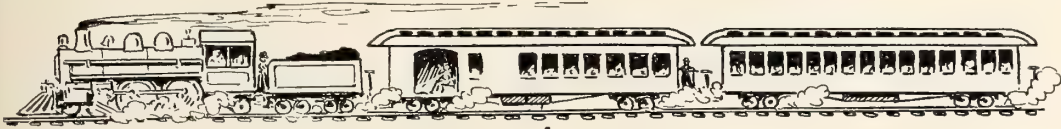
UNITED STATES

THE JOURNEY HAS STARTED!



HERE WE ARE OFF TO THE DEPOT!
FIRST WE SHALL SEE SOMETHING
OF THE UNITED STATES.

We go by railroad, and you are sure to see some of these things, either on the train, or out of the windows



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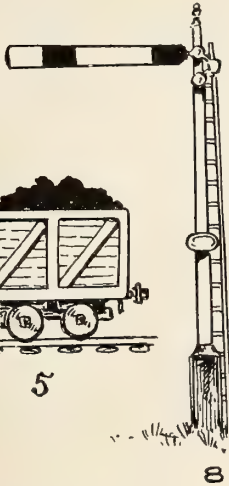
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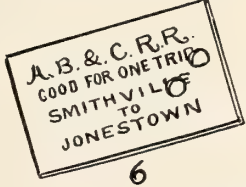
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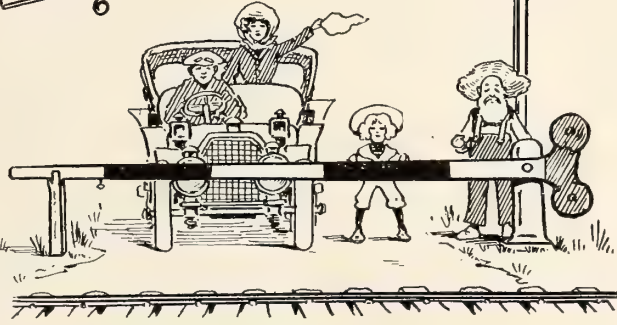
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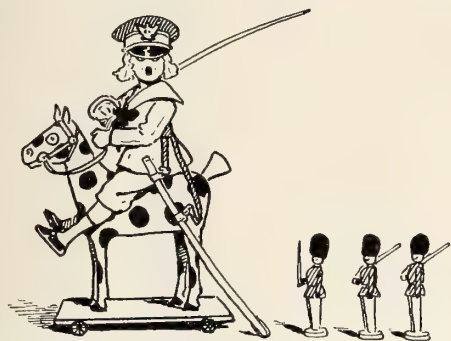
Look carefully at them all, so that you will know them another time. And tell your little brother or sister just what they are.

As you travel along through the country, there will be many different places, people, and sights for you to see.



Can you tell in what parts of the country you will see these sights? If you cannot guess, here they are: 1 Down South; 2 Out West; 3 On the Farm; 4 In the Coal Lands; 5 On the Plains; 6 In the Woods.

Sometimes you may grow tired of looking out of the car windows, so here are some amusing pictures to entertain you, as the train goes rushing along.



The little boy who plays soldiers.



The little girl who dresses up.



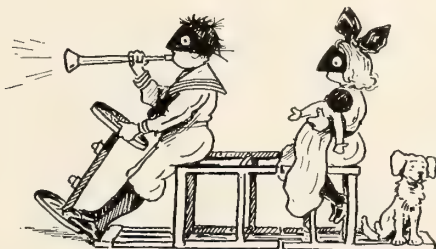
The little girl who has lots of dolls.



The little boy who likes to be a policeman.



The little boy who wants to be an Indian.



The children who play automobile.

Perhaps you left some little friends at home who like to play these games.



FRIENDS

BY E. VINCENT MILLAY (HONOR MEMBER, AGE 17)

(Cash Prize)

I. HE

I 'VE sat here all the afternoon, watching her busy fingers
 send
 That needle in and out. How soon, I wonder, will she
 reach the end?
 Embroidery! I can't see how a girl of Molly's common
 sense
 Can spend her time like that. Why, now — just look at
 that! I may be dense,
 But, somehow, I don't see the fun in punching lots of
 holes down through
 A piece of cloth; and, one by one, sewing them up.
 But Molly 'll do
 A dozen of them, right around
 That shapeless bit of stuff she's found.
 A dozen of them! Just like that!
 And thinks it's sense she's working at.
 But, then, she's just a girl (although she's quite the best
 one of the lot!),
 And I 'll just have to let her sew, whether it's foolishness
 or not.

II. SHE

HE 's sat here all the afternoon, talking about an awful
 game;
 One boy will not be out till June, and then he may be
 always lame.
 Foot-ball! I'm sure I can't see why a boy like Bob — so
 good and kind —
 Wishes to see poor fellows lie hurt on the ground. I may
 be blind,
 But, somehow, I don't see the fun. Some one calls,
 "14-16-9";
 You kick the ball, and then you run and try to reach a
 white chalk-line.
 And Bob would sit right there all day
 And talk like that, and never say
 A single word of sense; or so
 It seems to me. I may not know.
 But Bob's a faithful friend to me. So let him talk that
 game detested,
 And I will smile and seem to be most wonderfully inter-
 ested!

THIS bright bit of verse is placed at the head of the League this month because it is a fine example of clever rhyming, as well as of a very ingenious setting for the subject "Friends." Molly and Bob are made to seem very "real" to us just by what they say, in turn; and the contrast between the girl's and the boy's point of view is presented with admirable balance and equal effectiveness. But another striking excellence of the piece lies in the very skilful use of a double rhyme for each couplet — that is, there is a rhyme in the middle of each pair of lines as well as at the close — and these double rhymes are maintained

almost throughout the two stanzas, with an ease and grace that a grown-up and practised author could not easily surpass. The contribution is a little gem in the smoothness and perfection of its rhythm, in its deft use of contrast, and in its naturalness of expression from first to last. As its young author has already won both a gold and a silver badge, and, therefore, is an Honor Member of the League, we gladly award a Cash Prize to the clever rhyme.

This month's prose competition held a great surprise; not so much on account of the merit of the contributions, which for the most part were excellent, as because nearly

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 123

In making the awards, competitors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Silver badges, **Lesley Waterman** (age 12), Northampton, Mass.; **Audrey Lucas** (age 11), Kingston, Eng.; **Stella Green** (age 15), Philadelphia, Pa.

VERSE. Cash prize, **E. Vincent Millay** (age 17), Camden, Me.

Silver badges, **Leisa G. Wilson** (age 10), Pasadena, Cal.; **Edwina G. Hall** (age 15), New York City, N. Y.

DRAWING. Gold badge, **Marjorie E. Chase** (age 17), Warren, Mass.

Silver badges, **Dorothy Talbert** (age 10), Grand Junction, Col.; **Sarah Jameson** (age 14), Mansfield, O.

PHOTOGRAPHY. Silver badges, **Paul Van Cleve** (age 13), Little Falls, N. J.; **Charlie W. Arnold** (age 15), Orlando, Fla.; **Frances Matthews** (age 15), Dallas, Tex.

WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY. Class "C" prize, **C. Pardee Erdman** (age 15), Princeton, N. J.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, **Ethel Knowlson Caster** (age 17), Pittsburgh, Pa.

Silver badge, **John Hyatt, Jr.** (age 15), Ridgewood, N. J.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badges, **Katharine Wenzel** (age 12), Terre Haute, Ind.; **Alida H. Moss** (age 13), Urbana, Ill.; **Helen Tyler** (age 13), Whitinsville, Mass.

all the young writers favored "evening fun" as against "daytime fun." In giving out the subject, we had some misgivings that it would prove too one-sided, and that almost every competitor would vote for "daytime fun"; but, to our surprise the great majority thought the other way! It was pleasant and interesting, too, to hear of the many kinds of evening fun our members are familiar with, and how much they seem to enjoy them.

There were several noteworthy pictures in the young photographers' contest that, both from the artistic and the humorous side, will be heartily appreciated by all the members of the League.



"TRYING TO KEEP WARM." BY PAUL VAN CLEVE, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

MY CHOICE—EVENING OR DAYTIME FUN

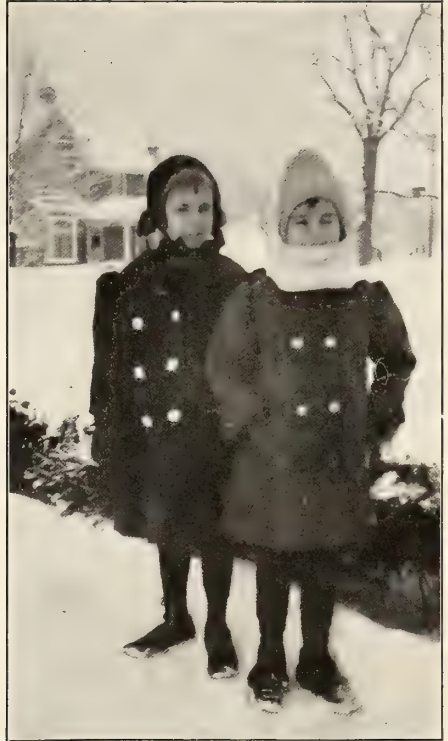
BY LESLEY WATERMAN (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

ALTHOUGH I like daytime fun very much, evening fun appeals to me more.

What fun it is to play a game of hide-and-peek on a dark summer night; to hide in some shadow of a tree or

building, and lie there in silence while the person who is "It" goes right past you without noticing you at all.



"TRYING TO KEEP WARM." BY DONNA V. JONES, AGE 16.

Or, on a cold, winter night to take a delightful ride on a ripper down the icy hill, inhaling the clear, cold air.

Then, too, to go skating on a moonlight, winter night.

There is also great fun to be had indoors of an evening. To gather around the fire, and tell ghost-stories which make your blood run cold—to pop corn, drink cider, or roast chestnuts, while a great deal of merriment goes on.

To go out in the kitchen, garb yourself in an apron, and make fudge, bending over the hot mixture while the others stand around talking, laughing, and advising.

These are some of the reasons why I like evening fun better than daytime fun, although I must admit I do have a great deal of fun in the daytime, too.



"TRYING TO KEEP WARM." BY RICHARD B. BULLIS, AGE 10.



"TRYING TO KEEP WARM." BY DOROTHY MAYER, AGE 14.



"TRYING TO KEEP WARM." BY FRANCES MATTHEWS, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

MY CHOICE - EVENING OR DAYTIME FUN

BY STELLA GREEN (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

I LIKE day fun because in the winter you can go coasting on the hill and skating on the pond. In the fall you can go out in the woods and gather nuts. In the summer you can play tennis, croquet, and all sorts of games. You can go to see foot-ball and base-ball games. In the winter you can have fun throwing snowballs and making snow-

men. If you live in the country you can ride on hay wagons and go in swimming. You can go horseback-riding and have lots of fun. The boys can play marbles and fly kites. It is better to do your shopping in the day because in the evening it grows dark before you reach home.

In the summer you can go out in the park and take your camera along, and take different views of the park. It is very nice to take pictures in the winter when the snow is on the ground. It is also pleasant to draw some of the snow views.

It is very nice to visit Independence Hall and see the Liberty Bell and other historical buildings. It is very interesting to go out in the meadow and pick flowers.

Then one may also gather apples, peaches, and other fruits. In the summer when the afternoons are too hot it is nice to have a sewing-circle in your home, or sit down and read a book, or play the piano. In the afternoons in the winter it is nice to make ice and cakes for the evening par-



"A WINTER SCENE." BY CLORA PATTERSON, AGE 15.

ties. Around Christmas time, when we have no school, we can have lots of fun coasting on the hill. It is very nice when Hallowe'en comes around, because it is lots of fun getting clothes ready for the party in the evening. But for all the parties in the evenings, I still like day fun best.

MY BEST FRIEND

BY LEISA G. WILSON (AGE 10)

(Silver Badge)

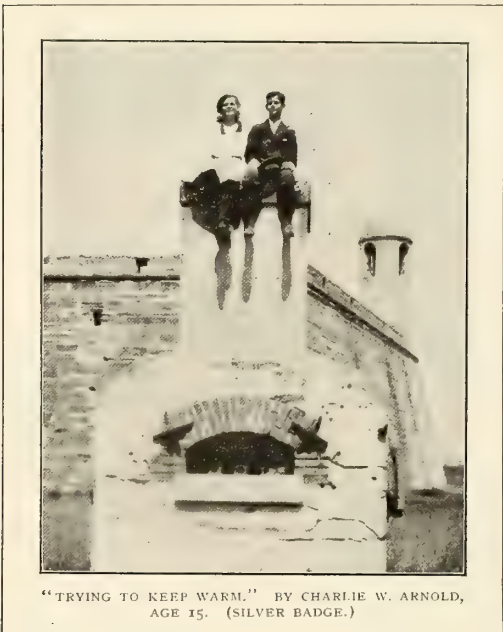
I HAVE a friend who's far away;
I love her best of all I know.
I write to her 'most every day
To tell her that I miss her so.

She lives across the street from me.

I've known her for a long, long time;
But I'm not with her much, you see,
We go away in winter-time.

In summer, too, we do not meet,
But only in the spring and fall;
But I am sure it is a treat
When I can be with her at all.

And when I'm almost home again,
It seems as though I could n't wait
To leave the hot and tiresome train,
And find her waiting at the gate.



"TRYING TO KEEP WARM." BY CHARLIE W. ARNOLD,
AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

FRIENDS

BY EDWINA G. HALL (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

I 'VE many friends in every land
Who come to visit me,
On stormy nights when I 'm alone
They keep me company.

There 's brave Ben Hur, the Jewish lad,
There 's gallant Ivanhoe;
The fierce old pirate Captain Kidd,
And love-lorn Romeo.

King Arthur and his host of knights.
George Washington the true,
The poor imprisoned Queen of Scots
Who never freedom knew.

Joan of Arc, the peasant girl,
Napoleon Bonaparte,
Bassanio, who journeyed far
To win fair Portia's heart.

When by myself I sit and read
Quaint tales of olden time,
I meet these ever loyal friends,
Dear friends, forever mine.

WHICH I LIKE BEST—DAYTIME OR
EVENING FUN

BY AUDREY LUCAS (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

It is very hard to think which is the nicer, evening or daytime fun; but, on the whole, I think evening is the best. It is always so delightful to sit round a big wood fire and roast chestnuts and tell stories, or, if it is summer-



"A WINTER SCENE." BY SARAH JAMESON, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

time, to go for long rides or walks in the moonlight. Parties, too, are lovely, and it is always more exciting to go to the theater at night than in the afternoon. Then, too, I think that nothing is so jolly as to act charades after supper.

When my friends come to stay with me, we have great fun all day; but it is always nicest when Mother lets us get the dressing-up things out of the old chest, and then we act charades and tableaux for Mother and Daddy. It is glorious fun, and we always think it is the nicest part of the day.

Then I think it perfectly lovely to watch the sea on a



"A WINTER SCENE." BY MARGARET A. FOSTER, AGE 15.

calm, moonlight night; it is so peaceful, and it makes you feel peaceful too, and rather sad.

I think it is a more beautiful sight than one can ever see in the daytime.

It is delightful to motor at night, all wrapped up in a big fur rug; to watch the lights of a town go flashing by, and then to go tearing out into the quiet calm country, black and still, with here and there a light from some farmhouse. Yes, I am sure that evening fun is the jolliest.



"WILD DEER." BY C. PARDEE ERDMAN, AGE 15. (PRIZE,
CLASS "C," WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

A FRIEND

BY HENRY M. GARDINER (AGE 14)

ONE day as I lay on my sick-bed
Watching the flowers and the trees,
I heard a noise at my window
Like the leaves rustling in a breeze.

I gazed at a little brown creature,
Perched on the window-sill;
'T was a squirrel, small and cunning,
Who was busily eating his fill.

I reached out my hand to pet him,
But quick as a flash he was gone;
But the cunning little squirrel
Came back on the next morn.

He stayed by me all through my sickness,
Gave me pleasure to the end.
Now don't you think this squirrel
Was a true and loving friend?

MY FRIENDS

BY FRANCES G. WARD (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

WHEN my brothers all go back to school,
And my sister reads all day,
There 's no one I can play with
To pass the time away.

So I go out in the orchard,
And I talk to all the trees;
And they whisper stories to me,
As they rustle in the breeze.

I sit up in their branches,
Where there 's many a cozy place;
And the green leaves dance all round me,
And come and kiss my face.

And when I have to go indoors,
To lessons, or to tea,
The trees all sigh, and seem quite sad,
To say good-by to me.

My sister says the sighing
Is nothing but the breeze,
But I really think they 're fond of me,
My friends, the apple-trees.



"A WINTER SCENE." BY S. HUTTON WENDOVER.

MY CHOICE—EVENING OR DAYTIME FUN

BY CORNELIA M. STABLER (AGE 11)

IT really is a hard thing to decide which I like best, evening or daytime fun, but I think I like evening best.

Sometimes Mother lets us get our chafing-dish and get everything ready, and make "fudge," or "talkers' best," or some kind of candy.

There is nothing that I would rather do than make candy, so I usually do the cooking or at least do the mixing; but with four children, every child must have a chance to "stir." Then in the excitement of the candy-making we put in three too many drops of vanilla, or put four pinches of salt instead of two. But that makes no difference at all; we eat it just the same. As we never have much time to make candy in the daytime I like evening best.

PRIZE-WINNERS should not be disappointed if they do not receive their badges at the time of receiving their magazine. To avoid loss in the case of changes of address that have not been brought to our notice, badges are sent out on the twenty-fifth of the month—ten or more days after the magazine is issued.

MY CHOICE—EVENING OR DAYTIME FUN

BY GERTRUDE M. COUCH (AGE 15)

ONE winter's night, I sat musing near the fireplace. What a splendid night for a sleigh-ride or skate. "That full moon makes it beautiful out of doors," I thought.



"A WINTER SCENE." BY ESTELLE SPIVEY, AGE 15.

As if in answer to my thoughts I heard stamping and laughing outside, and, running to see what it meant, I was hailed by the jolly inquiry, "Come out skating, will you?" Would I go? Well, I just guessed I would, if I could. I opened the door, and about a dozen of my boy and girl friends came in. Mother said I could go, so I was soon with them, dressed in sweater and skating-cap, with my skates tucked under my arm.

Up the road toward the lake we tramped, all in fine spirits. Twice we stopped and a few more of our school-mates joined us; so that when we reached the lake we



"A WINTER SCENE." BY FRANCES A. GOSLING, AGE 13.

numbered sixteen in all. Looking over the lake we saw a pretty sight. The moon shone directly over it, lighting the whole expanse of ice.

Skates were fastened, and then the fun began. First we played tag and had fine sport. Challenges to races rarely remained unaccepted, and helter-skelter over the lake we flew, making the hills echo with shouts. Many had tumbles, but no harm was done.

When all thought it was time to start home, we heard the merry jingles of sleigh-bells; and on reaching the road we found one of our neighbors with a big sleigh and team. He offered to take us to the town, and you can imagine that we wasted no time in accepting his offer. We all piled in and had the jolliest ride imaginable.

When, after reaching home, I said to my chum who remained with me for the night, "Did n't we have just the finest time?" she turned over on her pillow and murmured drowsily, "I should say we did." Then, suddenly, "Don't you think you can have lots more fun in the night than in the day? I do." To which I heartily answered, "Yes, indeed."

• FRIENDS

BY DOROTHY KERR FLOYD (AGE 17)

As parchèd flowers crave the blessèd rain
Which heaven sends,
A noble soul, with aspirations high,
Craves loving friends.

True friends, of high ideals, and upright lives,
And splendid dreams;
Who seek the beautiful in art, and books,
By forest streams.

Whose friendship is as strong, as true as steel,
Whate'er betide.
Life's way is sweet indeed, if such as these
Are by one's side!

WHY I LIKE DAYTIME FUN

BY IDA MAE SYFRIT (AGE 16)

I LIKE daytime fun best because in winter all the fun comes after the tasks are done, and school is over. All the children go out to have some good times. Some of the children get in groups, and when they have about twenty or thirty boys and girls, they all go to some large hill and settle down for a jolly good time. The boys like to make snowballs; they think it is fun to throw them when all the other girls and boys are going down the hill all in one long line. Then when we all get tired of sledding and snowballing, we go out on the pond to skate, which I like to do very much. Some of the girls make their names on the ice and do many other "stunts" which amuse the lookers-on.

In spring the fun is very amusing to every person. The weather is usually fine and you can play out of doors. You do not have to bother with heavy coats and heavy overshoes. In spring most of the fun is gathering wild flowers, such as violets, daisies, and buttercups, to put in bouquets for the hospital and other places, so as to make it more cheerful for those who cannot have the pleasure because of some ailment. We also play jacks. I like very much to run and jump on the green lawns in spring because it is not so warm and you do not get overheated.

In summer we have all kinds of games. I like tennis best. We play most in the morning and late in the afternoon. There are many other games and amusements which I will not speak of, except base-ball, the game the boys most enjoy. I like to sit under some shady tree and read a book.

In autumn the fun is gathering nuts, going out for a hay ride, to walk through the woods among the autumn

leaves and have lots of apples and help others gather more from the orchard so as to have an apple party. The most interesting game in autumn for the boys is foot-ball.



"A WINTER SCENE." BY MARJORIE E. CHASE, AGE 17.
(GOLD BADGE.)

MY SHADOW FRIEND

BY FRANCES ARTHUR (AGE 12)

I AM an only child,
And that is why, you see,
I have to have a make-b'lieve friend
To come and play with me.

My home is on a lonely farm,
No other child lives near;
But that makes little difference,
'Cause my shadow friend is here.

My shadow friend has yellow curls,
Her name is like a dream;
You'll never guess it, so I'll tell:
Her name is Rosaline.

Of course she's just a make-believe,
But then, it seems to me,
That Rosa's more satisfactory
Than a real friend would be.

MY CHOICE—EVENING OR DAYTIME FUN

BY IDA F. PARFITT (AGE 15)

I THINK my choice is evening fun. I wonder why? I ask myself. Well, I wonder why?

MY CHOICE—EVENING OR DAYTIME FUN

BY KATHARINE G. CULYER (AGE 11)

ANY one who likes to skate, coast, tell stories, or have music, knows that the best time for these is in the evening.

To skate in the moonlight on the smooth, glassy ice, is the most enjoyable sport I know.

If you want *fun*, just go out at night—a clear one—with your sled and take a coast. Is not that fun?

Tell stories in the evening (before the lamps are lighted) and that is fun, too.

Sing around the piano, or have music of some kind, and the best time to have it is in the evening.

These are *some* of my reasons for liking evening fun.



"A WINTER SCENE." BY HAZEL S. HALSTEAD, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)

Is n't there quite as much enjoyment to be had from a merry picnic excursion, or a tennis-party, as there is from a card-party, or even a dance? Most certainly; sometimes more. But don't you think there is more excitement in putting on one's best dress, and going out, just when you ought to be going to bed? I do; and is n't it nice to come home when the stars are twinkling, and, although you feel, "oh, so sleepy!" and don't want to get up next morning, don't you enjoy it all the more? I'm sure you do.

PROSE, 1

Margaret Olds
Margaret E. Beakes
Katharine Balderston
Anne Grace Helfgott
Violet R. Claxton
Emily Blackham
Evelyn G. Husted
Fanny Tomlin Marburg
Hazel Reid
Virginia C. McGrath
Charlotte Greene

PROSE, 2

Lorraine Ransom
Harold Eaton Mood
William Jerome Ruger
Helen M. Perry
Florence H. Rogers
Catherine C. Robie
George A. Dooley
Louis Tanner
Dorothy Buell
Eleanor A. Sykes
Dorothy K. Ross
Ada McAnn

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

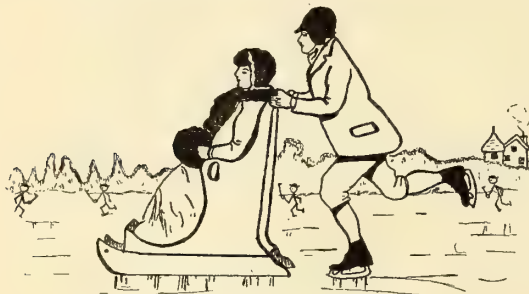
No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

George M. Maynard
Marguerite May
Kayser
Bertha Titus
Laura Paris
Jennie Spindler
Edith M. Burdick
Mildred Roberts
Kathleen C. Brough

Edith Maurer
Marcella Tibbitt

VERSE, 1

Malcolm B. Carroll
Anna Bemis Stearns
Marion F. Hayden
Doris F. Halman
Dorothy Dawson
Margaret Ellis Brown
Helen Prescott
Ethel Warren Kidder
Marjorie Paret
Dorothy W. Clarke
Abby W. Cresson
Lillie Garmany
Menary
Margaret E. Howard
Margaret S. Harrington
Dorothy Vance
Elizabeth de L. B.
Hawthorne
William Baker



"A WINTER SCENE." BY DOROTHA TALBERT, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)

Is n't a midnight picnic much more fun than just an ordinary one? Of course it is. When we want to have a bit of fun at school, why do we choose midnight to have our stolen supper-party, instead of in the afternoon, when we should not run half such a risk of being discovered?

"Why?" you ask. Just because it is night-time that adds to the pleasure. The mystery of the night creeps into you, and adds romance to your feelings, and makes everything seem more enjoyable.



"A WINTER SCENE." BY ROBERT GIFFORD, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

Sheelah Kilroy
Catharine K. Mannassan
Fritz Korb
Anita Louise Grannis
Mary Dendy
Dorothy Lovatt
Corinne Laney Flood
Beatrice Maule
Marie Maurer
Estella Johnson
Dorothy H. Hoskins

Muriel Parsons
Amelia N. Huger
Edna Mood
Otto S. Jacobsen
Gayrite Garner
Walter W. Cox
Helen Brault
John Bradford Main
Mary McKittrick
Lucile Chapman
Mary Low Ryce
Mary Flaherty

May Bowers
Flora Cockrell
Winifred Stoner
Constance Tyrrell
Mary de Lorme
van Rossen
Agnes Mackenzie
Miall
Roscoe Allen
Alice Louise Packard
Mabel E. Edwards
Ruth Pennington

Eleanor Johnson
Helen R. Morgan
Elizabeth Eliot

VERSE, 2

Winifred Ward
Violet Michaels
Banny Stewart McLean
Doris Huestis
Isabel D. Weaver
Ethel Anna Johnson
Anne Gebhart

Dorothy Louise Dade
Josephine Daniels
Lily K. Westervelt
Virginia Stuart Brown
Theda Kenyon
Mary Camp
H. Herbert Dean
Java Cochran
Florence Pearse
Isabel B. Huston
Guliana Antinori
Kathleen Carnie
Maude T. Bergen

E. Adelaide Hahn
Edmund Campbell
Muriel Anderson
Marion P. Hallock
Sherrill Kent
Adelaide Fairbank
Dora A. Iddings
Helen K. Mull
Fern Putsch
Maude Downer
Emile Kostal
Elizabeth Thompson
Lucy Blenkinsop

NOT INDORSED. Katherine J. Levy, Alice Thompson, Ethel Andrews, Eugene Bardwell, Louis Markowitz, J. Clark Breen, Dorothy Stabler, Ogden Bigelow, William W. Smith, Margaret Pierce, Ethel Rowe, Margery Howard, John Andrews, Jessie Samter, Mildred Chamberlin, Frances B. Ward.

NO AGE. John L. Powers, Dorothy Griffiths, Christopher Grant La Farge, Agnes Gray, H. Weiner.

LATE. Mabel J. Christensen, Minnie R. Ferraris, Elizabeth D. Comfort.

WRITTEN IN PENCIL. Mary Vance, Mildred Crouch, Helen Harnish.

INCOMPLETE ADDRESS. Anita Dalberg.



"MAY HEADING." BY D. RUTHERFORD COLLINS, AGE 14.

Lois Donovan
Katharine Habersham
Ruth Starr
Margaret White
Conrad Garst
Jeannette Armstrong
Kathryn Pierce
Gladys Bolles
James P. McQuaide
Margaret Tildsley
Ruth S. Mann
Gertrude Stegmann
Sarah E. Elmer

Elizabeth Gilrow
William E. Fay
Martha M. Seeley
Sybil Emerson
Julia M. Herget
Jeanne Jacoby
Ruth Ripley
Gladys Wright
Beatrice Jenkins
Elizabeth H. Coley
Thelma N. Sanborn
Frances M. Savage
Helene E. Alexander

Gladys Eustis
Sidney B. McA.
Dexter
Mary Crocker
Alexander
Helen Beach
Fannie Louise
Des Jardins
Arthur B. Morse
Margaret Rayon

DRAWINGS, 1

Beryl Morse
Elizabeth Kendall
Ethel A. Van Lieu
Eleanor Safford
Mathews
Alfa Davis
Robert Maclean
Theresa R. Robbins
Alice A. Hirst
Alice V. Martin
Katharine H. Seligman
Nellie Hagan
L. William Quanchi
Edward Godfrey
Pauline Pick
Theresa J. Jones
Eleanor Powell
Dorothy Getskay
Neuville O. Fanning,
Jr.

Grace Wardwell
Helen Hendrie
Marshall Williamson
Harry J. Burden
Suzanne Bringier
Violette A. Child
Rosamond Gilbert
Josephine Witherspoon
Margaret Gray
Marian Walter

DRAWINGS, 2

Mary Horne
Alan Laskey
Helen de F. Griffin
Laura Hill

PHOTO-
GRAPHS, 1

Priscilla W. Smith
Margaret Hirschay
Alice M. McRae
Ruth Goddard
Clark Hopkins
Lydia M. Scott
Marie
Agassiz
David
Keith, Jr.
Elizabeth
Chapin
Carl F.
Jungle

PHOTO-
GRAPHS, 2

Margaret
Lindaburg "MAY HEADING." BY MIRIAM T.
Francis C. WILSON, AGE 13.
Lathrop
C. Turner Jones
Charles E. Kistler
Sidney Shoemaker

PUZZLES, 1

Marguerite D. Darkow
Frieda Lescher
Samuel H. Schaefer
Frances C. Hamlet
Joseph Trombetti
Mary Green Mack
David Berkan

PUZZLES, 2

Philip Sherman
Gleason C. Smith
Helena A. Irvine
Judith Ames
Mariland
Alice Moore
George B.
Osborne
Donald Blanke
Kathryn Davis
Beatrice Rossire

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 127

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to a gold-badge winner who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 127 will close **May 10** (for foreign members **May 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in *ST. NICHOLAS* for **September**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Cheer" or "Cheerfulness."

Prose. Story or article of not more than three hundred and fifty words. Subject, "A New Feature I Should Like to See in the *ST. NICHOLAS*—and Why."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Springtime Scene."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Useful Thing" or a Heading or Tail-piece for **September**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of *ST. NICHOLAS*. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun.

The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

RULES

ANY reader of *ST. NICHOLAS*, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may enter the competitions.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

ROLL OF THE CARELESS

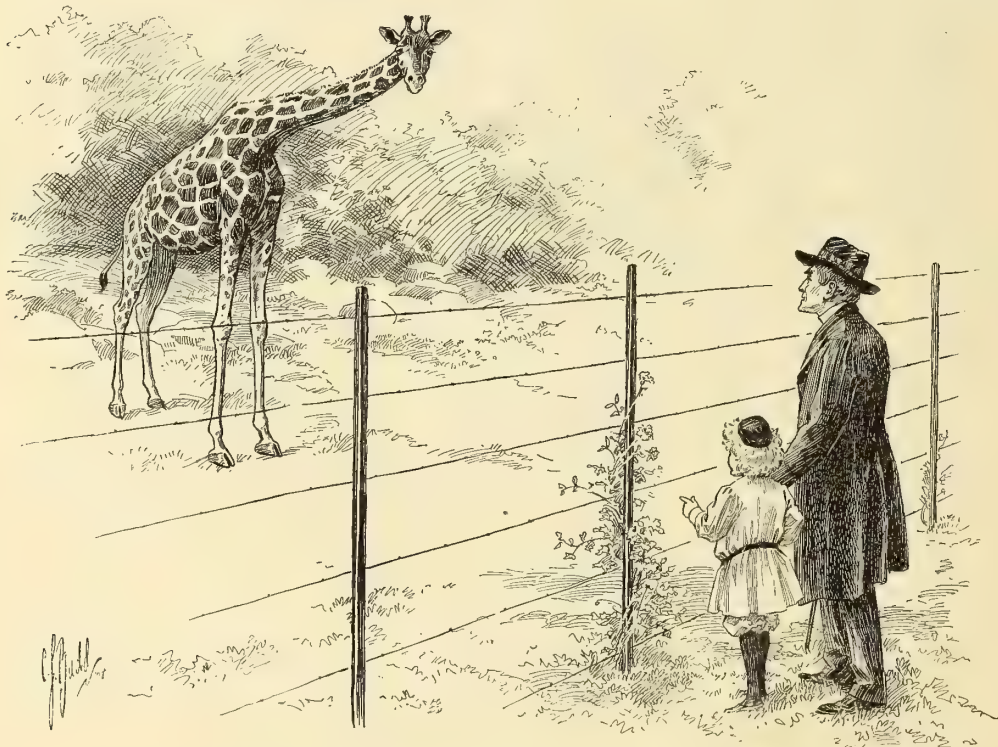
A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be entered for the competition:

NO ADDRESS. Mildred B. Russell, Julius S. Bixler, Helen C. Webster, J. P. Foland, Roger Rouse, Mary G. Armstrong.

WRONG SUBJECT. Frank Bockelmann, Dorothy Wheatley, James H. Tees, Birge W. Kinne.



A MERRY WALTZ IN ANIMAL-LAND.



GRANDPA: "WOULD N'T HE MAKE A SPLENDID RACER, TOMMY?"

TOMMY: "YES, GRANDPA—IF HIS HIND LEGS CAN ONLY KEEP UP WITH HIS FORE LEGS!"

THE LETTER-BOX

CARLSBAD, NEW MEXICO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write and tell you something about this country. "Our people" live way up in the cool, green, pine-covered mountains. Our people (about two hundred) have a happy life up here away from the troubles of the earth. The country is rough until you get out on top, and then it is a smooth, beautiful valley. We get our mail twice a week and we girls and boys dearly love to see it coming. We have some large, beautiful caves up here and people have said that if they were fully explored they would equal the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. They have all kinds of colored rocks inside, and there are rooms after rooms, until you can't count them. There are also lakes of the clearest ice-cold water. I liked "The Lass of the Silver Sword." I do hope that there will be a sequel to it, and Jean and Douglas and Carol and Court will marry. I am thirteen years old.

Well, I will close, wishing many happy and prosperous years to the jolly old ST. NICHOLAS.

Your devoted reader,

EULA IRENE THAYER.

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been given me as a Christmas present for three or four years. I like ST. NICHOLAS better than any other magazine I have ever read. I am very much interested in "The Young Wizard of Morocco." I love to read the different letters in the Letter-Box.

I want to tell you about my Valentine party. We had it up in Scarsdale in a big house. The table was decorated with big valentines around a big red lamp. Attached to the valentines were long red ribbons and on the end a Cupid for a place card. We had sixteen children and the games we played were lots of fun. We had hidden a hundred red hearts which the children looked for, and then we played "In and Out the Windows," "Stage-coach," and a lot of other games.

I am living down on Staten Island this winter and miss my little friends in New York very much.

My mother always took you when she was a little girl, and even now finds some of the stories interesting.

I am very sorry that Miss Du Bois stopped "The Lass of the Silver Sword" because I was very much interested in it. I think "The Young Railroaders' Series" is fine.

The drawings and poetry in ST. NICHOLAS League I like very much.

Your loving reader,

ELIZABETH STEAD (age 10).

ELIZABETH and Eula and a great many other readers who have written us enthusiastic letters about "The Lass of the Silver Sword" will be glad to see that a sequel to that story begins in this number. It is called "The League of the Signet-Ring."

NASSAU, BAHAMAS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the West Indies in a place called Nassau, and I wish to tell you some funny little things. One is about the black boys and the others about our donkey, Jenny.

When the steamer comes in from New York, the little black boys dive for pennies.

One day when we went for a drive in our donkey-cart we met two black men, one on the right side of the road and the other on the left, and each of them had a bundle

of wood on his head. The donkey was frightened and jumped to one side of the road and nearly upset the carriage and all. One day when we were at breakfast the donkey put his head inside the door and made a funny noise as if he was singing, and Father shut the door. One day a black woman came into the yard to bring some bread, and the donkey chased her all over the yard. I must close now because my letter is getting too long.

Your loving reader,

KATRINA YOUNG (age 10).

SHARON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was spending the afternoon with one of my friends when I first heard that my verses had won a silver badge. One of the "Seven Leaguers" telephoned to me and asked me to guess what I had won in St. Nick. When I found that I had really won a silver badge, I did n't know what to do. It came yesterday. It is beautiful and I shall wear it all the time. I know it will make me try all the harder to win a gold one.

I enjoy the ST. NICHOLAS very much and am especially interested in the League and Mr. Gilman's stories. Mr. Gilman preached in Sharon recently and I went to hear him.

Thanking you again for my badge and wishing you great success in the future, I am,

ALICE LOUISE ACKARD.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy reading you very much. I am a little cripple and cannot run and play like other children, so I read a good deal. I like the stories in you, but most of all the stories of Betty. I have not been able to go to school regularly till this year. I get along nicely and I have such a fine teacher.

Your admiring reader,

FRANCES FOREST (age 11).

MONTREAL, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have never written to you before, I have always read the Letter-Box through, and as you seemed to have so few Canadian correspondents, I thought that I would write to you.

We had had beautiful weather until a couple of days ago, when it grew bleak, and to-day it is pouring. I have had, however, such lovely tobogganing and skeeing that I have nothing to grumble at.

We have taken your lovely magazine ever since 1899, and Mother thinks it is the nicest book, both for children and "grown-ups," that has ever been published.

We have two dogs, a black one called Ovo, who is one year old, and a brown one named Roy, who is eight years old. They are both cocker-spaniels.

I have three sisters, two of whom are away, and they all read and enjoy dear old ST. NICHOLAS.

Your loving well-wisher,

ALISON AIRD (age 13).

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have taken you for three years, this is my first letter to you.

I enjoy your pages ever and ever so much and I believe they are just as interesting to Papa and Mama as when they were children themselves, and used to read them then.

I go to school in the morning and in the afternoon prepare my lessons for next day's recitations. A good many of your readers probably do the same. They must know, as I do, that it is very difficult to keep one's mind on Cæsar's wars and geometrical problems when a few inches from the elbow are the stories and "Puzzle-Box" of St. NICHOLAS, which are very much more interesting.

Hoping that this letter is not too long, I remain,

Your loving reader,

CLARA M. TITCOMB (age 14).

THE FAIRIES' MAY NIGHT

I AWOKE last night from a dream, my dear,
And went to the window with never a fear.
I opened the window and peered through the screen,
And wondered at seeing all over the green
A host of bright fairies, such wonderful things—
They had the most beautiful, shimmering wings,—
Their clothes were all made of violets sweet,
And they all had the tiniest, daintiest feet.
Next morning after the dew had left,
I saw their May-poles to the right and left,
That looked like spider-webs sunbeam swept
Where, on the rocks and the thorns, they had slept.

EMILY PIERPONT STICKNEY (age 9).

DULUTH, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you about my little cousin; he is about two years old. One day when we were down to his house the older people were talking about strikes and strikers, and they were telling what they would do if they were the managers of the railroads. And Grandpa asked my cousin what he would do if he were manager. And the little two-year-old replied: "Put him in the sink and pour water in his ear."

Your interested reader,

VERA LINDAHL.

BOURNEMOUTH, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about a week we spent in London at the beginning of the year.

It is one hundred and eight miles from here to London. We motored up, staying all night at Winchester, then starting at eleven the next morning; we had lunch at Guildford and reached our destination about a quarter past three in the afternoon. The hotel we had lunch at in Guildford is very old, and the floors are all uneven. It reminded me of walking on board ship.

We arrived in London on Sunday, and on Monday morning we all went to Harrod's and bought some things. In the afternoon we went to see the Drury Lane Pantomime, "Aladdin." On Tuesday afternoon we went to see "Peter Pan." It was lovely. I never liked anything so much. On Thursday we saw "Alice in Wonderland." On Friday, "Pinky and the Fairies." On Saturday, "Where Children Rule." They were all perfectly lovely, but the two I liked best were "Peter Pan" and "Where Children Rule." I never saw such young children acting before. The queen of the fairies in "Pinky and the Fairies," could not have been any older than six, and in "Where Children Rule" there were two little girls not more than seven or eight. Miss Pauline Chase took the part of *Peter*.

We left London Sunday morning and got to Bournemouth Monday afternoon. We have often motored to London in five hours and a half, but Mother thought it was better to take two days, so that I would not get tired.

I have taken you for five years, and I do not know what I would do without you.

It will be three years in June since we left Canada. We were going home last summer, but I got ill, so we could not go; but we are going next summer if nothing happens.

Your loving reader,

MARGARET OSBORNE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I love the magazine very much. I got you for Christmas. My sister took you before I did, and now I am taking you and love you *so much*!

My sister has a dog, its name is Chinkie; it is a very funny name. Chinkie really seems to act more like my dog than my sister's, because she follows me all over and we are *such* good friends. One Sunday I was going to church and she was following me. I tried to send her back, but she simply would not go. I did everything I could to make her go home again, but it was no use. She just kept on and would not go back, in spite of all I could do or say. So when I got to church she followed me up the steps and was going in, but the man at the door shut it and made her go away. I thought she would go home, but when I came out she was sitting there, and then followed me home. I think she is a very intelligent dog indeed!

I will close my letter now, looking forward with great pleasure to the next number. I remain as ever,

Your devoted reader,

KATHARINE PUTNAM (age 11).

BERKELEY, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We never have snow out here at all and I have only seen it about five times. I have good times other ways though. My aunt has a big wheat-field in front of her house. When it was planted last month the quail came around. They are certainly very beautiful birds!

One day we counted over one hundred and twenty-five. My sister and I have lots of fun together. Papa has two automobiles.

We are going to have a kermess here pretty soon. Mama is chairman. It is for the Anti-Tuberculosis Society.

I am in the seventh grade at school. I like French and history and grammar best. Sometimes I make candy for my teachers. I like my arithmetic teacher best. Berkeley is a very pretty place.

With every good wishes for success from

AMY H. REQUA (age 13).

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very fond of your magazine. We have every number that you have issued (from 1874 up to date). Your stories are fine. I especially like your serial stories. We have many books at my home. I could say they are better than our best because if I once get started reading a book I am not satisfied until I finish. By trying to finish a book quickly I lose the idea of the author. But in the St. NICHOLAS I cannot read but so much of a story and have a chance to think about it. We have had all our magazines bound in half-year volumes. I have much interest in looking over back numbers. I should thank the St. NICHOLAS for one special reason: it has started me collecting stamps, and now I have a stamp collection that I am proud of,—considering the length of time I have been collecting. I have been helped by the stamp page very much. I am eleven years old, although I am in seventh grade in one of our grammar schools.

Truly yours,

"ROBIN HOOD."

Mother's Day

is every day while the mother lives, and as long afterwards as her children survive her.

For over one hundred years, we have endeavored to help the mother inculcate cleanly habits to produce a healthy skin.

The use of Pears' Soap prevents the irritability, redness and blotchy appearance from which many children suffer, and prevents unsightly disease which so baffles dermatologists, and hinders the proper physical and moral development of the child.

Pears' Soap produces a matchless complexion which not only gives natural beauty but a matchless comfort to the body.

Health, beauty and happiness follow the use of Pears' Soap. The mothers of today can well follow the example of the last six generations and have their memory revered by teaching their children to use

Pears' Soap

Mother's Day is to be observed all over the United States, the second Sunday in May, to honor and uplift motherhood, and to give comfort and happiness to the best mother who ever lived—*your mother*. In loving remembrance of your mother, do some distinct act of kindness—either by visit or letter. A white flower (perfectly white carnation) is the emblem to be worn by you. Send one to the sick or unfortunate in homes, hospitals or prisons.

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

"All rights secured."



As a drink, Welch's Grape Juice has no equal

It is a product of nature, not a concoction or an artificial product. The rich flavor of luscious Concord's is as effectively retained in the glass bottle under the Welch seal as in the grape berry sealed by nature.

Welch's Grape Juice

should be in every home. Serve plain, or with carbonated water, or in lemonade. Use it in making a punch or dessert. Order a few bottles from your dealer.

If your dealer doesn't keep Welch's, send \$3.00 for trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha. Sample 3-oz. bottle by mail, 10 cents. Booklet of 40 delicious ways of using Welch's Grape Juice, free.

The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N. Y.



CHARTER OAK
PATTERN

Durability and Beauty

have made this ware famous for many years.
It affords the longest service
and satisfaction—

*"Silver Plate that
Wears"*

The *heaviest* triple plate is guaranteed by
the trade mark

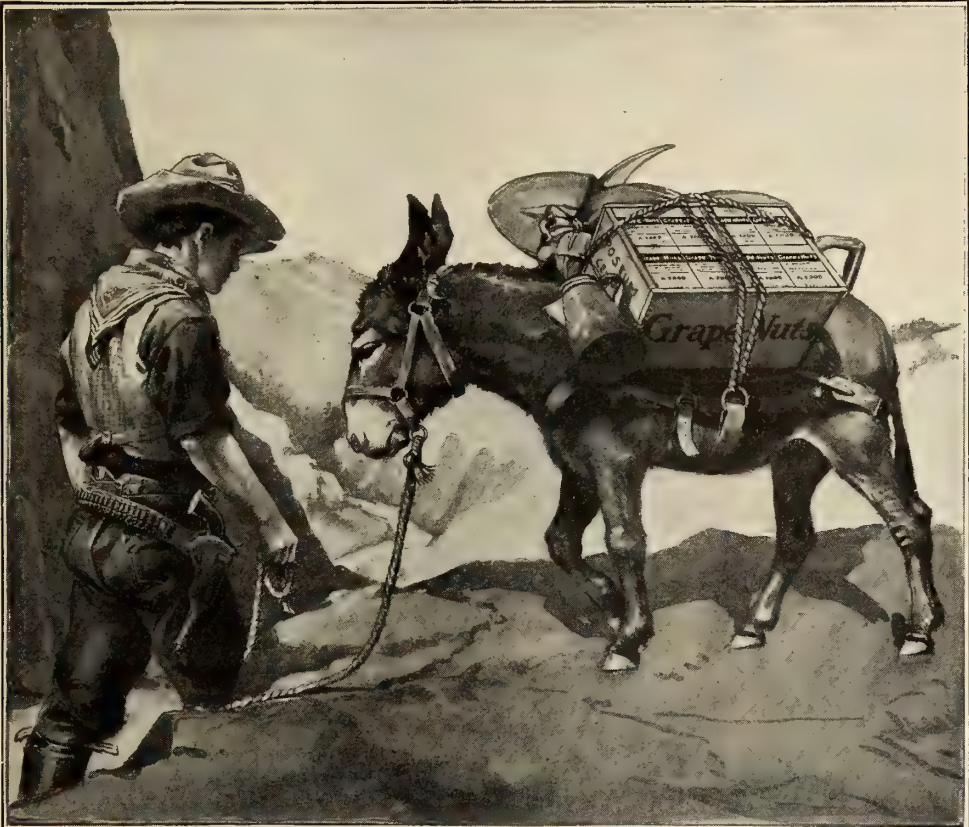
**1847 ROGERS BROS. X S
TRIPLE**

Sold by leading dealers. Send for catalogue "S-5" showing designs.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.

(International Silver Co., Successor)

New York
Chicago
San Francisco



A Good Grubstake

As a Nourishing Food,

Grape-Nuts

has a condensed strength unequalled, and it keeps indefinitely.

A mountain Burro can pack enough Grape-Nuts to keep three men well-fed for three months.

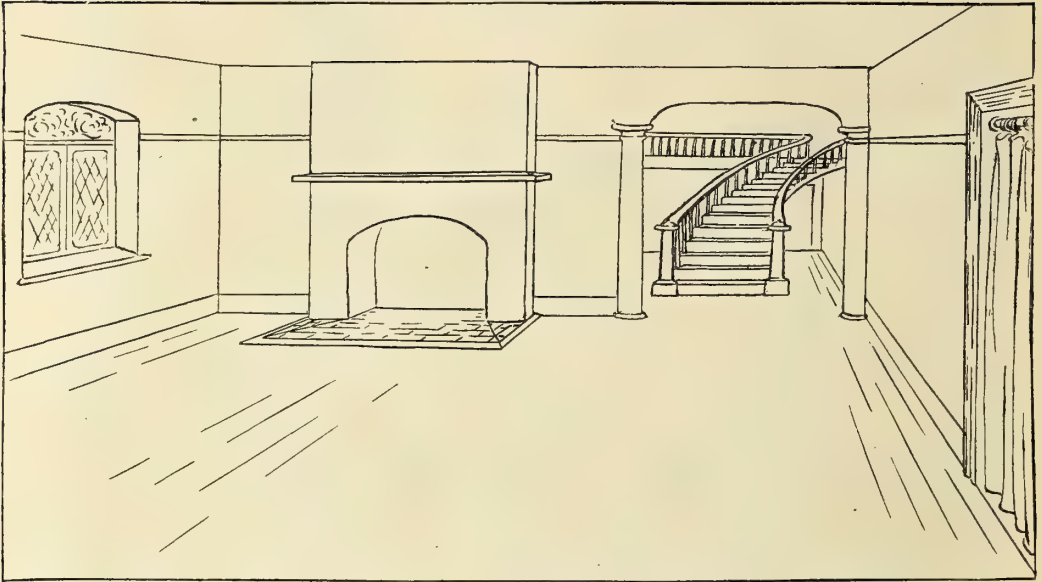
It's not quantity, but quality that makes this possible. Every crumb of Grape-Nuts carries its quota of Brain, Brawn and Bone nutriment.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A.

St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 101.

Time to hand in answers is up May 10. Prizes awarded in July number.



COMPETITION NO. 101

Number three in the "Model House" Advertising Competition is "A Model Drawing-Room and Hall." Take the outline shown above and enlarge it so that it measures 9 inches in height. Then put in furniture, bric-a-brac, rugs, etc., from advertising illustrations you find in any magazine.

Recognizing that every additional article in a room adds to the difficulty of arrangement—and is also a mark of the industry of the competitor, the prizes will be awarded those who make the "best-looking" room, which contains the most articles arranged in the most natural manner. Preserve the perspective by placing large objects near the front, and the smaller ones in the back of the room. Give a list of the articles you have in the picture—together with the names of the firms from whose advertisements they were cut—and the magazines in which you found them. All the members of your family may help you—any reader of ST. NICHOLAS of any age may participate—the more the merrier. Let everybody send in a "Model Drawing-Room."

The prizes and conditions are as follows:

One First Prize, \$5.00.
Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each.
Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each.
Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each.

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (101). Judges prefer that the sheet be not larger than $7\frac{1}{2}$ x 10 inches.

3. Submit answers by May 10, 1910. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 101, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York, N. Y.

Advertising Editor.

(See also page 10.)



About New Clothes For Women and Children

You can now have new dresses for yourself and the children in all the latest shades and styles, and at little expense with the aid of

Diamond Dyes

Perhaps you have some last season's dresses that are too good to throw away. Perhaps they are a little soiled, or faded, or the color is out of style.

It's as easy as washing a handkerchief to give them handsome, new shades with Diamond Dyes. And Diamond Dyes will make them look like new, too.

And not only look like new, but the chemical action of the dyes will add life to the material and give it longer wear.

You may have tried dyeing some old material before, and were not satisfied. But it was n't Diamond Dyes you used. Diamond Dyes are far superior to any in the world, and give perfectly splendid results.

After trying them once, you'll use them with pleasure on many things you have in the home that seem too good to throw away.

There are a thousand uses for Diamond Dyes and each one will save you money.

You Take No Risk With Diamond Dyes

You can use Diamond Dyes and be sure of the results. You can use them with safety on the most expensive piece of goods—and there is no danger of the goods becoming spotted or streaked, or harmed in any way.

Faded hosiery, silk gloves, veils, and feathers can be made like new with their use.

Portieres, couch covers, table covers, ribbons, sashes, and trimmings of all kinds are given new life and added beauty.

And for dyeing dress goods, faded garments, skirts, waists, and suits, Diamond Dyes are invaluable, both in economy and usefulness.

There is no other dye made that will do the work of Diamond Dyes. There is no other dye that you can use with such perfect safety to the material.

DIAMOND DYES

are "The Standard of the World" and no other dye is so perfect in formula, positive in action, certain in result.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE USE OF DYES

Diamond Dyes are the Standard of the world and always give perfect results. You must be sure that you get the *real* Diamond Dyes and the *kind* of Diamond Dyes adapted to the article you intend to dye.

Beware of imitations of Diamond Dyes. Imitators who make only one kind of dye, claim that their imitations will color Wool, Silk, or Cotton ("all fabrics") *equally well*. This claim is false, because no dye that will give the *finest* results on Wool, Silk, or other *animal* fibres, can be used successfully for dyeing Cotton, Linen, or other *vegetable* fibres. For this reason we make two kinds of Diamond Dyes, namely: Diamond Dyes for Wool, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton.

Diamond Dye Annual—Free

Send us your name and address (be sure to mention your dealer's name and tell us whether he sells Diamond Dyes) and we will send you a copy of the famous Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and 36 samples of dyed cloth, all FREE. Address

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., BURLINGTON, VERMONT

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 99

You chose all kinds of subjects; and some of your papers showed a good deal of originality and extreme care.

The First Prize winner had a "Message from Mars," which advised the people of the world to use "Fairy Soap." More than one half of the page was painted black and on it white stars and a moon and a flaming comet appeared. Across this sky, written in white ink, was the message from Mars.

The criticism which this evoked was that the name of the advertised article did not stand out—in fact was hidden. While it is all right to awaken curiosity, and even in some cases to *hide* the name of the goods—for the ideal advertisement such a method should not be adopted. However, the work was beautifully done and the idea was by far the cleverest submitted.

In the "Knight's Move Puzzle," which was based on Competition No. 92, one of the second prize winners made a very attractive paper; while a young man, winner of one of the third prizes, won it by a design for a page advertisement of ST. NICHOLAS—which was well laid out and had bright alliterations, such as "Serial Stories, Tales of

Travel, Notes on Nature, Interesting Illustrations, Camera Contests, Helps for the Home," etc., the first letter of each line spelling "*St. Nicholas*." Had his design been a little more carefully mounted it would have given one of the second prize winners a hard struggle for the supremacy; but, as usual, the bright idea, *plus* the evidence of painstaking care in details, won the prizes.

Below are the names of the winners:

One First Prize of \$5.00:

Frank M. Sleeper.

Two Second Prizes of \$3.00 each:

Elisabeth R. Bevier.

Charlotte Knapp.

Three Third Prizes of \$2.00 each:

Bancroft Sitterly.

Arthur Blue.

F. Clemens Moffett.

Ten Prizes of \$1.00 each:

Hazel Little.

Mary E. Aplin.

Elizabeth Virginia Kelly.

Dorothy Stables.

Cassius M. Clay, Jr.

Katherine Inez Bennett.

Helen Wood.

Ellen Moore Burdett.

Dorothy Atwell.

Kathleen S. Rutter.

(See also page 8.)

HONOLULU AND BACK (1st Class) \$110

5 1-2 days from San Francisco

The splendid twin-screw steamer *Sierra* (10,000 tons displacement) sails from San Francisco May 7, May 28, June 18, and every 21 days. Round trip tickets good for 4 mos. **Honolulu**, the most attractive spot on entire world tour. Volcano Kilauea now unusually active. **Line to Tahiti and New Zealand.** S. S. *Mariposa*, connecting with Union Line, sails May 21, June 29, etc. Tahiti and back (24 days) \$125. New Zealand (Wellington) \$246.25, 1st class, round trip, 6 mos. Book Now.

Oceanic S. S. Co., 673 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

Spare your purse while pleasing your friends

A Miniature Monkey Wrench of Perfect Design and Workmanship. Price 25c. each, postpaid

Do not send coin. It is liable to loss in the mails. Send stamps, postal note, or check

MINIATURE NOVELTY CO.

130 East 20th Street

New York

Quaker Oats

is the one best food for all

IT is the one great builder of body and brain that is within the reach of every purse and which gives the biggest return in vigor, health and strength.

It makes no difference who is to eat it; infant, laborer, athlete or aged person; it makes no difference whether he is wealthy or poor; it matters not if his health is delicate or robust.

Served with sugar and milk (or cream) it pleases your palate and makes a most satisfactory and strengthening dish.

Eat more Quaker Oats! You'll be in all the better health for doing so.

Regular size package 10c; also in the larger size family packages and in hermetically sealed tins for hot climates.



The Quaker Oats Company

CHICAGO

The 10c price does not apply in the extreme South and the far West.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

REENGRAVED HAITI

THE three-cent stamp of Haiti issued in 1893 is very similar to the stamp of the same value issued in 1896, and the question of distinction between them is frequently raised. The design of the latter issue is simply reengraved from the old plates in use for the earlier issue. In all the values, with the exception of the three-cent, there are differences in color which enable the collector to readily distinguish between the two plates. In the three-cent value the distinction is not so easy. The colors are described in the catalogue as "lilac-gray" and "gray lilac"; this in itself is rather confusing, and, as both exist in many shades, is no real guide. There are, however, other ways by which the two plates may be distinguished from each other. A careful study will reveal many differences in the design. If one has any value in both colors, a glance at the letter "c" in cent will reveal one of the most marked variations. In the older plate the ends of the letter turn markedly toward each other, as if about to form a complete circle, or letter "o"; in the later plate, the ends scarcely turn toward each other at all.

Should the collector have only one stamp, and nothing with which to compare it, the two issues can still be readily identified. Look closely just to the left of the figure of value in the upper right-hand corner. If you see three lines of shading both in the space bearing the word "cent" and also in the scroll beneath it, then the stamp is from the 1893 plate. In the 1896 issue there are only two lines above, and four lines in the scroll.

In the entire sheet some rows of stamps have a period after cent, and some do not. It is therefore possible for one in this country to get a set of the stamps in pairs, one stamp with and the other without the period.

THE QUESTION OF CONDITION

THE oft-discussed question as to the value of condition seems likely never to be ended. The editor recently read an exceedingly interesting argument on this subject, from the standpoint of condition versus empty spaces in the album of a collector. Which is better? There are, of course, many stamps practically unobtainable in perfect condition. Most of the older issues of many German States were not made with a view to stamp-collecting. In those early days cancellation was for the purpose of preventing a second use of the stamps, and was often done too effectively to please the present-day collector. It has been suggested that catalogues should quote prices for the earlier stamps in varying conditions; as "fine," "good," "average," and "poor." Such a pricing would put many stamps within the financial reach of the average collector, and would tend to give a value to such as are not in perfect condition, which yet well represent the specimen desired. An imperforate copy may not have wide margins on all four sides; slight tears may be in evidence, or a thinning on the back may exist without destroying the coloring or seriously injuring the design.

HIGH VALUE STAMPS

THE United States has discontinued the printing of the \$2 and \$5 denominations. There is no longer much, if any, need of these high values, because of the reduction of rates in letter postage to many foreign

countries. The higher values of British Colonials will undoubtedly be less frequently used for postage. Many of these, such as the £10 of Rhodesia, and the £5 of Zululand have always been scarce. There never was any need of their issue so far as postal requirements were concerned. While many of the high value stamps of some of the larger nations of the world are being discontinued or falling into disuse, it is interesting to learn that Brazil is contemplating issuing new values to the current set of official stamps, namely, 20,000, 50,000, 100,000, 500,000, and 1,000,000 reis. In the face of these formidable figures it is well to remember that 1000 reis is really not much more than twenty-five cents. Perhaps these high values are to be used similarly to the old United States periodicals. The entire official correspondence for each day could be weighed and postage prepaid upon it as a whole. The few stamps needed daily would be entered in a ledger and canceled there.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

¶ THERE is a good deal of truth in your remark that the standard stamp catalogues describe many stamps in such comparative terms that it is difficult "to tell which one has unless one has both!" The editor will try to describe the two Brazilian stamps for you. While the most characteristic difference between the 200 reis of 1881 and of 1882, when both are before one, is the larger head, yet there are other easily seen distinctions. Encircling the head is a row of dots or pearls. In the 1881 issue the frames surrounding the figures of value just touch this row of pearls, but do not impinge upon it. In the 1882 issue, on the contrary, these frames cross the row and obliterate some of the pearls. ¶ The 50 reis Brazil, 1881, can be distinguished from the 1882 in the following manner: Place a piece of paper across the stamp so that it is between the 5 and 0 of 50 on each side, touching the lower edge of 0 on the left and the ball of 5 on the right. In the 1881 small head issue the nose is a millimeter above the paper, while in the large head 1882, the paper cuts through the nostril. ¶ The term "Sidney Views" is used to denote stamps of the first design issued in New South Wales. These stamps picture a view (?) of Sidney in the background. The original plate was beautifully engraved, but became worn, and was reengraved, or rather retouched, in parts. The fine engraving makes the stamp especially beautiful when in good condition. They are rather expensive. ¶ There was a stamp paper published in England as early as the latter part of 1862. It was known as the "Monthly Advertiser." It existed for several years, but under different titles. ¶ In reply to your query about the British Levant 1 piaster 30 paras, 1908, brown and green, I would say that it seems likely to be a scarce stamp. The English dealers are raising their prices for it, and I learn that a large dealer in Constantinople has been trying to buy in the English market. If you have not already secured the Bulgarian surcharges 10 on 15 stot and 25 on 30 stot, it would be well to do so. These are not so frequently offered as formerly. To come nearer home, the 13-cent stamp of the United States is no longer on sale at the post-offices, and as it was in use only a short while should be added to your collection before it becomes scarce.

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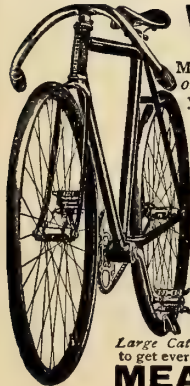
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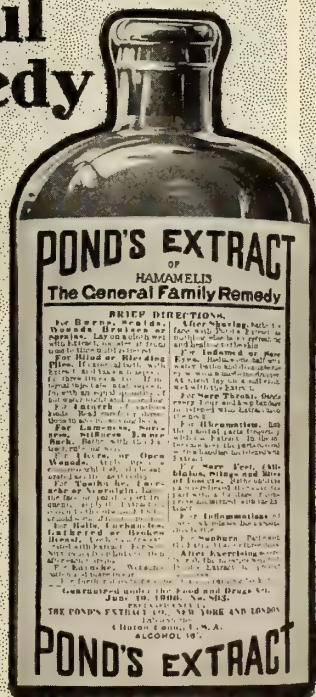
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"SWIFTLY THE LITTLE PRINCESS, CREEPING,
FLED, AT THE CALL OF A VAGRANT BIRD!"

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXVII

JUNE, 1910

No. 8

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I

NOON on the gardens fair and stately,
Close-clipped hedges and arbors rare;
Noon in the palace hush'd sedately—
King asleep in his cushioned chair.
Pages nodding and lords bent over;—
Breaking the silence, far and sweet,
"Tweet-tweet-tweet!" sang a bird in the clover,—
Warm winds blew it across the wheat!

II

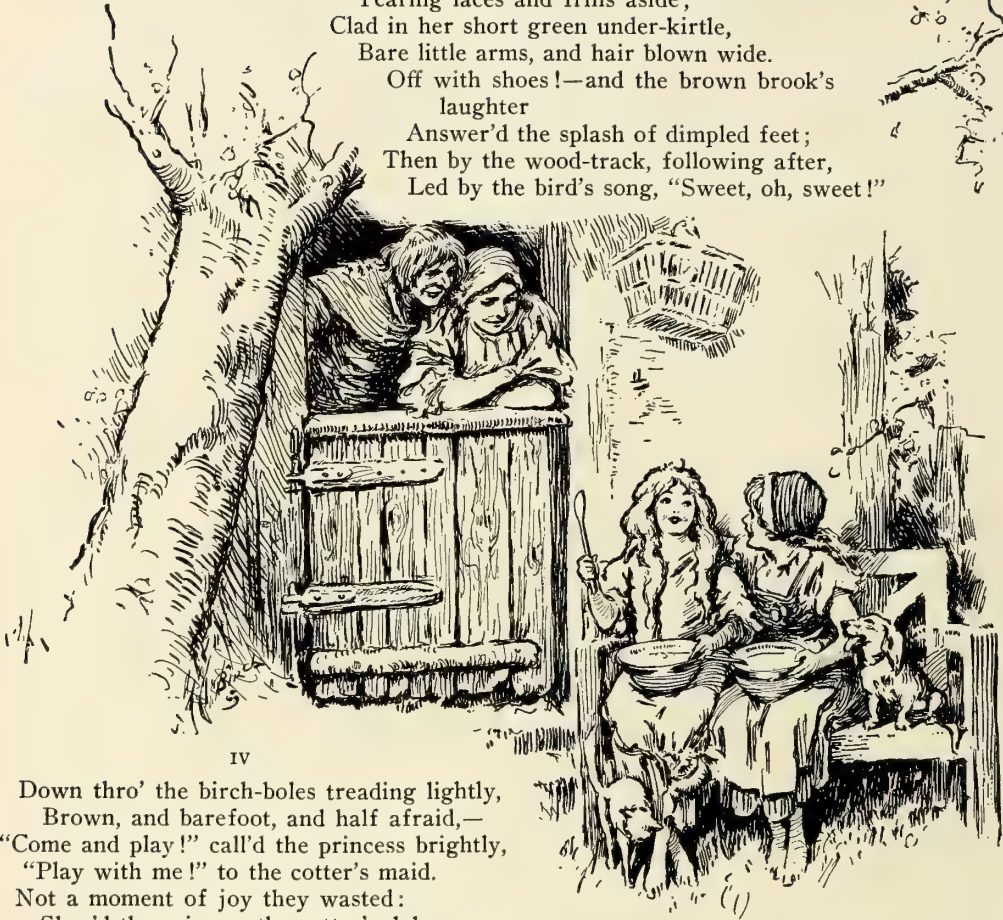
Princess Marjoline, fair and rosy,—
Sun a-fleck on her golden head,—
Scowl'd at her lessons dull and prosy;
"That bird 's happy!" she softly said.
Nodded the grim duenna, sleeping;
Eyes that saw not, nor ears that heard;
Swiftly the little princess, creeping,
Fled, at the call of a vagrant bird!

III

Down by hedges and beds of myrtle,
Tearing laces and frills aside;
Clad in her short green under-kirtle,
Bare little arms, and hair blown wide.

Off with shoes!—and the brown brook's
laughter

Answer'd the splash of dimpled feet;
Then by the wood-track, following after,
Led by the bird's song, "Sweet, oh, sweet!"



IV

Down thro' the birch-holes treading lightly,
Brown, and barefoot, and half afraid,—
"Come and play!" call'd the princess brightly,
"Play with me!" to the cotter's maid.

Not a moment of joy they wasted:

Shar'd the princess the cotter's dole;

Never such toothsome fare she tasted—

Black bread dipp'd in the creamy bowl!



V

Rout in the lighted palace revel'd,
Search'd and scann'd was the lordly place;
Torch-lit pages, and maids dishevel'd
Track'd the princess by scraps of lace!
Every hour of dark she number'd,—

Grim duenna,—with terror wild;

While ever the princess
calmly slumber'd

On the straw with the
cotter's child!

VI

Counsel'd at morn the lords together;
 Paced the monarch on restless feet.
 (Far away, from the grass and heather,
 Echoed the bird's song, "Sweet, oh, sweet!")
 Sudden a tumult—guards and pages,
 Torn green kirtle and golden hair;
 "Punish!" the old duenna rages;
 Shrieks the princess: "You will not dare!"



VII

"See, I love her! We play'd together!"
 Small white palm into brown one strayed;
 (Scared, like cattle in hempen tether,
 Stood the hinds and their barefoot maid).
 "Kind they were when I wander'd thither;
 Is it by bonds such debts we pay?
 Wicked pages, to hale them hither!
 I 'm to blame, for—I ran away!"

VIII

Twinkled the king's eyes, laughter-laden;
 "Gold and freedom for them," quoth he,
 "Since they have hous'd this wilful maiden
 Who hath flouted my house and me."
 Kiss'd and tweak'd in a breath, she winces.
 "This for penance, my tricky elf;
 Listen—whisper: your father, princess,
 Did the very same thing himself!"



HALLEY'S COMET

BY A. RUSSELL BOND

Photographs taken by Professor Barnard and reproduced here with his permission.

It is lucky that these are not the Middle Ages, or we should now be having the fright of our lives. A fiery comet suddenly made its appearance last January, and now another far greater one has arrived. The first one was a strange comet never seen before, but the second is an old and regular visitor, and in earlier days caused many a scare. Once in particular it spread consternation over the whole world. It was in 1456. The dreaded Turks were in the midst of their wars on Europe. For years they had been swarming across from Asia, dealing death and destruction wherever they went. But one Christian city at the very tip end of the continent defied them. Time after time they laid siege to it, but it withstood every assault. Finally, after a hundred years of war, this city, the great city of Constantinople, fell. All Christians were alarmed, for the Turks, flushed by the victory, advanced on the rest of Europe, and it seemed as if nothing could stop them. Just at this critical time an enormous comet appeared that stretched across a third of the heavens. It looked like a gigantic simitar, and every one was in a frenzy of fear. It surely meant that the terrible Turks would overwhelm the whole of Christendom. Church bells were rung and prayers offered to ward off the impending evil. The Turks, on the other hand, were also worked up to a high pitch of excitement; for in their superstitious fright they imagined it to be a flaming cross sent to warn them of their coming destruction at the hands of the Christians. But nothing extraordinary happened, and in time the comet faded out of sight. Since those stirring days the same comet has made us five visits and is now on a sixth. However, no one ever thought it was the same comet coming back every seventy-five or seventy-six years until about two hundred years ago, when Edmund Halley, an English scientist, began to study the matter. If an astronomer has the chance to observe the position of a heavenly body on three different nights he can tell you just where it came from, where it is going, and when, if ever, it will return. This Halley did with a large comet of his day, and his investigation showed that this was the very comet that had frightened the world after the fall of Constantinople. He also found that the comet would return again at the end of 1758 or beginning of 1759—a prediction that came true, for it made its reappearance on Christmas night, 1758.

We know all about the comet now, just when it will come again, and where it goes between visits. We know that it travels around the sun just as we do, but in an oval or elliptical path, with one end of the ellipse only half as far and the other thirty-five times as far from the sun as we are. We know that there is nothing supernatural about the comet, that it does not mean war or death. Yet there are many people even in these days who are frightened because they have learned that Halley's comet is going to come very close to us this time, so close that it will hit us with its tail. Now, if only these people knew a little more, they would be spared all their anxiety, as we shall presently see.

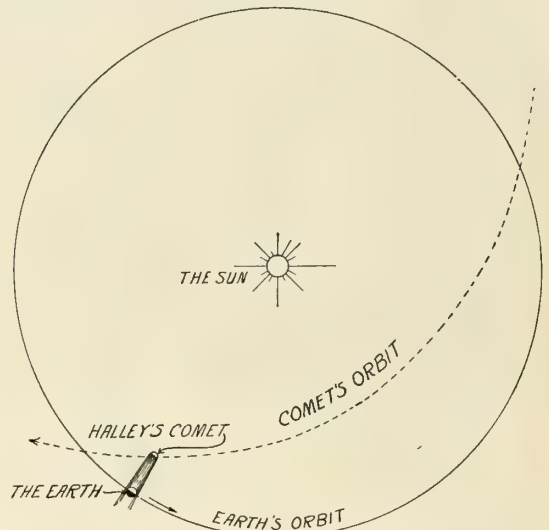


FIG. 1. SHOWING THE ORBITS OF THE EARTH AND HALLEY'S COMET.

Usually a comet has a bright spot in the head which is called the "nucleus." This is made up of solid matter. Around this is a hazy mass called the "coma" or "hair," which is made up of gas. This gas streams at one side into a misty, gauze-like tail. But comets look different at different times. Could you have seen Halley's comet thirty-seven years ago, when it was at the other end of its ellipse, 3,300,000,000 miles off, you would not have recognized the small, dark object, colder than the coldest ice, without the slightest trace of a tail, with no light of its own, traveling in a region of perpetual twilight, where

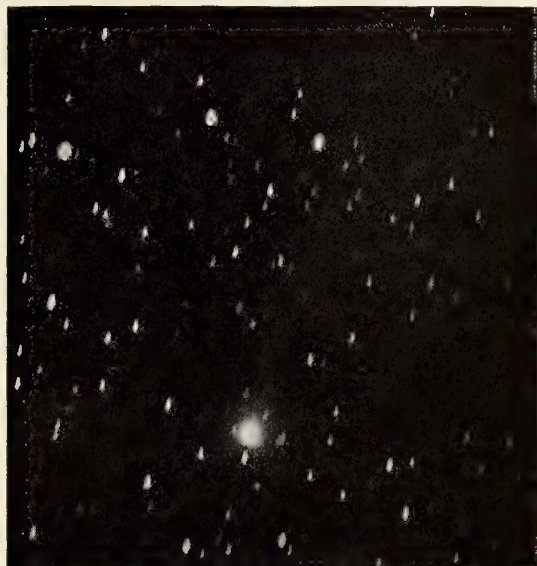
the sun looks no brighter than a street lamp. Since then the comet has been moving toward the sun, very slowly at first, then faster and faster, until by the twentieth of April it was traveling at a speed that would have made a rifle-shot look as if it were not moving. When it was first picked up by the largest telescopes last fall, it looked like a mere speck; but, as it approached the sun, the cold, frozen comet material began to warm up. Then it began to glow, and, like coal when heated, it commenced to give off volumes of gas that streamed out into a tail. The photograph opposite shows the comet on February 3, when it had only a wisp of a tail. But since then the tail has grown many millions of miles long.

On the twentieth of April the comet rounded the sun and began its return journey, back to the cold, dark regions it came from. As the sun was passed, the light, flimsy tail swept around faster than the head, and the comet is now moving off tail first. All comets do this, and it is a trick that has puzzled astronomers not a little. The tail acts for all the world like your shadow when you walk around a lamp. It always points directly away from the light. Astronomers think that it is the pressure of the sun's light that makes the gases stream off into space. When the sun shines on us, we do not feel a pressure, but we are very heavy compared with the stuff of which the tail is composed. An artificial comet's tail was once made at Dartmouth College, and when a stream of light was played on it the tail was actually pushed to one side.

Now if a comet's tail is so light that it may be whisked about by sunshine, it must be very light indeed, and it seems odd that a feather-weight mass of stuff like that can travel through space at such an enormous rate of speed. Why, on April 20 the head of the comet was making thirty-one miles per second. Think of it, ninety times faster than a rifle-ball! In the time it takes to fire a shot across the Hudson River the comet would speed from New York to Philadelphia. We can make a bullet travel one third of a mile in a second, but imagine trying to make a feather or a wisp of cloud travel half as fast! We put feathers on the tail of an arrow to make it trail behind the arrow-head, and here is the tail of the comet actually taking the lead. Something must be wrong; but we forget that there is nothing whatsoever to prevent a comet's tail from traveling as fast as it pleases, while on earth it is the air that prevents light objects from moving fast. If it were not for the air, your arrow would need to have neither head nor tail. A feather would drop to the ground as fast as a bullet. It would be no difficult matter for a

ball-player to throw a feather across the diamond, and home runs would be as common and probably more so if a tuft of down were used in place of a base-ball.

With nothing to prevent them from traveling as fast as they please, the light gases that stream out of the comet are kept in line by the



HALLEY'S COMET LAST FEBRUARY (1910), WHEN THE TAIL WAS JUST BEGINNING TO GROW.

sun's rays, and sweep around with never more than a slight curve of the tail. If we were within a few feet of the tail, we should n't hear a sound, not the slightest swish, because it is traveling through a vacuum.

It is this silent, ghost-like tail that is going to strike us on the eighteenth of May, but the earth will plow through it like a bullet through a wisp of smoke, at a speed of forty miles a second!

But there is another thing some people are afraid of. Astronomers can tell what a thing is by the light it gives off, and so they have discovered that in this comet's tail there is a gas called "cyanogen." Now, when this gas comes in contact with hydrogen it makes prussic acid, one of the worst poisons we know. This is the poison that whales are sometimes killed with. When a bomb of prussic acid strikes and explodes in a whale, the animal, big as it is, turns over and dies inside of five minutes. A single drop of prussic acid on your tongue would kill you almost instantly. Still we have nothing to fear. There is not enough cyanogen in the tail to do any damage, and it is so light that it cannot sink through the air or find enough hydrogen to form any dangerous amount of prussic acid.

Nearly all comets' tails have cyanogen in them, and this is not the first time we have encountered a comet's tail. In 1819 and again in 1861 the



FIG. 2. BEFORE MAY 18, 1910, THE COMET IS SEEN ONLY IN THE EAST JUST BEFORE DAWN FROM THE "SUN-RISE" SIDE OF THE EARTH.

earth passed through a comet's tail, but no one noticed anything except a splendid display of Northern Lights. Those of you who get this copy of *ST. NICHOLAS* before the evening of May 18 had better look out for an aurora.

No, we need have no fear of the tail. If the head of a comet struck us, that would be a different story. But we are not going to come anywhere near the head. When we pass through the tail, the head will be 14,000,000 miles away. The comet and the earth will be traveling in opposite directions, as shown in Fig. 1. The earth is moving at a speed of nineteen miles a second and the comet at twenty-two, so we won't tarry long in the tail, not more than a few hours at most.

During April and the first part of May the comet could be seen only before sunrise. After the eighteenth of May it will appear in the evening skies. Figs. 2 and 3 show how this is. In Fig. 2 we have a picture of the sun, comet, and earth as they will appear on April 20. The earth looks very large because it is in the foreground. The sun and the comet are really very much larger, but they are 90,000,000 miles away. The earth spins around on its axis toward the *east*, the side that the boy is peering around. The shaded or night side of the earth is toward us. The thread

of light around the eastern edge of the earth shows that dawn is breaking in America, while on the opposite side in Asia the sun is setting. People who are back in the shadow just off this thread of light can peer over the eastern horizon and see the comet without getting the glare of the sun, but as the earth turns on its axis it carries them around into the glare of the sun, and even before they get into the direct rays the comet will fade from view in the twilight of approaching dawn. In the meantime the earth is traveling bodily toward the right, as shown by the dotted line, while the comet is moving toward us. After the eighteenth, when the comet passes between us and the sun, it crosses over to the other side of the earth, and there it can be seen after sunset by peering around the *western* horizon at it. Fig. 3 shows the position on the twenty-fifth of May. Each day, as it moves away from us and the sun, we can see it later in the evening, but it will be growing fainter and smaller until, almost at the end of June, it will no longer be visible to the naked eye. The big telescopes will follow it much farther on its journey, but in



FIG. 3. AFTER MAY 18, 1910, WHEN THE COMET PASSES BETWEEN US AND THE SUN, IT WILL BE SEEN ONLY AFTER SUNDOWN IN THE WESTERN SKIES.

time they will have to drop it and let it pursue its lonesome journey to the cold, dark regions whence it came.

If a comet were only a living being, it would find its periodic visits to our neighborhood most interesting. When it last appeared, railroads



THE STRAY COMET THAT APPEARED LAST JANUARY, KNOWN AS "COMET A, 1910."



HOW A SMALL COMET LOOKS IN A BIG TELESCOPE. NOTICE THE TAIL WAFTED ABOUT BY SUNLIGHT.

were a novelty. On the visit before that, steam-engines were unknown, and Benjamin Franklin was making experiments with lightning and telling us something about electricity. This time it

finds us just learning to fly after having successfully navigated beneath the sea-level. Who can tell what great advances will be made by the end of this century, when Halley's comet makes its next visit?

HEARD ABOUT THE HOUSE

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

"Ho!" jeered the Sieve at the Needle, "there 's a hole in your head!"

"WHY am I so bright?" repeated the Door-knob; "because I have felt the warm hand-clasps of a thousand friends."

"ACCORDING to the older folk," chuckled the Chimney, "I am meant to carry off the smoke; but the children know that my real purpose is to serve as a highway for Santa Claus."

"THESE Mortals are so inconsistent!" mourned the Books in the library. "Some use us to help them work, others to help them idle; some read us to make themselves think, others to keep themselves from thinking."

"LIGHT is good," said the Window; "therefore I am made to let it in."

"Light is evil," retorted the Blind; "else wherefore was I made to shut it out?"

"Times and seasons, times and seasons!" ticked the Clock.

"I AM the great and universal genius!" proclaimed the Very Littlest of All the Hairpins. "I can mend a broken wire, draw a cork, clean a drain, pick a lock, untie a knot, and help in a thousand and one emergencies."

"True, perhaps," yawned the Mirror, "but are there not other things that can perform those services ever so much better? Why not stick to the work for which you were made?"

THE LEAGUE OF THE SIGNET-RING

BY MARY CONSTANCE DU BOIS

CHAPTER III

TREASURE TROVE

YES, the secret room was discovered at last!

"See, it was a bolt that held the panel," said Douglas, and to the treasure-seekers clustered before the china-closet he displayed a small, square piece of metal inserted into a groove in the surbase. Then he showed them the corresponding groove in the panel into which it had fitted, and from which his knife had displaced it, causing the little door to spring free.

Eric lost not a second in entering the secret premises. Douglas, Jack, and Jean followed, and found themselves in a space about the depth of the china-closet and nearly as long.

"We've felled the wood! Now let's find the treasure!" said Jean.

"Here she is!" announced Eric, as, in the darkness, he stumbled against a bulky obstacle. "Hooray! I bet it's the old captain's locker!"

Jean's cry of rapture was echoed by the girls outside. "Bring it out! Bring it out!" they called impatiently.

The coffer was dragged to the entrance, hoisted on end, and pulled forth into the light of day. It proved to be a small dark-colored wooden chest, bound with brass, and the sight of it was enough to bring the glitter of gold before one's eyes.

"The cap'n must have been an easy-going old chap," observed Jack. "He did n't bother much about new padlocks, did he?"

The chest was fastened merely by sticks thrust into the hasps, the padlocks being gone.

"It's been broken into!" groaned Eric. Anxiously he raised the lid, and the girls as anxiously bent to look. The captain's trustfulness had not been abused; the coffer evidently held treasure of some sort, wrapped in a piece of purple brocade. Eric lifted a fold of this covering, and they saw, not indeed Spanish coin, but yet the glitter of gold and silver, the sparkle of gems, and the luster of mother-of-pearl; for the upper layer consisted of antique trinkets and curios.

"Not much treasure about that!" said Eric, but there was a scream of delight from the girls.

"They're presents from the captain to his lady-love, and she must have died before he got home!" suggested Jean.

"Oh, see this beautiful little gold box studded with gems!" cried Cecily, on her knees before

the locker. She held up a small round box, all of gold, the cover set with a circle of tiny yellow topazes. Peeping out from under the lid was a small slip of paper, on which something was written. Cecily glanced at it and read aloud: "Sugar-plums for the Frisky Mouse!"

Blankly the girls stared at each other, for *Frisky Mouse* was the sobriquet of merry, black-eyed Frances Browne! "Oh, pshaw! It's all a joke!" exclaimed Cecily. Then the girls burst into a peal of merriment, and the boys into a hilarious shout, with the exception of Eric, who contented himself with the bitter comment, "Stung!"

"Carol! You wretch! You fraud! You wicked Alruna!" The queen fell on her chief counselor and shook her, laughing.

"What is your Majesty attacking me for?" Carol inquired. "Sea-captains always travel about with a whole menagerie of pet tigers and orang-utans and boa-constrictors! Captain Armstrong would n't have been worthy of his ship if he had n't owned at least a tame mouse! Be careful of those candies, Frances; they may turn out to be 'Rough on Rats' sugar-coated!"

"I'll try one on Jack," said Frances, who had pounced on the golden box, and found it filled with tiny sweets.

"I'm always ready to sacrifice myself in a good cause," said Jack, and he nobly helped himself to three, only to be charged with greed.

"For the Princess of the Scroll!" "For the Princess of the Treasure!" read out Cecily, gathering up more riches from the hoard. "Please explain how the captain came to be acquainted with Betty and me a whole century before we existed!"

"Why, the *uncle-cestor* of an *Alruna* ought to have some knack for reading the future and foretelling who were coming to loot his treasure, ought n't he?" said Carol. "It was a very sensible idea, I'm sure, to have everything already labeled, so that the ladies of the Sword of Love would n't squabble."

"Well, when did you find that secret room, anyhow?" asked Eric.

"When did the *captain*, you mean," his sister corrected. "This is *his* locker, not mine."

"But are all these beautiful things really and truly for us?" asked Betty.

"Is this gorgeous box really for me?" said Frances. "Look, girls, it has *Gilbert Chauncey* engraved on it!"

"Yes, the old Tory bequeathed you his snuff-

box, Frisk," said Carol. "Help yourselves to the plunder, Silver Sworders."

"You old duck of an Alruna!" exclaimed Jean. "I forgive you all your wickedness!"

The plunder was divided, and if it had indeed been diamonds the girls could not have shown more delight, as each found awaiting her some

dainty miniature set in the clasp. Phyllis fell heir to a pair of solid gold shoe-buckles studded with garnets, the very things to adorn her hat and belt. Evelyn's prize was a gold purse or reticule, hung on a thin gold chain. It was only two inches square and was set with turquoises; and it exhaled, when she opened it, a faint aromatic perfume, showing it to be a vinaigrette.

Jean won, as her share of the spoil, a little box of shining mother-of-pearl. She drew a long breath of delight, as, opening it, she brought out an exquisite ivory miniature. It was framed in pearls, and the back was of antique ruddy gold. It was meant to be worn as a pendant, for it was hung on a chain of golden links. But Jean forgot the richness of the setting in gazing on the picture itself, which was painted in tones as delicate as the tints of a sea-shell. Out from her frame of pearls looked the round, winsome face of a little maiden. She had not long stepped out of babyhood, yet her sunny curls were gathered up on top of her head, and her dimpled shoulders peeped out from a folded white kerchief.

"You darling!" cried Jean. "You little love! Who is she?"

The quaint baby beauty made a conquest of hearts on the spot. "She looks like one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's children," said artist Cecily. She glanced from the child's face to Carol's, full of sweetness and charm, to her lovely deep-lashed soft brown eyes and her curly bright-chestnut hair. "I think *you* must have looked like that, Carol, when you were a little tot. Was n't your hair just that red-gold color? It's red-gold-brown now. What grandmother is she? A great-great?"

"No grandmother at all, and she was n't a darling, either," replied Carol. "She was a horrid little thing, with a very bad temper. That red in her hair is her temper streak. That's your Big Sister, Jean, at the mature age of five. And now I'll do a little more confessing. The miniature that belonged in that locket was broken, so Grandfather had little *me* put in, dressed up in eighteenth-century style; and I'm giving myself to you, Queenie, because I know that, with all her faults, you love your Big Sister still."

"You're the dearest sister that ever was!" said Jean. "And I'd rather have this than anything else in the world! Oh, is n't it beautiful, with the pearls and the gold! But your darling baby self! She's the best treasure of them all."

Hanging the chain about Jean's neck, Carol went on with her confession. "Well, now it's all up with me, so I'll plead guilty to everything. Grandfather left me two big chests full of heirlooms—a hundred and fifty years old, and more,



"CAROL HUNG THE CHAIN ABOUT JEAN'S NECK."

unique and charming gift with her name attached. Cecily was enchanted with her trophy—a big French fan, a relic of the days of Louis XV. It was of creamy satin, and painted on it were gay little beaux and belles dancing the minuet. Its sticks were of ivory, so finely carved that it looked like lace-work. Betty was in raptures over an antique French necklace which Carol hung around her throat. The beads were large, clear crystals set in silver filigree, and the filigree pendant held, encircled in crystals, the tiniest of porcelain miniatures, showing the face of a pretty demoiselle with a rose in her powdered hair. Hilda's delight rivaled Betty's when she received the pair of silver and crystal bracelets that matched the necklace, each with its

some of them are—and I thought you 'd like a few as souvenirs of this old home."

The chests had contained heirlooms from soldierly grandfathers as well as from gentle grandmothers, and Carol now tossed aside the brocade and revealed a regular arsenal of weapons. "I could n't find any Scotch claymores," said she, "so allow me to arm the chief of Clan Gordon with a Spanish rapier instead." And she presented Douglas with a long, slender weapon not less than two centuries old.

"Oh, thank you ever so much! I never saw such a stunner. Whe-ew! And it 's two-edged! Must have done good work! Ha! Have at thee, Jack!" Douglas made a scientific lunge at his chum, but Jack was soon able to defend himself, for Carol handed him a Turkish simitar, with a curved blade and a hilt of beaten brass. She then armed Dick and Ned with cutlasses. "And this is for you, Eric." She brought out a fine saber. "See what Grandfather wrote on it: 'Major Armstrong's sword. To be given to my grandson Eric.' I found it in the attic."

"It 's a dandy!" said Eric. "Well, now the loot 's divided up, go ahead and tell a fellow. When did you find the secret room?"

"Years ago," Carol answered. "Howard and Al and I all found it together, but we kept dark about it, because Grandfather told us it was an old family law, if you found the room, never to tell any one where it was. And you see I did n't tell you *out and out*; I merely left a few hints in cipher; I just tore a page out of an old note-book that I found, and watered my ink to make it look revolutionary. And the last time Alan was home we ran out here and buried the treasure and painted the arrow on the garret floor. But Douglas was unkind enough to see through it. When he came and showed me the paper, I saw by the twinkle in his eye that he had guessed, so I had to confess. But I did n't tell him where the treasure was buried."

"Douglas Gordon!" said Jean, with awful severity, "do you mean to say you guessed it and then kept it all to yourself?"

"Well, you see," Douglas admitted, "I 've been reading Poe's 'Gold Bug' lately. That 's all about buried treasure, and the man finds a cipher that shows him how to look for it. That 's why I knew about E and 'the,' and worked it out so easily. And I thought maybe the person who wrote *this* cipher had been reading the 'Gold Bug,' too."

"Gold bugs are useful insects," said Carol.

"Jack!" Cecily turned on her cousin, "did you suspect, too?"

"Oh, well, I had a kind of subconscious feeling

we might find 'April fool!' written on the coffer," Jack confessed.

A thorough investigation was then made of the secret room and its construction. The china-closet in the dining-room and the dresser in the kitchen were shown to be each about nine inches shallower than the side of the chimney which they flanked, and it was the space between the two that formed the hiding-place.

"Shucks!" growled Eric. "If I 'd known it was a little bit of a *closet*, I 'd have found it myself. I thought it was a whole room!" He returned to his sword for consolation; and when Alan came in with the mail he heard the clash of arms, and beheld five combatants thrusting, feinting, and parrying for the benefit of their fair ladies, and at the imminent risk of disfiguring one another for life.

"I feel," remarked Jean, when peace reigned once more, "as if wherever I touched the wall or anything else, jewels would come tumbling out!" She was examining her mother-of-pearl box as she spoke. It was lined with blue satin. "Why, what 's this hard lump under the lining?" she exclaimed. "Don't tell me it 's more buried treasure!" The satin was a trifle frayed, and she noticed a slight rent. Inserting her finger in the hole, she drew forth a ring!

"Wonders will never cease!" cried Carol. "How did *that* get there?"

The girls pressed about eagerly to see the ring. It was of chased gold, set with a large amethyst, in which was cut a monogram. "It 's a seal-ring!" said Carol, studying the initials. "V C—Veronica Chauncey! Alan! Eric! this is Grandmother Veronica's ring! What a treasure!"

"You 're a splendid actress, Carol," said Jean, "but you can't April-fool us this time!"

"My dear girl, nobody 's April-fooled but myself!" said Carol. "I never saw this ring in my life before!"

"Carol Armstrong," said Jean, solemnly, "do you really mean to say *you* did n't hide it there?"

"Jean Lennox, on my word of honor, I never saw, heard of, or dreamed of that ring! I 'm as much surprised as you are, and a hundred times more so!"

"Well, then," said Jean, "I 'm glad you 're paid back, you naughty Alruna! It serves you right! I 'm glad you have a present yourself, too! What a beauty of a stone! Was n't it lucky I felt that lump and poked my finger in?"

"I 'll bless you forever, Queenie," said Carol. "Oh, girls, you don't know what a precious find this is for me! Veronica's own ring! And this must be her jewel-box, too. I thought it would make a pretty case for the miniature. Was n't

it good that I did! If I had n't, we might never have found the ring!"

"*V C—C V*," said Jean. "*Caritas et Veritas!* Look, girls, you can read it either way, the letters are tangled up so! Veronica ought to have belonged to the order!"

"Why, actually, she had the Silver Sword initials, had n't she!" said Carol. "What a coincidence! And she was loyal and loving! You'll have to adopt her as the grandmother of the order! Wait a minute—I must show the ring to Mother."

She hurried up-stairs, but soon returned with the jewel in her hand. "Your Majesty," said she, "let me invest you with your signet-ring! I'm not allowed to really make you a present of it, but it is to be yours for purposes of state, and you must sign all your decrees with it. Hold out your royal finger." She slipped it on Jean's finger, and it fitted perfectly.

"May I really wear it and use it for my signet?" asked Jean, delighted. "Oh, I'll take the best care of it! Thank you ever and ever so much. Battle maids, don't you ever dare to disobey me *now*, when you get my orders stamped with the queen's seal!"

CHAPTER IV

THE MYSTERIOUS HORSEMEN

THE rest of the afternoon was devoted to rifling every chest in the attic, and the plunderers came down to dinner arrayed in the spoils. Jean and Cecily rustled down-stairs in flowered brocades. Frances buried her gipsy face in a white satin poke-bonnet with limp purple flowers, wrapped herself in a crimson silk shawl, and insisted on warming her hands in an enormous muff. Jack, with his simitar and a huge turban, was a terrible Moor, at sight of whom Evelyn, now a lady of the Empire in a short-waisted taffeta gown, resorted to her vinaigrette to keep from swooning. As for Douglas, with his cloak, slouch-hat, and rapier, he was always on the point of a duel with Major Alan of the Continental army, or the short but redoubtable Captain Eric of the navy. Carol, in black satin, with a demure lace cap and fichu, presided as grandmother of the motley band, and Lady Martha Washington received them at the drawing-room door,—for Mrs. Armstrong had put on mob-cap and kerchief for the occasion. Before dinner was announced the masqueraders practised the minuet.

"We need only the mysterious horsemen to make the party complete," said Carol. "They say the day Veronica was married they had a grand ball here, and just as they were dancing the

minuet they heard horses come galloping up to the door. The next minute there came two thundering knocks, but when they went to see who was there, they could n't find any one; only a tremendous gust of wind rushed in and nearly blew them away. It must have been some queer sound made by the wind, but the major always declared it was the ghosts of the British officers coming to scare Veronica in revenge for the trick she had played on them in helping Major Armstrong to give them the slip."

The minuet was in full swing when a loud rap-rap-rap sounded at the door. The dancers stopped in sheer surprise. Rap-rap-rap! The ancient door-knocker hammered thunderously. Hamlet, roused from his nap on the hearth, sprang up with a furious bark and growl. The same exclamation was on every tongue: "The mysterious horsemen!" Alan took the dog by the collar. Carol opened the door, and her cry of surprise had a note of glad welcome, too.

"Howard! Why!—Court Hamilton!"

The new-comers were tall young fellows and of about the same age. The first, one would have recognized anywhere as Alan's elder brother. The second was well known to the girls who had camped at Halcyon, for he was Jack's brother, and Cecily's cousin. If Carol was surprised to see them, they were no less amazed at sight of her somber gown and the lace cap on her curly hair.

"Who 's this?" asked Howard. "My great-grandmother? Why, Granny, how d' ye do?"

"Good evening, mysterious horsemen!" Carol dropped them a profound courtesy.

"Good evening, mysterious lady." Court made her a bow equally profound. "I thought I was going to find the Alruna here, but I'm afraid I'm walking in on a fancy-dress ball!"

"No, only on the year 1776," she answered, laughing, as they shook hands cordially. "Here comes Lady Washington!" she added, as Mrs. Armstrong hastened out from the drawing-room.

"*Comment vous portez-vous, monsieur?* Where have you come from? Did you drop from the sky?" asked Cecily, favoring her tall cousin with her finger-tips, like a true *grande dame*.

"No, mademoiselle; I've only come up from Florida, and I did n't come on an airship. I suppose you did n't hear how I got a chance to join a government survey corps down there," said Court, who was studying engineering.

Howard Armstrong had promised to join the house-party in time to lead the cotillion on the following evening, and he had been pledged to bring some friend with him. "I was going to get Billy Burton," he explained, "but I found Court hanging about, so I brought him along instead.

I thought we might as well come out a day ahead and make sure we have the figures planned out all right."

Howard was commended for his choice of a substitute.

"It's awfully good of you to take me in like this," said Court. "I called at the house this afternoon, and Howard said you were all out here and told me to come along, too. Please send me right off again if you don't want me."

"Of course we want you!" said Carol. "This is perfectly delightful! We can have a regular Halcyon reunion now. But you don't know what consternation you spread, you two, knocking at the door like the ghosts of the redcoats!" And she told the legend of the spectral riders. "But you did n't manage the thing correctly at all," she declared. "The idea of two mysterious horsemen having only one horse between them, and that one attached to a hack!"

"I'd have had Cyclone sent down from Halcyon on purpose, if I'd only known, and come galloping up *à la* Paul Revere," said Court.

"Dear old Cyclone!" exclaimed Jean. "How is he, the beauty?"

"Very poorly. He's fading away with anxiety to know whether Carol's going to bring Hia-watha up to Halcyon this summer, so they can have some good gallops together!"

"See here!" Howard put in. "I want some thanks. Here are all your cotillion favors!"

"You blessed brother!" cried Carol. "I've been worrying my hair gray for fear you'd forget all about them."

"He saw *my* package, and that jogged his forgettery," said Court. "Mrs. Armstrong, I thought you and Carol might enjoy a little whiff of Florida." He presented a box full of beautiful creamy orange- and lemon-blossoms embedded in silver-gray moss.

"Oh, thank you! How perfectly delicious!" said Carol, burying her face in the blossoms. "Court, your whiff of Florida is just what we need for to-morrow night. It'll make the prettiest part of the decoration!"

With Court and Howard to complete the gathering, the evening proved a doubly merry one; and Veronica not being on hand to sing, Carol acted as substitute, for she had a precious gift in that sweet voice of hers, and was going to Germany next fall to perfect it.

April showers descended next morning, but what cared the young people, busy indoors making additional favors! In the afternoon the sun flashed forth and called every one out for a walk along the river-bank; and evening brought the climax of the holidays—the dance.

At eight o'clock the girls came fluttering down in their light, dainty dresses to await the arrival of the Armstrongs' young friends. Frances, the best dancer in Hazelhurst, felt that the most glorious hour of her existence was at hand, for she was to lead the cotillion with Carol's "grown-up" brother Howard.

And by the time the guests had assembled Jean had forgotten all else in the charm of the scene around her; the quaint colonial rooms all abloom with flowers, the girls in their delicately tinted gowns, the light and loveliness on every side. She was still under the spell when Douglas claimed her for the first waltz.

At ten o'clock the music sounded for the cotillion, and the gayest part of the evening began. The leaders had a merry time of it, issuing their commands; and Jean, with a long red ribbon for reins, was made to drive four boys abreast, to meet and take for partners the girls driven by Douglas from the opposite end of the room. Alas! the girls were but a trio, and it fell to poor Jack's lot to be the unlucky member of the four-in-hand, left partnerless and alone! But his triumph came in the "candle figure," when, though blindfolded, he blew out the light with one mighty puff, and Betty, the candle-bearer, descended from the chair on which she had been mounted, to dance with him.

Like a bit of springtime was the pretty "garland figure," where the girls, two and two, held chains of daffodils for the boys to march beneath. In another figure June herself seemed to have come. High screens were set up, covered with crape paper, out of which blossomed posies ready for the buttonholes. The stems were held by girls hidden behind the screens, and whenever a bouquet was taken, a flower-fairy appeared, breaking her way through the green wall. Douglas gathered a rose and drew Cecily after it; and when Court plucked a spray of his own orange-blossoms, forth stepped Carol to be his partner.

The hours of that evening might have been stolen out of fairy-land. Yet how soon it was all over, and instead of the brilliant dance-music there sounded only the strains of the wind-harp in the chimney! The young people of the house-party clustered around the fireside, listening.

"I know what Veronica really did with her voice," said Court. "She left it to you, Carol."

"And it had to be kept in storage in the chimney a whole century waiting for me," Carol replied. "That's why it's degenerated so."

"You're wrong there," said he. "It's only grown richer and sweeter with age, like a violin." She dropped him a courtesy that would have done credit to her ancestress.



"THE PLUNDERERS CAME DOWN TO DINNER ARRAYED IN THE SPOILS."

The clock on the stairs chimed a warning to the loiterers to leave the fireside. Jean peeped into the chimney before she turned away. "I wish I could see you, you cunning little sprite up there!" she called. "And I wish you'd tell me what you're singing about!"

"It's singing an ode on the way Miss Frances and I made things hum to-night," said Howard.

"And I think," said his sister, "it's also trying to coax the house-party to come back some day."

CHAPTER V

AN ILL WIND

"CARISSIMA mia! How are you, darling? I've got oceans to tell you!"

"And I'm longing to hear, little daughter."

Jean had come home from school to spend Sunday. What a joyful difference there was between this year and last! A year ago her father and mother had been far away in Brazil, but now they were back in the Northern world again, henceforth New York, not Rio Janeiro, was Jean's home. Soon they were sitting side by side, the happy daughter and the sweet invalid mother who was so precious that English endearments had failed, and the last pet name had been stolen from the Italian tongue.

"Now I'll show you something pretty," said Jean, when the news of Hazelhurst had been told. Off she flew, and returned with a sheet of legal cap bearing a royal summons, signed with the monogram *V C* stamped in silvery sealing-wax. The queen's mother read the document with flattering interest:

On Saturday, May 15, the Order of the Silver Sword will hold a business meeting for the election of officers for the coming year. The meeting will be held in Castle Afterglow at 4 P.M., and will be followed by a tea.

"We're going to make a regular celebration of it," said the occupant of the room called *Castle Afterglow*. "And we want to have Carol come out for it."

"I'm afraid, darling," said Mrs. Lennox, "Carol can't attend the meeting."

Jean looked at her mother with startled eyes.

"Is she ill?"

"No, but she is needed at home just now."

"Mother, I know something's happened, and

you're keeping it from me! What is it? Tell me!" Distress and fear were in Jean's face.

"Yes, dear, something *has* happened, and the Armstrongs are in a great deal of trouble. Do you know what a business failure means?"

"Of course I do! It's when a man loses all his money. Oh, Mother, they have n't *failed*, have they? Carol won't be *poor*, will she? Oh, Mother, do hurry and tell me!"

"Listen, darling, quietly. You know Mr. Armstrong has not been well lately, and so he has had to leave too much responsibility on his partner, Mr. Fletcher. So, when he had to go to Florida last winter, Mr. Fletcher took advantage of his absence to do some things that he knew Mr. Armstrong would thoroughly disapprove of. And poor Mr. Armstrong trusted him so completely that he did not suspect anything was wrong until a few weeks ago. Since then he has been trying every means to save his business; but in spite of Mr. Armstrong's efforts the firm failed a few days ago."

"I don't understand," Jean broke in. "What *things* did Mr. Fletcher do, Mother?"

"I only know that every one says that his folly caused the failure, and that Mr. Armstrong has acted nobly and honorably, and intends to give up all his private property to pay his debts. But he will be left with scarcely anything."

"Oh, poor, darling Carol!" cried Jean. "Mother, can't *we* help them? Can't *I* do something for Carol? Oh, Mother, I *must* help her! What *can* I do?"

"Not much just now, Jean, but there is *one* thing you can do better than any one."

"I! What, Mother?"

"Go and comfort her right away."

"Mother, you know I love my Carol with all my heart," said Jean, "but I could never say anything to comfort her now. This trouble is *too* awful!"

"No, Jean. It will comfort her just to know that her little sister wishes to help her. Just go and tell her that you love her more than ever, now that she is suffering."

"That would n't do any good!" said Jean, despairingly. "We ought to *do* something!" But when Mrs. Lennox asked, "Where is the sword Caritas now, dear?" she buried her face on her mother's shoulder. A moment later she started to her feet. "I'll go, Mother! She'll find out how I love her anyhow!"

(To be continued.)

THE BOY WHO FORGETS

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

I LOVE him, the boy who forgets!
Does it seem such a queer thing to say?
Can't help it; he's one of my pets;
Delightful at work or at play.
I'd trust him with all that I own,
And know neither worries nor frets;
But the secret of this lies alone
In the *things* that the laddie forgets.

He always forgets to pay back
The boy who has done him an ill;
Forgets that a grudge he owes Jack,
And smiles at him pleasantly still.

He always forgets 't is his turn
To choose what the others shall play;
Forgets about others to learn
The gossipy things that "they say."

He forgets to look sulky and cross
When things are not going his way;
Forgets some one's gain is his loss;
Forgets, in his work-time, his play.
So this is why I take his part;
Why I say he is one of my pets;
I repeat it, with all of my heart:
I love him for what he forgets!



"FEATHER-STITCHING."

A RUNAWAY TRAIN

"THE YOUNG RAILROADERS" SERIES. TALES OF ADVENTURE AND INGENUITY

BY F. LOVELL COOMBS

"HURRY in, Al, or the lamp will blow out!"

Alex Ward closed the station door behind him and laughingly flicked his rain-soaked cap toward the day operator, whom he had just come to relieve. He had been at Foothills, his first permanent station, three months.

"Is it raining that hard? You look like the proverbial drowned rat," said Saunders, as he prepared to depart.

"Wait until you are out in it, and you won't laugh. It's the worst storm this spring," said Alex, throwing off his dripping coat.

"And you wait until you see the fun you have with the wire. The heavy rain has had it out of commission to the east for an hour. Have n't had a dot from the despatcher since six o'clock."

"There is some one now," said Alex, as the instruments suddenly began clicking.

"It's somebody west—IC, I think. Yes; Indian Canyon," said Saunders, pausing as he turned toward the door. "But he certainly can't make himself heard by X if we can't."

"X, X, X," rapidly ticked the sounder, calling Exeter, the despatching office. "X, X! Qk! Qk!"

Alex and Saunders turned toward one another with a start. Several times the operator at Indian Canyon repeated the call, more urgently, then as hurriedly began calling Imken, the next station east of him.

"There's something wrong!" said Alex, stepping to the instrument-table. Saunders followed.

"IM, IM, IM! Qk! Qk!" clicked the sounder.

"I, I, IM," came the response. The two operators at Foothills leaned forward expectantly.

"A wild string of loaded ore-cars just passed here," the instruments were saying. "They're going forty miles an hour! They'll be down there in no time! If there is anything on the main line, for heaven's sake get it off! I can't raise X for orders!"

Alex and Saunders exchanged glances of alarm and anxiously awaited Imken's reply. For a moment the instruments made a succession of inarticulate dots, then clicked excitedly, "Yes, yes! OK! OK!" and closed.

"What do you suppose he meant by that?" said Saunders. "That there was something on the main track there?"

A minute the wire remained silent, then again snapped open and whirled: "I got it off—the yard engine! Just in time! Here they come now!

Ten of them! All loaded! Going like an avalanche! Thank goodness we got—"

Sharply the operator at IC cut in to as hurriedly call Terryville, the next station east.

"But the runaways won't pass Terryville, will they?" exclaimed Alex, with a new anxiety. "Won't the grades between there and Imken stop them?"

Saunders shook his head. "Ten loaded ore-cars traveling at that rate would climb a stiff grade."

"Then they'll be down here in twenty or twenty-five minutes! And there's the accommodation coming east, and we can't reach any one to stop her!"

"Well, what *can* we do?" said Saunders, hopelessly.

Terryville answered, and breathlessly they awaited his report.

"Yes, they are coming! They are going past now," he added a moment after. "They're past!"

"They'll reach us! What shall we do?" gasped Saunders.

Alex turned from the instrument-table, and, as IC hastily called Jakes Creek, the last station intervening, began striding up and down the room, thinking rapidly.

"If they only had more battery—could make the current in the wire stronger!" Instantly he recalled the emergency battery he had made at Watson Siding, and with an ejaculation spun about toward the water-cooler. But only to utter an exclamation of disappointment. This cooler was of tin—of course useless for such a purpose.

Hastily he began casting about for a substitute. "Billy, think of something we can make a big battery of," he cried. "To strengthen the wire!"

"A battery? But what would you do for bluestone? I used the last yesterday," said Saunders.

Alex returned to the table and threw himself into the chair.

"Say, perhaps one of the other fellows on the wire has some, and could make the battery."

With a shout of "That's it!" Alex seized the telegraph key, broke in, and called Indian Canyon. "Have you any extra battery material there?" he sent quickly.

"Why . . . no. Why?"

Abruptly Alex cut him off and called Imken. He also responded in the negative. But from Terryville came a prompt "Yes. Why—"

"Have you a big stoneware water-cooler?"

"Yes; but wh—"

"Do you know how to make a battery?"

"No."

"Well, listen—"

Suddenly the instruments failed to respond. A minute passed, and another. Five went by, and Alex sank back in the chair in despair. Undoubtedly the wire had been broken somewhere.

"Everything is against us," he exclaimed bit-

"I'm going to run for the section boss and see if we can't board that wildcat from the hand-car," he explained, struggling into the coat. "I did that once at Bixton—boarded an engine."

"Board it? And what then?"

"Why, put on the brakes and bring it to a stop, of course; then run ahead and flag 18!"

Saunders hastened for the lantern, and quickly lighting it, Alex dashed for the door, out across



"SAUNDERS RAN TO THE EDGE OF THE STATION PLATFORM AND SHOUTED!"

terly. "And the runaways will be down here now in fifteen or twenty minutes. What can we do?"

"The only thing I can think of is throwing the west switch and trying to run them onto the siding," said Saunders. "But there's not one chance in ten of their making it—probably they'd only pile up in an awful smash."

"If there was any way of getting aboard the runaways—" Alex broke off sharply. Would it not be possible to board them as he and Jack Orr had boarded the engine the day of the forest fire? Say from a hand-car?

He started to his feet, and exclaiming, "Billy, get me a lantern, quick!" ran for his coat and hat.

the platform, and off up the tracks toward the lights of the section foreman's house. Darting through the gate, he ran about to the kitchen door and without ceremony flung it open. The foreman was at table, at his tea. He sprang to his feet.

"Joe, there is a wild ore-train coming down from the Canyon," said Alex, breathlessly, "and the wire has failed east, so we can't clear the line. Can't we get the hand-car out and board the runaways by letting them catch us?"

An instant the section boss stared, then, with the promptness of the old railroader, seized his cap, and exclaiming, "Go ahead!" dashed out after Alex, in the direction of the tool-shed.

"Where did they start from? How many cars?" he asked as they ran.

"Indian Canyon. Ten, and all loaded."

The sectionman whistled. "They 'll be going twenty-five or thirty miles an hour. We 'll be taking a big chance. But if we can catch them just over the grade beyond the sand-pits, I guess we can do it. That will have slackened them."

"Here we are."

As they halted before the section-house door, the foreman uttered a cry. "I have n't the key!"

Alex swung the lantern about, and discovered a pile of ties. "Smash it in," he said, dropping the lantern; and, one on either side, they caught up a tie, swung back, and hurled it forward; there was a crash, and the door was open.

Catching up the lantern, they ran in, threw from the car its collection of tools, placed the light upon it, and seizing it on either side, staggered out with it to the rails.

"Do you hear them?" asked Alex, as he threw off his coat.

The foreman dropped to his knees and placed his ear to the rails, listened a moment, and sprang to his feet. "Yes; they are coming. Come on!"

"Run her a little first!" They pushed the little car ahead, quickly had it on the run, and springing aboard, seized the handles, one at either end, and began pumping up and down with all their strength.

As they flew toward the station, the door opened, and Saunders ran to the edge of the platform and shouted: "I cut off the west, and just heard Z pass 18. He reported the superintendent's—"

They whirled by, and the rest was lost.

"Did you catch it?" shouted Alex to the foreman above the roar of the wheels.

"I think he meant . . . the 'old man's' car . . . attached to the accommodation," shouted the sectionman, as his head flew up and down. "Heard he was coming . . . worse for us . . . we need every minute . . . Old Jerry, the engineer . . . will be breaking his neck . . . to bring the accommodation . . . through on time!"

"Do you hear . . . the runaways yet?"

"No," shouted Alex.

On they rushed through the darkness, bobbing up and down like demon jumping-jacks, the little car screaming and screeching, and bounding forward like a live thing.

The terrific and unaccustomed strain began to tell on Alex. The perspiration stood out on his brow, his muscles lagged and his breath shortened.

"How much farther?" he called hoarsely.

"Here 's the grade now! Half a mile to the top!"

As they felt the resistance of the incline, Alex

began to weaken and gasp for breath. But grimly he clenched his teeth and fought on; and at last the section boss suddenly ceased pumping, peered aside into the darkness, and announced: "Here we are! Let up!" And with a gasp of relief Alex dropped down to a sitting position.

A moment after, he straightened up and listened. From the west came a sound as of distant thunder.

"It 's coming! How long before it 'll be here?" he panted.

"Five minutes, perhaps. And now," said the sectionman, "just how are we going to work it?"

"Well," said Alex, getting his breath, "when we boarded the engine at Bixton, we simply waited at the top of a grade until she was within about two hundred yards of us, then lit out as hard as we could go, and just as she bumped us we jumped."

"All right. We 'll do the same."

As the foreman spoke, the rain, which had decreased to a drizzle, suddenly ceased, and the moon appeared. Instantly he and Alex glanced toward the station and uttered a common exclamation. Just beyond was a long black snake-like object, shooting along the rails toward them.

The runaway!

On it swept over the glistening irons, the rumble quickly increasing to a roar. With an echoing crash it flashed by the station, and on.

Nearer it came, the cars leaping and writhing; roaring, pounding, screeching.

"Ready!" said the foreman, springing to the ground behind the hand-car. Alex joined him, and peering back over their shoulder, watching, they braced themselves for the shove.

The runaways reached the incline; swept on upward. Anxiously they gazed. Would the grade materially check them?

"Are they slowing?" asked Alex, nervously.

"Some, I think. But it will tell most near the head of the grade," said the foreman.

"But get ready! We can't wait to see!"

"Go!" he cried, and rushing the car forward, they leaped aboard, seized the handles, and quickly were again pumping madly.

For a few moments the roar behind them seemed to decrease. Then suddenly it broke on them afresh, and the head of the train swept over the rise behind them.

"Now pull yourself together for an extra spurt when I say," shouted the foreman, who manned the forward handles and faced the rear, "then turn about and get ready to jump."

Roaring, screaming, clanking, the runaways thundered down upon them.

"Hit it up!" cried the sectionman. With every

muscle tense, they whirled the handles up and down like madmen. "Let go! Turn!"

Alex sprang back from the whirling handles and faced about. The foreman edged by them and joined him. Nearer, towering over them, rushed the leading car. "Now be sure and jump high and grab hard," shouted the foreman.

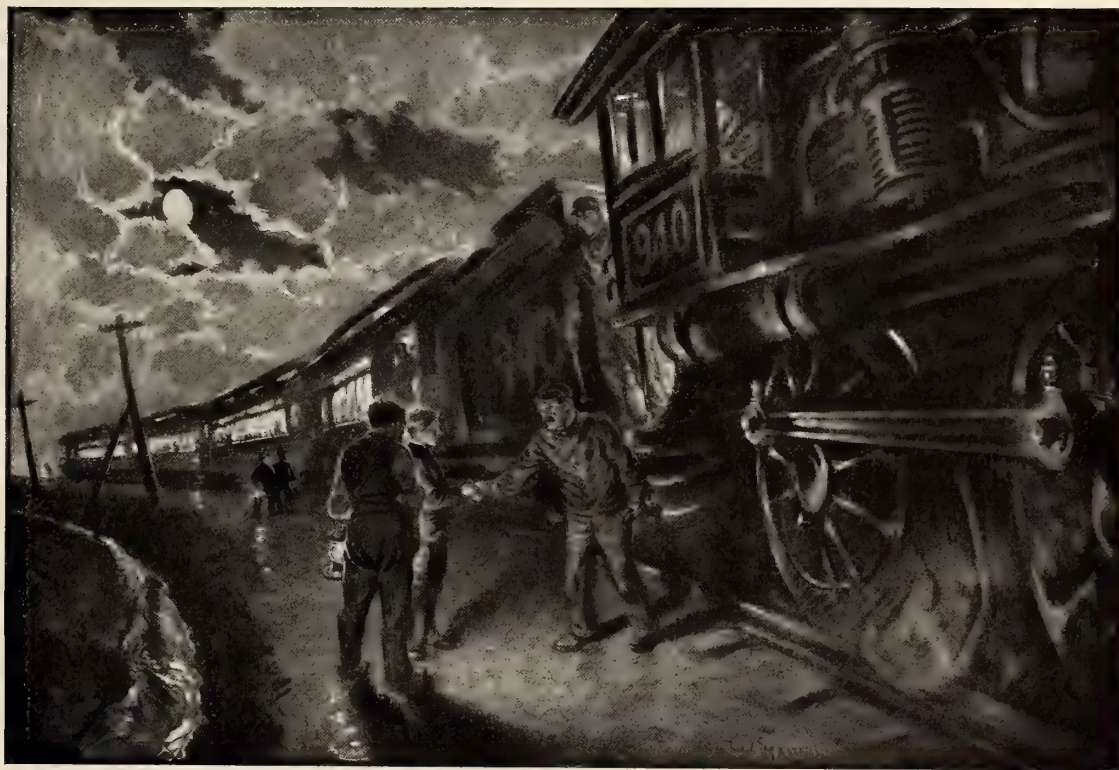
"Ready! JUMP!"

With a bound they went into the air, and the great car flung itself against them. Their outstretched hands reached the top of the end-board,

distant, the engineer aboard the flying accommodation suddenly "threw on his air," as he discovered a lantern between the rails ahead of him. His train came to a stand, and he was greeted by a shout from the foreman.

"And I say, Jerry," added the latter, humorously, as he went forward, "you're not good enough for a passenger run. You're to push ore-cars. There's a string just ahead of you."

When he explained, the engineer stepped down from his cab, wiping the cold moisture from his



"THE ENGINEER SPRANG FORWARD AND GRASPED ALEX BY THE HAND."

and momentarily they hung, clutching desperately, while the car leaped and bounded beneath them. Getting their feet on the brake-beam, they struggled upward. And in another moment, tumbling headlong within, they were safely aboard.

Alex sank down on the rough ore, utterly exhausted, gasping; but the seasoned foreman immediately got to his feet, seized the near-by brake-wheel, quickly tightened it, and scrambling back over the bounding train, one by one put on the remaining brakes.

Soon the pressure on the wheels began to tell, and ten minutes later, screeching and groaning protestingly, the runaways came finally to a stop.

Another ten minutes later, when a quarter-mile

forehead, and on catching sight of Alex he sprang forward to grasp his hand.

"Oh, it was more the foreman than I," said Alex, modestly. "I could n't have worked it at all without him."

At that moment the division superintendent himself appeared.

"Why, let me see!" he exclaimed. "Are you not the lad I helped fix up an emergency battery at Watson Siding last spring? and who has engineered two or three other similar clever affairs?"

"Well, my boy, young as you are, if I don't give you a try-out at the division office before the month is out, my name's not Cameron. We need men there with a head like yours."



THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL

"WHAT can that noise be all about?
Perhaps they've let the sixth grade out.
To-morrow our vacation comes
But we must stay to do our sums!"



I. WHY

"How come?" an' "Why?" an' "What 's de use?"
Is handy words for a lame excuse,
But dey 's mighty few words, ef you swing 'em
right,
But 'll open doors an' let in light.

"How come my nuss mus' wash my face?"
"Oh, why does high shoes have to lace?"
"What is de use of bonnet or hat?"
Dey 's some nice chillen dat talks like dat.

Mos' little folks is full o' "whys?"
All disp'oportioned to dey size,
But I knows one, I 's proud to say,
Dat swings his "whys?" de other way:

"How come my nuss so good to me?"
"What makes a bird sing in a tree?"
"How big must I make my balloon
When we goes sailin' roun' de moon?"

Now "whys?" like dese ain't impolite,
An' nuss she always answers right;
So when his "whys?" is all explained,
De junior 's bathed, an' dressed—an' trained.

II. DE OLE ROOSTER

Ef de hoa'se ole rooster would n't crow so loud,
He mought pass for young in de barn-yard crowd;
But he strives so hard an' he steps so spry
Dat de pullets all giggles whilst he marches by;
But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
But he ain't by 'isself in dat!

III. DE GRAY SQUIRREL

De gray squir'l lives a nachel life,
Wid friends an' foes an' chillen an' wife;
But whenever he gits his picture took,
He snatches dat nut, to appear in de book.
But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
But he ain't by 'isself in dat!

IV. DE PEACOCK

De peacock is a 'ristocrat,
Wid mighty fine clo'es, an' vain at dat;
He 'll answer yo' glance wid col' surprise
An' look you over wid a thousan' eyes!
But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
But he ain't by 'isself in dat!

V. STEPMAMMY HEN

OLE Dominick follers her brood o' ducks
To de bayou's edge, an' she clucks an' clucks:
"Dis stepmammy job, oh me, oh me!
Ain't all dat it 's quacked up to be!"
But she ain't by 'erself in dat, in dat—
But she ain't by 'erself in dat!

VI. TUKKY-GOBLER

OLE Gobbly struts aroun' de stable
An' th'ows out hints o' de rich man's table,
An' he h'ists his tail an' spreads it wide,
To display his cuyus graveyard pride.
But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
But he ain't by 'isself in dat!





DAISY CHAINS

Daisy chains are children making, chains so long and white and golden,
On the quiet, cool, verandah, through the sunny afternoon: ☉☉☉

All the western sky is glowing, birds begin to chirp and twitter
In the gently swaying tree-tops. Twilight will be falling soon. ☉☉

THE CHAPLET OF HONOR

(More "Betty" Stories)*

BY CAROLYN WELLS

As soon as June had fairly dawned upon the calendar, the girls of Miss Whittier's school began to prepare for closing day.

It was customary to give an evening entertainment, in which all the pupils took part.

"This year," Miss Whittier announced to the class, "I have a very delightful plan, of which I will now tell you. It is not exactly a play, but a little staged allegory which I am sure you will all think very attractive."

Betty listened eagerly, for "staged allegory" sounded rather dry and poky, and yet it might turn out to be fun after all.

"Sounds like 'Pilgrim's Progress,'" whispered Dorothy, who sat next her, and Betty's imagination immediately saw all the girls with packs on their backs, climbing the Hill of Difficulty. But Miss Whittier went on to reveal her plan.

"It is called 'Honor's Chaplet,'" she said, "and it represents all the women who have done praiseworthy deeds presenting their claims for the Chaplet of Honor, which is to be awarded to the one who best merits it. Of course the characters represent women of all time who have become famous for great deeds or noble efforts."

Betty's head gave a nod of satisfaction. The whole plan appealed to her, for it meant "dressing up," and she dearly loved to wear fancy costumes.

"We will have a pretty stage," said Miss Whittier, who on occasions like this talked sociably with her pupils, "and I'm sure you will all be willing to help with the work of decorating it."

"Yes, indeed," and "We will," said the girls, and then Constance Harper asked:

"Who are the characters, Miss Whittier? Will you tell us now?"

Reading from some papers she held, Miss Whittier named about thirty celebrated women, including Cleopatra, Queen Elizabeth, Pocahontas, Grace Darling, Florence Nightingale, Isabella of Spain, Joan of Arc, Queen Victoria, Barbara Frietchie, Rosa Bonheur, and many others well known to history or tradition.

"I think," she went on, "you may each select the character you prefer. If, by chance, two choose the same one, we can easily adjust matters afterward. I will distribute papers, and you may each write your own name, followed by the character you choose."

"While we're doing that, won't you tell us a little more about the play, Miss Whittier?" said Dorothy Bates.

"The plot, if it can be called a plot, is simple. One girl must represent the Goddess of Honor. She will stand on a pedestal, and hear the claims of the various celebrities. She will wear a classic costume, and will have a chaplet of bay to bestow on the successful one. She will be attended by four allegorical figures, representing War and Peace, Art and Wisdom. These girls will also wear classic draperies, and look as much as possible like statues. The other characters will, of course, wear costumes suited to their personalities."

"And is there any dialogue?" asked another pupil.

"Yes; each character makes a short speech, setting forth her claims to honor and glory. This seems a little ostentatious," Miss Whittier smiled, "but that is the way the play is written. Then, finally, the Goddess awards the chaplet to the one she deems most worthy."

"And which one is that?" asked Betty.

"I won't tell that yet," said Miss Whittier, smiling; "I'll not divulge that secret until you have all chosen your parts, for, naturally, you would each desire the one who will receive this crown."

This seemed sensible to Betty, and she began to consider what part she would like to take.

Miss Whittier had a full list of names written on the blackboard, that all might see them, and Betty studied them with care.

The four allegorical figures did not appeal to her at all. It would be no fun to stand, perhaps on a pedestal, draped about with Greek togas, or whatever statues wore, and not even a red sash by way of coloring!

A CONDENSED OUTLINE OF "THE STORY OF BETTY" AS ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN ST. NICHOLAS.

* Betty McGuire, a waif from an orphan-asylum, is an under-servant in a boarding-house.

Suddenly she comes into a large fortune, which she inherits from her grandfather who died in Australia. Somewhat bewildered by her good luck, but quite sure of what she wants, Betty buys a home, and then proceeds to "buy a family," as she expresses it.

She engages a lovely old lady as housekeeper, but adopts her as a grandma, and calls her so. She takes Jack, a newsboy, for her brother, and she selects a dear little child from an infant orphan-asylum for her baby sister.

With this "family," and with some good, though lowly, friends who were kind to her when she was poor, for servants, Betty lives at her new home, Denniston Hall.

By reason of several circumstances Betty feels sure her relatives may be found, if she searches for them.

Her search results in finding her own mother, who is overjoyed at finding again the daughter who, she supposed, had died in infancy.

The Goddess of Honor was, of course, the most desirable, and Betty almost decided to write that against her name. But, she reflected, it was doubtful if Miss Whittier would think her well suited for that. A goddess ought to be tall and fair and statuesque, and Betty was anything but that. Her round Irish face and somewhat tilted nose and rosy cheeks were far from classic in type. And, anyhow, probably some one else would choose that one who would be much better fitted for the part. So Betty carefully considered the other names. Pocahontas and Queen Elizabeth both attracted her. She did not look particularly like an Indian maiden, nor yet like an English queen, but as she glanced around the room, she saw no one that looked more so than she; at least, no one looked like Queen Elizabeth, though some of the slim, straight-haired girls might make a better Indian.

But, as she gazed, Betty decided that looks would not have much to do with it. The girls must depend on their costumes to represent the character they assumed.

And so Betty hesitated between the two she liked.

Queen Elizabeth would be grand! In fancy, she saw herself in a stiff, quilted satin petticoat, and long, heavy train of crimson velvet, edged with ermine; a huge ruff round her neck, and a gorgeous gilt crown! This would be fine. Yet there was something very attractive about the idea of Pocahontas: an Indian costume trimmed with gay fringes and beads; leather leggings, and tall quill-feathers sticking up round her head; a bow and arrow, perhaps, and a quiver slung from one shoulder! Yes, it was enticing, but the Queen's costume was grander and even more enticing in color and glitter. So Betty wrote her own name, and then wrote "Queen Elizabeth" below it, and the papers were all gathered up.

Miss Whittier dismissed the girls then, and said she would tell them definitely the next day what character each should have, and, moreover, she asked them not to tell any one about the entertainment, nor to tell each other what rôle they had chosen. So, as the girls were conscientious in these matters, they did not tell each other what parts they wished to take, but many and eager discussions were held about the details of the great occasion.

Betty told her mother of the choice she had made, as the pledge of secrecy did not include mothers.

Mrs. McGuire smiled at the idea of Betty robed as Queen Elizabeth, but she said:

"Well, at any rate, you look quite as much like Elizabeth as any of the other girls. And we'll

fix up a fine costume for you. I'll find a picture of the Queen in her most gorgeous robes, and we'll have it copied as nearly as possible."

"And I must have a lot of jewels!" said Betty, clasping her hands ecstatically at the thought of such grandeur.

"Yes," said Mrs. McGuire; "you may wear my necklace, and perhaps Grandma will lend you some large old-fashioned brooches. I think we need not be so very particular as to their being really of the Elizabethan period."

"Oh, no; any glittery things will do. I think we ought to try some necklaces of big imitation gems."

"Perhaps we shall! At any rate, we'll copy the picture as nearly as we can."

"And it will be a gorgeous costume, won't it? Oh, I'm glad now I did n't choose Pocahontas!"

"What sort of speech do you have to make, Betty?"

"I don't know, Mother. Miss Whittier has them, all type-written, and she will give them to us soon, she said. But I'll not have any trouble to learn it. I can learn things to recite so easily."

"Yes, your memory is wonderful. And I suppose one of the teachers will train you."

"Yes, in gestures and expression. Oh, Mother, won't it be fun?"

"Yes, girlie; I know it's just the sort of fun you like."

"Oh, I do; I'll walk like this." Catching up her slumber-robe from the couch, Betty held it from her shoulders like a court train, and walked across the room with stiff, stagy strides, holding her head very high.

"Hello, your Majesty, what are you doing?" said Jack, appearing at the door.

"Good for you, Jack!" cried Betty; "I'm pleased that you should have recognized what was meant for a queenly gait. I'm Queen Elizabeth of England."

"Pooh! You look more like the White Queen of Looking-Glass Land!"

"Well, maybe I do now; but just you wait till I get my velvet train and jeweled crown,—and, oh, Mother, shall I have a scepter?"

"Yes, I think that's part of the costume."

"Oh, what fun!" and seizing Jack, Betty waltzed him about the room by way of expressing her glee.

"Hi, Betty, go slower!" he exclaimed breathlessly; "queens dance stately minuets—they don't dance breakdowns!"

"This queen does," said Betty, calmly, but she let Jack go, on condition that he would help her hunt the library for books containing pictures of the Queen.

Next day no mention was made of the entertainment until after lessons were over. It was nearly time for dismissal when Miss Whittier summoned the pupils to her in the assembly-room.

readily arrange matters by a little friendly discussion. But, to my surprise, when the papers were looked over, this was the result: twelve girls have chosen the Goddess of Honor; nine have se-



"BETTY WALKED ACROSS THE ROOM WITH STIFF, STAGY STRIDES."

She looked at them in a little perplexity, and then she smiled.

"I did not foresee the result," she said, "when I asked you young ladies to choose your parts for our little play. I thought that if two or even three should choose the same character we could

lected Pocahontas; seven want Queen Elizabeth, and the others are scattering. Now, as you can readily see, this state of affairs requires arbitration. So I am obliged to tell you that we must disregard your wishes, and assign the parts as we, the teachers, think best."

The girls laughed heartily when they realized how many of their number had asked for the most desirable part, that of Goddess of Honor, and they agreed that, after all, the fairest way was for the teachers to assign the parts, and then there could be no preference.

"And so," went on Miss Whittier, "I have prepared full directions for each of you. Here are the envelops for you all, and in your envelop you will each find the name of the character you are to take, with full description of costume, and a copy of the lines you are to learn to recite in the play. And please remember the appointments are final and unalterable." The envelops were distributed, and each girl looked eagerly inside to see what her part might be.

"You are dismissed," said Miss Whittier. "There is no further occasion for secrecy, though I'm sure it will be better for the success of our entertainment not to tell your friends who will be in the audience much about it beforehand."

"What's the matter, Betty?" said Dorothy, as, with Jeanette, they all started homeward. "You look as if you'd lost your last friend."

And truly Betty did look woebegone. Her cheeks were flushed with anger, her lips were drawn in a tight line, and her eyes already showed hints of flooding with tears.

"Look at that!" she exclaimed tragically, as she held out her paper toward the girls.

"Grace Darling!" read Dorothy. "Oh, Betty, you don't like your part, do you?"

"Like it!" cried Betty; "read what the costume is!"

"Simple sailor suit," read Dorothy, "'of dark-blue flannel, small yachting-cap, or no hat at all. Carry an oar.' Why, that's a sweet little costume, Betty."

"Sweet little nothing!" cried Betty, stormily. "I don't want to wear a common, every-day sailor suit! And carry an oar! Oh!"

"What did you want?" asked Jeanette.

"I wanted to be a goddess," said Betty, honestly. "But I did n't write that, 'cause I was 'most sure Miss Whittier would rather have a yellow-haired girl for that. So I chose Queen Elizabeth, but I'd have been satisfied with Pocahontas. But Grace Darling! Oh, I think it's mean!"

"Why, Grace Darling was very noble and heroic," said Jeanette.

"Oh, of course. Grace Darling herself was wonderful. I just adore her! But I want to wear a pretty costume in the play—a grand one, you know, like a queen or something."

"Yes, I know," said Dorothy, sympathetically, for she well knew Betty's love of bright colors and gay "dressing up." "I think it's a shame,

too. Maybe Miss Whittier will let you change with me."

"No, she said we positively could n't change our parts. And, anyhow, I would n't take yours if it's nicer than mine. What's yours, Dot?"

"Queen Elizabeth," said Dorothy, feeling as mean as if she had been caught in a wrong action.

Betty had to smile at Dorothy's contrite tone.

"Well," she said, "I'd rather you'd have it than any one else. Mother'll lend you her necklace, I know. What's yours, Jeanette?"

"Joan of Arc, and just the one I wanted."

"That's nice," said Betty. "I'm glad you got it. But, oh, girls, I wish I had a pretty one. If I'd only had Priscilla or Cleopatra, or anybody that wore pretty things! But 'a simple sailor suit!'"

"It's too mean for anything!" declared Dorothy; "it takes the fun out of the whole thing."

"Oh, no; it is n't so bad as that," said Betty, smiling through her gathering tears. "I s'pose I'll get over my disappointment. And I'm silly to care so much, anyhow. What's Constance?"

"She's the Goddess," said Dorothy, reluctantly, for this seemed to add another straw to Betty's burden of woe.

"I'm glad of it," said Betty, generously. "She'll be a lovely goddess, she's so pretty and graceful. Well, let me help you girls with your costumes, as long as I have n't any of my own to fuss over. I can get an inexpensive, 'simple sailor suit' ready-made."

Betty turned in at her own gate, and after their good-bys the other girls went on.

"It's just horrid," said Dorothy; "I know how bad Betty feels about it, and I'm going to ask Miss Whittier to change it somehow."

"She won't do it," said Jeanette; "I wish she would, but I know she'll say if she changes one she'll have to change others, and it'll be a regular mix-up."

And that's just what Miss Whittier did say, though in different words.

"No, my dear," she said kindly, but decidedly, when Dorothy told her about it. "I'm sorry Betty is disappointed, but several of the girls have already asked to change their parts, and I've been obliged to say 'no' to each; so of course I can't make an exception in favor of Betty."

This settled it, and Betty accepted her fate, outwardly with a good grace, but secretly with a rebellious heart.

"It's such a mistake," she said to her mother, "for girls like Kate Alden and May Jennings would *like* to have only simple costumes to prepare. And they have to rig up as Martha Washington and Mary, Queen of Scots! Either of them

would rather have Grace Darling, and only have to get a 'simple sailor suit!'"

"It is too bad, Betty dear," said her mother; "I'm just as sorry as I can be. But I can't see any help for it, so we must submit."

"Yes; I know it, and I'm not going to growl about it any more. But it does make me mad!"

Betty kicked a footstool, as if to relieve her overburdened feelings, and then laughed at herself for her foolishness.

She learned her lines carefully, determined to do her part as well as she could, if her dress was plain and inconspicuous.

Her speech was full of brave and noble thoughts, and Betty practised it often, and observed conscientiously her teacher's instructions as to inflections and gestures. It was easy for Betty to learn by heart; so easy, indeed, that she unconsciously learned most of the other girls' speeches by merely hearing them at rehearsals.

Often she would amuse her mother and Jack by breaking forth into some of the stilted lines of the play.

"I am Pocahontas," she would say, striking an attitude of what she considered Indian effect; "I claim the prize, Goddess, because I, in years that are past, rendered a service—"

"There, there, that will do, Betty!" Jack would cry. "You are a born actress, I know, but I'm studying my English history now, and Pocahontas does n't belong with the Saxon kings."

"Oh, English history!" said Betty, mischievously.

Then, stalking grandly up to him, she held an umbrella for a scepter, and declaimed:

"Goddess of Honor! You see before you Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen. A noble monarch, not alone in power, but in majestic traits that won for her the loyalty and adoration of her loved and loving subjects. A queen who—"

"Off with her head!" cried Jack, throwing a sofa-pillow at Betty, who promptly threw it back at him, and then ran laughing from the room.

It was not Betty's way to mourn over what could n't be helped, so she went cheerfully with her mother to purchase the despised sailor suit. They bought the prettiest one they could find—a blue serge with white collar and cuffs and a silk sailor tie. But though it was becoming and would have looked just right had Betty been starting on a yachting cruise, it was not to be compared with the elaborate costumes most of the girls were preparing. And, though it was cold comfort, Betty was true to her word, and helped the others all she could to make their gowns effective. She lent her Roman sash, her embroidered Japanese kimono, and her spangled Egyptian scarf to girls

who could use them effectively. She helped Dorothy with her Elizabethan garb, and Jeanette with her Joan of Arc costume.

As for the Goddess, Constance had a most resplendent robe. It was of soft white shimmering stuff, dotted all over with gilt spangles. Billows of this material fell from her shoulders in long, graceful folds, and swept away in a rippling train. A high crown of golden filigree-work was to be worn on her beautiful, fair hair, and while in one hand she was to hold a classic scroll, in the other she was to carry aloft a long, slender, gilt trumpet. The costume was superb, and almost took Betty's breath away when she first saw it.

"Oh, Constance," she said, "let me try it on, do! Just for a minute! I'll be awfully careful of it."

Constance agreed, of course, though she secretly feared that impetuous Betty might tear the gauzy stuff.

But Betty donned it almost reverently, and then, imitating Constance's pose, as she had seen her at rehearsal, she began:

"The Goddess of Honor I! To those who seek me I am hard to win. To those who nobly and unflinchingly do their bravest and best, I come unsummoned! I am here to-night, bearing the Chaplet of Honor, the award of Fame. To whom shall I award it? Who best deserves the greatest guerdon, the highest honor Fame can bestow? Speak, noble women of all time, speak, and claim your due!"

So often had Betty heard Constance declaim these ringing lines at rehearsal that she knew them as well as her own, and so inspired was she by the beautiful raiment she had on that her oratory was quite in spirit with the character.

"Good gracious, Betty!" said Constance, "I did n't know you could recite so well. Try your own speech now; it's a good chance to rehearse. But get out of that gown first. I'm terribly afraid you'll catch it on something."

"No, I won't," said Betty, stepping gingerly out of the glistening mass as it fell about her feet. "Now listen to mine."

She recited the lines Grace Darling was supposed to speak, and so earnestly did she tell of the noble work she had done in saving life that it seemed as if the most stony-hearted of goddesses must be moved to award her the Chaplet of Honor.

It was not known even yet who should receive the wreath. Each girl was expected to do her best, and after all had taken part, the Goddess would make the award. Of course it was arranged beforehand who should have it, but, as this was not known, each secretly hoped for it.

At last the day of the great event arrived.

The entertainment would begin at eight o'clock,

but the girls were requested to be at the school at half-past seven.

Some of them dressed at home and came all ready for the stage, but those who had more elaborate or eccentric costumes brought them with them and dressed at the school. Betty dressed at home, for her sailor suit could easily be worn under a light coat. She went with a heavy heart, for, though she had scolded herself for being a silly, and had forced herself to make believe she did n't mind, yet when the evening arrived, and she saw many of the other girls in glittering, fanciful dresses, she felt again the bitter disappointment of her plain little frock.

"Remember, Betty girl," said her mother, as they separated, Betty to go to the school-room and Mrs. McGuire to the audience-room, "you must make your success by your own work to-night. The others may have beautiful trappings, but you must win out by your really good work in declamation. Win the hearts of the audience by your pathetic story of Grace Darling's work, and you may represent the part better than those who have elaborate costumes do theirs."

Betty smiled, knowing her mother's advice was good, and yet unable to repress a little feeling of envy as she saw the resplendent figures all around her. But she could and did help showing it.

She went about among the girls, helping one or another to adjust her adornments, or prompting some one who was frantically rehearsing her lines.

"I can prompt any of you, if you need it," said Betty, laughing, "for I do believe I know every line of this whole play. I did n't try to learn it, but I've heard it so often, it sticks in my head."

At eight o'clock Miss Whittier marshaled them in order to go on the stage. Of course the curtain was still down, as the Goddess had not yet taken her place, but after its rising the others were to enter one by one and address themselves to the arbiter of their fates. They waited, almost breathlessly, in the hush that always comes before the lifting of a curtain.

"Where is Constance Harper?" asked Miss Whittier, in a whisper, of another teacher.

"I don't know," was the reply. "I supposed, of course, she was here. She said she 'd dress at home, as her robe is so frail, and that she 'd be here, all ready to go on the stage, at quarter to eight."

"Dear me," thought Betty, "Constance is nearly always late, but I thought she 'd be on time to-night."

Of course, at such entertainments, no one is greatly surprised if the performance is a little

delayed, but the absence of Constance seemed ominous to Miss Whittier.

"I think we 'd better send for her," she began, when a man came in, in breathless haste. He carried a large white box, and, going straight to Miss Whittier, he said rapidly:

"Miss Constance, ma'am, she sprained her ankle—just now. She slipped coming down-stairs, and she can't walk nohow."

"Sprained her ankle!" cried Miss Whittier. "Can't she be here to-night? Who are you?"

"I 'm Mrs. Harper's coachman, ma'am; and Miss Constance she was all dressed in her angel clothes and all, and jest goin' to get in the ker-ridge, when she slipped on the shiny stair, and her high-heeled slipper twisted somehow, and she jest sprained her ankle. So Mrs. Harper, soon 's she could, she got the party clo'es off her, and she 's sent them to you, 'cause she says somebody else 'll have to do Miss Constance's piece to-night."

"Oh!" cried Miss Whittier, clasping her hands. "What can we do? But we must do something quickly. Lena Carey, you 're about Constance's size; can't you take the part of Goddess?"

"Oh, I 'd love to, Miss Whittier," said Lena, looking longingly at the spangled white mass in the box, which had just been opened, "but I don't know a word of her lines. It 's all I can do to remember my own."

"What shall I do!" cried Miss Whittier, in despair. "Does anybody know the Goddess's part? Oh, why did n't I think to have an understudy!"

Betty hesitated. It seemed presumptuous for her to offer, for she well knew she did n't look like Miss Whittier's idea of a Goddess of Honor. But no one else volunteered, so she said:

"Miss Whittier, I don't look right, I know, but I know every one of Constance's lines perfectly."

"You blessed child!" cried Miss Whittier; "do you really? Are you sure, Betty?"

For answer, Betty began rapidly, and with no attempt at dramatic effect:

"The Goddess of Honor I! To those who seek me I am hard to win. To those who nobly and unflinchingly—"

"That will do!" said Miss Whittier, smiling in spite of her anxiety. "Get out of that sailor suit, Betty, just as quick as you can, and get into Constance's things."

"Yes 'm," said Betty, her voice thrilling with intense excitement, "yes, Miss Whittier. I've been in them before, and I know just how they go."

Several deft pairs of hands gave assistance; Miss Whittier herself gathered up Betty's loose curls into a classic knot, and so well did she arrange it that, when the gilt crown was in place,

the whole effect was harmonious, and Betty's sparkling eyes lit up a face that any goddess might be pleased to own.

Mindful of Constance's injunctions about tear-

dess, and on either side were two lower pedestals, occupied by her allegorical attendants, who, already in place, were wondering what had happened to the Goddess they were to serve.



"THE GODDESS OF HONOR PLACED THE CHAPLET ON THE BOWED HEAD OF ISABELLA OF SPAIN."

ing the delicate fabric, Betty gathered up her train and followed Miss Whittier to the stage.

As she passed, Dorothy took opportunity to whisper, "Oh, I am so glad"; and Jeanette gave her a loving pat as she went by.

The stage was draped entirely with white cheese-cloth, thickly sprinkled with gilt paper stars. A large pedestal stood ready for the God-

Betty needed no instructions. She knew every pose Constance had been taught to take, as well as the lines themselves. Poising herself gracefully, she lifted her outstretched arm, with the long, slender trumpet, and placed the mouthpiece to her lips.

"Beautiful!" whispered Miss Whittier, delighted at Betty's artistic, yet natural, pose.

"Don't worry, Miss Whittier," Betty whispered back; "I'll do it all right!"

"You dear child! You've saved the day for us all. I know you'll do it with credit to us all."

Then Miss Whittier went in front of the curtain, and in a few words told of Constance's accident, and explained that her part would be taken by Miss Elizabeth McGuire, for whom she begged indulgence if not perfect in her part.

Betty, behind the curtain, heard the applause, and thinking how surprised Jack and her mother would be, she stood motionless as the curtain rose.

Another storm of applause broke forth at the beautiful picture, and when it subsided, Betty, with just the least tremor of excitement in her voice, began:

"The Goddess of Honor I! To those who seek me I am hard to win. To those who nobly and unflinchingly do their bravest and best, I come unsummoned!"

The speech was not of great literary value; those in amateur entertainments rarely are; but Betty was a good elocutionist and full of dramatic instinct. Moreover, her sudden change from an inconspicuous figure to the chief one of all put

her on her mettle, and she fairly outdid herself in rendering the opening speech.

The play went on beautifully. Not once did Betty falter, or forget a line. The others, too, all did their parts well, and when, at last, the Goddess of Honor placed the chaplet on the bowed head of Isabella of Spain, the picture was a beautiful one, and the house fairly rose in applause.

"It was n't that I did n't feel sorry for Constance," said Betty, to her mother, as they drove home. "I did, and I do, feel *truly* sorry. But when she could n't be there, and Miss Whittier *had* to have somebody, I was so glad I knew the part and could take it."

"You need n't tell me, dear," said her mother; "I know too well my Betty's generous heart to think for a moment that you rejoiced at Constance's accident. But I, too, am glad that, since poor Constance could n't be there, my little girl could be of such help to Miss Whittier, and could, all unexpectedly, succeed so well in what was really a difficult part."

"You are a trump, Betty," said Jack, "and I'm glad you had the chance. I'm downright sorry for Connie, but I'm jolly glad for you!"

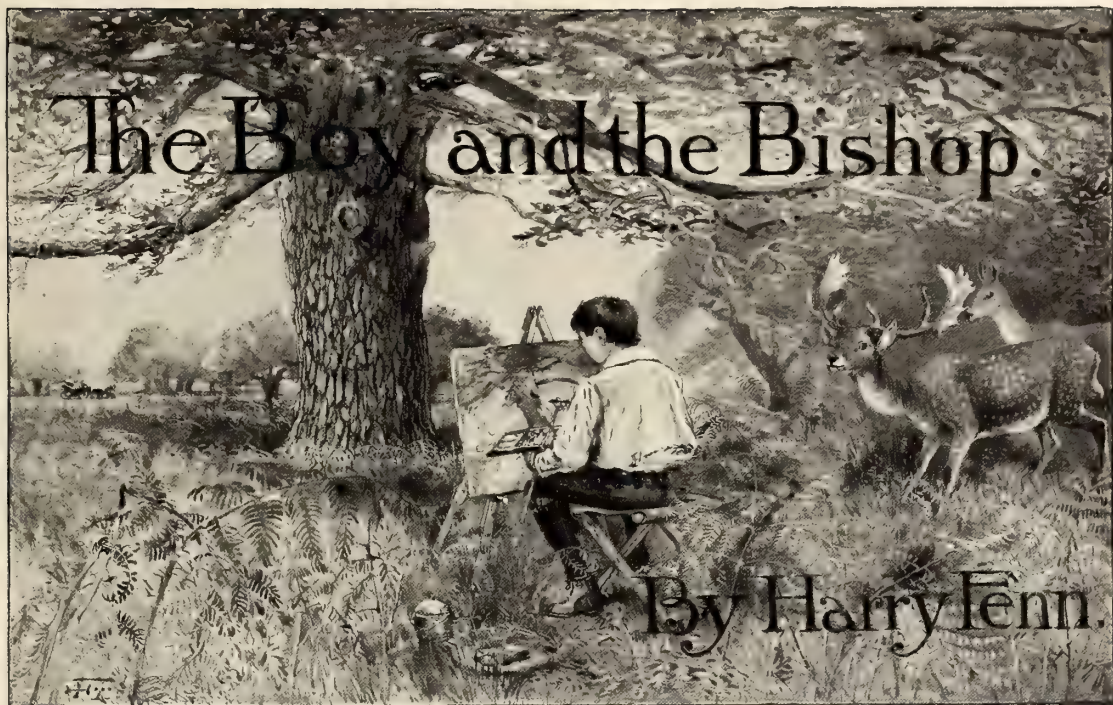
WILL-O'-THE-WISP

A MARSHY meadow—a quiet pond—
A lonely road—and a hill beyond.
In the reedy marsh below the hill,
On starlight nights when the air is still,
Where rushes and cresses grow green and crisp,
There goes, dancing, Will-o'-the-Wisp,
Will-o'-the-Wisp so gay.

We see the gleam of his lantern bright
Flitting about in the quiet night.
He balances on the cattail tops,
Then to the rustling reeds he drops,
And reeds to the rushes will softly lisp,
"Here comes, dancing, Will-o'-the-Wisp,
Will-o'-the-Wisp so gay."

The east grows gray at the touch of dawn.
Presto! Will-o'-the-Wisp is gone,
For the morning wind blows out his light—
He'll dance again on another night.
When crickets are chirping in grasses crisp,
Then we'll watch for Will-o'-the-Wisp,
Will-o'-the-Wisp so gay.

Cecil Cavendish.



THIS is not a chronicle of an infant phenomenon, but just a true story of a bishop, and a boy whose life was largely molded by the following incident.

The oaks of England have always been celebrated, and I know of no finer sight than an ancient grove still in its prime, growing in a sunny glade of Richmond Park. One characteristic of this forest, and I can recall a score of them, is that each individual tree seems to have had a chance. It has all the room it wants to spread sidewise, stretches its great arms wide, its feet strike deep into the rich loam, and its proud head rises toward the sky, without let or hindrance, so that each is perfect in form, after its kind.

With youthful presumption and vanity (for I was just twelve, I remember), I had been wrestling with one of these monarchs of the forest, among the most difficult objects in nature to portray. I find with all my years of practise, the foreshortening of the branch of a tree often brings me up standing, but nothing daunts youthful impudence. My tools were a home-made easel, the cheapest kind of color-box to be bought in the toy-shop of a small English town, and brushes of the limpest. I had been engaged in this important work of art for three half-holidays (Wednesday and Saturday afternoon school did not then "keep" in England). I had been try-

ing to get every detail of trunk, bark, leaf, and branch. Bad as it all probably was, the careful study that I made of that oak-tree helped me my life through.

And, by the way, there is among the studies sold for the art schools of England, the reproduction of a pencil-drawing of a lemon tree, made in Sicily by Sir Frederick Leighton. It was the work of many days. In his lectures at South Kensington to young art students (where the original drawing is), he used to tell how many hours he spent upon it. Truly, it is a wonderful study. Every foreshortened branch and leaf, the markings and blemishes of the same, a perfect representation of a lemon tree. I heard him say in one of his talks: "I suppose many of you students in this day of impression look upon this elaborate drawing as a waste of time. I, on the contrary, think it time well spent, for when finished I felt sure I knew something, I may say, all, about a lemon tree, which has proved of lifelong value to me in my finished pictures."

I recall this talk of Sir Frederick Leighton's to encourage the numerous young artists whose work I see from time to time in ST. NICHOLAS, enforcing careful conscientious drawing from nature to acquire skill in rendering; appreciation of good form and color; and to gather material for design. To compare small things with great, this careful study when I was a boy, brought

knowledge and love of the oak-tree that have never deserted me.

Up to the moment I relate, I had been quite free from molestation; my chosen subject was so far from the public road that I felt quite safe; moreover, only my head and the top of my easel were visible from the highway. The whole glade was filled with an under forest of tall bracken (the giant fern *Pteris Aquilina*). Lying down on one's face in the miniature forest was a sensation. It was full of little sunny glades between the stems of the sturdy ferns, populated by all the little people of the ground: mice, beetles, ants, and other small things. It was a popular belief among the boys that in one of those thousands of bracken stems you would find your name; if you cut them diagonally near the ground you would see a black marking very like a signature, or at any rate a monogram. The singular part of it is that no two of them are alike, and sometimes something near enough to an initial will turn up for an imaginative boy.

My only audience had been the tame fallow-deer of the park. They had become so used to my presence and fixedness that they evidently began to look upon me as a natural product of the grove, and they grew so bold in their inquisitiveness that more than once I felt their breath upon the back of my neck.

As I said, up to this moment for three whole afternoons all of nature had been my own. Many vehicles passed along the distant drive; none, however, came my way, and I rejoiced in my security, but, like earthquakes that come without warning, my destiny was on the road. A gorgeous carriage and pair with clanking head-chams pulled up at the nearest curve, and a tall, handsome, clerical-looking gentleman came wading through the bracken. He greeted me cordially with a merry laugh and said: "I could not resist the temptation of seeing what the youthful artist was up to." I wanted to sink into the ground, but his cheery encouragement and praise made me feel more at ease, until he beckoned a lady to follow him. They asked my name and age, where I lived, and with a waving, cordial good-by they were away to their carriage. I don't know that as a boy I felt any particular sensation from the little visit, but it proved a turning-point in my life.

At the next sitting this great work of art was finished, and when I reached home, the first thing my father said to me was: "Whom do you know in town to send you packages by the London Parcels Delivery Co.? Here is something that arrived five minutes ago." Imagine my delight on opening it to find a real grown-up artist's

color-box, a half dozen silver-mounted brushes, and under the brushes a card inscribed "With the best wishes of George Augustus Selwyn, Bishop of New Zealand." Up to that day my education had all pointed toward the life of a merchant, but the bishop was my destiny; though his living on the other side of the globe prevented us from meeting again in this world. What he gave me was to him only a color-box. To me it was a heaven-sent sign, as a symbol of sacred interest in my welfare. In my home I was only a little chap who liked to amuse himself with paints. After the bishop laid his hands upon me I felt myself dedicated to the work of transcribing the beauties of the world.

However, that is not quite the end of the story. Three years ago while sketching in England I was overtaken by a bad spell of weather; day after day a steady downpour; but fortunately everything is packed away closely in "The tight little island." There half an hour in the train will always bear you to something worth seeing. On this particular day, fifty minutes carried me to the quaint old cathedral city of Litchfield. The ancient borough has now become a place of pilgrimage for Americans, although it is a little out of the beaten track. After seeing everything of interest in the minster, as I thought, I breasted the rain-storm on my way to the railroad and had gone some distance from the cathedral when the good old verger came running after me. His black gown flying wildly in the wind, he carried me back to show me a great piece of work by Foley, the celebrated English sculptor. "I want you to see this," the panting verger said; "you know we call him our handsome bishop." And truly it was a beautiful face reposing in its calm sleep of death; but imagine my surprise to read amid lines of Latin eulogy the name of my friend "George Augustus Selwyn, Bishop of New Zealand and nineteenth Bishop of Litchfield." There lay the helpful friend of my youth, — his dear face that I never expected to see again, restored to me in the sculptor's marble, after the lapse of half a century.

One little incident that the good old verger told me I must pass on: Two Maori chiefs visited England a year or two ago and made straight for Litchfield Cathedral. Happening to meet my verger, they inquired for the resting-place of the good bishop. He conducted them to the tomb, where they immediately fell on their knees. The verger left them to their reverent devotion. An hour later he thought it time to look them up. They were still on their knees. Who shall say how many kindly acts of the good bishop had inspired these semi-savages to this devotion!



By permission of V. A. Heck, Vienna.

AN UNWELCOME GUEST.



THE LAND OF MUST N'T

BY L. J. BRIDGMAN

I KNOW you sometimes travel there,
For all good people do,
Across the Land of Must n't, where
They take *such* care of you!

And you have seen those warning lines,
The "Must n't Romp or Shout!"
And "Must n't Eat between Meals!" signs
They put up all about.

"Keep Off the Grass!" "No Fishing Here!"
"No Wading!"—I declare,
I think this sign will soon appear:
"You Must n't Breathe this Air!"

So, fellow-traveler of these ways,
My sympathetic hand
I offer, for I've lived long days
In that same "Must n't" Land.



Bridgman.

KINGSFORD, QUARTER

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," "Captain Chub," etc.

CHAPTER XII

DEVENS RESIGNS

THE victory was a popular one. Fellows who, left out of the teams under Hopkins and Rob, had been bemoaning the fact that there were not enough players left in school to make up the usual dormitory elevens, forgot their grievance. How a team which had been formed scarcely more than a week could defeat the Second, composed as it was of veteran players, no one could comprehend.

The news of what had taken place in their absence met the First Team on the instant of their return just before supper-time, and Hopkins and Prentiss piled over to Devens's room. Peeble, the Second's quarter-back, was there; he and Gus had been talking over the game; but Prentiss paid no heed to his presence.

"What 's this we hear, Gus?" he demanded angrily.

"I don't know what you heard," replied Gus, calmly, "but the score was five to nothing; they missed the goal."

"So you did play those fellows, eh?"

"We did our best, but it was n't good enough."

"You must be crazy," broke in Frank Hopkins. "You know plaguy well you had n't any right to do that. Your business is to give the School Team practice and not play games with other teams."

"Especially with that crowd of disgruntlers!" added Prentiss.

"But, look here," said Gus, mildly, "other schools let their second teams play real games. Why not here? As for 'disgruntlers,' I don't know anything about that. Langton challenged us, and we wanted a game; that 's all there was to it."

"Why did n't you say something about it to me, then?" Hopkins demanded.

"I was afraid you 'd raise a fuss," answered Gus.

"You are right I 'd have raised a fuss! And I 'm going to raise one yet! You need n't think you can do what you please just because you 're captain of that team, Devens. Langton and his crowd are doing all they can to make trouble for us, and you know it. You 're a traitor, that 's what you are! You don't deserve to—to—"

"Look here, Hop," Gus interrupted, "you 're not wearing any medals for giving folks what they deserve. I deserved a fair show on your team, and I never got it. You don't like me, and

Prentiss does n't like me. I 've played foot-ball here for two years; this is my third; and you 've got half a dozen worse players than I am on the First this minute. So don't you crow about deserts."

"And this is the way you get even," sneered Prentiss. "Stab us in the back the moment we are n't looking."

"Oh, come, let 's be honest," said Gus, warmly. "There is n't any fair reason why the Second Team should n't play another team when it has a chance. It 's just because the other team is the Independents that you 're both angry. If it had been any other team you would n't have cared. Well, your quarrels are n't anything to me. The Second never has played with any team except the First, as far as I know, but there 's no law against it. You go ahead and make all the fuss you want, but it 's nonsense to stand there and call me a traitor."

"That 's what you are," cried Hopkins, "a low-down traitor. And you 've used your position as captain to make traitors of the rest of your team."

"That 's not so, Hopkins," Peeble spoke up. "We did n't have to play. Gus told us about it and said we need n't play unless we wanted to. Every fellow went in on his own hook. For my part, I don't see what you 're so hot about."

"I 'm hot because you 've helped Langton and his crowd of trouble-makers," replied Hopkins, wrathfully. "They are n't the School Team; they 're just a lot of discontents who are sore because they did n't make it. And when you play against them you—you give them recognition and aid them."

Joe Law came in at that moment and looked about the group curiously. Hopkins nodded to him and then turned to Prentiss.

"Come on, Ed." But Prentiss was n't ready.

"What 's the good?" he demanded, with an ugly scowl for Gus. "Let 's settle it right now. I 'm manager of the team, and I don't propose to have my work spoiled like this."

"We 'll settle it all right," responded Hopkins, "but not now. You 'll hear from us later."

"When you like," answered Devens, as they went out.

"What 's the row?" asked Joe Law, anxiously. Gus told him.

"Well, it was a funny thing for you to do," said Joe. "You might have known he and Ed would n't like it."

"I did know it, and I did n't care. I don't care now. The only thing he can do is to crowd me off the team, and that won't bother me a bit."

But the discipline meted out to him the next afternoon was n't just what he had looked for. When scrimmage-time came, Hopkins and Prentiss walked over to the Second Team.

"Gus," said Hopkins, "I guess we can dispense with your services as captain after this."

Gus nodded untroubledly.

"Hover," continued Hopkins, "you 're captain from now on."

Hover, the left half, glanced at Gus and then at his feet. "I—I 'd rather not, thanks, Hopkins," he said.

Hopkins stared.

"You won't?"

"No, I 'd rather not."

Hopkins turned angrily away.

"All right. It 's up to you, then, Green."

Green, the right tackle, nodded. He did n't look as though he was anxious for the honor, but he said nothing. That afternoon the First had little trouble doing as it liked with the Second, but it was n't because of any special brilliancy on the part of the First. After supper Gus Devens went over to 24 Holden. Both Hopkins and Prentiss were in.

"I don't believe you have any right to depose me, Hopkins," said Gus.

"I 've got every right," answered Hopkins. "I appointed you, did n't I?"

"Yes, but I have an idea that if I take the matter to faculty they 'll decide against you."

"Try it," challenged Prentiss.

"Well, I 'd thought of it, but I guess I won't. Instead of that I 'm going to get out."

"Oh!" said Hopkins, uneasily.

"A good idea," was Prentiss's fling. "Perhaps you 'll join the 'disgrunters.'"

"Perhaps. Anyway, I 'm done with you chaps." And he turned on his heel and went out, leaving Hopkins looking a trifle blank.

"I don't like that," said the captain.

"Pshaw! He won't be missed."

"No, perhaps not, although he is a mighty good player, Ed, and you know that. But suppose he makes a row and gets some of the others to go with him?"

Prentiss considered the possibility for a moment in scowling silence. At last,

"We 've got to do something, Hop," he announced. "Look here, why not see what can be done with Langton? They say he played a wonderful game at half yesterday, and we could use another half on the First."

"I don't believe he 'd come," said Hopkins.

"I 'll bet he will, though. He 's always wanted to make the team. And there are some others on that team we might use. We could promise them places on the First and use them as subs; let them into a game for a minute or two; all they want is their letters. There 's that fellow Chase; and Koehler; and—how about Kingsford?"

"Oh, he would n't. He hates me like sin; you too, I guess. He has n't forgotten that hazing, I suppose. Never sees me any more. They say he 's got the making of a good quarter, too. I guess we made a mistake with him, Ed."

"Well, let him go, then. You see Langton, and I 'll talk with the others. And we want to do it right away; to-night is n't a bit too soon. Come on."

"Well, I 'll see him, but I don't want to, and I don't believe it will do any good."

Hopkins found Rob at home, but Evan and Malcolm were with him. Hopkins had n't entered number 32 since he had sent Evan spinning through the doorway on that first day of school, and he found himself confronted by three surprised countenances. Rob, however, was politeness itself.

"Hello, Hop! Come on in. Sit down if you can find anything to sit on. How 's it going? Going to kill Mifflin to-morrow?"

"Oh, I fancy we 'll win without much trouble," answered Hopkins, easily. "It was in regard to that, in a way, that I wanted to see you. I 'd like your advice, Rob. Want to come down to my room a moment and let me explain?"

"Yes," replied Rob. "Come on." As he passed Evan he dropped the lid of his left eye in a portentous wink. In 24 Hopkins placed him in Prentiss's easy-chair. Hopkins could be very pleasant when he wanted to be, and now he was as sweet as sugar.

"Look here, Rob," he began, "things are n't going very well on the team—"

"You mean the School Team?" asked Rob, innocently.

"Yes. We 're badly off for back-field players. Of course Law is all right and Simpson is fair, but Leary and Hansford are n't what they ought to be, and—well, in short, Rob, we need a good man there, a rattling good half-back."

"I guess they 're hard to find," murmured Rob.

"You are right they are! Prentiss and I were talking it over lately and wondering what we could do to strengthen up there. Well, we 've heard what a good game you put up against the Second yesterday, and Prentiss thought—or, well, maybe I suggested it first—that perhaps you 'd like to see what you could do on the School Team."

"Very nice of you," said Rob, calmly.

"Why, no, it is n't, Rob. It 's pure selfishness.

We need a good half-back, and that 's you. I suppose you 're having a good deal of fun with that team of yours, but, of course, it does n't lead anywhere. You come to the First, and you 'll get into three big games and have your letters. Now, what do you say?"

"Well—of course—" began Rob, hesitatingly, "I've always wanted to make the School Team. I tried pretty hard last year, you know, Hop."

said the captain, with a fine show of indignation. "I tell you, Rob, it 's no snap being captain and coach and everything. You know something about it yourself now, I suppose, don't you?"

Rob nodded emphatically.

"It 's no cinch," he granted. "Now as to what you suggest, Hop; the principal trouble is here: you see, I 've made that team up, and I don't want to disappoint the fellows. Of course they



" ' THEN THAT 'S SETTLED, IS N'T IT?' SAID HOPKINS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"I know you did. You did mighty well, too, but last year we had so much good back-field material that I could n't find a place for you. I tried hard, too."

"I thought that was the way of it," answered Rob, gratefully. "You know there are fellows who accuse you and Prentiss of—well, of favoritism, Hop, but I dare say that 's not fair."

Hopkins looked uneasy, but Rob's face was blankly innocent.

"They don't know what they 're talking about,"

might get on without me for a while, but—you know how it is when—"

"Yes, but it does n't seem to me that it would matter much if the team disbanded after a while, Rob."

"N-no, but I don't like to leave the fellows in the lurch. Besides, I don't know what they 'd say."

"They could n't say anything," said Hopkins, heartily. "And, look here, we can use two or three or maybe more good men. Of course I could n't promise them regular positions on the

First, but they 'd be certain of getting their letters, and I 'd put them with the subs and use them whenever I could. In fact, Rob, Prentiss and I had already spoken of two or three of your fellows we could find places for."

"Really? Who are they?"

"Well, Chase was one, and Koehler was another, and—I don't just remember who the other one was."

"There 's Shaler," Rob suggested. "He 's a rather good line-smasher. And Kasker 's a good tackle."

"All right. Any one else?"

"No, I guess not."

"Then that 's settled, is n't it?" said Hopkins, beamingly.

"What?"

"Why, that you 'll come to us and that the others we spoke of can come if they want to."

Rob dug his hands into his pockets, stretched his legs out from under his chair, and grinned across at Hopkins.

"No, Hop," he said, shaking his head; "the only thing that 's settled is that you 're a good deal of a knave and much more of a fool than I took you for." He got up. "I might forgive you the first, Hop, but I hate a fool."

"You—you won't!" gasped the other, surprise and dismay and anger struggling for supremacy.

Rob shook his head again, gently and smilingly.

"Not likely," he answered. "When I join your side-show, Hop, the snow will be twelve feet high in the yard and the weather extraordinarily chilly. And now, I think, I 'll just drop in on Koehler and those others we mentioned. And I should n't be surprised to find Prentiss somewhere around. Good night, Hop."

CHAPTER XIII

THE SCHOOL TAKES A HAND

THE next afternoon, Saturday, foot-ball representatives of Riverport School played two con-

tests. The First Team met Mifflin School, and the Independents went up against Cardiff High. For the latter contest Duffield made a few changes in his line-up. Talcott replaced Chase at



"THE MEETING BROKE UP IN CONFUSION." (SEE PAGE 715.)

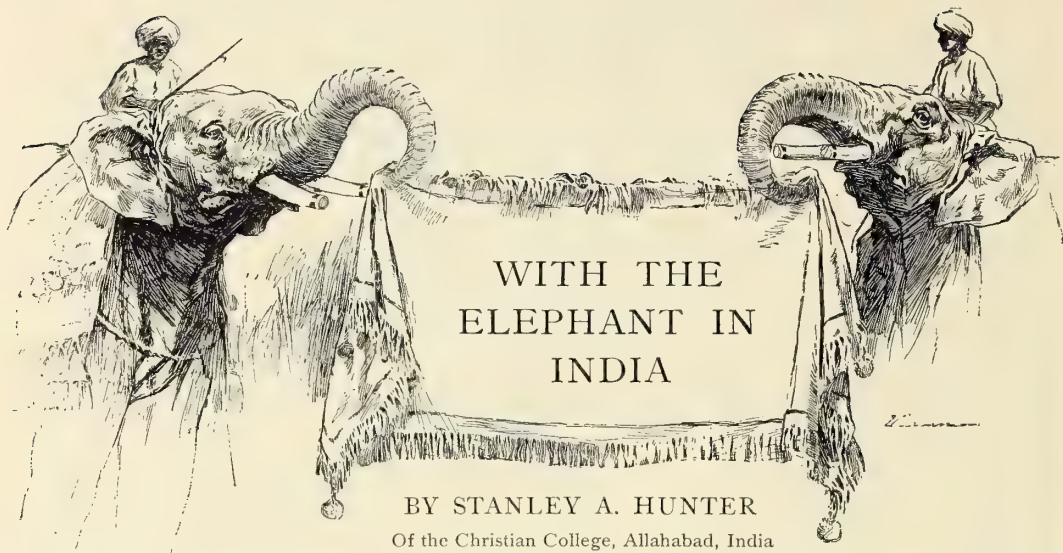
right tackle, Powers superseded Cook at right end, and Pardee went in for Lyman at right half. Pardee was an improvement, and the same might be said of Powers, but Talcott did n't fit, and Chase was put back in the second half. The periods were only twenty minutes long, and, although Cardiff had wanted them twenty-five, they were long enough to prove the superiority



From a painting by C. Fröschl.

OUR DARLING.

By permission of V. A. Heck, Vienna.



WITH THE ELEPHANT IN INDIA

BY STANLEY A. HUNTER

Of the Christian College, Allahabad, India

THIS morning, at breakfast-time, I looked out from the veranda of Princeton Hall, one of our college dormitories, and saw two elephants under the campus trees, leisurely enjoying their morning meal. Now, elephants are far from being a novelty in India, but it is not every day that they come to breakfast on our lawn, under the shadow of the mission walls, and I was a little surprised. One must not be astonished in this country at their mahouts driving them within a compound, for the rights of trespass in this part of the world are all on the side of the trespasser, and when two hungry elephants pass by a fine, shaded compound of forty-odd acres, and breakfast is half an hour late, they go in for their food and siesta whether a college happens to be there or not. They were munching their large portions of breakfast food, and acting altogether as the ordinary elephant of the circus behaves. It takes two hundred pounds of fodder a day to keep an elephant in good nature, and the pair evidently were consuming the greater part of their allowance at one time.

The mahout invited me to have a seat on the back of one, to witness the performance from above, and indicated his wishes to the gray mountain under his command. The beast responded and knelt, but even then a step-ladder was almost necessary to mount. He called it Moti, which is the Hindustani word for pearl. Indian mahouts or their owners often adorn the animals with the finest names. The other one's name I did not catch when first introduced, for it takes more than a half-year's Hindustani to understand all the queer titles bestowed upon the animals. But

I think it was "Garden of Flowers." "Silver Star" is a popular elephant name, and there are many "Lilys" and "Roses" among them.

Moti was a very unwieldy elephant, and a hard one to scramble up. He was not nearly so elegant as his title. Charles Dickens has said that the most ridiculous position possible for a man ever to be in is to pursue his hat across a wet and slippery street. I believe Mr. Dickens never mounted an elephant in India. You step on the beast's hind foot, then push yourself up the way climbers in the Alps meet a precipice, and, to your dismay, discover that your efforts have given the impulse to the beast to rise. As a result, you dangle for a moment holding on to the tail, then make one final upward shove, and find yourself on top.

The Indian elephant differs from the African species; his ears are smaller, and he has much smaller tusks. The tusks are cut off the captured ones.

The African elephant has great, big, flapping ears, but he can hear no better than his Indian cousin. He also has more ivory in his tusks, and in addition his skull is rounded out, whereas the head of the Indian elephant has a cavity in it at the top which makes a comfortable seat for the mahout. However, the Hindustani variety is just as intelligent, even though his brain seems smaller.

If Mr. Roosevelt came to India, he would have to pay a large fine to the government for every one he shot. The government has a monopoly on elephants. It has formed itself into a trust, and only leases out the privilege of capturing them to certain people. Thirty-two years ago, a law was

of the Riverport Independents. Cardiff was plainly surprised, for she had come over expecting to pit herself against a team of very small caliber. She began the game with five substitutes, but they were soon replaced with regulars. In the first half the Independents had no difficulty in scoring twice, and in the last period they crossed Cardiff's goal-line once, the final score being 16 to 3, the visitors having made a very creditable goal from placement. Duffield relied on straight foot-ball; in fact, the team as yet knew little else; and all three touch-downs were the result of steady line-plunging varied occasionally by an end run. Of the touch-downs Rob scored two and Shaler one. The school divided its attention between the two games, but what cheering was done was mostly for the Independents. The Cardiff game was over long before the School Team was through with Mifflin, or perhaps I should say before Mifflin was through with the School Team, and most of the Independents saw the last fifteen minutes of that game.

Hopkins's players were plainly in the midst of a bad slump, for even in the first game of the year they had not played so listlessly or with so little gumption. Mifflin made them look very small before she was through with them, piling up twelve points in the first half and sixteen in the second. The spectators saw the contest come to an end with scant display of interest; the defeat was so overwhelming that censure would have been flat and unprofitable. Silence alone seemed appropriate.

On Monday there was a sensation. The Second Team had learned of Gus Devens's withdrawal, and when the team reported on the field that afternoon it was minus nine members, seven of them first-string men and three of them substitutes. Green, the newly appointed captain, was two men short of a team! Prentiss was fairly beside himself with wrath, while Hopkins seemed suddenly to realize that things were going against him, and appeared thoroughly discouraged. But two First Team substitutes were placed with the Second, and practice was held as usual and went badly. On Tuesday Gus Devens and the eight deserters from the Second reported to Coach Duffield, the Independent Foot-ball Association having meanwhile received nine new members and its treasury the sum of four dollars and fifty cents.

"I can't promise you fellows positions," said Duffield, "but I'll give you all fair trials."

"That 's all we ask," answered Peeble, cheerfully.

The next day the Independents journeyed to

the neighboring town of Hillsgrove in three big coaches to play the high-school team. Devens replaced Chase at right tackle and strengthened that side of the line tremendously. In the second half Duffield, in spite of the fact that Hillsgrove was leading 11 to 6, tried out numerous candidates. Peeble went in for Kingsford at quarter and did fairly well, but seemed unable to get speed into the team. A number of new plays were tried with varying success, but when the last whistle blew the score still stood 11 to 6, and the Independents had met their first defeat. But Duffield did n't seem to mind.

On Saturday Overbrook Academy brought her First and Second Teams to Riverport and met her Waterloo. Hopkins's men braced up and barely managed to get the better of their opponents, 6 to 0. The Independents toyed with the Overbrook Second for fifty minutes and ran up 33 points to their opponents' 5. They had mastered the new plays and had developed a very respectable amount of team-play. The back-field had been strengthened by the substitution of Deering, formerly of the Second, for Pardee at right half, and the center of the line, with Devens at right guard, Jell at center, and Koehler at left guard, was invulnerable to anything Overbrook had to offer in the way of attack. In the second half of the game Duffield sent in what was almost a new team and demonstrated the fact that he had good substitute material for well-nigh every position. The second-string backs, Hover, Hinkley, and Tanner, made a strong combination, especially when an open game was played. Hinkley was a clever punter, and Duffield believed he could develop him into a good drop-kicker.

The consensus of opinion after the contests were over credited the Independents with having shown more foot-ball and better foot-ball than the School Team, and fellows began to express the wish that the former team and not the latter was to meet Adams Academy on Thanksgiving. As one boy put it, "The Independents are just as much our team as Hopkins's team is, and they're a great lot better. Why should n't we put our best team up against Adams? Are n't you sick of getting licked every year? I'd like a change!"

The Independents came fast the next few days. The discouraging thing was that only ten days remained until Thanksgiving and the close of the foot-ball season, and that in spite of all efforts Malcolm had been unable to secure any more games.

On Wednesday the news spread through school that the Independents had challenged the School Team to a practice game the following Saturday,

on which day, following established custom, the School Team had no contest, preferring to give all her time to perfecting herself for Adams. The news was hailed with delight, and the school waited impatiently to hear the outcome. When it was learned that the School Team had declined the challenge there was a veritable howl of disapproval. Rob had little to say in public, but there were frequent conferences in Wellington's room, and on Thursday morning there was a notice in Academy Hall announcing a mass-meeting to be held that evening "to discuss the foot-ball situation." The notice was signed by prominent members of the four classes.

The assembly hall was full when Northrup of the senior class called the meeting to order. The rival foot-ball coteries were there in full attendance, Rob and Wellington and Pierce and Malcolm and their associates grouped together on one side well toward the front, and Hopkins and Prentiss with their supporters sitting across the hall. Northrup began by explaining that the meeting had been called on account of a general sentiment favoring an open discussion of the foot-ball situation. "We have," he said, "two teams here now, the School Team and a second team known as the Independents. I'm not a player and don't pretend to know a great deal about the game, but as far as I can learn the Independents are doing better playing than the other team. A week from to-day we meet Adams, and, as you all know, Adams has been beating us right along of late. So the suggestion has been made that it would be well for us to put against them the strongest team we have, whether that is the so-called School Team or the Independents. And it has been further suggested that, in order to determine which is the better team, a game be played between them on Saturday."

Northrup sat down amid loud applause. Wellington followed and spoke to like intent, and was in turn followed by three others, a senior and two middle-class fellows. The meeting was clearly in favor of the plan outlined by Northrup, and when some one demanded that the captains of the two teams be asked to speak, there was much clapping of hands and stamping of feet. Hopkins got up and claimed recognition.

"We all want Riverport to win the game," he began rather listlessly, "and I think she will."

Mild applause greeted this, while some one at the back of the hall called: "That's what you said last year!"

"But, as captain of the School Eleven, I resent this interference by—" he glanced across the hall—"by a lot of disgruntled fellows who have formed what they call a foot-ball team and who

all this fall have been doing all in their power to make trouble for me and my management and my team."

"It is n't your team!" called a voice. "It's the school's team, Hop!"

"It's nonsense to suppose that a team that has played together no longer than this Independent Team has can face Adams and—and win. As for playing the Independents, why, we're willing enough to do that—"

This met with a storm of approval.

"I mean," corrected Hopkins, with some embarrassment, "that we would be willing to if it was n't that we shall need all the time that is left to us to get ready for Adams."

"You're right! You will!" yelled Jelly from a front seat.

"The School Team is the only team that has the right to represent the school in contests with other schools, and I insist on that right. And I hope you fellows will stand by me and—and my team, and help us to a victory."

It was a weak effort, and even Hopkins himself seemed to realize the fact. There was some scant applause, and then some one called: "Langton! What's he say? Where's Langton?" And Rob got to his feet and faced the meeting with a confident smile.

"All I've got to say," he announced, "is that we think we've got a team that can easily outplay the School Eleven. You fellows have seen us play, and you know pretty well what we can do. Whether we could beat Adams I don't know, but I think we could. Anyway, we'd like mighty well to try. For our part, we're more than willing to play the School Team on Saturday, or any other day they like, and abide by the results. If they win, let them play Adams; if we win, let us do it. It seems to me that's fair. We all want to win that game, and I don't see that it's going to matter much whether the Independent or the School Team is the one to do it. The main thing is to get revenge on Adams for the drubbings she's been giving us."

"Do I understand," asked Wellington, when he could make himself heard, "that Hopkins refuses to play the Independents?"

There was a moment of silence, and then Prentiss sprang to his feet.

"No," he cried, "he does n't! We'll play the Independents on Saturday and show you fellows which is the better. And then perhaps you'll be satisfied and stop trying to queer things. All I've got to say is that this school has shown a very remarkable idea of how to go about to win a foot-ball victory! If you'd stand by your team instead of trying to break it up—"

But he was n't allowed to get any further, and the meeting broke up in confusion.

"Well, we 've done it," chuckled Rob, as he tossed his cap onto the table in 32. "I tell you, fellows, I 'm delighted. I thought we might get this far next fall, but I never dreamed we 'd do it now. If we beat them, we play Adams. Think of that, Evan, you unenthusiastic beggar!"

"I 'm thinking of it," answered Evan.

"I 'm thinking of it!" mimicked Rob. "Well, why don't you *say* something? Why don't you—why don't you do something? I don't expect any signs of emotion from Mal; he 's the original human icicle; if Peary had seen him first he 'd have saved himself a long trip. But you might at least look interested."

"I 'm just wondering what 's going to happen to us Saturday," Evan replied. "What do you think about it, Mal?"

"Oh, I don't know much about foot-ball," said Malcolm, modestly, "but I think we ought to win if only on psychological grounds."

"I beg your pardon?" asked Evan, with elaborate deference.

"Just listen to him!" sighed Rob, admiringly. "Is n't he the boy wonder? Prithee, Mr. Webster, elucidate."

"Oh, you know what I mean."

"We know—oh, yes, we know all right, Mal! It is n't that we don't catch your drift. Psychology is an open book to us; in fact, my young friend Evan here got out the first patent on psychology. But it 's been greatly improved since then, and so—"

"What are you talking about, Mal?" laughed Evan.

"Well, I mean that the—the mental condition of a person counts for a lot, the condition of his mind, you know. And—"

"You 're mixed," said Rob. "But go ahead. A short lecture on mental philosophy by Professor Warne. The class will please come to order, and Mr. Kingsford will remove the bent pin from the professor's chair."

"Don't mind him, Mal. Go ahead."

"Silent contempt for you, Rob. I mean just this: Hop and Prentiss and his whole team are

worried. They 've been losing games right along; they have n't got together once the whole season, and they know it. They 're—they 're disrupted—"

"Fancy that!" murmured Rob.

"And they have n't confidence. On the other hand—"

"Is an ink stain," said Rob. "It 's unkind to draw attention to it, nevertheless, Professor. I assure you that I 've tried pumice—"

"Oh, enough of that, Rob!" begged Evan. "Mal 's right about it."

"On the other hand," went on Malcolm, "our team has plenty of confidence, we are n't worried, and we believe we 're going to win. We have public opinion on our side, too; the school believes that we are going to win—"

"Every one except Evan," muttered Rob, sadly.

"And all that counts for us," said Malcolm. "You take two fellows, one cheerful and confident and another worried and doubtful, and, other things being equal, the first fellow will win out every time. It 's the same way, I imagine, with foot-ball teams."

"That 's so," agreed Rob, soberly. "And that crowd is surely worried and up in the air. As for Prentiss—why, Gus told me to-day that the management is in debt about forty dollars already, and they can't get the fellows to pay it up. And Hop 's as blue as an Adams sweater. I 'm almost sorry for him."

"Huh!" scoffed Evan. "You 'd never be sorry for a chap until you had him down and were kneeling on his collar-bone."

"Wrong. I 'd be sorry, but I should n't let it interfere with my duty. And I 'm not going to now. My duty is to show Hop that he was never intended for a Napoleon or a Julius Cæsar. It will be a helpful lesson for him and may save him mistakes when he gets to college. And now I 'm going to bed, for to-morrow is going to be a very, very busy day. Thank you, Professor, for your few well-chosen remarks. What have you got to say now, Evan? With psychology silently working for us, I think we have the game clenched this minute, eh?"

"Um, maybe; but I 'd swap the psychology for another sixty pounds in the line!"

(To be continued.)

THE RAT—A JINGLE

"A RAT! A rat!" screamed brother Jim,

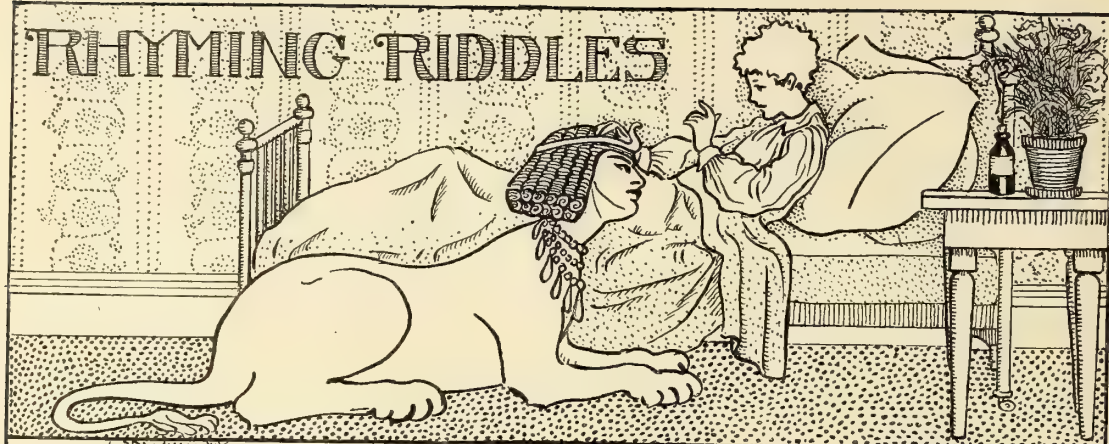
As wild he pranced about the floor.

"Oh, where? Oh, where?" the sisters cried.

"Why, right in Katy's pompadour!"

Deborah Ege Olds.

RHYMING RIDDLES



BY MILDRED HOWELLS

(A little boy is supposed to speak)

*When I was ill and had to stay
In bed, to pass the time away,
I turned the things surrounding me
Into these riddles that you see.*

I

WITHIN my room twelve doorways stand,
Each opening on a different land;
To north and south, to east and west,
They lead, but still I love the best
One oftenest sought with eager hand,
That opens into fairy-land.

These doors must be, you see yourself,
My story-books upon the shelf.



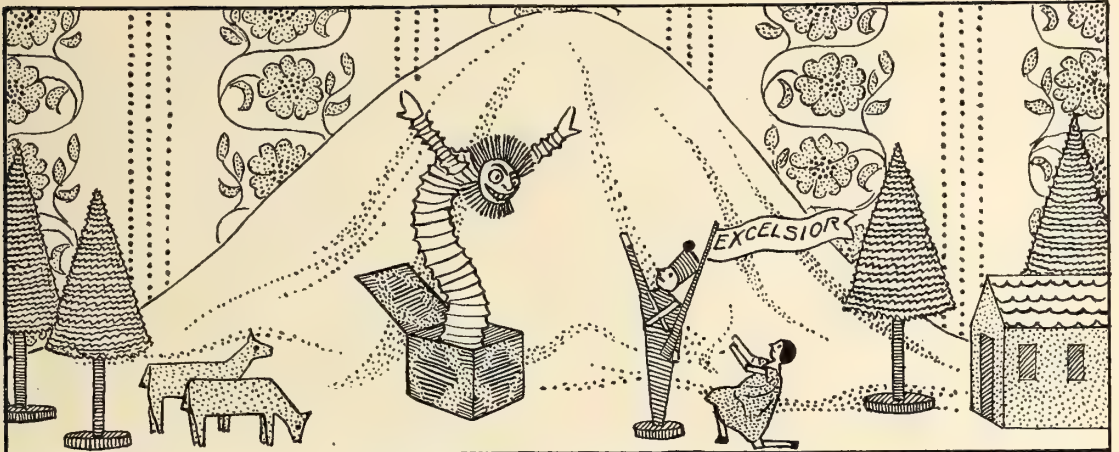
II

BLUE roses, green roses,
Growing up the hill;
Though no wind is blowing,
They are never still.

Blue roses, green roses,
Can you guess aright?
Wall-paper roses
In the firelight!



M. Howells.



III

THERE is a mountain crowned with snow
Where neither beasts nor travelers go,
For without warning sign it quakes
And suddenly a new form takes,
Or one vast avalanche it slides
Unhindered down till it subsides
Upon the plains below, and where
It towered once is empty air.
Then wearying of its lowly bed,
The mountain rears again its head.

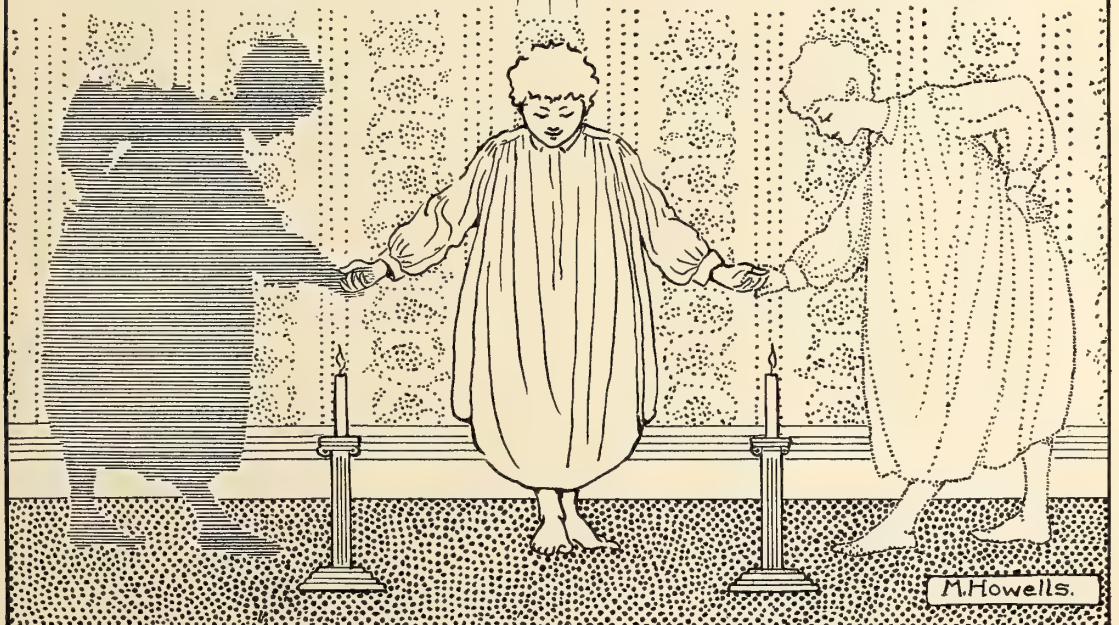
The answer to this one is plain:
My knees beneath the counterpane.

IV

SUNLIGHT and candle-light,
Two merry comrades come
To play with me, but one is blind,
While both of them are dumb.

Sunlight and candle-light,
They frolic in my room;
But when the dusk comes creeping,
They fade into the gloom.

Sunlight and candle-light,
Tell me where they pass
When all is dark: *My shadow and
My image in the glass?*



M. Howells.

THE REFUGEE

THE STRANGE STORY OF NETHER HALL

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES GILSON

Author of "The Lost Column," "The Lost Empire," etc.

CHAPTER XVI

A JOURNEY TO LONDON

DURING that winter there hardly passed an evening that Thomas Timms, with his ears rising and falling like a pair of rudimentary wings, did not run through the story before a breathless audience at the Bentley Tankard, of how he had found Gipsy Yates badly wounded at the roadside, and had heard from him how the Vicomte had planned every detail of the business; and how Jerry Abershaw had been largely instrumental in carrying it out. Yates confessed to a full share in the villainy, and went on to say how Monsieur des Ormeaux had for some months been in correspondence with those across the Channel who schemed the invasion of England. He admitted his own share in the treachery, and gave information concerning the signaling-station that had been established on Ramsey Height. He had nothing now to gain, one way or the other, for he could never recover from his wounds. He said that the Vicomte would betake himself to the headquarters of the French army in Holland, whence he would signal to Ramsey Height when De Winter's squadron was prepared to sail. Yates himself was to receive the message, and Abershaw, on his gray horse, was to carry the news to certain French sympathizers in the South, where General Hoche was to land. Yates said that Monsieur des Ormeaux was a rogue, and that the unhappiest day of his life was that on which he had put the man ashore at Judas Gap. And after that he turned over on his side and breathed his last.

It was Blunt, the groom, who had found the domestics of Nether Hall locked in the servants' hall. He had come round to tell them that the Vicomte's mare was gone from its stall; but, on being informed of the appearance of the masked men, he came through the scullery door, and led them all out into the garden, where they discovered, through the opened bay-windows of the dining-room, what a calamity had actually occurred; but they discovered it exactly twenty minutes after the Vicomte and Jerry Abershaw had got away from the house.

A quarter of an hour later, Sir Michael, Anthony, and the groom were armed and mounted

in Dedham Street. But there they were able to discover no trace of the fugitives.

Sir Michael, suspecting that the Vicomte's plan was to escape to his native land, set off with his party eastward, and came by chance upon the mare at the osier-beds near Jupe's Hill Farm. Hence they proceeded on foot to Judas Gap, but arrived too late to find anything but the footprints of their predecessors in the mud.

The chances were that the fugitives had gone off down the creek in a boat. Hurrying back to the road, Sir Michael and his party galloped to the Cattawade Bridge, and there found Roland and Cicely safe and sound.

Further pursuit was beyond the question, for by then the wherry with Louis des Ormeaux aboard must have gained the open sea. They were about to return to Dedham, when Thomas Timms came in with the story of how he had found Yates on the Bergholt road, and heard his dying confession both as to the plot of the French and the alarming news that Jerry Abershaw, the highwayman, was abroad on the Suffolk side.

So it happened that, though Gipsy Yates had been sent to his account, both the greater villains had managed to escape; the one to the land that had given him birth, and the other to the high-road.

From that night forth Thomas Timms was one of the powers that be. Largely through his agency a national danger was averted. For a large body of troops was hurried to Colchester; the signaling-station on Ramsey Height was destroyed, and a frigate of war deputed to watch the Hook. Indeed, so stringent were the precautions taken, and so well was the east coast guarded, that from that time forth no other descent upon the Essex flats was seriously considered.

As for the Vicomte, for the time being we lose all trace of the man. Certain it is that he returned to France, or else to Holland; and how he made his peace with the Directory and Generals Humbert and Hoche is best known to himself. All the good he had done was to lose the life of a smuggler and set an even higher reward upon the head of the most notorious highwayman of the day.

Beyond doubt, he had no further business in England; indeed, in that country his life was now in jeopardy. But he returned, as we know; for

having in his mind the constant memory of a fair English face, he threw discretion to the winds. And now, in addition to the love he bore the English girl, that drew him back to the scene of his adventures, there was established in his breast an unutterable hatred for his rival, the young officer of marines, who had proved himself the better swordsman and the better man. But the fire within him smoldered in secret, and for some months no trace of him could be found.

Throughout the campaign of 1795, by reason of the fact that Holland was now in the hands of the French, England was unable to land an army on the Continent; and, though the Mediterranean fleet rendered all the assistance it could, the gallant Austrians were left to bear the brunt of the matter alone.

A week after the famous night when he first crossed swords with Louis des Ormeaux, Roland Hood rejoined a ship at Chatham that was refitting for Admiral Duncan's fleet. With England and Austria at war with the rest of Europe, it was no time for officers to be on leave, despite the fact that aching hearts and tearful eyes were left behind them.

And no sooner had the young officer bidden farewell to his sweetheart for the second time than a letter came to Nether Hall from Mr. Pitt, suggesting that Anthony should go up to London and become resident in Lincoln's Inn (as the Prime Minister himself had done). Thence he could attend at Westminster Hall; and the following year Pitt, the Prime Minister, could offer him a seat in the House for a certain borough in the west of England.

Sir Michael was fully pleased with his son's prospects, and accepted for Anthony there and then. Nor was that young gentleman himself at all unwilling to go. He desired above all things to see something of the great city of which he had heard so much. And therefore it was in the month of June that John Constable and Anthony Packe journeyed to London together; the former to complete his studies in art, the latter to prepare himself for that political career which in later years, under the administration of Lord Liverpool, led to so much honor and distinction.

So it came about that Anthony Packe left the village where he had been born and bred. And as for the Squire, though the old man had seemed to love storming at his son, he grew so desolate without him that not even Cicely could make him happy and content. So he married the charming widow—Roland's mother.

The journey up to London in the year 1795 was no joke. The mail-coaches had not been long in existence, and competition was only be-

ginning to get keen. In the first place, they were invariably overloaded; for, in addition to passengers and luggage, inside and on top, they carried "outside" passengers, at a reduced rate, in a basket, termed the "conveniency," suspended at the back. As for the so-called "flying coaches," they were considered so dangerous that no one in his right senses would travel by them. The roads, in those days, were kept in repair only in the near vicinity of the towns; and as often as not, in bad weather, the coach sank up to the axletrees in mud, the passengers having to alight and put their shoulders to the wheel to get it out. In dry weather the ruts upon the roadway so strained the wheels that they sometimes, and frequently in the case of flying coaches, came off on the journey; whereupon the coach overturned, and the passengers were sent "flying" into the ditch. In such cases the "outsides," traveling at half-price in the conveniency, came off best, whereas the gentleman on the privileged seat next the driver as often as not came off with a broken head.

A great danger, especially in crossing the tracts of waste land which at that time were around the capital, lay in the highwaymen, who, even in the broad light of the sun, fell upon the coaches and post-chaises on the road. Wimbledon and Putney Commons, Hounslow and Hampstead Heaths, were alive with these "gentlemen of the road." From the time when traveling had become general in England, there was not a day passed that some outrage was not perpetrated, there was not an inch of country road in all England where the traveler could for one moment consider himself safe. Claude Duval, Jonathan Wild, Jack Sheppard, and Dick Turpin, each in turn was the terror of the road.

But perhaps the greatest villain, though at the same time, by reason of his youth and extreme good looks, the most romantic figure of them all, was Jerry Abershaw. At about this time his name was in all men's mouths. All efforts to bring him to justice had signally failed. On two occasions he had been tracked to a house in Clerkenwell; but, on the premises being searched from cellar to attic, no trace of the highwayman could be found; and though he had been seen to enter by the front door, the two constables who remained without had been ready to vow that he had not returned that way.

In those days there was no organized body of police. Law and order were left in the hands of watchmen and parish constables, as often as not greater rascals than those they were there to oppose. Sometimes a troop of cavalry were despatched to the scene of some particularly daring

robbery on the highroad; but the soldiers, with their heavy accoutrements and trappings, proved next to useless in pursuit of the well-mounted gentlemen of the road. If Abershaw came to London, he came within reach of the arm of the law. There were magistrates in plenty, and there was Newgate Gaol; but these were of little use when there was no one capable of catching the rogue. They found no difficulty in arresting poor, miserable debtors and putting them safely away under lock and key, where they could incur no more liabilities. But robbers and highwaymen were more desperate blades than the times had the wherewithal to cope with. They were allowed the free run of the roads, and travelers had to fend for themselves. On that account, to journey to London in 1795 was a very serious affair.

Anthony and John Constable picked up the coach at the county turnpike, but a few yards from the gates of Nether Hall. It was that same turnpike that Jerry Abershaw had jumped on his famous ride from Boxted Heath.

It was a glorious day in early summer, with the trees in full leaf, and the buttercups golden in the fields. The road was dry and dusty, and the coach swung merrily along.

Having changed horses in Colchester, they were not three miles clear of the town when a young man, stepping out of the door of a wayside inn, hailed the coach as it passed. The driver immediately pulled up; and the stranger, explaining that his horse had gone suddenly lame upon the road, asked if they could take him on to London, whither he was bound.

He was so exquisitely dressed, and carried himself with the airs of such a very fine gentleman, that the driver called him "my lord" upon the spot, and a seedy-looking individual, on the seat behind Anthony and Constable, volunteered to travel in the convenience if the new-comer would refund him his fare, with a bit in addition for himself.

This the young man gladly consented to do; and after a delay, sufficient to allow of the change of places, the coach went on.

The young man immediately got into conversation with the boys, entertaining them with stories of London, the great city which each lad was then approaching for the first time in his life with feelings of expectation. He seemed to know every coffee-house in the town, and told them anecdotes of the clubs, and of the extreme difficulty in becoming a member of some of them.

Anthony, who seemed rather impressed with the stranger's gallant appearance, asked him if he himself was not a member of the most exclusive clubs.

"No," replied the young man. "Even I can't get in. Though my pedigree 's one of the longest in England, they say it 's not good enough for 'em. And, egad, where 's the shame in it, when they 've blackballed my Lord March and the Duchess of Bedford! Think o' that! My name 's Boothby—Barton Boothby—I dare say you 've heard of me often enough?"

He turned to the boys for an answer. But they knew as little of the celebrated Mr. Barton Boothby as they did of the Earl of March or the Duchess of Bedford, or any one else of all the grand people who lived in London town.

"Ah, perhaps not!" sighed the young man. "I fear we have got to look upon our little parish of St. James's as the greater half of the world. But, egad, we 're wrong! Ye may be well enough known in London even, but it does n't thereby follow you 're a famous man."

After that he was silent awhile, as if, in spite of his words, he was somewhat hurt that his notoriety had not extended as far as the valley of the Stour. But he soon brightened up again, and began to point out to the boys all the places of interest on the road. He appeared to know the name of every village and inn; and Anthony, with a perfect frankness, asked him how it was that he came to be so accurately informed.

"Oh, I 'm always on this road," he laughed. "Fact o' the matter is, I 've got an old invalid uncle living in Colchester. Poor old boy 's all alone in the world. I 'm his particular favorite nephew, you know, and I run down on the coach every month to see him."

Anthony wondered that, since he used the road so much, he had never had any mishaps.

"I never fell in with a highwayman yet," said he; "and, to tell you the truth," he added, in another burst of confidence, "I 'd not care a fig if I did."

At that they came to an inn, where they were to change horses and where the passengers could alight for a meal. Mr. Boothby swaggered into the place as if it belonged to him, and kept the landlord bobbing and scraping until he grew red in the face and his bag-wig nearly fell off his head.

During the meal they continued their talk of highwaymen and the dangers of the road; for the boys were naturally interested in the subject, this being the first long journey either had made in all his life.

Anthony told Mr. Boothby how Jerry Abershaw had robbed the Ipswich coach, and how he had been chased by the Suffolk Hunt over Flowton Brook. Then he went on to tell how the same daring villain had broken into his father's house.

Mr. Boothby listened in rapt attention, ever and anon throwing in such ejaculations as "The rascal!" "Egad, the knave!" and "I' faith he did!" And when the story was done and the meal was ended, he rose to his feet and looked at himself in the glass. "*Christopher!*" said he, "I should like very much to come face to face with this Jerry Abershaw of yours!"

For which Anthony thought him the very finest of fellows.

Mr. Barton Boothby asked both to dine with him the next evening at Slaughter's Coffee-House, in St. Martin's Lane. Constable excused himself, saying that he had arranged to meet with a cousin of his, who had promised to intro-

duce him into the colony of famous artists that, before the foundation of the Academy, congregated in the vicinity of Greek Street, Soho. But Anthony accepted with pleasure, and promised to present himself at the coffee-house at the hour named.

After that they returned to the coach, where, as the dusk was upon them, they wrapped themselves in their coats; and after an uncomfortable night, with many delays and much changing of horses, they arrived at their destination, driving down Ludgate Hill as the morning sun was touching the dome of St. Paul's.

Anthony's sleep had been but dozing throughout the night: in the first place, the coach jolted; in the second, unused to traveling, he awoke whenever the coach pulled up; and, thirdly, he could not for the life of him remember when and where, on a previous occasion, he had heard a man use the exclamation "*Christopher!*"

CHAPTER XVII

THE "OLDE HOUSE IN WEST STREET"

It is not easy, in the face of the well-ordered London of to-day, to imagine the same streets



"THE YOUNG MAN HAILED THE COACH AS IT PASSED."

duce him into the colony of famous artists that, before the foundation of the Academy, congregated in the vicinity of Greek Street, Soho. But Anthony accepted with pleasure, and promised to present himself at the coffee-house at the hour named.

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a hundred years ago. We can barely realize the hardships and discomforts that our grandfathers had to put up with; and on that account, perhaps, the days of George the Third seem merrier than they were.

Of course we have progressed. The old, more violent customs have died away under the watchful eye of the police: men no longer run each other through in duels or street brawls. To-day we think of "battle, murder, and sudden death" as among the most terrible things we know. We

take everything more seriously than our grandfathers did. We look upon life as a grim and earnest struggle for existence. They regarded it all only as an irresponsible, blustering joke—a joke that at any moment might end with the sharp shot of a pistol or six inches of cold steel in the dark. They had a supreme contempt for the dangers that were all around them; and we, for the same reason, look down upon our very security from a pinnacle of disdain.

In this twentieth century we dash, in motor-cars, along the country roads, where once the highwaymen were wont to lie in wait, and the worst that can befall us is a policeman with a note-book, or perhaps a punctured tire. To some of us even a Jerry Abershaw would come as a relief. Nowadays, if we see a friend off upon a journey, we ask him if he has an extra tire. The old question was, "Were his pistols ready primed?" In a hundred years the very face of social life has been transformed—vastly for the better; we could not deny it, if we dared. In a hundred years we have advanced far on the road of civilization; we have passed from the age of pistols and highwaymen to that of motor-cars and policemen; but, if we have but a shade of the old love of adventure still dormant under our black umbrellas and every-day hats, it is difficult to believe that the "good old days" were not, after all, the best.

To-day the "Olde House in West Street" could never exist. Its reputation would instantly reach the ears of the London Detective Department at Scotland Yard, and in two hours it would be empty from roof to floor. In 1795, though all men knew of it by repute, they passed it by with a shudder.

It was situated in Clerkenwell, in the neighborhood of Saffron Hill. In former times it had

frequently been used as a place of refuge by Jack Sheppard and Jonathan Wild, and was noted for its trap-doors, sliding panels, and hollow walls.

Toward this house, in this same year of 1795, there stepped the young man we have already met upon the coach, dressed in the very height of



"'CLOSE THE DOOR, AND LET 'S BE ALONE!' JERRY SAID."

the fashion of the time. His hair was nicely powdered, and done up at the back in a queue. A rapier hung at his side, the hilt of which was adorned with gold; and in his hand he carried, with all the grace in the world, a silver and ebony cane. He might have but just stepped out of a fashionable club, and seemed vastly out of his element in such a district of slums and poverty as that of West Street, Clerkenwell.

Suddenly he stopped before the door of the "Olde House," and gave it three sharp raps with his cane.

Almost immediately it was opened; and the beau, with a quick glance up and down the street, slipped in.

He found himself in a passage that was pitch-dark, though it was still early in the afternoon. No sooner had he entered than the door was slammed behind him, and the noise went echoing through the house.

Then a very high and squeaky voice came from out of the darkness.

"Any news?"

"Aye," was the answer.

"From the Stag?"

"From where else, you fool? Is my man here?"

"He 's in the room on the right. Step in, Jerry; step in, me lad."

At that the man began to grope in the dark about the passage wall. He seemed to be searching for a spring that was not easy to find. He succeeded in the end, however; a panel slid easily back, and the passage upon the instant was flooded with light from a room beyond. But it was not the light of day. It came from a tallow candle, stuck in the neck of a bottle, that burned upon a panel in the center of a large, low-ceilinged room.

"Step in, Jerry," repeated the man with the squeaky voice. And Jerry Abershaw swaggered into the room, with his buckles and his sword and his powdered hair, as if for all the world he was but newly come from court.

Jerry Abershaw (who of course was never the celebrated "Mr. Barton Boothby" at all) was only then twenty-two years of age, yet, by his looks, he might have been even less. And surely, in all

the brawling London of 1795, if we passed this handsome fellow in the street, he would be the very last that we should suspect as the most hardened outlaw of his day. As he entered, he bowed to Louis des Ormeaux, who sat at the table, on the only chair in the room.

"At your service," said he.

"*Bon jour,*" said the Vicomte. "At last we meet again."

The man with the squeaky voice now came forward into the light. He was extremely thin, and bent nearly double with age. His face was as wrinkled as a raisin, and very much "to one side," as if in early years he had received some shattering blow. Indeed, his lower jaw was so much out of the straight that it almost seemed as if he might have been able to crack a nut between his left lower molars and his right upper ones. We might be fully justified in this belief, on the sole condition that he had never opened his mouth; otherwise we should see at a glance that he had no teeth to crack anything with at all. This lopsidedness was general throughout his features; for instance, his nose went very much to its right, and as for his left eye it was altogether gone.

"Tinsell," said Jerry to the one-eyed man.

"Yes, Jerry."

"Close the door, and let 's be alone."

Whereupon Tinsell, turning his head almost completely round, rather like a duck when it prunes its feathers, examined the wall with his only eye. Finally, having apparently found that for which he sought, he touched a spring, and the panel slid silently back to its place; so that the three men were altogether inclosed by walls. There was neither a door nor a window that opened into the room.

(*To be continued.*)

LITTLE JOHNNY-JUMP-UP

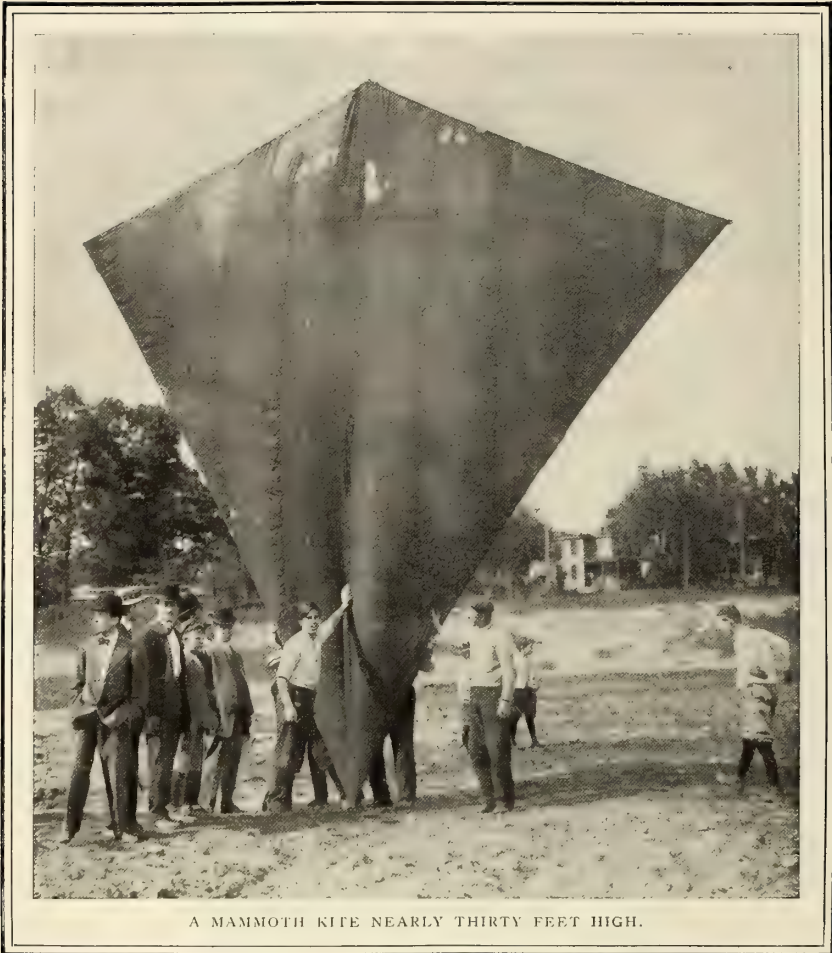
BY JULIA GRACE GILBERT

WHEN little Johnny-jump-up poked his head above the ground,
He winked his saucy yellow eyes and then he looked around,
And saw the sunshine all about and blue sky overhead.
"I 'm glad I blossomed out in such a pretty world!" he said.

"I 'm glad the grass is all so green, the earth so warm and brown!
I 'm glad I have a yellow hat and such a pretty gown!
And I shall stand here all day long and say to everything
That looks into my happy face, 'It 's spring, you know! It 's spring!'"

BIG KITES

BY H. D. JONES



A MAMMOTH KITE NEARLY THIRTY FEET HIGH.

THE development of the airship and aëroplane seems, in some places, to have aroused a slumbering interest in the old-fashioned kite. It is not, however, in the little toy kite, made of a half-page of newspaper or tissue-paper, that this renewed interest shows itself, but in kites of enormous size, capable of lifting a heavy weight, if necessary. Nor is this interest in kite-flying confined to boys, for grown men have fallen victims to its fascination. American young folks have sometimes thought it strange that men, even old men, in China should have found any amusement in kite-flying; and they could hardly believe the pictures in books and magazines showing gray-bearded Chinese men engaged in this youthful occupation. But what will they say now if their fathers or uncles "get the kite fever," order a



THE KITE REEL AND CORD.

giant kite made, and fly it from fields near their homes?

On this and the preceding page are shown some interesting photographs of one of the largest kites ever made. It was made by a young man in Philadelphia, and attracted a great deal of attention from grown people, as well as young folks,



A GROUP OF KITE-FLYING ENTHUSIASTS.



THE KITE JUST RISING FROM THE GROUND.

as may be seen from the illustrations. The kite here shown is a little less than thirty feet high, and is covered with a thin, tough cloth. It is so nicely balanced that every cord and knot on one side had to be matched by a cord and knot of the same weight on the other side. The lower picture on the opposite page shows a man reeling up the kite-rope, for so great was the pull when a strong wind was blowing, that not even clothes-line was strong enough to hold the kite, but stronger, woven, sash cord had to be used.

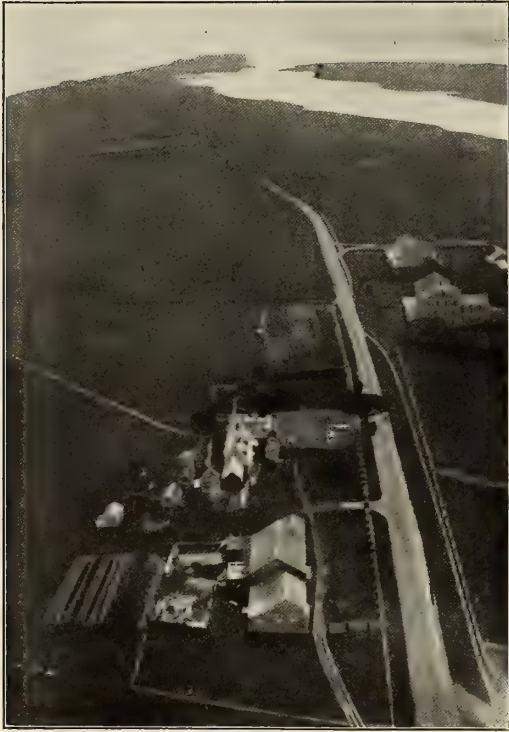


GETTING THE THIRTY-FOOT KITE READY TO FLY.

KITE PHOTOGRAPHY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY PROFESSOR ROBERT WILLIAMS WOOD

IN these days of flying-machines and balloons, you have all probably wondered how the earth looks from a point high up in the air, and especially how that part of the country with which



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE AUTHOR'S SUMMER RESIDENCE ON LONG ISLAND.

you are familiar appears to the passengers who are passing by high up over your heads. The next best thing to going up in a balloon yourself is to send up your camera, and bring down pictures of your country house, with its surrounding grounds, the intersecting cross-roads, and the fields with which you are familiar.

During some of my leisure hours for the past two summers I have amused myself by taking kite photographs with a very simple apparatus, which cost, including the camera, less than five dollars. The pictures are so good, and the pastime is so exciting, that I am going to tell you just how they were made, and ask you all to try the game for yourselves.

In the first place, I advise you, at least in the beginning, not to experiment with an expensive

camera. The one which I used, and with which the pictures which accompany this article were made, cost, if I remember rightly, only three dollars and a half. This camera had what is known as a fixed focus, that is, there was no bellows to pull out. It was merely a leather-covered box, with a small hole in the front, a place in the back for a film-pack, and a little lever which, when pushed, worked the shutter and made the exposure. I decided that the easiest way to arrange matters would be to have the little lever pulled by an elastic band, such as is used to put around small parcels. It was held back by a thread which was tied around a piece of Fourth of July punk about an inch in length. The punk was lighted just before sending up the camera, and when it burned down to the thread, the shutter was released and the picture secured. At the same moment a small piece of paper, which was tied to the other end of the slow-match, was released, and, floating away in the breeze, informed us that it was time to pull down the camera.

The arrangement for releasing the shutter will have to be adapted to the particular camera which you use. The main idea is to arrange an elastic band in such a way that it will keep the trigger or button pressed down, and then to draw the trigger back into the "set" position by a short piece of cotton thread tied around a piece of punk, fuse, or Chinese "joss-stick."

I shall describe three different arrangements, and by slightly modifying one or the other of them I believe that any camera can be made automatic, that is, capable of taking a picture at the end of a stated time.

The simplest arrangement is shown in Fig. 1. In this case the shutter is sprung by pressing down a small lever which projects from the side. The elastic band, represented by a dotted line, is fastened to a small nail driven into the bottom of the box, and the thread is tied to a similar nail at the top. If the lever does not project far enough, get a tinsmith to solder a bit of brass to it.

In the second case, Fig. 2, we have the type of shutter found on most of the folding cameras, with extension or bellows front. We must fasten the rubber band to the end of the trigger, and, if necessary, tie a small stick of wood across the top, to tie the thread to. Care must be taken to have sufficient tension on the elastic to snap the shutter without fail, when it is released by the burning of the thread.

In the third case we have to devise a means of working the shutter when the button or trigger does not project in such a way that the elastic can be tied to it. This was the case in the cheap camera which I used the first season. A spool was fastened over the button in such a way that it could be pushed by a short wooden cylinder (a piece of a lead-pencil was used). The wooden cylinder was pulled down by an elastic as shown in Fig. 3, and was held up in the "set" position by a little trigger something like that of a mouse-trap. The drawing will make the action quite clear, and any boy who has had experience in making squirrel-traps will have no difficulty in fixing up a similar scheme on a smaller scale on his camera. The trigger is shown also in Fig. 4. It was made of small scraps of brass and a pin.

It is best to use a small camera ($3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$), and plates will be found more satisfactory than films, as it is best to develop each picture as soon as it is taken, to make sure that everything is working all right.

Several rehearsals should be had indoors to make sure that the shutter snaps of its own accord when the punk burns down.

If the weather is very damp, the punk sometimes gives trouble by going out. A slow-burning fuse is more reliable under these conditions, and probably any store that sells fireworks could furnish something suitable. The little sticks of

Almost any good kite will do for the experiments. We have used everything from a large rectangular kite, covered with newspaper and made in fifteen minutes, to an enormous box-kite,

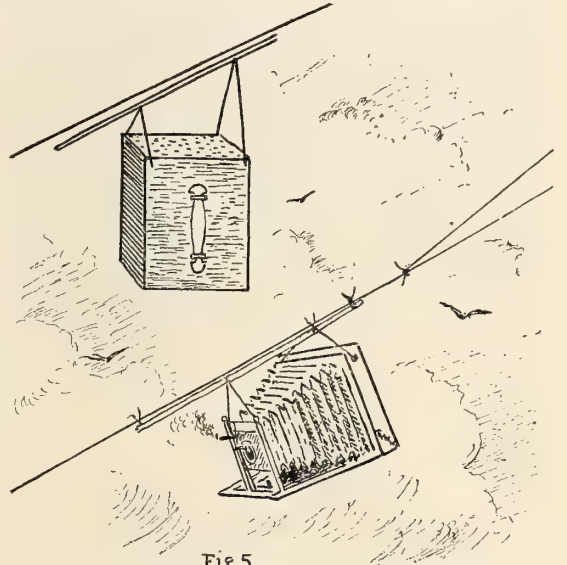


Fig 5.

TWO METHODS OF ATTACHING THE CAMERA TO THE STRING.

which required a couple of days for its construction. It is very important, however, to have a kite which flies steadily, without diving from side to side, and, above all things, avoid a kite which shows any symptoms of "whirligigs." The modern kites, as you probably know, fly without tails. The diamond-shaped Malay is the easiest to construct, but, unless it is made just right, is not always steady. We usually put on a tail, sacrificing our pride, out of consideration of the camera.

For a small hand-camera the kite should be about five or six feet high, or you can use two or three small box-kites, such as are sold at the toy-stores. A very good way is to send up two box-kites to a height of two hundred feet or so, tie the strings together, and then tie the main line to the knot, supporting the camera at this point. The pull on the line must be sufficient to prevent much sagging from the weight of the camera.

There are a number of ways of fastening the camera to the string, depending on the sort of picture you wish to make. A picture looking straight down (such as the picture of my East Hampton house, barn, and laboratory) is always interesting, though views made with the camera pointing at an angle of about forty-five degrees are more picturesque. The camera should be fastened to a light stick, about a foot long, with

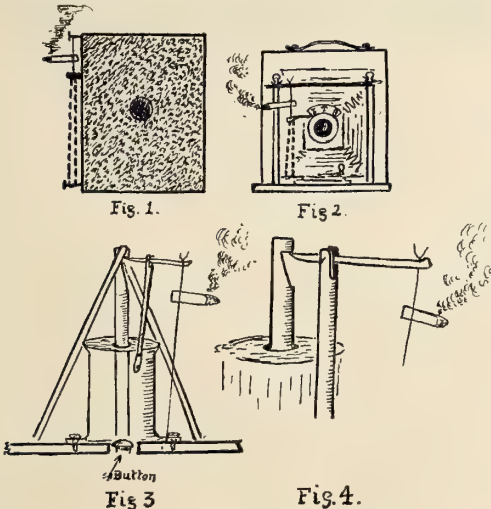


Fig 1.

Fig 2.

Fig 3

Fig 4.

DIAGRAMS SHOWING METHODS OF ATTACHING THE FUSE AND SHUTTER TRIGGER.

Chinese incense (joss-sticks) which you burn in summer to discourage the mosquitos can be used in place of the punk, and will probably be found more reliable in damp weather. The finest possible cotton thread should be used in this case.

strong string, as shown in Fig. 5, so as to point at the desired angle when the stick is parallel to the kite-string. Two short pieces of string are then tied to the ends of the stick, and these are



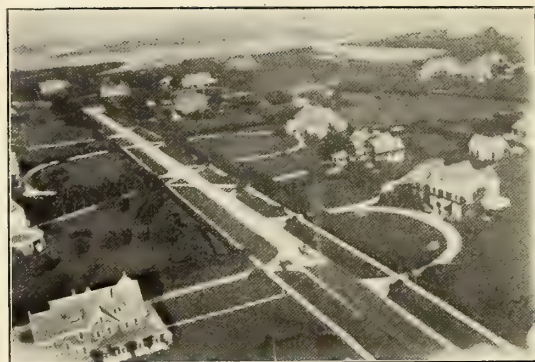
TAKEN AT AN ELEVATION OF 150 FEET. NOTICE THE MAN AT THE KITE REEL IN THE FOREGROUND, AND THE AUTHOR WATCHING THE CAMERA WITH A FIELD-GLASS.

tied firmly to the kite-string, when everything is ready for an ascension.

When everything is properly fixed, pull the slide of the plate-holder, light the punk, and pay out string as rapidly as possible. We found that the best way to elevate the camera rapidly was to send the kite up to a great height without the camera, tie the string to a tree, and then "run down the kite," by walking toward it with the string under the arm or held loosely in the hand in a piece of thick paper. When all of the string is laid out along the ground with the exception of a couple of hundred feet, attach the camera at

your house and grounds. Of course the kite will move toward the point at which the string is attached as it rises, and you will have to slide it back to the proper position by unfastening the string and walking forward, say, fifty steps or more. All of this can be done in three or four minutes without trouble. After the exposure is made, run the kite down as before and take off the camera. Fasten the string down at this point, so that it will be ready for a second attempt if the first is not a success.

It is a good plan to tie a scrap of paper to the punk just behind the knot by means of a thread three or four inches long. By watching this through a field-glass or small telescope you can tell the moment at which the shutter is sprung, for it flies away in the breeze as soon as the thread burns. You will have some disappointments, of



SUMMER COTTAGES AT EAST HAMPTON, LONG ISLAND.

course. Sometimes the punk goes out, and unless you have a paper signal you may pull down too soon, and have the camera snap saucily in your face when only a few feet away.

I have never injured either of my cameras, though I have had the kite dive, and swing the camera around a circle a hundred or more feet in diameter with a terrific velocity. It is very important to have the camera hang properly from the stick, with its weight carried uniformly by the four strings. If this is not attended to, it will have a tendency to wobble easily, and the pictures will be blurred. The camera and plate-holder are sometimes not quite light-tight, and a ten-minute suspension in full sunlight high up in the air is a pretty severe test. If the plates show evidence that light has leaked in, fasten a piece of black cloth over the back of the camera with a strong elastic band after drawing the slide. A little experimenting and practice will show you how the thing must be done, and the first good picture which you get will more than repay you for all the trouble you have taken.



VIEW TAKEN FROM 500 FEET, DIRECTLY OVER THE AUTHOR'S SUMMER HOME.

this point, light the slow-match, and run rapidly back for a few hundred feet, letting the string slip through your fingers, and then let go entirely. The camera will then rise rapidly to a point very nearly over the point at which it was attached. This method is especially advantageous when you wish to take a view looking directly down upon

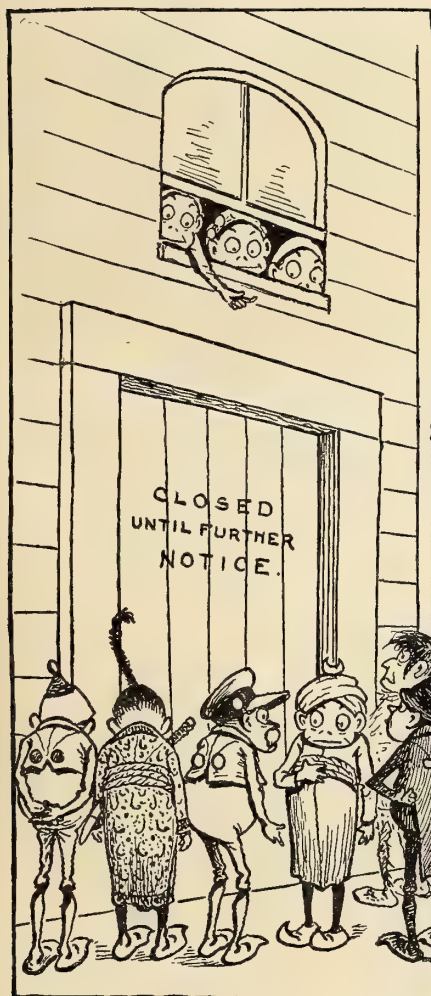
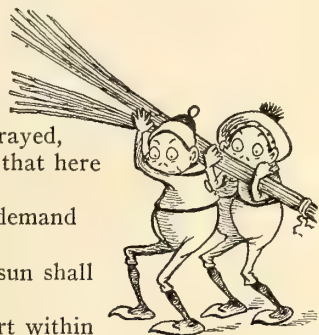
THE BROWNIES AND THE BABY-CARRIAGES

BY PALMER COX

WHEN Brownies were not in the mind
Of village people, as we find,
They met around a factory door
That evidence of trouble bore,
And though material was prime,
All hands were idle for the time.
Said one: "Since first we were designed
To either please or aid mankind,
We ne'er have heard a clearer call
To work than now within this wall.
The infant now in crib or chair
Must miss the aid of outdoor air,
For here a great need is displayed,

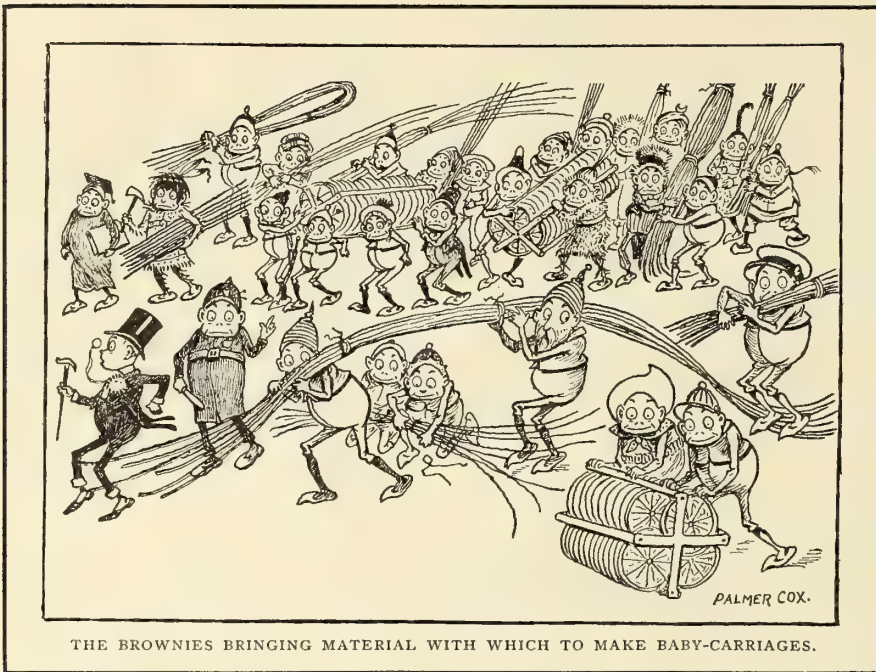
Through some weak business trust betrayed,
And wheels are still that here
should sing
The song that good demand
might bring."
Another said: "Ere sun shall
rise,
We 'll prove what art within
us lies.

With such a task as this before,
We would be dull, if nothing more,
If we turned not our mystic skill
In this direction with a will
That must a perfect finish lend
To every graceful spring and bend.
So here your Brownie fingers give,
And make a record that will live."
Now here was enterprise and zeal
Where one might scarce expect the deal,
But look for an indifferent air
Devoid of sympathy or care.



PALMER COX.

"THEY MET AROUND A FACTORY DOOR."



THE BROWNIES BRINGING MATERIAL WITH WHICH TO MAKE BABY-CARRIAGES.

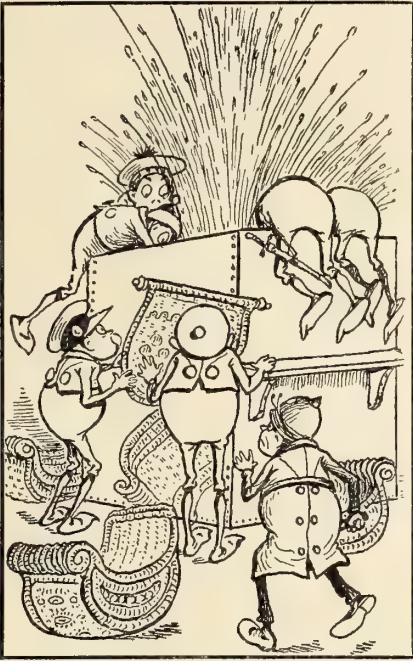


PLAITING THE RATAN.

There had to be a certain plan
 By which to treat the tough ratan,
 And bring through bending, by and by,
 A shape was pleasing to the eye.
 Some hardly seemed to pleasure find
 In making those by men designed,
 But all their energy was shown
 On strange inventions of their own.
 Where fancy in her wildest flight
 Could revel in creations bright,
 The work appealed to every hand
 And nimble finger in the band.
 Some picking out the parts with speed
 That would be sure to serve their need,
 Each striving to secure the best
 Though others suffered in their quest,
 Believing if good start was made
 The road to bright success was laid.
 Sometimes disputes would even rise,
 And warning threats, and smothered cries,



"THE WORK APPEALED TO EVERY HAND AND NIMBLE FINGER IN THE BAND."



"WHILE DIPPING FRAMES AROUND THE TANK,
SOME FELL AND FOR A MOMENT SANK."



"SOMETIMES DISPUTES WOULD EVEN RISE."

But haply, though debates arose,
They yielded ere they came to blows.
The work appeared so strange they found
It hard to keep from staring round,
To see the task that tried the hand
Of other members of the band.
While dipping frames around the tank,
Some fell and for a moment sank.



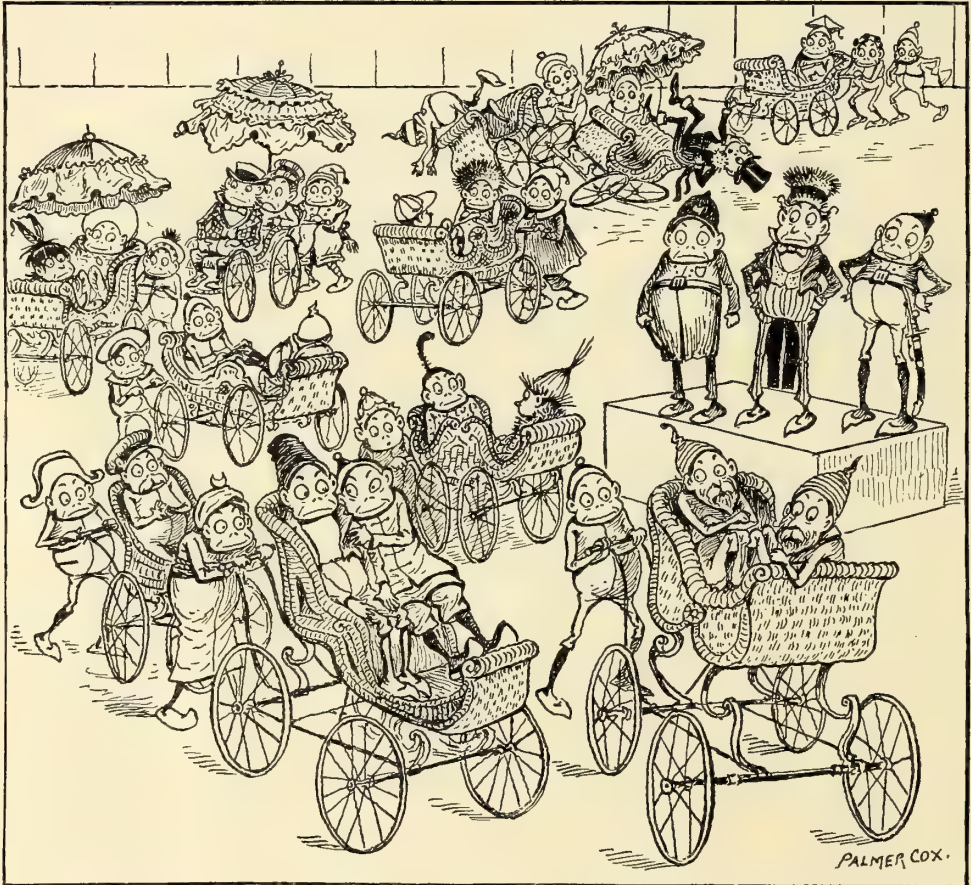
"THE SINGEING FLAME DREW STARES FROM ALL,
WHILE SCORCHING CLINGING FIBERS SMALL."

But from the benzine and shellac
Some friends were quick to win them back.
The singeing flame drew stares from all,
While scorching clinging fibers small,
Till work was clean in every part
And ready for the trimmer's art.

The task of some was then to try
With how much ease a babe could lie,
A group reviewing as they passed
To fairly judge, and praise at last.
A few were made for one alone,
Which by their narrow style were known,
But more for twins, and not a few
Gave back and elbow-room for two,
Where safe and sound the pair could rest
As snug as birds within their nest.

To see the Brownies mated thus
Without a touch of pride, or fuss,
A picture made that we must own
Had something of a lesson's tone.
No feelings of a better strain,
That sometimes creep into the brain,
Appeared to check the smile so meek,
Or give a coolness to the cheek.

And babies on a later day,
When in their carriages they lay,
With eyes upon the branches cast,
Or crowds of people striding past,
Would never know the first to try
Their carriage was a Brownie spy,
Or that each twist and bend and braid
Was by the Brownie fingers made.



"THE TASK OF SOME WAS THEN TO TRY WITH HOW MUCH EASE A BABE COULD LIE."

THE YOUNG WIZARD OF MOROCCO

BY BRADLEY GILMAN

Author of "A Son of the Desert"

CHAPTER XI

THE RUSSIAN AHEAD

"WHAT do you think of our latest purchase?" asked Ted, as they walked on together, and he pointed to the slowly moving donkey. "He is n't much on speed, is he?" And the boy laughed as he spoke.

"Donkeys are not horses," replied Achmed, briefly.

"No, nor camels nor elephants," retorted Ted; "but there are donkeys and donkeys; and this one is of the slow kind; he does n't take any interest in our enterprise; see, he is stopping to nibble that bunch of grass. Get up, there! Get up!" (This to the donkey.) "I know you 're not hungry; I fed you myself two hours ago."

Achmed's face wore an expression of quiet amusement. "We did not choose him for speed," he answered, "but because he looked strong and fairly well fed."

"Well, we did n't get any more than we paid for, I think," was Ted's comment. "We have n't named him yet; I say, let 's call him Moleeto. That 's Moorish-Arabic for 'speed,' if I recollect; is n't it?"

Achmed nodded in the affirmative. "Very good; it is much like my brother to name him in that way. Let him be 'Moleeto, the speedy one.'" And the Bedouin lad's features relaxed into a broad smile.

"So be it," cried Ted, laughing; and turning toward the donkey he exclaimed, with mock solemnity: "I name you 'Moleeto, the speedy one'"; which made Mr. Malloly, perched on Moleeto's neck, turn a look of solemn disapproval on his hilarious young master. Like some human beings, Mall'y liked best the fun which he himself instigated.

Our friends now ascended a bit of rising ground, and saw, beyond and below them, a wide, sandy plain, intersected by dry watercourses, and with the foot-hills of the Atlas range forming the horizon line more than thirty miles away. They had advanced but slowly, and had consumed many hours in accomplishing as much distance as they had covered in an hour when mounted on spirited Arab horses.

When Achmed had made the arrangement with the Sheik Ali Ben Mohammed, he had gone forward alone, down upon this sand-tract, among the several caravans encamped there, and Ted

had remained behind on the crest of the hill; now they both descended the slope together, and slowly advanced toward the nearest caravan.

There were four groups, four caravans, in all: one large one, Ali Ben Mohammed's, and three smaller ones. These groups were made up, each, of tents, camp-luggage, merchandise piled up, camels, a few donkeys, many dogs, and a good number of Arabs with their black servants or slaves. Ali Ben Mohammed's caravan showed the greatest signs of wealth: in numbers, and size and quality of tents, and in the overbearing spirit of the sheik's large family—these were the outward and visible signs of worldly prosperity, according to Moroccan standards. But although the Sheik Ali was reported to be rich, he was also greedy for more riches, as was hinted when our two boys were received with the usual salutation, "Salaam Aleikoum," by the sheik's oldest son, a man of about forty years. "My father sends me word to make you welcome," he said, with a courtly smile and bow. "He is detained unjustly in Tangier. We shall start soon under my leadership; my revered father will overtake us easily on a fast riding-camel before many hours have passed."

Ted drew back a step, and glanced at Achmed for a hint as to their line of action. But the Bedouin lad appeared not to notice this, and replied calmly: "We will remain with Ali Ben Mohammed's son; his father is a friend of my friend, the British consul in Tangier. It is well for friends to draw together."

This ready reply seemed to please the sheik's son, and he moved his arm toward a small white tent placed near the great central circular tent or pavilion wherein the sheik's own family dwelt. "There is the abode of our guests," he said. "The tent is theirs." And he directed a Nubian lad to lead the donkey and his masters over to their tent.

The encampment was a busy and noisy place, with men giving orders, dogs barking and fighting, and a camel occasionally snarling in protest when a burden heavier than he liked was bound upon him. The four caravans were in four well-defined groups, set within a circle of a half-mile. The water for all, men and animals, was drawn from a well not far from Sheik Ali's pavilion; and this central meeting-place was continuously crowded, and was the scene of many quarrels, and sometimes of bodily violence.

Ted and Achmed strolled about the camp, but did not go far beyond the general boundaries of their own caravan. The same idea was in both their minds, underlying their natural curiosity to see what might be seen. This idea was—the suspicion, the dread lest they should find the Russian spy somewhere in the field. “Do you suppose he knows where we are and what we are about?” queried Ted, as he and Achmed were talking the matter over.

“I believe he does; just that,” was his companion’s reply, in a decided tone. “He is shrewd and determined, and he is going to reach the Sultan’s ear before us if he possibly can. When a man like that—”

Here Ted noticed something peculiar in Achmed’s voice; he had learned to be on his guard, and he glanced from under his eyelids at Achmed’s face. It was unruffled outwardly, but Achmed was now moving his lips as if talking, yet not uttering a sound. Then, in Arabic, softly, Achmed said: “Notice man beyond kneeling camel, on left!”

They were at that moment walking past the well, with its crowd of pushing, scolding camel-drivers and donkey-boys. Ted glanced in the direction indicated by his companion, for an instant only, then off in another direction, both keeping up their careless, sauntering gait.

Fully a minute Achmed waited, then, turning leisurely in a circuit toward their tent, and without looking at Ted, he asked: “Did you see him?”

“What, that man beyond the kneeling camel? I did. Was he the Russian?” inquired Ted, in some surprise.

“I believe so,” came Achmed’s reply. “I saw him before he turned away his face; he has changed the cut of his beard, but I cannot be mistaken; he is the man.”

The two young fellows now entered their tent, and sat down on some luggage, in silence; both were deliberating as to their best course of action: whether to go at once back to Tangier, or to keep on and take chances of outwitting the Russian. They now discussed the problem in all its phases.

Finally they decided to wait for the sheik’s return; and, thus waiting, matters shaped themselves quite differently from what they had foreseen.

Two of the other three caravans were now evidently preparing to break camp. One was going to Tetuan, east of Tangier, and the other was setting out for Rabat, on the western coast, so the sheik’s son explained to them. Presently night came on, and the two lads made themselves as comfortable as possible in their tent; the sheik’s son had already shown himself hos-

pitabile in sending food to them. During the night they took turns in watching, but nothing startling occurred, although at one time, for a half-hour, keen-scented Mall’y became uneasy, and sniffed, and muttered, and passed his little paw several times over Ted’s face, as if to make sure his master was really there. During this suspicious period the two boys talked together in low tones, intending that if anybody was prowling around their tent, he might know that they were awake.

As soon as dawn came, they felt safer; and both dropped off into a sound sleep, which they much needed. And the sun had been up more than two hours when a servant from the sheik’s pavilion came to their tent door and awakened them, bringing them a well-cooked stew of goat’s flesh and carrots. After eating this, they went forth and took a good look around; and, with one glance, they discovered that the third caravan was gone; it had departed promptly at dawn.

Here was a new problem arising. Was the Russian attached to the departed caravan, or to their own? Ted put that question to Achmed, and Achmed replied: “My brother will wait quietly here, and I will seek the answer from the lips of the sheik’s son.”

Which he did; and in a short time he returned from the great central striped pavilion, and reported that a man, a European, calling himself Petrovsky, in company with a Moor, had been noticed by the sheik’s son in the now departed caravan; also it was told Achmed that that caravan was going to Fez, or to Mekinez, somewhat beyond, toward the west. The young Bedouin also brought the information that Sheik Ali Ben Mohammed’s caravan was to break camp early in the afternoon, and that the sheik himself would overtake them near the Dranek Pass, a gateway through the rugged Atlas foot-hills. “Not as good news as I could wish, do I bring my brother,” was Achmed’s remark, made somewhat grimly, “but it might be worse; and powerful Allah is on the side of right.”

That afternoon, as promised them, the caravan got under way. The boys watched the proceedings with interest mingled with impatience. At last the camels were all laden, and the order to march was given by the sheik’s son, who rode upon a beautiful gray horse, which he found difficulty in restraining to the slow pace of a cumbersome camel-caravan. The young sheik was a good horseman and somewhat vain of his skill, and put his spirited steed through all sorts of paces, as he darted about from one part of the cavalcade to another, directing by voice and gesture the movements of his men.

That night they encamped, having made, as the

boys judged, some ten miles. At dawn, the next morning, they started again, and kept up the march all day, stopping only an hour at noon.

exclaimed, with tones and gestures of anger and regret, "has fallen under the civil power of an enemy at Tangier; and his enemy will not allow my lordly father to join us; he makes false charges of debt; he threatens prison restraint. There is no help for it; we must wait here; I myself may need to go back to Tangier."

The disappointed boys received the unpleasant news with outward calm; but, as soon as they were alone in their tent, Ted broke out into exclamations of vexation. "The old cheat!" he cried. "He's a greedy old thief, like most of these fellows. He's probably been outgeneraled by some other crafty Tangier merchant shrewder than himself."

Achmed said little, but reflected deeply. At last he spoke: "We must not delay longer; I shall go forward; as for my brother, if he—"

"Well, Achmed," broke in Ted, "if you think I'm going to let you go ahead alone, you're greatly mistaken. This is a bit of a fix we're in, I see plainly; but we must do the best we can; if the caravan is to stay glued to this spot for a week, we need not stay with it." With which loyal speech he threw his arm over Achmed's shoulder, and gave him a friendly sort of bear caress. "I'm with you," he added resolutely. "Yes, and so is Mall'y, and likewise Moleeto, the speedy one. Let's push

on as soon as possible through the Dranek Pass, and then—hurrah for Fez!"

CHAPTER XII

THE YOUNG WIZARD OF MOROCCO

"Well," remarked Ted, as our two friends proceeded toward the huge rock-hewn gateway of the Dranek Pass, "Petrovsky thinks he is ahead of us in this game; perhaps he is; but we will give him a good struggle yet."



"THEY ENTERED THE RUGGED PASS."

This brought them nearly to the entrance of the Dranek Pass, through which, probably, the preceding caravan, with Petrovsky and his Moorish ally, had traveled several hours in advance of them.

As if fate wished still further to test them by putting other difficulties in their path, a messenger on a swift riding-camel now overtook them; and when, in due time, his errand was made known to our impatient young friends, it was to this effect, as stated to them by the Sheik Ali's son: "My lordly and well-wishing father," he

Thus they entered the rugged pass, a mile in length, with steep sides nearly all the way, and with but few signs of animal or vegetable life; here and there a vine or other plant could be seen clinging in some crevice, and one skulking jackal was visible, but kept a long distance away.

Achmed had said but little, and seemed deeply pondering some hard problem. The donkey, with the monkey perched on his neck, was slightly in advance. Presently Achmed, in a low voice, spoke: "A serious difficulty faces us, my brother. I had the hope that we might, by joining the caravan of Ali Ben Mohammed, have an even chance with the Russian of reaching Fez and seeking an audience with the Sultan. But now he is at least ten miles, perhaps twenty, in advance of us, and he will hurry as rapidly as possible; he will reach the Sultan's ear many hours before we arrive."

Ted's face grew thoughtful and anxious as he listened. "What you say, Achmed, certainly seems to be true. But I suspect that you have some plan in your mind. What is it?"

The dark Bedouin face lighted at the implied compliment, and Achmed said: "I have feared this, and I have inquired carefully, as you know, of all kinds of people at Gibraltar, and at Tangier, and elsewhere. More than this, last night I had a dream; it was as if some winged creature, an angel or a great bird, flew over my head, back and forth; I could see naught except the blue sky, when I looked upward, but I could feel the rush of air from the creature's pinions; and there came to my ears the words, 'Wezzan, Wezzan,' several times repeated."

"Yes, that is the name of a large Moorish town; I know that much," Ted responded, with a blank look on his face. "It is situated not over five miles toward the west after we leave the Draneh Pass."

Achmed nodded assent, and continued, in his quiet, decided way: "That was my dream; and after I awoke I suddenly remembered—what I had gathered from various persons—that the power of the sherif of Wezzan is great, and is second, in all Morocco, to the Sultan's only. Is not that so, Brother? You have read many books, while Achmed can read more easily the minds and hearts of men."

"Quite so," replied Ted. "It is a fact that the sherifs of Wezzan, being of the direct line of Mohammed the Prophet—which not all the sultans have been—hold great influence over the people, and even dictate the actions of the Sultan himself at times."

"That is what I also have learned," said Achmed. "And I now see that so important a message as I bear to the Sultan, he will not agree to,

until he has had it ratified by the sherif of Wezzan. The sherif represents the religious forces of the country; and a word from him can arouse or allay a mighty wave of religious fervor from Algeria to Marrakesh; this religious force the Sultan must be careful to keep in harmony with his political policy. Therefore, my brother, I believe that when the Russian emissary reaches Fez, even if the Sultan, in his *kasbah* [the citadel or castle], gives him audience and approval, the Sultan will send a *rekka* [a courier] to Wezzan to secure the sherif's approval ere any compact is made."

Ted looked intently at the Bedouin's keen face during this wise speech, and admired him greatly. "Achmed," he exclaimed, "you are correct in your judgment. Let us push straight toward Wezzan and the sherif, as soon as we get out of this pass. But how about the dwellers in Wezzan? Are they not fanatical? Will it be safe for us—for me?"

Achmed laid his hand affectionately on Ted's shoulder, and said, with assurance: "My brother need have little fear. He now wears his garments of *Moghreb al Acksa* [Morocco] like one born in the land; and as for the speaking, leave that always to me."

The journey to the sacred city of Wezzan was uneventful. Our little party made as good time as was possible. When they emerged from the rugged, barren pass, they found themselves in a country with rich soil, many small streams, and abundant vegetation. The borders of the streams were fringed by tall oleanders in full blossom; there were groves of the gum-cistus and carob-trees on the gentle slopes of the hills; and little flocks of bright yellow goldfinches occasionally flew across their path.

In about two hours they crossed a long ridge which was like a vast furrow made by some giant's plow over the land, and they saw Mount Sarsar for the first time. Guided by that well-known landmark, they worked their way through a dense forest of olive-trees, and across another gigantic "furrow," and there caught their first sight of Wezzan; a picturesque white town it was, snugly planted in a valley and backed by high, steep hills.

Although Achmed maintained an outward air of indifference, as they approached the sacred community, and gave a mechanical greeting to each person whom they met, he and Ted were both anxious regarding their entrance into the place. Achmed, looking keenly about him from beneath the folds of his voluminous haik, decided that they would best halt outside the walls, at the edge of the *sök*, or market-place.

So they prepared to camp, Achmed attending to the getting of a tent and food, while Ted, keeping well covered, and merely muttering Arabic blessings on the bystanders, looked after his faithful fellow-travelers Mall'y and Moleeto.



TED PLAYS THE PART OF WIZARD AND DOCTOR.

Ted saw that here was a time when he might make use of his simple medicines, and, at his suggestion, Achmed let drop remarks, among the crowd, regarding the great learning and skill of his companion. And the expression "The Young Wizard of Morocco" became the fixed title which Achmed bestowed on his young American brother. "He is not only a *thaleb*," he said, "to all, with impressive tones, not only a learned scholar, "but he is a skilful *thabib* [doctor] as

well." And that brought, at once, a line of applicants for medicine. Some of these persons really were sick, and others were merely inquisitive and wonder-loving. To the really sick people Ted gave such remedies as he thought they needed; to others, who seemed entirely well, he gave bread-pills, and water colored with black licorice.

In the minds of all savage or primitive people the arts of healing and of magic are closely associated; both are blindly worshiped. Knowing this, our young friend Ted suddenly bethought him to strengthen his hold on the crowd by the use of a lens of his field-glass as a burning-glass. With Achmed's clever seconding, and certain preliminary gestures toward the sun, Ted easily brought the scorching rays of "Old Sol" into such focus on sundry arms and pieces of cloth, that he was fully believed to hold, in his command, limitless powers of magic; the "spirits of the air" were declared to be in league with him, for good or evil.

The fame of the learned *thabib* spread over the *sök* rapidly, and Achmed had difficulty in keeping back the eager, curious crowd.

Whatever the explanation may be, it is a fact that Moors and Berbers and Arabs are able to bear physical pain much better than Europeans; all travelers in Morocco have attested this, and Ted also found it to be so; yet, stolid and self-con-

trolled as they are, they know the difference between pain and the cessation of pain, you may be sure. The treatment of wounds in Morocco is so primitive and unsanitary that Ted felt entire confidence in his simple, cleanly treatment; although he would not have dared undertake what are called "capital" operations, he greatly improved the condition of many fingers and hands and legs by careful bathing and clean bandages.

There was no denying that he was already the

"talk of the town," and nobody had penetrated his disguise. He was described by Achmed as a veritable "King of Pain"; and all sorts of maimed and halt and blind were brought to him, with increasing confidence on the part of the populace.

That night our friends camped just outside the limits of the *sōk*, and the gifts (*mouna*) which were presented to them would have filled a small dray. Chickens, fruits, cereals, butter, eggs, wearing apparel, and other gifts were piled on the ground before their tent. In order that they might sleep in undisturbed quiet, Achmed went through some sort of imposing formulas and gesturings at nightfall, drawing an imaginary line around the camp, and threatening all kinds of mysterious evils on any one who should cross over that line.

"So far, so good," observed Ted, after he and the Bedouin lad had withdrawn into the quiet of their tent. "I hope my fame will spread rapidly." And he laughed with much enjoyment of his success. "Anyhow, Achmed," he added, throwing his arm around his friend's shoulder, "it was my advertising agent who deserved the most credit; you grew fairly eloquent in your description of my magical powers." Then he added, more seriously: "Upon my word, though, I am downright glad to have been able to relieve and help some of those poor, ignorant, suffering creatures, those children especially."

They all slept comfortably through the night, and they breakfasted early on the "fat of the land." Ted began his medical and sanitary duties

soon after breakfast, fully a hundred people having gathered and waited in patience for the coming forth of the "Young Wizard" from his mysterious seclusion.

About ten o'clock the thing happened which our young friends had hoped for: the fame of the learned thabib had penetrated the kasbah (castle) and had come to the ears of that sacred personage the sherif.

Ted caught sight of a richly caparisoned white horse at the rear of the gaping crowd; and on the horse sat a stern-looking man in costly garb, and riding his steed straight into the crowd, as if into a field of wheat. He drew rein when a few paces in front of the busy young worker of cures, and gave out his summons, in a voice of authority: "The mighty descendant of the still mightier Prophet—his name be praised—calls upon the worker of wonders to come to him; I will lead the way."

Achmed of course made response; his tone and words expressed a proper respect for the authority of the sherif, the dictator of the policies of sultans, yet no servility did he show. And Ted, without evincing any unworthy haste, packed up his belongings and made ready to go.

"We will go forward, not as suppliants, but with fearless hearts," said Achmed, in a low, firm tone, to his companion, as they stood alone together. "We are running a great risk in putting ourselves within the power of this fickle Moor, sherif though he is; but it is our only course; we must venture it. Now, is all ready?"

(To be continued.)



A LITTLE GERMAN PRINCE

BY EDITH ELTINGE PATTOU

Four persons stand between little Prince Luitpold and the Bavarian throne. If he lives to be a man, he must inevitably one day become king; yet before that can take place death must first have claimed his unfortunate great-uncle, poor

mad King Otto; his great-grandfather (at eighty-nine years of age reigning regent of the kingdom); his grandfather Ludwig; and his young father, Prince Ruprecht.

Meanwhile he is the happiest of princelings.

With his father, his pretty girl mother, and his baby sister he dwells in a wonderful old Munich palace facing a broad square through which his



LITTLE PRINCE LUITPOLD, WITH HIS FATHER, GRAND-FATHER, AND GREAT-GRANDFATHER (THE PRESENT RULER OF BAVARIA).

great-grandfather's soldiers march every day. Just opposite is the royal Residenz Schloss, filled with priceless treasures (collected by his art-loving ancestors), all of which may one day be his. In near-by streets are other palaces belonging to his grandfather, his two great-uncles, their children and children's children; for little Luitpold lacks not for cousins, though unluckily none of them are young enough to be his playfellows. When the young King of Spain (who is also a far-off cousin) visits Munich, as he does regularly every year, he doubtless finds it tiresome enough to return all his royal visits—as etiquette demands he should—before leaving the city.

The Wittelsbach family, to which Luitpold belongs, is probably the very oldest reigning house in Europe, the young prince being, in fact, descended in an unbroken line from the first Luitpold, Count of Scheyern, who, as a contemporary of Alfred the Great of England, died just six centuries before the discovery of America. Yet, in spite of their ancient lineage, no princely family is less haughty than the present-day Wittels-

bachers. The venerable and beloved prince regent (who in all but name has been king for twenty-three years) may be seen almost any day driving or walking in simplest fashion about the city of Munich, replying pleasantly to the salutations of any one—even children—who may bare their heads in his honor. Indeed, so accustomed are his subjects to seeing the good-natured old gentleman, in his familiar brown overcoat and soft hat, that the sight of his carriage—unaccompanied by soldiers or guards and with nothing to distinguish it from hundreds of others save the blue livery of coachman and footman—causes no stir or commotion of any sort. While other monarchs of Europe find it necessary—for fear of bombs or bullets—to dash in swift automobiles through the streets of their capitals, the aged ruler of Bavaria feels his person secure, apparently, in the midst of his loyal *Münchner*. On festival occasions only he appears in brilliant uni-



PRINCE LUITPOLD, WITH HIS MOTHER AND LITTLE SISTER.

form as field-marshal of the Bavarian army. Then and then only the people know it pleases him to hear them cheer.

Prince Ludwig, the heir apparent, who (because of his white beard and spectacles) looks fully as elderly as his sturdy old father, possesses, together with his son Ruprecht, far less simplicity

of manner. With this in mind, one almost wonders to find the youngest heir apparent reared from babyhood to show friendliness to all persons with whom he may come in contact. In all probability this training of the little Luitpold is due to the regent's influence, seconded by the

But little Luitpold will be instructed in no profession but that of kingcraft. As a first step in this difficult art he has already been taught two things: first, to speak many languages, and, second, to make himself popular with the good Bavarians who will one day be his subjects.

Luitpold has a small Shetland pony with a basket-cart in which he drives himself and his English governess about the broad, clean streets of Munich. Every time he passes one of the many palaces already spoken of, two sentinels, standing before the entrance, are seen to present arms as solemnly as if a major-general were passing by instead of a tiny boy in a sailor suit.

Many pretty tales are told of Luitpold's interest in other children. One day in driving along Ludwig Strasse he perceived two little American boys emerging from the Maximilian Gymnasium, a famous school for boys. German lads are taught to be dignified, even to solemnity, on the streets. For this reason, doubtless, the jolly American faces turned in animated scrutiny of his own pony attracted the royal child. On the following day he met the same children again. These—having been enlightened meanwhile as to the identity of the driver of the pony-cart—raised their caps politely. The young prince seemed delighted at this attention, and instead of returning the military salute (a stiff little raising of the hand to the cap) which is customary, smiled, nodded, and waved his hand as merrily as if he and the little Americans had been old-time comrades.

Of the several languages which the seven-year-old prince speaks fluently it is English in which he is most proficient. One day in the Englischer Garten, as the Munich park is called (because originally laid out by an Englishman), an elderly American lady seated on a bench amused herself by watching a dear little dark-eyed boy playing ring-toss with his governess.

"Your turn next, Miss F——," he called.

"An English child!" thought the lonely old lady—her heart full of a far-away grandson—"I must speak to him if he comes in this direction."

Ten minutes later a runaway hoop brought its small owner panting to her side.

"And who may you be, my lad?" she asked pleasantly.

With the friendliest little nod imaginable the child replied:

"Oh, I 'm Prince Luitpold Karl Joseph Wilhelm Ludwig of Bavaria. *Entschuldigen Sie, Gnädigste* [Pardon me, most gracious one]; I must go now."

And away he ran.



PRINCE LUITPOLD, WHO MAY SOMETIME BE
KING OF BAVARIA.

wishes of his mother (the so-called "prettiest princess in Europe"), who comes of a notably democratic family. Her father was the late Grand Duke Karl Theodor, whom the accident of royal birth did not prevent from becoming a practising oculist and a very clever one at that.

Evidently a liking for the healing arts runs strongly in this branch of the Wittelsbach family. A younger brother of Duke Karl Theodor's is a surgeon and spends half his days at the great Munich hospital. He is, however, somewhat less proficient in his profession than was the royal oculist, and it is said to require some exercise of tact on the part of the hospital authorities to prevent him from undertaking operations too complicated for his powers.

MORE LEAVES FROM THE JOURNEY BOOK



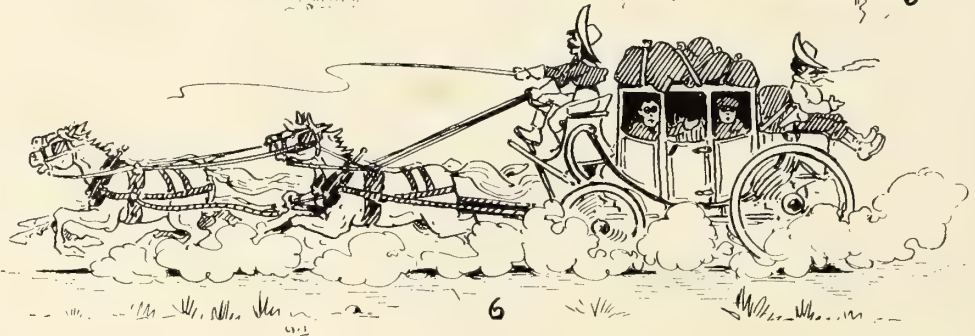
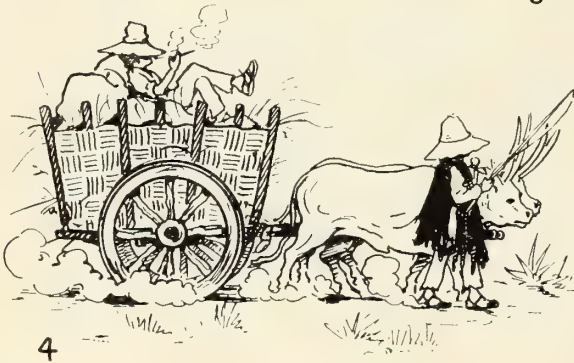
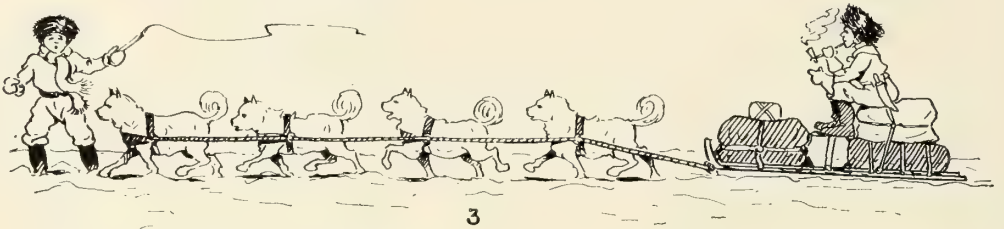
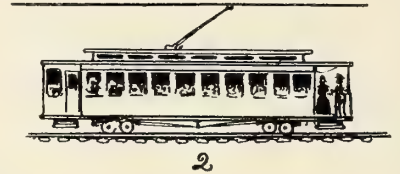
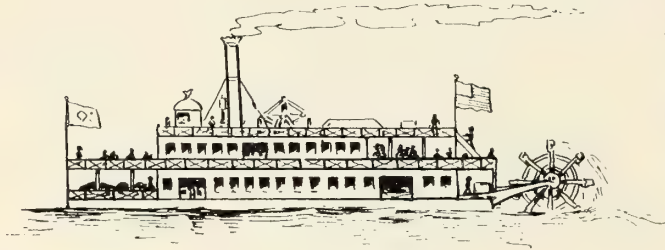
CANADA

THOUGH THE UNITED STATES IS A VERY LARGE COUNTRY, THERE ARE OTHER COUNTRIES ON THIS GREAT CONTINENT OF NORTH AMERICA. IF WE GO TO THE NORTH WE COME TO CANADA, AND IF WE GO TO THE SOUTH, TO MEXICO.



MEXICO

Though people generally go by railroads to visit these countries, there are other ways to travel. Here are some of them.



Do you know the names of all these different kinds of conveyances?

As Canada is in the North it is colder in winter than the United States, so there you will see these.



Snow-shoes



Tobogganing



In a logging-camp

While Mexico is in the South, so there you will find strange looking people like these.



A water seller



Children



A Grandee

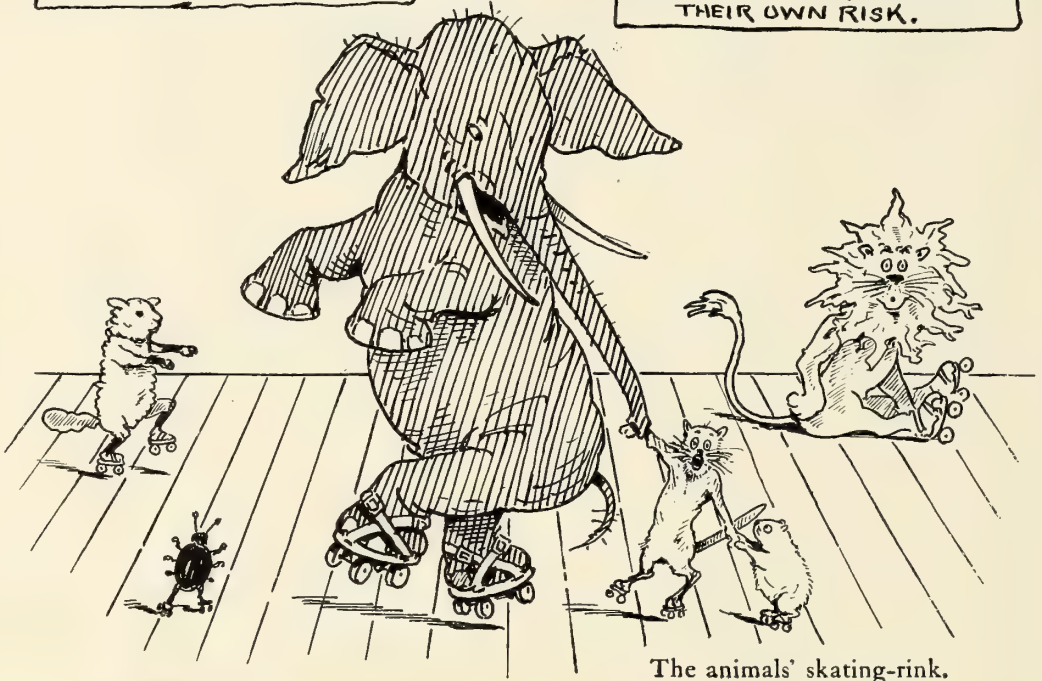


An Indian porter

We must have some more amusing pictures, as well as serious ones. I am sure these will make you laugh.

CENTIPEDES WILL BE CHARGED
EXTRA IF THEY HAVE SKATES
FOR EVERY FOOT

RATS, MICE, AND SMALL BIRDS.
WILL ACCEPT CATS' INVITATIONS
TO SKATE ENTIRELY AT
THEIR OWN RISK.



The animals' skating-rink.



MISS HIPPO: It's a delightful row Mr. Bunny,
but could n't you go a little faster?



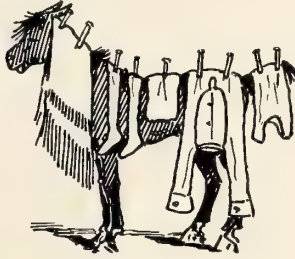
Now then duck in your head
and over we go.

Would n't it be strange if you saw some of
these sights at the circus, this year!

Those on the other page are all real animals, these are unreal animals, but they have real names.



A china cat.



A clothes-horse.



A goose girl.



A golf lynx.



A turkey-gobbler.



A cowslip.



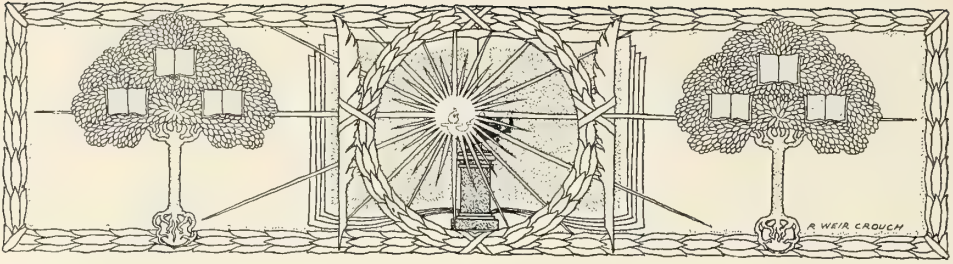
A horse-fly.



A pie-plant.



A dogfish.



BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

THE STORY WITHOUT AN END

WE are now in the very loveliest part of the year, the springtime, and if we are fortunate enough to live in the country, we are surrounded by a thousand miracles of growth and of return, each one of which is far too wonderful to be believed—except that it happens to be true!

For surely not the most marvelous of stories ever told anything so marvelous as this—this pushing up through the hard earth, so cold and dark during the past months, of green grass blade and purple violet and golden crocus. This transformation of the trees, that seem to have burst into green fire overnight and to shake the smoke of perfume from their branches all through the soft air. And this strange home-coming of the birds. What called them back? How did they know that April had opened the door of life again and that it was safe to return to the old places and begin to build new nests? We have discovered a great many things—the age of rocks, the currents of the ocean, the movement of stars—but we have still many things to learn and to wonder over. Just why a little heat and moisture turn a shriveled brown seed into a glorious flower, or how it is that a crawling caterpillar becomes a floating butterfly, we do not know. Nor yet what instinct, sure as the rising of the sun, brings the winged flocks home to the North and fills the budding thickets with their songs. As I told you before, in olden times people believed the fairies had something to do with all this, or the gods and goddesses. Nowadays we say it is nature and instinct; but in both cases it is a matter of giving names to something beyond our explanation; for since the beginning we have all been apt to think that to name anything is to understand it. But Shakspeare, who looked farther into most things than the rest of us, said that “a rose by any other name would smell as sweet”—yes, and be quite as miraculous.

This wonderful story of the earth's return to

life has been told over and over again, and will continue to be told for as long as we need to imagine. Little by little we understand more and more of it, although it seems likely that we shall never get to the end, never find the final explanation which means that the last page has been reached. It is the Story Without an End, and we study it forever with fresh interest and fresh love, for it holds, beside all its beauty and its strangeness, a promise, an immortal promise.

There is then this beauty of the world that we are not able to explain. And no more than we can tell why the frogs begin to pipe their reedy music in the soft spring evenings, heralding the return of life to the woods and fields, with all the wonders to follow, no more can we explain ourselves. As the spring advances with newer and lovelier flowers and birds, songs and fruits, so, too, our life advances, bringing mysteries as beautiful and as great, and just as unexplained.

But it is our way to keep on seeking for the reason: the reason of the world and the reason of life, the reason of spring and the reason of winter. All these seekings we put into thought and into those results of thought called art and science and literature. And when the books and the statues and the pictures are truly the result of the thought or the feeling we have had about life in its many manifestations, then they, too, become part of life itself, telling us how some one else saw this world, that is the same to us all, and yet different to each one of us. So a true and beautiful story, whether it be simple or not makes no difference, holds something of the same mystery as the budding flower or the nesting bird. We cannot explain it nor the power that made it, for the fact that we are able to think and speak of the marvels we meet is as wonderful as they are themselves.

I got to thinking about this Story Without an End that is always being told us, because I picked up a little book I have always loved, called by

that very title and written quite a while ago. It is, in spite of its name, a short book, a few pages printed in rather large type, with pictures on nearly every page. I can hardly tell why the story is so very lovable. It is about a child in a garden, a gentle and exquisite child, to whom the little creatures and the plants tell various things. Perhaps you have tried sometime to tell just how you like a branch of apple-blossoms; it is not easy, and it is not easy to say just why this book is so charming. But I hate to think that any child should miss it. My edition is an old one, for it belonged to my father when he was a child himself, and his father and mother used to read it to him and to his sisters. It is torn and faded, and some of the pages are lost; but I like to read it now as much as I did when I was a child no bigger than the Child in the book. You can get it in what are called the Ariel Booklets, pretty little volumes of the classics or of such simple tales as this, which the world is not willing to let go, any more than spring will let go the tiny white wind-flower or the smallest linnet with its twitter of song. If you want a perfect story to take out with you when you go to sit in the sun by the brookside and listen to the catbirds hopping about in the alder thicket, ask for "The Story Without an End." The gentle Child, with his butterflies and his flowers, belongs to spring, and you will hardly know which you love best.

"TELL ME, WHERE IS FANCY BRED?"

ANOTHER book full of tenderness and charm, only this is a sad book, is the story of "Undine." Undine was a water-nymph who wanted a human soul—for you must know that nymphs have no souls, though they are immortal. The story tells what she had to do to get this soul, how she suffered, and how lovely and brave she was. Each step she took in the world, away from her home in the water, was as painful as though she walked on sharp swords. And to find her soul it was necessary that a man should love her and take her for his wife. But that is only a part of the story. Poor little Undine! no one can read about her without tears. She is so gentle and so sweet and so unhappy that not only one man but all the world has come to love her. Now, however, it is too late. For the man she loved did not understand the mystery of a human soul, though he himself had always possessed one. So in the end Undine goes back to her own element and sinks out of sight beneath the green water. Yet even to this day you may at times, when the April rain beats on the window-panes, hear her low sighs and tears, and there are people who say they have caught a glimpse of white arms and floating hair

and a sad but lovely face appearing for an instant on the surface of a lake or a still stream, only to vanish at once with a sign of sorrow and a sound like a good-by. Other people say that Undine is no more than a fancy. But a fancy is quite as important as a flower. And what kind of a world would it be if no flowers and no fancies were allowed in it?

Then there is the story of "Peter Schlemihl," the man who had no shadow. Apparently he was just like the rest of us otherwise, but he had had the misfortune to affront his shadow, and it had left him. It may not seem that a shadow is a particularly useful possession, nor that it could do you any good. Perhaps not. Still, not to have something that everybody else has, whether one actually uses it or not, proved to be most bothersome to Peter, and his adventures without his shadow make a very amusing tale. The other people in the book never can get used to having a shadowless man about, and it was really only in the dark that poor Peter could be happy.

These three books are all in the Ariel edition, and I cannot think of anything much more delightful than to have them all to read for the first time during the lovely days of May. There are plenty of books full of solid sense and information that will, after all, tell you no more than these graceful and fanciful volumes, with their stories of simple things. So, too, the world is full of a number of things that weigh more and look more valuable than the white flowers of the dogwood or the scarlet flash of the tanager as he flits through the sunshine. But who can say? It is still, you must remember, a Story Without an End. Whether a fairy opens the petals of the flowers with a touch of her silver wand, or Nature, whoever she may be, does it with a ray of sunlight, the fact remains that there is the flower. And whether or not Undine ever stole out of the green and silver lake to find a soul, or whether Peter really lost that shadow of his, or had just as many as the rest of us, here at least are the stories. And no more adorable ones of their kind are to be had for love or money or both.

For this is true. The world we live in is filled with mysteries, and even the most commonplace of days holds things much too wonderful to be explained by years of study. And it is this realization of the wonderful that stories like the ones I have been speaking about bring to us, just as spring itself brings it. When you stop to think, the fact that you woke up this morning the same little girl or boy who went to sleep last night is quite as remarkable as any story ever imagined. Possibly Shakspeare thought of that when he wrote, "We are such stuff as dreams are made of,"

NATURE & SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW



THE ALBATROSS AS AN EMBLEM OF GOOD LUCK.

The Ancient Mariner (in the poem of that name by Coleridge) admitted that with his crossbow he shot an albatross. His mates then claimed that good luck had abandoned the ship, for he had killed the bird "that made the breeze to blow." The ship was becalmed for many days, and there was intense suffering for lack of water to drink. Then the shipmates hung the dead albatross around his neck as a token of his disgrace.

THE ALBATROSS

THE albatross, that wanderer of the seas, so often referred to in prose and poem, is nevertheless a stranger to the average person, and by some is even considered a myth. In Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" the albatross plays a leading part, and one sorrows for the poor bird which, after following the ship for weeks, is pitilessly shot down by a mariner.

The albatross is the largest sea-bird having the power of flight, and is closely allied to the gull, petrel, and Mother Carey's chicken. It has a tre-

body is about four feet in length, and the weight is from fifteen to eighteen pounds, a comparatively light weight when one considers the extreme length of wing. The albatross is possessed of a peculiarly long, oddly shaped bill, which gives it a strange appearance; this is shown in the illustration. The nostrils open from round, horizontal tubes on each side of the bill, but at its base.

This great bird is generally met with in Southern seas, although it is occasionally seen on our Pacific coast. On the Atlantic side it is rarely found as far north as Tampa Bay.

Its food consists of cuttlefish, jellyfish, and scraps thrown from passing ships. It is a greedy bird, and at times gorges itself to such an extent that it is unable to rise from the water.

Its power of flight is, however, the most remarkable thing about the albatross. It spends its life, with the exception of the few weeks given each year to nesting, entirely at sea, and is on the wing practically all the time. Furthermore, it does not progress by flapping its wings as most birds do, but seems to soar at will, rarely, if ever, giving a stroke of the wing, seeming to need no impetus. Buller gives an excellent description of this power:

"On tireless wings hour after hour, day after day, they wheel round and round and forever round the ship—now far behind, now sweeping past in a long, rapid survey like a perfect skater on an uneven field of ice. There is no effort; watch as closely as you will, you rarely or never see a stroke of the mighty pinion. The flight is generally near the water, often close to it. You lose sight of the bird as he disappears in the hollow between the waves, and catch him again as he rises over the crest; but how he rises and whence the propelling force is inexplicable; he merely alters the angle at which the wings are inclined. Usually they are parallel to the water



AN ALBATROSS.

Notice the nostril tube extending about a third of the way down.

mendous stretch of wing, averaging from ten to twelve feet. The wings are, however, extremely narrow, being about nine inches in breadth. The

and horizontal; but when he turns to ascend or makes a change in his direction, the wings then

varieties are the black-footed and the Laysan albatross.

Sailors are very superstitious concerning this bird and are especially averse to killing one of them. Unfortunately, this aversion is not general, and passengers on vessels, taking advantage of the bird's fearlessness, often fish for it with line and baited hook. By this means many are captured. To me it seems a needless and atrocious cruelty.

Knowing the albatross, one cannot repress a feeling of awe and of reverence for the Power that has so admirably equipped him, master of

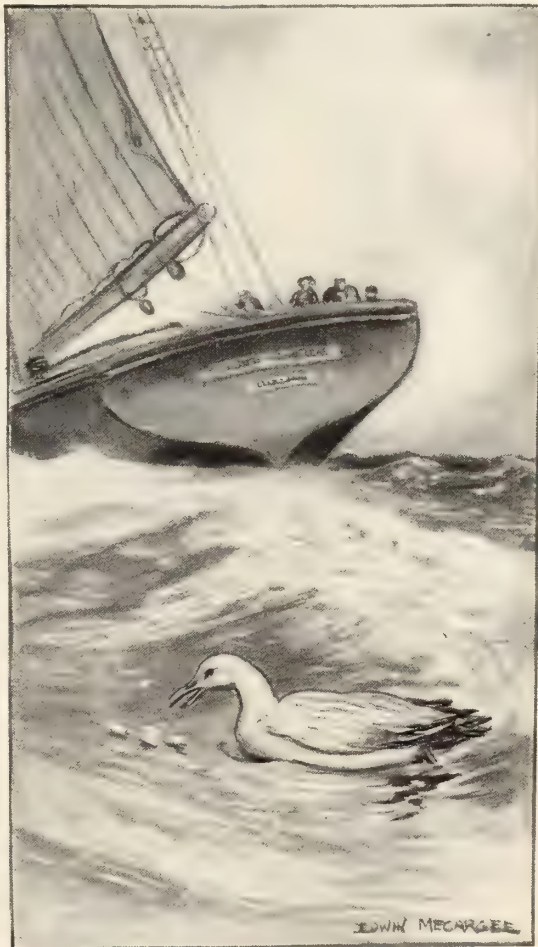


"THE ALBATROSS NESTS ARE BUILT ON THE GROUND IN AN OPEN SITUATION. THEY ARE MOUND-LIKE IN APPEARANCE AND HAVE A SLIGHT DEPRESSION ON THE TOP."

point at an angle, one to the sky, the other to the water."

At nesting-time, which is early in the year, the albatross repairs to some isolated island such as the Crozet Islands in the southern Indian Ocean, or Tristan da Cunha, in the South Atlantic Ocean. Here they congregate in thousands, building their nests and hatching and rearing their young. The nests are built on the ground in an open situation. They are mound-like in appearance and have a slight depression on the top. They are made of mud and grass and are about eighteen inches in height. The albatross lays but one egg, which is quite large, being from four to five inches in length. The shell is rough, creamy white in color, and speckled with numerous brownish spots. When disturbed on the nest they clatter their bills, making a very loud noise, which, when taken up, by thousands of birds, becomes deafening.

There are eighteen known species of albatross, the best known being the wandering albatross. The adult bird of this species is white, and on the back bands of undulating dark stripes run from neck to tail. The wing-quills are black. Very similar to this bird is the royal albatross of New Zealand. The best known of the other



THE ALBATROSS IN THE WAKE OF A VESSEL.

The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

COLERIDGE.

the air, rider of the wind. Serene and secure in his matchless power, he cheers the lone wanderer and gives a touch of life to the watery wastes.

S. EDWIN MEGARGE, JR.

HOW THE BIRDS GOT A DRINK

ONE evening last summer I got out the hose to give the thirsty garden a drink and, as it turned out, the birds as well. It was after a very warm day, one of the many we had during the long



THE BIRDS DRINKING THE BIG DROPS FROM THE LEAVES.

drought. The ground was like powder, and vegetation, drooping and shriveled from the heat and lack of rain, was plainly in distress.

After wetting down the tomato-plants, the hose was turned on another part of the garden. Up to this time I had not noticed a bird about, in fact had not given them a thought; but now, on turning my attention again to the tomatoes, I saw several sparrows hopping around among the dripping plants. At first I could not understand why these birds had gathered around where I was at work, but upon looking more closely the mystery was soon solved. They were after a drink and knew how to take advantage of the opportunity to get it. Of course the water that fell on the ground soaked in almost immediately and disappeared, but that on the leaves would collect in big drops on all the points, where it would hang, and here was where the birds were getting their drink. It was amusing to see the thirsty little creatures hopping and flitting about among the wet plants, pecking at the great drops, looking for all the world as if they were feeding on some sort of crystal berries. Thinking to help them, I turned

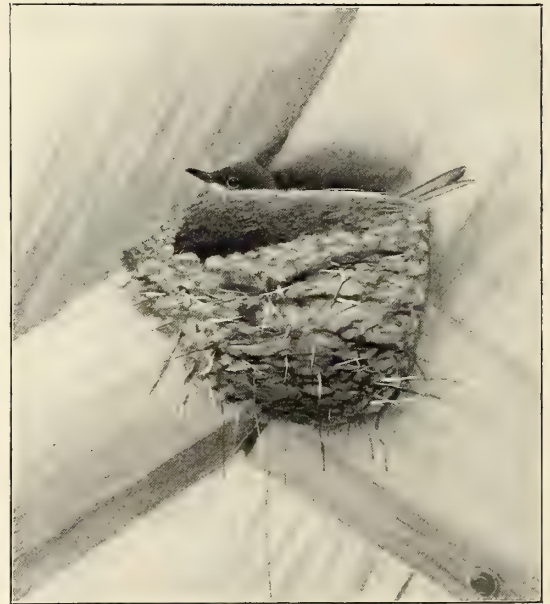
the hose their way again; but this seemed to be too much of a good thing, and they quickly flitted out of reach, only to be back as soon as the hose was turned away. How these birds knew what was going on I cannot say, but probably they were in the near-by trees, and when they saw water coming concluded it was for them as well as the plants. The little fellows certainly knew how to get it, even though it was a somewhat unusual way of drinking.

GEORGE A. KING.

AN ORIGINAL NEST-BUILDER

WHILE watching a phoebe at work on her nest, I discovered that part of the structure was the work of barn-swallows. A closer examination showed that the phoebe was only adding a rim to an old barn-swallows' nest to replace a part which had crumbled away. The nest, as you will see by the illustration, was in the usual site chosen by barn-swallows, but one where a phoebe's mossy house could hardly have been made to stay but for the support now afforded.

This little phoebe stopped in her work when the building was of the ordinary height, showing that she took full advantage of the swallows' work. I have never seen an example of more intelligent nest-building by any bird. In a later visit to the nest I was pleased to see the bird sit-



THE NOVEL NEST OF A PHOEBE.

ting quietly in her curious house; still later the nest seemed fairly "running over" with baby phoebes.

EDMUND J. SAWYER.

HAWAIIAN GARLAND-SELLERS

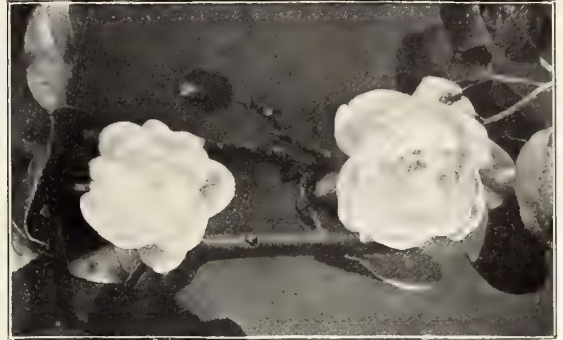
THE natives of the Hawaiian Islands are exceedingly fond of flowers, which they weave into *leis*, or garlands, to wear around their necks or as hatbands. At a picnic in the Hawaiian Islands both natives and foreigners appear gaily decorated with bright-hued leis, and when friends or relatives are leaving a Hawaiian port, they are accompanied to the wharf and almost buried under leis or variedly colored flowers.

In the streets of Honolulu may be seen rows of lei-sellers sitting on the ground, with large bunches of cut flowers at their feet and leis hung upon the wooden fence behind and above their heads. Both men and women are found among the dealers, who adorn themselves profusely with their own wares. The appearance of a group of ten or a dozen lei-merchants, surrounded by their beautiful merchandise, is striking and characteristic.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

DOUBLE APPLE-BLOSSOMS

THESE blossoms, about three inches across, and several other similar ones were found in 1908 on



THE DOUBLE APPLE-BLOSSOMS.
Photographed by Verne Morton, Groton, N. Y.

an early apple-tree of the variety locally known as "sour bough." Perhaps you may find some.



THE GARLAND-SELLERS IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

COMETS

COMETS (the name "comet" is derived from a Greek word meaning hair) are heavenly bodies wholly different from all others known, and, in some points, are enveloped in mysteries that science has yet to penetrate.

It has been affirmed that the heavenly space is as full of comets as the sea is of fishes. Only the brightest of these, however, are visible without the use of a good telescope. These easily visible ones differ little from one another in general appearance and consist of three parts—the nucleus, the coma, and the tail. The nucleus is the bright, starlike tip; the coma appears as a bit of luminous vapor surrounding the nucleus; while the tail trails away from the coma, always

part, is believed to be gaseous, and more distant stars may be easily seen through it with good telescopes. The great comet of 1680 was computed by Sir Isaac Newton to be exposed, when nearest the sun, to a heat 2000 times the temperature of red-hot iron—a temperature sufficient to turn to gas any substance known to man.

Comets are believed to be tiny bits of the raw material from which the planets were made, and to have wandered through space since the beginning of the solar system. One by one they are attracted toward the sun. Revolving around the sun in a curved path, their momentum carries them again into space, whence they may not return to encircle the sun for years. Sometimes the influence of some of the planets may so attract the comet that, instead of its path being a "closed" curve or "ellipse" (which, you know, is a kind of elongated circle), allowing it to make its regular trips around the sun over and over again, it is made to leave its closed path, or orbit, and is forced into a different path after going around the sun, and driven off into space, absolutely never to return. The opposite thing sometimes happens, that is to say, a comet that is traveling a path that would naturally send it off into space forever, after going around the sun, may be so influenced by the attraction of planets that its orbit, or path, becomes a closed path, or ellipse, and so causes the comet to appear at regular intervals of many years, for its excursion to the sun, around it, and back.

One of the most remarkable periodic comets we are acquainted with, and the only one visible to the unaided eye, is Halley's comet. This will be visible in the eastern morning sky during the latter part of April and early May, passing the sun on May 19. It may then be seen in the western sky immediately after sunset, probably a gorgeous object easily seen without a telescope. It will disappear about May 25.

It was Edmund Halley, an English astronomer, who first noted the periodic appearance of comets. He inferred from his computations that the comets of 1531, 1607, and 1682 were really the same comet periodically returning, and he predicted its reappearance in 1758. His prediction was verified by its reappearance on Christmas Day of that year. This comet has since been known by his name, and regularly appears about on time, but as it requires about seventy-six years to complete its orbit, very few of us will see it again.

Most likely this comet was a much grander sight in 1531 than it will appear to us, for it seems that when comets are made members of our solar system they become mortal, and, in



DIAGRAM SHOWING A SECTION OF THE ORBITS OF HALLEY'S COMET AND THE EARTH.

The various positions show where each will be at certain dates. The illustration also shows how the comet changes from a morning to an evening object.

in a direction away from the sun, and gradually fades away into the sky, like long hair blown out in the wind.

The nucleus, the densest and most luminous



A TYPICAL COMET AS VISIBLE TO THE UNAIDED EYE.

The bright spot in the tip is the nucleus. The bright part around it is the coma, which gradually merges into the tail, which, itself, fades away imperceptibly into the sky.

astronomical measurements, their lives are short. As they repeat their journeys around the sun, their tails gradually grow fainter, the nucleus slowly fades into the coma, and in the course of a few centuries or a few thousand years, perhaps, there is nothing left but the coma, which itself then gradually grows dimmer and more dim to the most powerful telescopes, and at last is no more—another ghost, perchance, keeping endless vigil 'mongst the stars.

CLEMENT B. DAVIS.

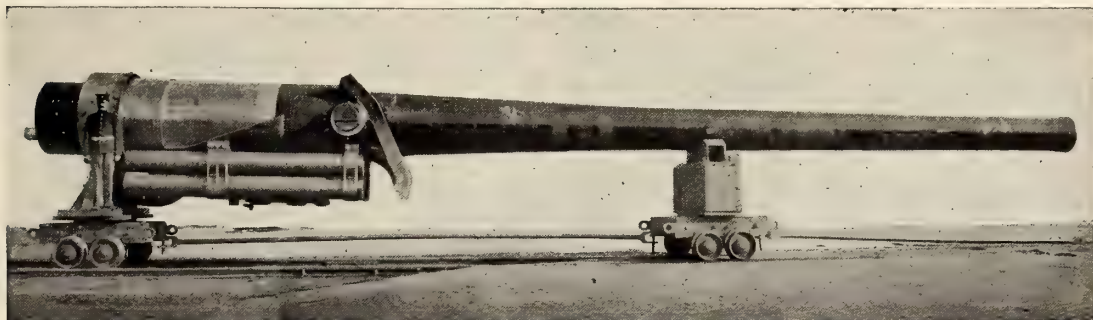
THE LARGEST GUN IN THE WORLD

A GUN which is expected to be the most powerful naval weapon in existence, has recently been completed at the Washington gun-factory. It is of fourteen-inch caliber, measures fifty-three and one half feet in length, weighs sixty-three and

shell weighing fourteen hundred pounds by means of a normal charge of three hundred and sixty-five pounds of smokeless powder.

The gun was constructed at the Midvale Steel Company's works and when completed will be tested at the Indian Head proving-grounds. The fighting range of the gun will be five miles, and it is expected that at a distance of nine thousand yards a projectile will have a force behind it sufficient to drive it through eleven inches of Krupp steel, the maximum thickness of the *Dreadnought* belt. At three thousand yards it is said that the gun's projectiles will penetrate eighteen and seven tenths inches of the best armor steel.

The barrel-like arrangements on the under side of the rear part of the gun are the recoil cylinders. These cylinders contain heavy springs and



THE LARGEST GUN IN THE WORLD.

three tenths tons, and its maximum range is estimated at twenty-five miles. It will discharge a

a liquid for absorbing the terrific shock of recoil whenever the gun is fired.

? "BECAUSE WE
? WANT TO KNOW"
? ? ? ? ?

St. Nicholas
Union Square,
New York

THE TAILS OF COMETS

FRANKLIN, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have heard that it is the force of the sunlight that holds the tail of a comet away from the sun. If that is true, why was there a curve in the tail of Comet A? Of what are the tails of comets made?

Your interested reader,

MARY KATHERINE POPE.

The curvature of the tail as seen in Comet 1910 A is a result of a combination of the velocities of the particles going out from the head of the comet to form the tail, and of the motion of the comet in its orbit.—S. A. MITCHELL.

Further information on comets will be found in the two interesting articles in this number of ST. NICHOLAS: one on page 678, by Mr. A. Russell Bond and one on page 752, by Mr. Clement B. Davis.

SOME BEAUTIFUL MINERALS

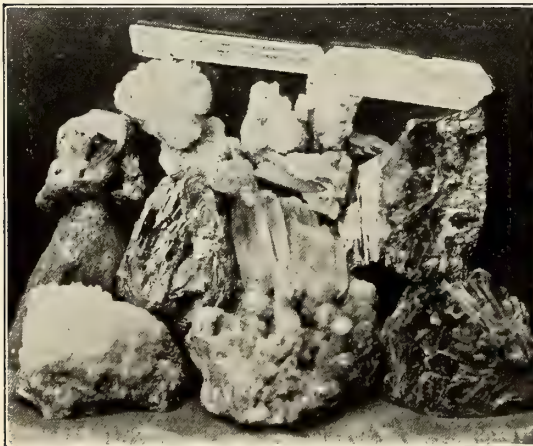
NAPLES, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you in two boxes some samples of some minerals I got in a mine in Tuscany. I should like you to tell me what these minerals are, in your "Nature and Science."

Your very interested reader,

CHARLES I. MORTON.

The two long pieces across the top in the illustration are gypsum, as are also the perpendicular



MINERALS FROM NAPLES, ITALY.

lar, transparent crystals in the center. Below the long crystals and also at the lower left corner is quartz. The darker pieces in the middle at the left are galena or lead. The large, dark piece

at the lower right is stibnite. The white portion of the lower part of the center piece at the bottom is calcite.

BULLFROGS ARE CANNIBALS

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My father went to the back yard to look at some frogs he has there for bait in fishing. He noticed that one of the frogs had something hanging from



BULLFROGS, MORE THAN OTHER FROGS, PERHAPS, ARE FOND OF EATING FROGS.

its mouth. On closer observation he found that it was the legs of a small frog. Are all frogs cannibals among themselves? The frog which Father noticed was a large bullfrog.

Father is keeping some frogs down cellar in a large tub with some grass and weeds in it. The frogs do not seem to need anything to eat, and none of them have died thus far.

Yours respectfully,

IRENE WOODRUFF.

If frogs are kept cold during the winter, they need very little or no food. If kept indoors they may be fed as in the warm months. It is best to keep them in a living-room temperature and feed them in the usual way. Bullfrogs are cannibals and should never be kept with frogs of the smaller species, as they will finally eat all of the latter.

RAYMOND L. DITMARS.

A NEST OF A BOBOLINK AND ONE OF MICE

HANOVER, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The other day some boy friends took me to a meadow, where, in a thick tuft of grass, there was a bobolink's nest. The nest was made of dried grass and fixed firmly in the roots of the grasses. As we came away, after pulling the grass over the nest again, my cousin took me to a boggy place. In the midst of a thick tuft of "weeds" and grass there were the remains of a field-mouse's nest. The day before my cousin had found it with four or five little pink mice with their eyes still shut. The family had evidently moved during the night. I found a little narrow path leading away from the nest and all covered over with grass. We could not find the end to it. This is the second time a mouse has moved her residence as soon as it was discovered. Is it customary for mice to do that?

Your loving reader,

DOROTHY STIMSON (age 10).

Mice sometimes change their location if their nest is disturbed.

HOLDING A SWARM OF BEES

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We had more than twenty swarms of bees. Papa kept them in an orchard, and he kept pigs there, too. Sometimes, when the pigs were eating, the bees would go around them and sting one on the nose. The pig would run and shake his head. Although it may have hurt him, we could not keep from laughing.

I am not much afraid of the bees. But when I was having my picture taken, the man who took it would keep moving back as though he was afraid of them, so he could hardly take the picture. When I was to have my picture taken, Papa told me that, if the bees got on my arms, not to hit them, and they would not sting me.

Once I had a pet gosling. I let it go in the orchard. It stayed there awhile. Then the gosling ate the bees, and when it was eating them the bees stung the gosling's throat so that the gosling could n't swallow. After a while the gosling died, and that was the end of it.

I like honey very much.

Your friend,

VERNA HOLMAN (age 9).



HOLDING A SWARM OF BEES ON A BRANCH.

Honey-bees are less liable to sting when swarming than at almost any other time.

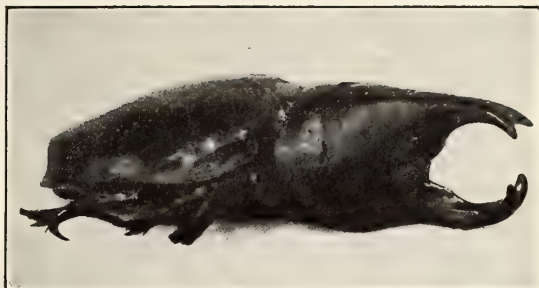
This is a remarkable example of bravery, and also of strength—a little girl holding a heavy

swarm of bees—perhaps fifty thousand bees. Who has ever held so many “pets” at one time?

A BEETLE WITH CURIOUS, STRONG “JAWS”

CALAMBA LAGUNA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a beetle caught by a native boy here in the Philippines. The native name is üäng. When I touch it on the back it makes a noise like



THE STRONGLY “JAWED” BEETLE WHICH MAKES A CURIOUS NOISE.

“sis sis.” The natives tell me that it bores holes in the cocoanut-tree, and that the tree soon dies. Can you please tell me the technical name of this beetle?

Your interested reader,

NELSON F. NEWMAN (age 12).

The beetle is a variety of *Xylotrupes gideon* Linn. It lives, in the larval or grub condition, in the trunks of trees that have been damaged in some way, or in old logs.

THE MELTING OF SNOW AROUND PINE AND FIR

RIDOTT, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have noticed that the snow around the pine- and fir-trees has melted long before that near any other trees or anywhere else on the ground has melted. Please tell me if the roots of these trees are any warmer than the roots of other trees, and, if they are warmer, if this warmth is due to the fact that they are green during the winter.

Your reader,

ELOIS TAGGART.

“The difficulty is more apparent than real. I doubt whether the snow melts faster under pines and spruces than elsewhere. In the first place, these trees protect the ground from snow far better than other kinds, and there is nearly always, for this reason, a bare space around them near the trunk. I fancy also that the sun which penetrates the woods warms up an inclosed space such as occurs under these trees much more thoroughly than the more open space under trees of a different habit. I think these two facts will sufficiently explain the phenomenon without the need for supposing the roots to be any warmer than those of other kinds. I feel sure that no such phenomenon is known to physiologists, at all events.”—From a technical botanist.



THE subject "Comrades" for the Photography Competition this month proved an unusually popular one; and seldom have we received so many excellent contributions for any one number, or contributions that fitted so well the subject announced. Therefore, we are tempted to print rather an unusual number of the photographs. This fact, together with the long list of names in the photography First Roll of Honor, has made it necessary, this month, to omit the *Second* Roll of Honor in the Drawing, Prose,

Verse, and Photography contests. This may disappoint some of the members, but we feel sure that the contributors in those other departments, especially those contributors whose names might ordinarily have been on the Second Roll of Honor, will willingly give space to these additional attractive photographs, and will congratulate the photographers on making, this month, rather the "Star" feature of the League, just as *they, themselves*, have, from time to time, happened to hold that distinction.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 124

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Silver badges, **Mary Whelan** (age 15), New York City; **George M. Maynard** (age 16), Washington, D. C.; **Eloise C. McDowell** (age 15), Memphis, Tenn.

VERSE. Silver badges, **Rosamond Parkinson** (age 17), N. Rochdale, Norden, Eng.; **Geraldine Boush** (age 17), Brookline, Mass.

DRAWING. Silver badges, **Lois McCain** (age 17), Rapid City, South Dakota; **Margaret R. Bennett** (age 13), Los Angeles, Cal.

PHOTOGRAPHY. Gold badge, **Charles E. Ames** (age 14), Readville, Mass.

Silver badges, **Malcolm C. Sherman** (age 12), Jamaica Plain, Mass.; **Amy H. Requa** (age 13), Berkeley, Cal.

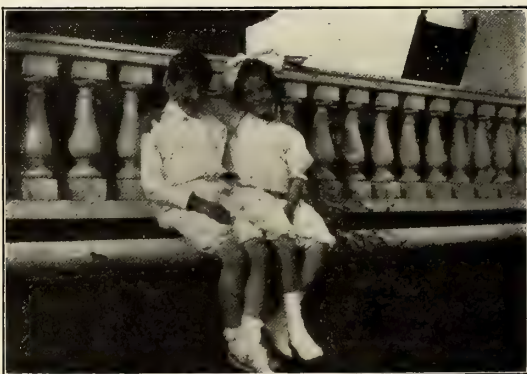
WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY. Class "C" prize, **Gertrude Close** (age 13), Greenwich, Conn.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Anna H. Kahan** (age 15), New York City; **Emile Kostal** (age 13), Elmsford, N. Y.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badges, **John R. Schmertz** (age 14), Pittsburgh, Pa.; **Marion K. Valentine** (age 12), Englewood, N. J.



"COMRADES." BY CHARLES E. AMES, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)



"COMRADES." BY BLANCHE L. HIRSH, AGE 15.

THE BOOK I LIKE BEST OF ALL

BY ELOISE C. MC DOWELL
(AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

ALTHOUGH I have written the above line, I hardly know how to proceed, for when one loves and reads a great many books, it seems disloyal to the remainder to claim one as your favorite.

But the one that has been my friend for six years is "Little Women." I should be afraid to say the number of times I have read it since the first time. One glance at its cover would tell it better.

If one says, "I like this book best," the question, "Why?" appears. Here are my "whys":

First, you have all kinds of stories in the one book: a story of girls, two or three love stories, a glimpse of society abroad, and the joys and sorrows of a real "homey" family.

Among the faults and characteristics of Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy, I find some that resemble mine. I have a great deal of Jo's impetuousness and quick temper, combined with Amy's

love of the beautiful. I can lay no claim to a share of Amy's talent, nor have I any characteristics of good little Beth.

So when I feel real cross and tired of the late books, I turn to my stand-by and read of Jo's and Laurie's pranks, and feel better almost at once; or if I'm wishing for something different to happen, I read about Amy at the ball in Paris, and *almost* feel as if I'd been there. When I feel discontented with what I have or really what I have n't and want, I turn again to "Little Women," and seeing how four real girls (not goody-goody girls) did without so much so cheerfully, and their clever little make-shifts, I feel ashamed and more contented, for what I have is so much more than they ever had.

Now if a book helps me and gives me as much pleasure as does that dear, worn-out copy of "Little Women," have I not a right to say that it is my favorite book?



"GETTING READY" BY ROBERT GIFFORD, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

LOOKING FORWARD

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 11)

(Honor Member)

WHAT tho' the day be gloomy,
And cold and bleak and drear,
And brook and rill be frozen,
At the ending of the year!

What tho' the trees be leafless,
And birds no longer sing!
Still we are looking forward,
Looking forward to the spring.



"COMRADES." BY AMY H. REQUA,
AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

have I not a right to say that it is my favorite book?



"COMRADES." BY MALCOLM C. SHERMAN, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

READ carefully the rules for the contests, on the
last page of the League.

LOOKING FORWARD AT SEA

BY GERALDINE BOUSH (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

VAGUE seas of pearl, of sapphire, and of amethyst,
And the young morn in a mist,
Climbing the sky like a pallid acolyte
That on the altar of the heavens doth light
Numberless candles in her upward flight !



"A RED FOX." BY GERTRUDE CLOSE, AGE 13.
(PRIZE, CLASS "C," WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

O vague sky, vague sea,
With waves that flee
To a distant lea,
Is it a hinterland, on seas unruly,
Or some cold winter-land, Ultima Thule,
That beckons me ?

Swift ship with sails like wings of gull or albatross,
What wild seas wouldst thou cross,
Straining against the all too eager wind, that like a soul



"COMRADES." BY EUNICE C. STANLEY, AGE 15.

THE BOOK I LIKE BEST OF ALL

BY FRANCES ELIZABETH HUSTON (AGE 13)

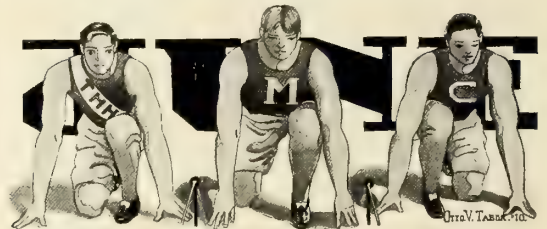
ALTHOUGH I am a lover of many books, the one which appeals to me most, as I grow old enough to understand it a little, is the book called *Life*. All read it, the most ignorant as well as the wisest, and to each it is different. It is called base, grand, or sad, by people, according to what each sees of it.

The noble people who have lived have striven to make it purer, grander, and less sad. A few of these people the whole world has been able to know and revere.

Most of them are known by only a small part of the world. Some of these have had but little pleasure in their



"GETTING READY." BY MARGARET R. BENNETT, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"GETTING READY." BY OTTO V. TABOR, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

struggling lives, but have always shared with others what they received. I think that there is nothing grander than that.

So, in the womanhood which is coming to me, I shall try to imitate them and make this book a little grander, purer, and less sad.

"COMRADES."



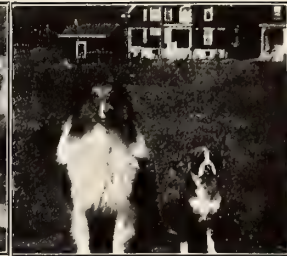
BY LOUIS R. KOLLER, AGE 14.



BY MARGARET HIRSCH, AGE 14.



BY MARGERY MAY, AGE 13.



BY BERYL VARNELI, AGE 12.



BY ANNABEL MCELDOWNEY, AGE 13.



BY DALE WARREN, AGE 12.



BY ELEANOR WILLS, AGE 12.



BY FANNY JUDA, AGE 14.



BY LANDIS BARTON, AGE 15.



BY FRANCES C. DUGGAR, AGE 14.



BY LILY A. LEWIS, AGE 13.



BY WILLIAM F. ATKINSON, AGE 9.



BY ELAINE MACFARLAND, AGE 15.



BY DOROTHY M. TAYLOR, AGE 13.



BY W. F. VON ISARBARN, AGE 15.



BY LILIAN DEGHUEE, AGE 14.



BY LOUISE WIGGENHORN, AGE 13.

THE BOOK I LIKE BEST OF ALL

BY ROBERT TARLAU (AGE 11)

THERE are many books I have read, and some of them are very dear to me. Some of them I know nearly by heart, and to some others I always turn back, seeking and finding the same pleasure as when I read them first. There is "The Pilgrim's Progress," that plays a big part in my life, and there are books about adventure and travel which I would never miss. But the book I like best, the book



"COMRADES." BY ANNA AGASSIZ, AGE 13.

which is most dear to me, the book from which I dream, for which I long, and which has a splendor of its very own, that is the book I have never read: the book whose pages are still unfolded and whose covers I have not yet opened; the book that lies before me and that is filled not only with an exciting and interesting story, but also with all my anticipations, with all my eager joy and hope, with all my pleasure of the hour to come. This book, this still unknown book, this book that I have

never read, but that I am *going* to read presently, this book I like best; it is my favorite book, and this, I am sure, will it always stay.

LOOKING FORWARD

BY JAMES B. HUNTER, JR. (AGE 16)

O LONG and noble column of the years!

I would not ask from thee what men prize most,
The false pow'r that depends on others' fears,
The leadership of some avenging host.

May I not follow, hotly flushed by fame,
The paths that easiest and honored seem.
Nor love the shouting people's vain acclaim
Which calleth me, delusive as a dream.

But let me do a man's work, when I may,
As ye, long stately Years, keep hast'ning on;
And when, at length, my task is laid away,
Leave me not, Years, a-basking in the sun;
But let me live my last days by the sea,
Surging, deep-moving, like eternity.

THE BOOK I LIKE BEST OF ALL

BY MARY WHELAN (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

OF the many books I have read, I like best the book entitled "Ivanhoe," by Sir Walter Scott. After reading the book I possessed a clearer idea of the way the Saxons were oppressed by the Normans, who had conquered them at the battle of Hastings in 1066 A.D.

Men, such as Front de Bœuf, with little or no honor,

were given large estates and a great deal of power over the conquered Saxons. These barons easily ruled Prince John, who was acting as King of England, for at that time the rightful king, Richard Cœur de Lion, was held as prisoner in France on account of an alliance between the French king and Prince John. A few of the Norman barons, with John's permission, even went so far as to hold up a party of Saxons, subjects of the king, on the king's highway.

Later the just triumphed and the false were defeated, because, when King Richard escaped from prison and returned to England, the false followers of Prince John fled, and left him to meet his wronged brother alone, and to humiliate himself by asking and receiving his brother's pardon.

We also learn something of the lives of the Saxon outlaws, who, on account of the cruel laws of the Normans, had to flee to the forest for protection and earn their living by stealing from the rich.

They were witty, kind to others in distress, and, though they were thieves, we are told that they did have a sense of honor.

The Saxons were not the only ones oppressed in England at this time, for the Jews were tyrannized over by both Saxons and Normans.

On the whole, "Ivanhoe" is a very interesting story. It holds the attention of the reader to the end, and it is not monotonous; for instance, one chapter treats of the burning castle, while the following one leads us to the trysting-tree amid the cool green walks of the forest.



"COMRADES." BY THÉRÈSE E. OLZENDAM, AGE 13.

WRITE the name and address on the contribution itself, not on separate letters.



"GETTING READY." BY LOIS MCCAIN, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

LOOKING FORWARD

BY DOROTHY DUNN (AGE 14)

I AM always looking forward,
And I'm dreaming, day by day,
Of the time when the League pages
"Honor Member" of me say.

I am thinking of that hour
When I'll gaze upon my name,
"Honor Member," and those letters
Shall the first steps be toward fame.

I am dreaming of that triumph,
Of that hard-earned victory,
When, with sounding plaudits round me,
"Honor Member" I shall be.

But I may not win that honor,
That victory may not gain;
But I have those hours with me—
Hours of pleasure, work, and pain.

And there's no harm looking forward,
For, as famous men do say,
If you have a strong will with you,
You will surely win the day.

LOOKING FORWARD

BY ALICE M. MACRAE (AGE 16)

BEAT the raindrops on the pane,
Fades the snow like morning shadow,
Rush the torrents down amain
Through the woodlands and the meadow.

Ever dripping are the eaves,
Ever blows the south wind softly,
Whirling the decaying leaves,
Sighing through the tree-tops lofty.

Gloomily the fields appear,
Gloomily the rain-clouds lower,
Lie the hilltops brown and bare,
Bare of foliage and flower.

Flee away, O soft South Wind!
Winter's reign is not yet over;
You must wait long ere you find
Honey-bees among the clover!

He will fill the land once more
With his freezing and his blowing,
He will wander as of yore
With his hailing and his snowing.

Come again in glad springtime;
We will welcome the new-comer
From the sunny Southern clime,
From the everlasting summer.

THE BOOK I LIKE BEST OF ALL

BY ESTHER W. THOMSON (AGE 17)

THERE are a great many books, wonderful works in their way, which have moved whole nations to think better thoughts, speak wiser words, and do nobler deeds. Among these, standing out, as an exceptionally bright star does in

the heavens, is the Bible. It is a history, containing some of the truest accounts of the world's life. It is a story-book, telling tales of heroism, love, and of many a simply lived life. Wonders, which seem to us like fairy stories, are there related. But better than these is the simple yet beautiful story of one who came into the world as a little child and grew as we do. This, I think, is the best part of the Book, and perhaps this is why I like it best of all. I love to read the story and then think of the time that has elapsed since then, and yet the great religion lives.

Through its teachings we have learned the great truths of life, which enable us to lead better lives. These have



"GETTING READY." BY MARJORIE E. CHASE, AGE 17.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

remained the same in substance through these thousands of years, and the life of every person who has heard them is in some way bettered by the knowledge.

I like the quaint language of the Bible, the odd comparisons used, and the beautiful descriptions. It is true that these latter are often drawn in so few words that, to fully appreciate, one must imagine the rest.

The memories of a person's childhood are the ones most cherished, generally, and to the training received then one generally owes one's future happiness. The Bible, I often think, is like a memory of the world's early life, and so the memory should make the world better, as our individual remembrances do us.

I think I like this Book best of all because, without it, or at least without the knowledge of its teachings, we should be such miserable beings, creatures born to see no future life, worse than the worst of heathens, for even they believe in some sort of a Divinity.

LOOKING FORWARD

BY ROSAMOND PARKINSON (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

I LOOK behind, I see gray vales of sorrow,
But Hope, a cheery wingèd little boy,
Flies by my side and bids me see to-morrow;
I look, and see before me fields of joy.
So ever from the future man can borrow
Pleasure, his darkest moments to alloy.



"A JUNE HEADING." BY DECIE MERWIN, AGE 15.

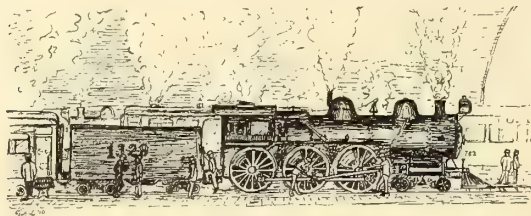
THE BOOK I LIKE BEST OF ALL

BY GEORGE M. MAYNARD (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

SINCE I first read Kipling's "Jungle Books," some years ago, I have always remembered them as two books I thoroughly enjoyed reading.

They are not the kind of books you simply read once and then toss aside and forget; they are the kind of books that, having once read, you will read again and again and become better and better acquainted with. And while they may never mean much more to you than they did the first time you looked into them, they will always be delightful in themselves, and will perhaps leave an ineffaceable mark on your memory—certainly you can never completely forget them. Though they may not be so deep as "Kim," for instance, to me they are just as fascinating and enjoyable.



"GETTING READY." BY ROBERT K. LEAVITT, AGE 14.

They are like old friends: so good to come back to and go over old experiences with, which, in this case, seem almost like your own experiences, so realistic does Kipling make them. Once read, who can ever forget the story of Mowgli, as told in the first "Jungle Book," of his adop-

tion by the mother wolf, of his thrilling capture of the lame tiger, aided by the wild buffaloes, and of his being cast out of the "Wolf Pack?" And in the exciting story of "Red Dog," the story of the fight of the "Wolf Pack" against the dholes, the victory of the wolves, and "Akela's" death, are even more dramatic.

But then there are other things in the "Jungle Books," too. "The White Seal" and "Quiquern," tales of the far North, are extremely interesting. "Toomai of the Elephants" and "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi" are also among the best of the stories of India.

And yet, more than anything else, I think it is the style that finds such universal favor for these books. Written for children, they cannot but impress all those who read them, if they are at all sensitive to the spirit Kipling puts into these stories. And in reading them, they will prepare themselves to read deeper and more "grown-up" books of Kipling.

ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Bruce T. Simonds
Elizabeth Howland
Pauline Nichteuser
Georgina Schlueter
Ralph Perry
Ruth Jean
Hollembach
Esther C. Brown
Allene M. Reynolds
Jessie Kupfer
Charlotte E. Dakin
Florence L. Kite
Margaret Conkling
Reed

Katharine Wardrope
Ilse Bosch
Adelina Longaker
Elizabeth Wilkinson
Margaret E. Taylor
Louis Volchok
John A. Flick
Susan Lee Waugh
Miriam L. Smith
Ruth G. Porter
Lorraine Ransom
Mildred Menhinick
Catherine Van Cook
Katharine E. Biggs
Edward S. Hyde
Frances Moyer Ross
Ralph G. Williams
Fritz Korb
Florence M. Moote
Marjorie Trotter
Kathleen C. Brough
Mildred Roberts
Laura Paris
Edith M. Sprague
Velma M. Jolly
Catharine H. Straker
A. J. Bush
Dorothy Klein Ross
Edna Anderson
Elizabeth Gardiner
Jennie Spindler
Stella Green
Edmund T. Price
Katharine Goetz
Rosamond Ritchie
Margaret May
Phillips
Eugenie M. Lynch
Tekla Fichtner
Beatrice E. Maule
Grace Winterburn
Rose M. Davis
Winifred Ward
Lucile A. Watson
Anna Getz Eberbach
Clarice Goff
Margaret White
Minnie C. Pallatrone

FLORENCE BABETTE

Barrett
Elizabeth Jenkins
Katharine Davis
Paul Smith
Edith Stickney
Shirley Swallow
Lester Parker
Naomi Ann Vèrel
Margaret Olds
Ruth Starr
Dessie N. Shackelford
Helen L. Eckel
Edith Burdick
Margaret Ritsher

Anna B. Stearns
Angela Richmond
Norah Culhane
Eloise Liddon
Walter Lewis Ford
Dorothy Ward
Harriet Wickwire
Eliza M. Piggott
Marian Stabler
Temple Burling
Ruth S. Mann
Elizabeth H. Cheney
Carolyn C. Wilson
May Spiro
Margery Swett



"GETTING READY."

BY HAROLD STERNER, AGE 14.

Grace Merchant
Margaret Otheman
Roy W. Benton
Helen S. Kennedy
Alice Parker
Ruth Leipziger
Stella Starr
Dorothy Speare

Julia Williamson Hall
Doris Halman
Lucie Marucchi
Washington Irving
Clayton
Constance Wilcox
Mary Sedgwick
Perry Bailey
Thérèse H.
McDonnell

VERSE, 1

Ethel Anna Johnson
Alice Phelps Rider
Margery Abbott
Lois Donovan
Jeannette Munro
Ruth Livingston
Adelaide Fairbanks
Elaine V. Rosenthal

Katharine Balderston
Marjorie F. May
Mary de Lorme
van Rossen
Magdalen Catherine
Weyand
Frances C. Hamlet
Katharine Ryerson
Welles

Catherine Dunlop
Mackenzie
Marion F. Hayden
Genevieve Elizabeth
Deming
Jeannette P. Parritt
Paul Daniels
Agnes Mackenzie
Miall
Illi: G. Menary
Marion Lay Luce
Lillie Schlotterer

DRAWINGS, 1

Harry J. Burden
Grace T. Richards
Margaret G. Brown
Audrey C. Hargreaves
Dorothy Clement
Dora Guy
Helen Amy Seymour
Alison Kingsbury
John Mathew
Agnes I. Prizer
Marshall Williamson
Margaret Brate
Wilbur Carrick
Helen P. Underwood
Geraldine L. White
Kate Griffin
Abraham R. Zunsner
Beatrice Woods
Bodil Hornemann
Doris A. Carpenter
Sybil Emerson
William E. Fay
William Baker
Viola G. Cushman
Vernet Lee
Margaret K. Turnbill
Lillian Prentiss
Helen F. Morgan
Lily K. Westervelt
Stella E. Grier
Theresa R. Abell
Dorothy Dauson
Florence A. Wagner
Alexander Nussbaum
Theresa J. Jones
Martha H. Chandler
Edna Lois Taggart
Helen Belda
Ethel M. Shearer
D. Rutherford Collins
Dorothy Ochtman
Robert Maclean
Margaret A. Foster
Harrison B. McCreary
Ruth Sreathfield
L. William Quanchi
Marian Walter
Hollis Smith
Winifred Orde
George P. Lindberg
Priscilla H. Fowle
Gladys Wright
Doris Lisle
Violette A. Child
Stephaine Damianakes
Helen Goodwin
Ellen Trabue
Dorothy Taylor

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Lydia M. Scott
Arthur Blue
Sarah V. Denniston
Henrietta H. Leaming

Emily P. Welsh
Evelyn Taggart
Florence Rideout
Dorothy Hall
Mary Chrisman Muir
Eunice S. Williams
Anna S. Alexandre
Gretchen Wolfe
Frances W. Levy
Reginald Ashbey
Elizabeth Wight
Martha Lambertson
Helen Ross
Gladys Gardner
A. G. Redpath
Dana Brailin
Dorothy Rankin
Leven C. Allen, Jr.
Sara S. Carson

Mary Valentine
Louise Curtis
Marjorie M. Frink

PUZZLES, 1.

Mary Green Mack
E. Adelaide Hahn
G. W. McIver, Jr.
Aimee E. Taggart



"GETTING READY," BY MARGARET
REEVE, AGE 13.

Teresa M. Percy
Samuel Wagner, Jr.
Marguerite Magruder
Mitchell T. Levin
Josephine Dodds
Dorothy G. Pownall
Irene C. Smith
Julia F. Brice
Edna Hills
Emmet Mueller
Marguerite Seville
Eliza Frissell
Asa Smith Bushnell
Louise Dorothy Bloom
Louise Petterson
J. Mortimer West
Elizabeth Persons
Freda Frapp
Florence Greene
Janet Ackerman
Marjory Boyus
Dorothy Griggs
Marian Howe
Marjory Boomer
Esther Sheldon
Jean Toeplitz
Helen Frickstad
William Hyde Payne
George W. Benedict,
Jr.
Josephine Sturgis
Emilie Wagner
Allan Lincoln
Langley, Jr.

W. W. Colquitt, Jr.
Henry P. Brown
Edmund Campbell
L. W. Kaufman
Gladys Bowen
George M. Enos
Shirley G. Pettus
Margaret Kew
Fred Dehls
Elinor W. Roberson
Helen M. Mack
George D. Stout
Ella Fred
Grace Lowenhaupt
Joseph Trombetti
Eleanor W. Parker
Lawrence Hugo Fleet
Hazel B. Freeman
Arthur Poulin

PUZZLES, 2

Walter W. Cox
Katharine C. Colbert
Putnam Macdonald
Mary Alice Newton
Margaret Barber
Edith Fitch
Walter Weiskoff
Mary G. Heiner
Elliott Goldmark
Paul O'Keefe
Dorothy Bowman
Harvey S. Reynolds

nell, Wilma Wilson, Margaret Edmonds, Robert P. Hackett, Sally Spensley, Thelma Raencher, John A. Frank.

NO ADDRESS. William H. de Lancey, Helen Rand, Melville P. Cummin, Odette M. Burgineres, Edward Rowse, Anne Page, L. Ida Thomas, Jacques Leon Wolff, Helen S. Ingmundson, Allen Saalburg, Leslie Saalburg.

INCOMPLETE ADDRESS. Marjorie Woodworth, Lucile Stoddard, Marian Holt, Phyllis Ramsey, James G. Edmonds, Henry B. Humphrey, Helen L. Bingham, Emma K. Cerf, Lansing C. Hoden, Jr., Fredericka Lee Heimendahl.

WRITTEN ON BOTH SIDES. Katherine J. Levy, Ruth C. Robinson, Ruth Cox.

WRITTEN IN PENCIL OR IN COLOR. Saidee Roome Sandford, Mary Ferrell, Carolyn McCay, Robert Pomeroy, Helen Page Jackson, Lorraine Simmons, Aimee Atlee Truan.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 128

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to a gold-badge winner who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 128 will close **June 10** (for foreign members **June 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **October**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Rest," or "Restfulness."

Prose. Story or article of not more than three hundred and fifty words. Subject, "What I Would Like to Do After Vacation."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Vacation Scene."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Something Out of Doors" or a Heading or a Tail-piece for **October**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.* If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

ROLL OF THE CARELESS

LATE. Richard A. Brown, Jean L. Little, Theodore B. Beebe, Irene McHugh, David Harris Wilson, Virginia S. Brown, Wanda Whitman, William Schechter, Thomas Lamb, Katherine C. Colbert, Irma Miller, Evelyn Fowler, Frederick Lent, Edith Peacock, Mary Kraybill, Eloise Hazard.

NO AGE. Josephine Witherspoon, Everett Marston, Pauline Jennings, Helen Mack, Ernest Johnson, Ward Cheney, Harry Lake, Louis Kahn, Anita B. Davidson, Chase Donaldson, Miriam Shepherd, G. Greene, Ruth McClelland, Lois A. Sprigg, Earle Bathgate, Harold Stansbury, John Mitchell, Rudolph W. Weitz, Gerald Franklin.

NOT INDORSED. Ruth W. Weeks, John C. Warner, Joseph C. Perrett, Ellarson Stout, Viola Strong, Paula Leichter, Kathryn Grin-

THE COUNTESS CONCERTINA

(A Nonsensical Ballad)

BY CHARLES F. LESTER

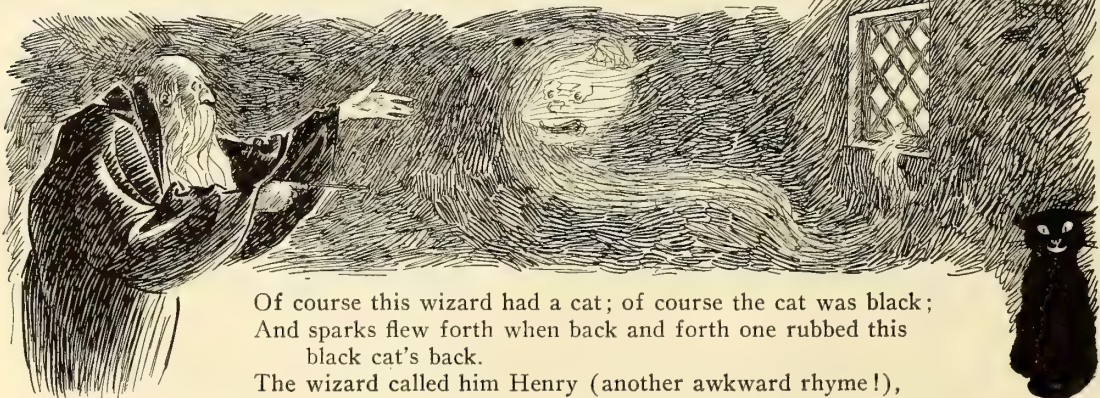


THE Countess Concertina, whose other name was Smith
(Which I regret, because there's nothing much to rhyme it with),
While sitting on a bank one day, and eating angel cake,
Fell first into a reverie, and then into a lake.

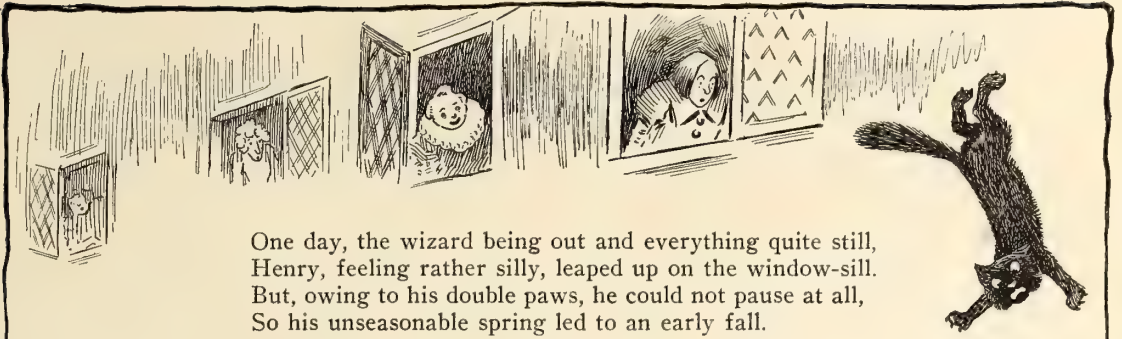
Perhaps right here I ought to say (it's nothing to conceal)
That the Countess was the sweetheart of Sir August Ausgespiel.
He was very brave and very tall and handsome, too, you know,
And had blue eyes,—but ah! he also had a Secret Foe!



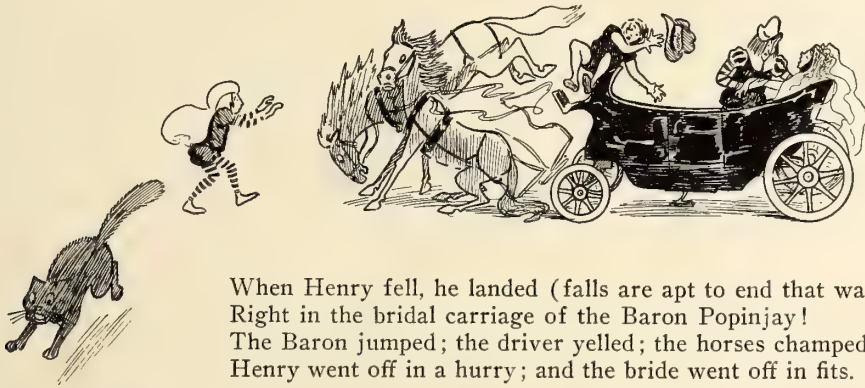
This foe, he was a wizard (and a clumsy one as well)
Who had secretly been seeking for a spell for quite a spell;
And he did his wizzing mostly in the solitude and gloom
Of a musty, dusty, gusty, chill, rheumatic attic room.



Of course this wizard had a cat; of course the cat was black;
And sparks flew forth when back and forth one rubbed this
black cat's back.
The wizard called him Henry (another awkward rhyme!),
And his paws were all so double he took two steps at a time.



One day, the wizard being out and everything quite still,
Henry, feeling rather silly, leaped up on the window-sill.
But, owing to his double paws, he could not pause at all,
So his unseasonable spring led to an early fall.



When Henry fell, he landed (falls are apt to end that way)
Right in the bridal carriage of the Baron Popinjay!
The Baron jumped; the driver yelled; the horses champed their bits;
Henry went off in a hurry; and the bride went off in fits.



This Baron was a scientist, in fact was much renowned
(You may have read his treatise on, "Why is a Circle Round?");
He was also quite an orator, though rather short of breath,
And he talked a poor old lion once (folks say) almost to death.

Well, this ballad has acquainted you with all there is to tell—
Although I have no doubt that many other things befell.
But, like Countess Concertina, I 'm absent-minded, too,
And I 've forgotten everything but what I 've told to you.



THE LETTER-BOX

DENVER, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been a subscriber of yours for a little over a year and I can't begin to tell how much I enjoy you. My favorite stories are "Kingsford, Quarter" and the "Betty Stories," although I am very fond of the League and Letter-box.

I thought I would tell you about my cat who will be four years old in May. His name is Tiger, but he really does n't live up to it except in his looks. When he was six months old he was caught in a trap and no one thought he would live, but he did. When he was a year and a half old a bulldog caught him and he ran under the cellar steps and had to be dug out. Then when he was two years old he was nailed under the floor of a new house and there he stayed for two weeks without food or water until he was found. A few months ago he was threatened to be killed because he was in the habit of singing serenades under people's windows. So he only has five of his nine lives left.

Every summer I go to my grandmother's farm in Wisconsin, and from there I take a trip on the Great Lakes up to the Leo Cheneaux Islands, where my father, mother, and I are going to camp next year.

Your loving reader,

HELEN BINGHAM (age 12).

HAMBURG, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Thank you so much for sending me the League button and certificate. I think the button is very pretty and I want to have the certificate framed with my "Betsy Ross" certificate that I got when I was a little girl.

I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS for nearly five years and I would not part with it for anything.

I am very much interested in the League, and I think some of the school-room incidents are very funny, especially the one on the "Result of Laziness," which I think I would like to follow myself sometimes.

From your very interested reader,

ADELAIDE C. WEBSTER.

EDWARDSBURG, IDAHO.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A long time ago my mother was a little girl living on a plantation in Alabama. Every night she used to sit by a big wood fire and read ST. NICHOLAS, for she was lonely after her little sister died, just as I am lonely who never had a little sister or brother to lose.

When I learned to read I began to have ST. NICHOLAS for company at night, for it is the nicest book in the world.

I am a boy eleven years old, and have to study at home as I live in a cabin away off in the Idaho mountains.

Our cabin has six rooms and we have books on all the walls. Mail comes in just once a week and we do not see many people except the men who work in the mine.

My father built a wagon road last summer, and is putting up a mill to treat the ore—gold, silver, and lead. The ore runs \$130 to the ton and is getting richer. Every day the men let me run the car out to the dump and I am learning to be a real good expert. You have to know everything about a mine, so I am starting at the bottom.

Every day I take a run on my skees for they are faster than snow-shoes. I never see any boys and girls so my cat climbs on my shoulder as I put on my skees and my dog Ginger follows me up the trail. We go up to the sawmill, then turn round and spin home. The snow is four feet deep by our cabin door, and fifteen feet on the summits, so

the dogs have a hard time breaking trail after every storm. The dogs bring mail to us once a week and when my dog Ginger barks and runs to the bridge we listen for the carrier to call out mail.

Your friend,

NAPIER EDWARDS.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like to read the interesting letters of the girls and boys who are abroad, they have so many things to tell about.

We have an automobile, and last summer we went to Twin Lakes and up to Litchfield, and traveled all among the Berkshires. At Great Barrington we stopped at the Inn for the night; inside they had a little fountain where you could take a drink of water, and the water flowed all the way down from one of the highest mountains near Great Barrington.

In Bridgeport I belong to a "Kind Deed Club." To belong you sign a little pledge saying, "I will try to be kind to every living thing and be pleasant in my home."

Your interested reader,

MARGARET MACDONALD (age 11).

WEST BROOKFIELD, MASS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy reading the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE very much. My sisters and I are reading the "Betty Stories" together.

My sister and I go two miles and a half to school. We have had a three weeks' vacation and go back to school tomorrow.

We have for pets a lamb, two sheep, a dog, four cats, and some hens. I like to work on the farm, and just now I am testing my father's seed-corn.

One of my brothers is a professor in Cornell University. He surprised us last Saturday by coming home when we did not expect him.

We expect to have the two hundredth anniversary of the Brookfields in our town next summer. The old town of Brookfield is mentioned in American history.

Our house is about one hundred and sixteen years old. It has always been in the hands of my ancestors.

The first frame house that was built in this vicinity was set in our front yard.

Your interested reader,

FLORENCE E. GILBERT.

FLORA DALE, PA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for four years, and thought maybe you would like to know how I get you.

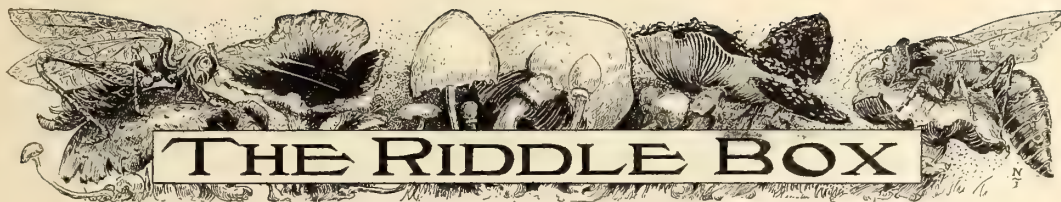
I live in the country about ten miles from Gettysburg. I raise chickens and sell the eggs to my mother. My father has his business office in the house, and often when he needs help he will call me, and for this help he pays me. So you see I earn my ST. NICHOLAS myself.

I have been over the battle-field of Gettysburg twice, and it is very interesting. I saw President Roosevelt when he visited the town several years ago.

My grandmother and grandfather lived in Gettysburg at the time of the battle, and moved all their valuable possessions in a trunk which they carted on a wheelbarrow. My grandmother often tells me of it and shows me some letters she wrote at the time, but which were never mailed because they could not get through the lines.

Your loving reader,

ESTHER CORINNE TYSON.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, Charles Dickens; fourth row, Pickwick Papers. Cross-words: 1. Compare. 2. Holiday. 3. Abscond. 4. Rocking. 5. Leeward. 6. Envious. 7. Sincere. 8. Dockage. 9. Inspect. 10. Capable. 11. Keeping. 12. Expense. 13. Narrate. 14. Subside.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS. I. 1. N. 2. Cob. 3. Canes. 4. Nonagon. 5. Began. 6. Son. 7. N. II. 1. N. 2. Her. 3. Hates. 4. Nettler. 5. Relet. 6. Set. 7. R. III. 1. N. 2. Nor. 3. Names. 4. Nominor. 5. Renew. 6. Sow. 7. R. IV. 1. N. 2. Sir. 3. Sages. 4. Niggler. 5. Relax. 6. Sex. 7. R. V. 1. R. 2. War. 3. Women. 4. Rambler. 5. Relet. 6. Net. 7. R.

REBUS. Money makes money, and the money that money makes, makes more money.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Thackeray; finals, Pendennis. Cross-words: 1. Transship. 2. Hippolyte. 3. Affection. 4. Contested. 5. *Kearsarge*. 6. Excursion. 7. Recession. 8. Alighieri. 9. Yatahans.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Primals, Doctor Cook; fourth row, Lieut. Peary. Cross-words: 1. Darling. 2. Outings. 3. Cruelly. 4. Toquets. 5. Ousting. 6. Ripping. 7. Cements. 8. Obtains. 9. Obtrude. 10. Katydid.—CHARADE. In-sin-u-ate.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received before March 10 from Philip Warren Thayer—"Queenscourt"—Marjorie A. Cohn—Madelon Deschere—Frank Black—Florence West—Judith Ames Marsland—Edith Smith—Avis E. Edgerton—Frank M. Aukamp—Frances McIver—Harry Guthmann—M. W. Johnstone—Morgan Platt Underwood—Marian Shaw—"Benjo"—Alan D. Bush—Marian K. Valentine—Ruth Collins Allen—Frances Crosby Hamlet—"Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie"—Gavin Watson—Marjorie L. Waterbury—"The Quartette"—Dorothy Harmon—Madeleine W. Abbott—Oscar Lindow—Vera G. Handy—Alice H. Farnsworth—Bertha E. Widmeyer—"Lord Baltimore"—John R. Schmertz—Agnes L. Thomson.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received before March 10th from J. Work, 3—E. Ewer, 2—Mary Peebles, 10—Lorraine H. Rutherford, 8—E. Breitwieser, 2—Edna Meyle, 10—F. Neave, 6—M. G. Bonner, 2—Marjory Roby, 5—M. Arnold, 3—J. Brandt, 3—S. Greene, 7—M. M. Dreyfus, 9—A. B. North, 5—M. A. Brown, 5—E. Whittier, 5—Elsa M. A. Korb, 6.

So many sent answers to one puzzle that, for lack of space, these cannot be acknowledged.

DIAGONAL

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning at the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, right-hand letter) will spell the surname of a great writer.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A river of Pennsylvania. 2. Particular expression of countenance as expressing character. 3. Belonging to the hyacinth. 4. The art of a workman. 5. A malediction. 6. Differences. 7. Histories of the lives of people. 8. Discourtesies. 9. A duplicate. 10. A city of Pennsylvania. 11. To scatter.

EMILE KOSTAL.

DOUBLE CURTAILINGS

1. DOUBLY curtail a state and leave a feminine name. 2. Doubly curtail thick, and leave a cave. 3. Doubly curtail a range of mountains, and leave a conjunction.

When rightly curtailed, the three remaining words will form a word-square.

SCHUYLER HAZARD (League Member).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of thirty letters and form a quotation from Shakspeare. All the characters named may be found in his plays.

My 19-7-17 is a tinker. My 13-27-15-26-20-30-6 is an

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Firth of Clyde. Cross-words: 1. Fifty. 2. Idiot. 3. Barge. 4. Otter. 5. Bohea. 6. Shoes. 7. Jiffy. 8. Locks. 9. Wells. 10. Thyme. 11. Hedge. 12. Cheer.

ZIGZAG. Decoration Day. Cross-words: 1. Dense. 2. Fence. 3. Laces. 4. Baton. 5. Flour. 6. Clear. 7. Natty. 8. Silly. 9. Onion. 10. Unite. 11. India. 12. Bleak. 13. Hurry.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. William Shakspeare; fourth row, Antony and Cleopatra. Cross-words: 1. Wheaten. 2. Sinning. 3. Lottery. 4. Flooded. 5. Ironing. 6. Lawyers. 7. Minaret. 8. Asinine. 9. Hinders. 10. Balcony. 11. Keelson. 12. Beneath. 13. Scholar. 14. Epopees. 15. Eatable. 16. Captain. 17. Repress. 18. Tenants.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Henry Longfellow.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Zebra. 2. Error. 3. Bribe. 4. Robin. 5. Arena. II. 1. Babel. 2. Abate. 3. Bathe. 4. Ether. 5. Leers. III. 1. Eagle. 2. Arian. 3. Giant. 4. Lance. 5. Enter. IV. 1. Anneal. 2. Needle. 3. Nebula. 4. Educated. 5. Allege. 6. Leader. V. 1. Sedate. 2. Eleven. 3. Defeat. 4. Averse. 5. Teaser. 6. Enters. VI. 1. Carol. 2. Aroma. 3. Robes. 4. Omens. 5. Lasso. VII. 1. Rifle. 2. Ideas. 3. Fears. 4. Larva. 5. Essay. VIII. 1. Sable. 2. Again. 3. Based. 4. Liege. 5. Ended.

exile's daughter. My 22-8-13-11-28 is the hero of a play. My 24-2-14-23-3-5-19 is the Duke of Athens. My 4-5-18-28-16-29 is a carpenter. My 2-14-25-21 is a daughter of the Governor of Messina. My 12-21-29 is what Montague was to Capulet. My 1-10-15-26-20-9 is the name of an apparition of a hound named in the closing lines of Act IV of "The Tempest."

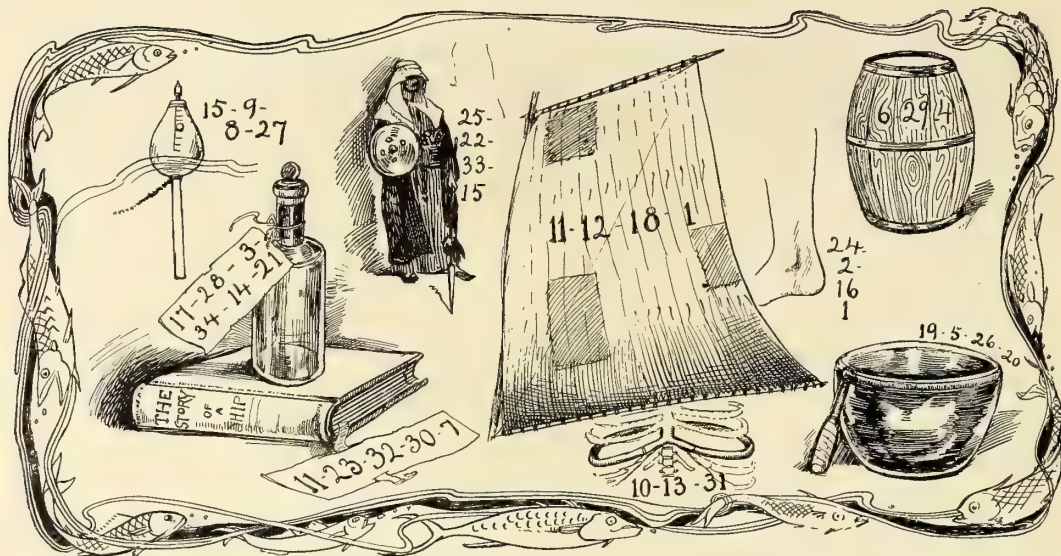
ROLFE HUMPHRIES (League Member).

A KING'S MOVE PUZZLE

I	W	S	I	T	P	W	H	T	L
S	N	H	W	O	E	E	T	O	I
H	O	T	F	I	N	R	S	E	P
T	H	E	P	F	O	E	E	T	H
R	D	N	I	L	H	T	A	P	E
E	D	R	S	A	Y	E	R	T	H
H	E	E	S	F	T	A	L	T	R
N	S	T	T	O	S	E	H	P	E
A	E	O	H	F	N	M	R	O	O
G	H	M	E	J	E	I	O	E	O

By moving from one square to another in any direction (as in the king's move in chess) the name of a famous writer may be spelled out, also six of his famous books. The spelling is continuous,—a new start need not be made for each of the seven names; and each letter is used but once.

KENNETH C. MC KENZIE (League Member).



ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA

In this puzzle the words are pictured instead of described. The answer, from Ben Jonson, consists of thirty-four letters. It is a quotation that may be heeded by those who are too ambitious.

CHARADE

My *first* is a color and also a name;
And money I never have seen is my *second*;
My *third* has a great deal to do with your sight,
While my *fourth* is a number that's easily reckoned.
I hope that my *whole* you never will do
To any dear comrade who's friendly with you.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

NOVEL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a general; another row will spell the name of a battle with which his name is associated.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Tidings. 2. An exclamation. 3. Indulges. 4. A sign. 5. Wisdom. 6. Snake-like fish. 7. Scent. 8. A small, secluded retreat.

REBECCA S. JANNEY (League Member).

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EXAMPLE: Triply behead and curtail ardor, and leave a sea-eagle. Answer, Eag-ern-ess.

1. Triply behead and curtail found, and leave a little bay.
2. Triply behead and curtail members of a senate, and leave a preposition. 3. Triply behead and curtail one who accompanies as a companion or servant, and leave conclusion. 4. Triply behead and curtail to combine, and leave firm. 5. Triply behead and curtail conforms in shape or character, and leave everything. 6. Triply behead and curtail to cause to be acquainted, and leave a measure of length. 7. Triply behead and curtail persistent, and leave to cut apart. 8. Triply behead and curtail slanting, and leave to depart. 9. Triply behead and curtail to make a gallant of, and leave everything. 10. Triply behead and curtail an alliance, and leave kindled. 11. Triply behead and curtail bounding away, and leave to cut off. 12.

Triply behead and curtail to enroll, and leave a verb. 13. Triply behead and curtail a forerunner, and leave an inferior dog. 14. Triply behead and curtail perversely, and leave conflict. 15. Triply behead and curtail benefit, and leave an emmet. 16. Triply behead and curtail giving up, and leave to deliver. 17. Triply behead and curtail perception, and leave was seated.

When the foregoing beheadings and curtailings have been rightly made, the initials of the remaining words (which contain from two to six letters) will spell something familiar to many pupils in Latin.

ANNA H. KAHAN.

CONNECTED SQUARES

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I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. The French word for "after." 2. A dried plum. 3. An East Indian coin. 4. A great epic poem. 5. Germs.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Portions. 2. Sky-blue. 3. An East Indian coin. 4. To walk. 5. Sows.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Planted in spring. 2. To settle an income upon. 3. A magistrate of ancient Rome. 4. A musical term meaning "softly and sweetly." 5. To clean by brushing.

IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Part of an old well. 2. An aquatic mammal. 3. Earnest. 4. A gum used in making varnishes. 5. Danger.

V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. A long stroke. 2. To work with a loom. 3. A rest for a picture. 4. An occurrence. 5. Skins of beasts.

FLORENCE FULTON.



Good Morning! I've had my
Toasted Corn Flakes.
Have You?

HENRY H. HATT

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE

W. K. Kellogg

Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
Canadian trade supplied by the Battle Creek Toasted
Corn Flake Co., Ltd., London, Ont.



Copyright 1909, Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co.

THE KIND WITH THE FLAVOR—MADE OF THE BEST WHITE CORN.



One thing the wise college girl knows. Karo makes dandy fudge, butter-scotch and taffy—and that she can't get the same goodness and flavor without it. It is a pure, wholesome sweet for all cooking and table uses—and agrees with everybody.

Karo
CORN SYRUP

Eat it on	Use it for
Griddle Cakes	Ginger Bread
Hot Biscuit	Cookies
Waffles	Candy

Send your name on a post card for Karo Cook Book—fifty pages, including thirty perfect recipes for home candy making.

Corn Products Refining Company

Dept. "H.H." NEW YORK P. O. Box 161



"No!—Mother
Told Me
to Buy



**Necco
SWEETS"**

It's good for the children to cultivate the "NECCO" spirit, because NECCO SWEETS are good for them. When they want any kind of confectionery, simple or elaborate, have them say "NECCO"—the wholesomeness will take care of itself. Every piece sold under the "NECCO" seal.

At all leading dealers.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.



A Rest

is likely what you need most right now. Take a real rest—and relieve all stomach, kidney and liver troubles and indigestion—at

**French Lick
West Baden Springs**

Don't suffer from rheumatism either, when you can drink the waters at this "America's greatest watering place"—unsurpassed by even the most famous Spa in Europe for curative qualities. Take a pleasant trip, meet delightful people, enjoy ideal, healthful recreation at one of these noted resorts.

Located in Southern Indiana on the Monon. For information about rates, etc., address

FRANK J. REED, General Passenger Agent
Republic Building, Chicago

MONON ROUTE



The Winning Crew

Must have strong hearts and steady nerves, as well as strong muscles.

The "shortness of breath" caused by coffee is a sign of weak heart. Athletes know it and they quit coffee and many use

POSTUM

It is made of wheat, skilfully roasted, including the bran-coat which Nature has stored with Phosphate of Potash for supplying the gray substance in brain and nerves.

"There's a Reason" for Postum

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

JUNE is the month when school closes and ST. NICHOLAS readers all over the country are looking forward to different kinds of vacations. They are perfecting their plans for their trips which will extend for varied lengths of time; from the single day's outing to some favorite retreat, to the three months' trip abroad.

What article advertised in ST. NICHOLAS would you like best to take with you on your trip? Tell in an essay of about 500 words why you make this choice.

There are numerous reasons which can be given on behalf of any of the advertised articles in ST. NICHOLAS. Study the article you choose and write an entertaining story of how you would use it.

Do not attempt to choose more than one article, because the Advertising Editor wants you to give as full a description as possible of the merits of the article you prefer.

The Judges would like to discover how much you really know about the articles that you see announced every month in your magazine. They would like to know whether the arguments of the manufacturers have made any impression on you and whether you are retaining in your mind any idea of what they are spending money to tell you.

Some time ago, in fact it was last September, the Judges gave you a competition which was called

"The Vacation Competition," in which you were to tell what advertised articles you used on your vacation trip. You will observe that the present competition is an entirely different one, because you are to write about only one article, and you are to tell why that one article is your choice.

Now, please, everybody, young and old, rich and poor, high and low, prize-winners and just ordinary jolly children of all ages, sit right down and write your story and send it in to ST. NICHOLAS.

The address you must use is given below. You will have an opportunity to do this before your yearly examinations begin.

Here are best wishes for a good vacation for you all.

The prizes and conditions are as follows:

One First Prize, \$5.00.
Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each.
Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each.
Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each.

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for ST. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (102). Judges prefer that the sheet be not larger than 7½ x 10 inches.

3. Submit answers by June 10, 1910. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 102, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York, N. Y.


Advertising Editor.

(See also page 10.)



About Summer Dresses for the Children

To Mothers

You can keep the children neatly and attractively dressed at little expense, with the aid of Diamond Dyes.

For, if the little ones' dresses have become soiled or faded, you can make them look like new again.

It is just as easy as washing a handkerchief to do this, too.

Just get a 10-cent package of Diamond Dyes. Let it dissolve in boiling water, add the goods, and the faded blouse, or jumper, or dress will be restored to its natural color. Or you can have a bright, new color if you wish.

You can make the soiled white dress a beautiful pink or rose, a nice shade of blue or red—or any color you want.

Or, if the dress be faded, or you don't like the original color, you can change the color, too.

The faded pink can be changed to most any color. And blue or red, violet or brown, any color, in fact, can be changed to a pretty shade of some sort or other. For Diamond Dyes you know come in 18 different colors.

Diamond Dyes are the Standard of the world and always give perfect results. You must be sure that you get the *real* Diamond Dyes and the *kind* of Diamond Dyes adapted to the article you intend to dye.

Beware of imitations of Diamond Dyes. Imitators who make only one kind of dye, claim that their imitations will color Wool, Silk or Cotton ("all fabrics") *equally well*. This claim is false, because no dye that will give the finest results on Wool, Silk or other animal fibres, can be used successfully for dyeing Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres. For this reason we make two kinds of Diamond Dyes, namely: Diamond Dyes for Wool, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton.

Diamond Dye Annual—FREE

Send us your name and address (be sure to mention your dealer's name and tell us whether he sells Diamond Dyes) and we will send you a copy of the famous Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and 36 samples of dyed cloth, all **FREE**. Address

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., BURLINGTON, VERMONT.

Give Diamond Dyes a trial and you'll see how economically you can dress the children.

You Take No Risk With Diamond Dyes

You can use Diamond Dyes and be sure of the results. You can use them with perfect safety on the most expensive goods—and there is no danger of the goods becoming spotted or streaked or harmed in any way.

Faded hosiery, silk gloves, veils, and feathers can be made to look like new with their use.

Portières, couch-covers, ribbons, sashes, and trimmings of all kinds are given new life and added beauty.

And for dyeing dress goods, faded garments, skirts, waists, and suits—Diamond Dyes are invaluable both in economy and usefulness.

Diamond Dyes are "The Standard of the World," and the only dyes perfect in formula, positive in action, certain in result.

The Truth About the Use of Dyes

Diamond Dyes for Wool should not be used for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, as they are especially adapted for Wool, Silk, or other animal fibres which take up the dye quickly.

Diamond Dyes for Cotton are especially adapted for Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres, which take up the dye slowly.

"Mixed Goods" also known as "Union Goods" are made chiefly of either Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres. For this reason our Diamond Dyes for Cotton are the best dyes made for these goods.

REPORT ON COMPETITION NUMBER 100.

"SISTER Anne! Sister Anne! do you see any one coming?"

"Yes, Fatima, I do. I see several old gentlemen in velvet suits, with knee-breeches and silk stockings and silver buckles on their shoon. They totter along the road taking snuff, cackling gaily to one another, and nodding their powdered wigs most wisely. Who *can* these old gaffers be, Sister?"

"Be? Why, who else but the Judges of the One Hundredth Competition? Run, Sister dear, and beseech that delightfully quaint old gran'sire to rest for a season by the ingle-nook. Perhaps he will acquaint us with somewhat anent the Competition—even tell us the prize-winners, mayhap." . . .

"Eh? Thank'e, thank'e, little dame. I will e'en bide for a season in the chimney-corner, and rest these four old bones o' mine! Yes, yes,—this judging of competitions is anything but a light task, dearies! Ah, well do I mind me of the old days when we were at no more than the fifteenth or twentieth of them! I was a younger man then, my children, and could crack a walnut with my teeth as well as any man o' my inches, or spell a word of four syllables without even taking off my coat! Why, I recall as if 't were last week—"

"But, Gran'ther, how about the Hundredth Competition?"

"I was coming to that—all in good time."

"Tell us about it now, please."

"As you will, dears. 'T was a very fair struggle, not like the old ones, perhaps, but then times were different when I was young. That was in the days when—"

And here the poor old gentleman fell asleep. But later, from one of the younger judges—only eighty or so—we learned the following facts: It was a very interesting competition, and for the most part well carried out, if you will allow us to omit the spelling—which was, in many of the papers, something to make a dictionary's hair stand on end!

Nearly all the competitors awoke in old

four-poster bedsteads, on feather mattresses; arose to seek eagerly for a good modern soap; lamented the lack of some brand of tooth-brush and dentifrice; washed in most primitive style, and descended to a porridge breakfast not washed down by any of the delicious beverages now enjoyed. Then came occasions for the use of telephones, mail-service, trolley-lines, automobiles, and so on; recognition that traveling was tedious, slow and unusual; longing for cameras, and daily newspapers, and bicycles; discovery that cooking and other forms of housekeeping were most primitive and laborious without our labor-saving contrivances and commodities; and a general masterly setting forth of the crudity of life a hundred years ago.

But some competitors made their picture of old-time ways so poetic that they defeated the purpose of showing the defects of such an existence.

Considering how hard it was to give the ancient atmosphere in a limited space, the young writers did exceedingly well; but they are advised to read Hans Christian Andersen's story of the "Magical Gollashes" to see how a celebrated author has dealt with the same problem—having, it is true, more space at his disposal.

Here is the list of

PRIZE-WINNERS:

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Clara Snydacker (11). (*Age considered.*)

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Charline M. Wackman (14).

W. R. Provoost (13).

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Alice D. Wilkinson (14).

Horatio S. Hilton, Jr. (14).

Eleanor T. Middleditch (14).

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Charlotte Provoost (16).

Adelina Longaker (14).

Alice Fox (13).

Prudence K. Jamieson (15).

Helen A. Babbitt (10).

Ruth Bottum (11).

Angelina Hamblem (16).

Eugenia Holland (36).

Cecil M. Snyder (18).

Norma Stebbins (10).

(See also page 8.)



"Through Wonderland"

Send six cents in stamps for the most beautiful book on YELLOWSTONE PARK ever published.

Sixty-four pages; sixteen full page four-color plates from *new photographs*; a score of other views in soft one-color half tone. A triumph of the book-makers' art—as interesting as it is beautiful.

Those who numbered the Northern Pacific's "WONDERLAND" book among their library friends, when formerly published, will welcome this reissuance of the work in new dress, with new text and illustrations—larger and more beautiful than ever before.

"Through Wonderland" describes and pictures the greatest of our national parks, reached directly via

Northern Pacific Railway

—the ONLY LINE TO GARDINER GATEWAY—*official entrance.*

1910 Season: June 15 to Sept. 15

Visit it THIS summer.

Through sleeping cars direct to the boundary, daily during season.



CLIP THE SLIP



SPECIAL OFFER
Include ten cents for handsomely lithographed bird-eye view of the Park in colors, suitable for framing. This offer for limited time only.
A. M. CLELAND, C. P. A., Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul
Herewith . . . cents in stamps—Send me 1910 Wonderland, the panorama, and facts about fares and train service for this season. (10 cts. for book, 10 cts. for both):

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

BARREL POST

NEAR the mouth of the St. Lawrence River is a small group of islands known as the Magdalen Islands. In winter these islands are so isolated and storm-beaten that communication with the mainland is sometimes impossible for months. This winter the residents tried a novel experiment of shipping delayed mail by means of a barrel. All the letters were first carefully packed in a tin can, which, in its turn, was sealed up in a stout barrel. The barrel was then fitted up with a small iron keel and a rudder. Its diminutive sail was hoisted, and on it painted the words "Magdalen Winter Mail." The craft was then with many prayers consigned to the mercy of the tempestuous seas. After twelve days the stanch and sturdy barrel was picked up on the mainland, badly bruised and battered, sail gone and mast broken, but its precious cargo of messages to loved friends was practically safe, a little water-soaked here and there, but mainly legible. All were of course forwarded at once to their destinations.

THE USES OF PHILATELY

WE should all try to get from our stamp collections, not only all the pleasure we can, but also all the knowledge we can. Undoubtedly we learn much of geography, somewhat of history, habits of care and method, as well as keenness of observation. All this is naturally acquired from the study of stamps. But do we learn as much as we should of the proper pronunciation of names? In this connection I wish to comment on several common errors. Noticeably, the final "k" in names of eastern origin, such as Bangkok, is seldom or never sounded. Perak, for instance, should be pronounced with a long "e" sound, as if spelled "Peerah," or rather "Peera." Sarawak is pronounced as if spelled "S'rawa." The ever-popular and much be-pictured stamps are issued by the country whose name is pronounced "Laboóan" not Lab-u-an. The accent is on the second syllable with the sound of "oo" and not "ew." Another exceedingly popular but often mispronounced country, and one whose stamps form a beautiful collection, is the Seychelles. "Say-shelles" and not Sea-shelles. Say, also, "Bechwanaland," not Bech-u-analand. And once more, Port Said is "Sah-id." There are other names of stamp-issuing countries which it would be well to look up in the pronouncing gazetteers, but the foregoing are the more common errors.

SARAWAK

THE first stamps of Sarawak (which country is the northwestern coast of Borneo) were issued either late in 1868 or early in 1869. They were lithographed in brownish-red ink on yellow paper. Only one value was issued. There are several canceled copies known which are from an engraved plate. These are more of an orange-red in color and on a different kind of paper. Their exact status is not definitely known, but they are thought to be proofs submitted to the government and afterward used for postage. In the corners of the design are the four letters J. B. R. S. These at first glance seem to be similar in purpose to the letters thus placed in the corners of the earlier stamps of Great Britain. Such, however, is not the case. The letters are the same on all the stamps on the sheet, and stand for James Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak. James Brooke, who was afterward knighted for his great services to humanity in restraining the slave trade and checking

Malayan piracy, was born in 1803 and educated in England. He distinguished himself in the East while yet a young man and in about 1830 saw the island of Borneo for the first time. Its beauty and evident importance so deeply impressed him that he determined to devote his life to an effort to bring civilization to these islands. So successful was he that he became Rajah in 1842. After his death he was succeeded by a nephew, Charles A. Johnson, who later changed his name to Charles Johnson Brooke, and whose initials appear in the corners of the stamps issued in 1871, after the death of Sir James.

K. K. K.

RECENTLY in the Philippines a prominent Spanish merchant was arrested for having in his possession some of the well-known stamps issued for postal and revenue purposes by the Philippine Republic under the auspices of Aguinaldo. Many of these bear the letters "K. K. K.," which do not refer to the Ku-Klux Klan, but to another secret society, this time in the far East, known as the Katipunam. Some years ago an act was passed by the Philippine Commission forbidding any exhibition of the arms and insignia of this society. The man was arrested because his offering for sale stamps bearing the Aguinaldo design was regarded as a violation of the edict. The arrest caused quite a little anxiety among resident collectors, some of whom were rather proud of their collections of "Aguinaldos." Their fears have been set at rest by the action of the Attorney-General, who has ruled that a collector may purchase, own, and show these stamps without coming within the meaning of the act.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

THERE are many clubs and societies in the United States devoted entirely to the furtherance of stamp-collecting. The aims of these societies vary materially from the general collector to the specific. It would be well to join the local club of your own city, and also one of the societies of wider scope. In the local organization you would come into more personal and social contact with the members, and be able to do more in the way of exchange of duplicates; older members, too, would take pleasure in explaining the puzzling differences in paper, water-marks, and perforations. The oldest society in the United States is the Rhode Island Philatelic Society; the largest is the American Philatelic Society, with nearly 2000 members. ¶The so-called "Patent Lines" on envelopes are characteristic only of the earlier issues. These early envelopes are mainly on a diagonally laid paper. On the face of some envelopes there appear in the make of the paper three heavy ruled lines. These lines are the "patent lines," and are to serve as a guide upon which to write the name and address. The patent was probably controlled by the United States, but it is possible that some such envelopes were sold to the public generally by the manufacturers. ¶It would be well for you to write to the publishers of your catalogue for information as to changes in price. Some of these publishers issue a monthly supplement of prices for a very modest sum per year, and the information contained in this is often timely and pertinent. I notice in a recent issue of one of these supplements the warning that two stamps of Salvador are to be reduced in price from \$2.50 each to \$.08 each, in consequence of a number coming on the market.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS AT OLD ADDRESS
SCOTT'S has REMOVED
 to the fine new store, 127 Madison Ave., New York.
Scott's Catalogue, 800 pages, paper covers, 60c.; cloth, 75c.; post free.
Albums, 30c. to \$55 each. Send for illustrated price-list.



STAMPS—108 different, including new **Panama**, old Chile, Japan, curious Turkey, scarce Paraguay, Philippines, Costa Rica, West Australia, several **unused**, some picture stamps, etc., all for **10c.** Big list and copy of monthly paper free. Approval sheets, 50% commission.
SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO., 127 Madison Ave., New York

POSTAGE STAMP LESSONS

Something entirely new that will interest every stamp collector, both old and young. Write to-day for a *free Sample Stamp Lesson*, and find out how to become a *philatelist*.

New England Stamp Co., 43 Washington Bldg., Boston, Mass.

BARCAINS Each set 5 cts.—10 Luxemburg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 15 Russia; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 8 Dutch Indies; 5 Crete. Lists of 5000 low-priced stamps free.
CHAMBERS STAMP CO., 111 G Nassau Street, New York City.



STAMPS 108 all different, Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cape G. H., Mexico, Natal, Java, etc., and **Album**, 10c. 1000 **Finely Mixed**, 20c. 65 different U.S., 25c. 1000 finges, 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. **List Free**. 1 buy stamps.
C. Stegman, 5941 Cote Brillante Av., St. Louis, Mo.

STAMPS! 100 all different, fine Ecuador, Newfound, etc., only **10c.** 100 diff. U.S., big bargain, **30c.** 1000 mixed foreign only **20c.** List free! Agts. wanted. 50 per ct. **L. B. Dover, St. Louis, Mo.**



STAMPS FREE. 15 all different Canadians, 10 India, and catalogue free. Postage 2 cents, and, when possible, send us names, addresses of two stamp collectors. **Special Offers**, no two alike. 50 Spain 11c, 40 Japan 5c, 100 U.S. 20c, 50 Australia 9c, 10 Paraguay 7c, 10 Uruguay 7c, 17 Mexico 10c, 20 Turkey 7c, 7 Persia 4c. Agents Wanted 50% discount. 50 Page List Free.
HARKS STAMP COMPANY, Dept. N. Toronto, Canada.

Stamps Free! 3 Tunis, 3 Persia, 3 China, 4 Dutch Indies. One of these sets free if you send for approvals. Big bargain lists, price lists, etc., free. We have an immense stock.
W. C. PHILLIPS & CO., GLASTONBURY, CONN.



Stamp Album with 538 genuine Stamps, incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., only **10c.** 100 diff. Japan, India, N. Zld., etc., **5c.** Agts. wtd. 50%. **Big bargain list, coupons, etc., all Free!** **We Buy Stamps.**
C. E. Hussman Stamp Co., Dep. I, St. Louis, Mo.

DANDY PACKET STAMPS free, for names two honest collectors; 2c postage. Send to-day. **U.T.K. STAMP CO., Utica, N.Y.**

STAMPS: 105 China, Egypt, etc., stamp dictionary and list 3000 bargains 2c. Agents, 50%. **A. Bullard & Co., Sta. A., Boston.**

5 Varieties PERU Free WITH TRIAL APPROVAL SHEETS.
F. E. THORP, Norwich, N.Y.

Unused British Colonials, 25 different, 50c; 5 Barbados, 15c; 4 Br. New Guinea, 55c; 5 Br. Honduras, 25c; 8 Cayman, 55c; 5 Grenada, 20c; 15 Mauritius, 50c; 4 Rhodesia, 15c; 4 St. Helena, 15c; 7 Seychelles, 25c; 10 Straits, 30c. Large stock. Illustrated catalog. **Colonial Stamp Co., 350 E. 53d St., Chicago.**

Stamps Free 100 all different for the names of two collectors and 2c postage. 20 different foreign coins, 25c.
TOLEDO STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio, U.S.A.

FREE No. 82 Newfoundland *unused* for the addresses of three active coll. **THE BIRCH STAMP CO., Newtonville, Mass.**

STAMPS FREE Nice packet free if you send 10c for 10 wks sub'n to **MEKEEL'S WEEKLY STAMP NEWS, Boston, Mass.**

HONOLULU AND BACK (1st Class) \$110
 5 1-2 days from San Francisco

The splendid twin-screw steamer *Sierra* (10,000 tons displacement) sails from San Francisco May 28, June 18, and every 21 days. Round trip tickets good for 4 mos. **Honolulu**, the most attractive spot on entire world tour. Volcano Kilauea now unusually active. **Line to Tahiti and New Zealand.** S.S. *Mariposa*, connecting with Union Line, sails May 21, June 29, etc. Tahiti and back (24 days) \$125. New Zealand (Wellington) \$246.25, 1st class, round trip, 6 mos. Book Now.
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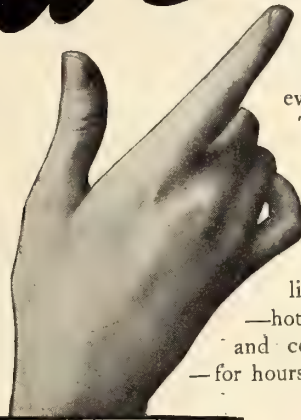
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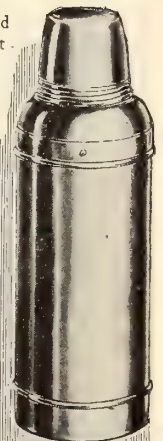
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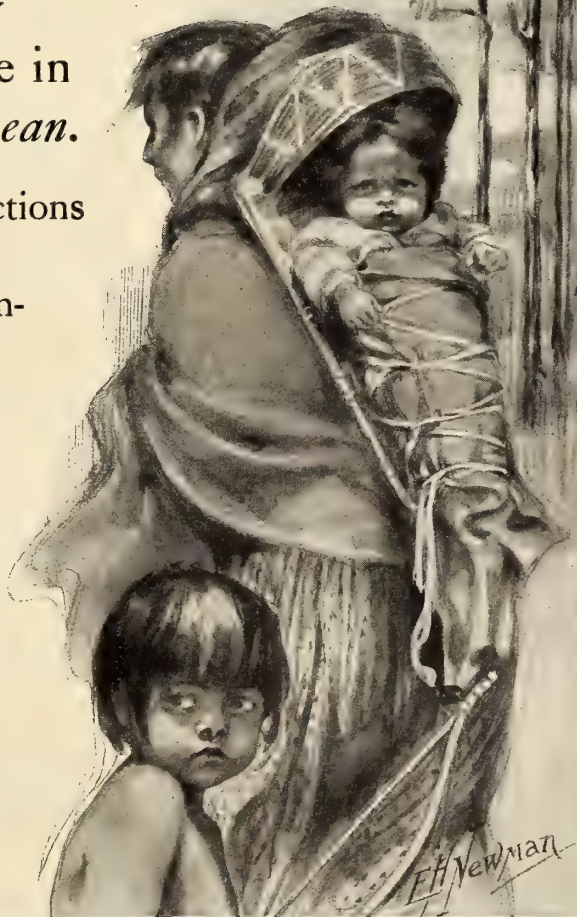
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JULY, 1910

ST. NICHOLAS

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"THEN, BETWEEN THE TWO SOLDIERS, TOM PROUDLY MARCHED WITH THE COLORS
OF HIS OWN DEAR LAND."

(ILLUSTRATION FOR "HOW TOM WHITNEY ASTONISHED THE GERMAN ARMY." SEE PAGE 833.)

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXVII

JULY, 1910

NO. 9

CÆSAR'S CAPTAIN

BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

Author of "Pinkey Perkins: Just a Boy," etc.

THE incident told herein actually occurred at Siboney, Cuba, in July, 1898, and came under my personal observation. Names and minor incidents have, of course, been altered to suit the requirements.

THE long troop-train had pulled in on the siding at Hillsboro, North Carolina, to wait for the north-bound limited, which had the right of way. The soldiers were out on the tracks, stretching their legs after their long ride. With the exception of an hour at Jersey City and a half-hour on the outskirts of Washington, they had been sitting cramped in the train for twenty-four hours. Troops *en route* to the Spanish War in '98 did not ride in Pullmans and have warm meals served them. They rode in day-coaches and ate the travel ration straight.

A crowd of open-eyed, open-mouthed spectators had gathered at the station "to see the soldiers." Never before had Hillsboro seen such activity as was displayed by young and old, black and white, in getting to the station.

"Don't know what I 'll do without a 'lid' when we get to Tampa," a bareheaded soldier was saying; "lost mine out o' the car window last night. I asked for a new one this morning, but it 'll be two weeks before we get another issue of clothing."

"We 'll be in Cuba in two weeks," spoke up another, "and by that time you 'll either need a hat terribly—or not at all."

Among the interested listeners to this conversation was a little negro urchin. To him soldiers

had heretofore been but vague, unreal beings of another world, and here was one in need of so commonplace a thing as a hat!

Suddenly Cæsar, for such was his name, thought himself of the ten-cent piece he had earned the day before, picking strawberries. It was the first money he had ever possessed, and for twenty-four hours he had looked upon himself as a capitalist. Now was his chance to do a service for the blue-shirted god without a hat.

A minute later he rushed breathlessly into a near-by store and demanded: "Gimme a dime straw hat!"

"What size?" asked the storekeeper, astonished that any one in Hillsboro should exert such energy.

"Big enough for a sojer,—I 'se in a hurry, too, Massa Phillips," added Cæsar, endeavoring to impress the slow-moving merchant with the importance of his purchase.

The storekeeper tossed him a wide-brimmed straw hat from the shelf, and in another moment Cæsar was tearing madly stationward. Just as he reached the platform, the north-bound express rushed past, the engine of the special gave two warning toots, and the long train slowly started southward.

As Cæsar reached the train, he saw his bare-headed idol disappear inside one of the coaches. Regardless of the fact that the train was moving, Cæsar clambered aboard and rushed into the car, proudly bearing the new straw hat. Bravely approaching the soldier, he accosted him with, "Here 's a hat for you, Mistah Sojer," and thrust his recent purchase into the soldier's hands.

"For me!" gasped the astonished soldier.

"Yassir," spoke up Cæsar, proud of the interest already aroused by his excited entrance and his impetuous contribution to the army uniform, "yassir. I heard you say dat you did n't have none, so I bought dis 'un and brung it to you."

"I say, kid, you 're a regular trump," said the hatless one, for want of a more elegant expression of thanks.

"I think you 'd better skip off, or you 'll never get back," spoke up the sergeant in charge of the car, thoughtful of his own responsibility as well as Cæsar's welfare.

"I do' wan' to git off; want to go to Cuby, too," declared Cæsar, impelled by a sudden desire to remain with his new acquaintances. Further questioning brought out the fact that he was his own master and in leaving Hillsboro was breaking no family ties. So Cæsar was accordingly, then and there, adopted into H troop as its "mascot," by a unanimous vote of the men, with the captain yet to be heard from.

But Captain Sharpe knew well how small a thing can make or mar a soldier's content, and if the presence of a "little piccaninny" would lighten the tedious journey, he assured the first sergeant that he had no objection whatever.

And so it came to pass that when the train drew into Tampa on that hot, dusty May morning, and the regiment formed and marched to their camp at Tampa Heights, Cæsar was as proud as a turkey-cock as he strutted along in the file-closers, carrying the "captun's" kit, the envy of every youthful eye along the line of march. The recipient of Cæsar's gift, "Straw Hat" he had been dubbed in the troop, thankfully wore the piece of conspicuous head-gear as a shield from the pelting rays of the sun.

During the five weeks the regiment was encamped at Tampa Heights, Cæsar came to be looked upon as a member of the troop. He had his own mess-kit and lined up with the others, meat-can and tin cup in hand, at the cook's welcome call, "Come and get it!"

Instead of tolerating him as an indulgence to his troop, as he had at first, Captain Sharpe soon found Cæsar to be a most efficient "striker," which is the name for a soldier detailed to act as an officer's servant.

Long before moving orders came, stringent orders were issued by the corps commander and all the subordinate commanders against the embarkation on the transports of any "unauthorized non-combatants." Under this head were included "all camp-followers, servants, and civilians not provided with the proper credentials." So Cæsar was clearly barred out. Nevertheless, his determination to "go to Cuby" was unalterably fixed. When Captain Sharpe told him he would have to remain at Tampa when the regiment left, his only reply was a sober look and a soberer "Yassir."

One night in the second week of June, just after the last faint notes of "taps" had faded into the darkness beyond the Twenty-second's camp, an aide galloped up to the main guard-tent, was advanced and recognized by the corporal of the guard, and passed on to the colonel's tent, as that dignitary was preparing for his cot. In another minute he was outside in his stocking feet, calling, "Orderly! Orderly!! Sound officers' call."

Instantly the clear, metallic notes rang through the pines, breaking the stillness by their ominous repetition. Candle-lights sprang into life up and down "officers' row." Hastily clad figures emerged from the tents. By twos and threes the group around the colonel's tent was rapidly swelled. Suppressed excitement was in the air. New expressions on familiar faces told in the flickering candle-light that something, of which no one knew the end, had at last begun.

"Gentlemen," said the colonel, quietly, "our orders have come at last. The expedition will sail at daylight to-morrow. We are to proceed to Port Tampa at once and go aboard the transport. The *Santiago*, No. 2, has been assigned to us. I know it is a big undertaking we have before us, but I depend on every man to do his best to get aboard in time." Then, with a few detailed instructions, the officers were dismissed.

Cæsar, while rolling the captain's bedding, kept two alert ears open and laid out his own plan of procedure, independent of that of the regiment. He picked up a few very important remarks: "Santiago," "Transport No. 2," "Number painted on the smoke-stack," "Take the train at Ybor City" ("Eyebrow City" the soldiers called it).

These bits of information made it possible for him to act independently and intelligently.

"Anything mo' to be done, Captun?" inquired Cæsar after he had placed the freshly filled canteen on top of the pile containing bedding, poncho, and sword.

"No, Cæsar, I believe that 's all," replied Captain Sharpe, who was standing by, watching the hurried preparations for embarkation, "and,

Cæsar, I think we 'll have to part company now. I 'm sorry you can't go, but it 's best for you not to. Boys like you are very useful in camp, but I 'm afraid you 'd be a little in the way in the field. Here 's enough money to get you back home again and to have something left. And you can tell everybody I said you are a good boy."

"Thank you, Captun," replied Cæsar. Then he

Dent, savagely eying a sailor who held him tightly by the arm.

"Where did you say you found him, my man?" inquired the general.

"In the after-hold, sir, while I was gettin' out some winds'ls, sir," replied the sailor.

Cæsar was immediately recognized by the officers, who were attracted by the unusual sight of



"BRAVELY APPROACHING THE SOLDIER, CÆSAR ACCOSTED HIM WITH 'HERE 'S A HAT FOR YOU, MISTAH SOJER!'"

added: "Yassir, I 'specks I would n't be no good in Cuby. So good-by, Captun," and he disappeared in the darkness.

Days passed. The regiment had embarked, not by daylight, but about noon. Instead of sailing at daylight, the whole expedition lay in Tampa Bay, delayed by rumors of a Spanish fleet lying outside to sink the almost defenseless transports in case they ventured out. All these rumors, however, proved false, and the expedition finally moved out to sea, formed in three long columns, and steamed majestically southward.

Two days later, on the quarter-deck of the *Santiago*, a ragged little darky stood before General

general, sailor, and negro in conversation. He admitted having stowed himself away the night before the expedition sailed, giving his reason that he wanted "to go to Cuby 'long with de captun and de H troop." And there being nothing to do now but to allow him to remain on board, Cæsar was once more with his troop, happy and contented, and disembarked with them and went into camp at Daiquiri. Thus it was that Cæsar was with the troop on that memorable day, July 1, 1898, one that marked changes in so many lives, one of which was his own.

When the regiment moved toward the Spanish lines that morning, Captain Sharpe said: "Cæsar,

I want you to stay with the cooks and look out for my bedding roll, and see that it comes up with the kitchen outfit when we send back for it."

"Yassir, Captun, I 'll take care of it till you want it," replied Cæsar, proud of his responsibility.

Before long the crash of small arms and the boom of artillery began, and sullenly and doggedly came the reply from the Spanish trenches. Cæsar's heart grew sick at the sight of wounded men wearily walking or being helplessly carried by their comrades to the field-hospital farther back. He thought of Captain Sharpe. What if he were among that number! What if he were killed!! The thought kept coming back to him so persistently that toward evening he could remain quiet no longer. He went out to the road, resolved to learn, if possible, something from the passers-by.

Almost the first person he saw was the troop trumpeter, with a shattered arm in an improvised sling, being carried to the hospital. In response to Cæsar's inquiry he said that Captain Sharpe was badly wounded. "I was with him," he said, "when he was hit, and stayed with him till some 'sniper' put me out of business. He was hit in the head, but the doctors don't half know him. They took him off in an ambulance just after I was shot."

That was too much for Cæsar. He fairly flew back to where the cooks were. Hastily filling his canteen with water and his shirt pocket with hardtack, he called to Dorsch, the cook: "Captun Sharpe 's been hit, and I 'm going to find him. You look out for all dis plunder." And he was gone.

By inquiry along the road, Cæsar learned that the field-hospital was about a mile and a half farther back, and thither he went, walking and running at his best speed, arriving very much excited and totally out of breath. Here he was informed by an attendant that Captain Sharpe's wound had been dressed and that he had been sent on to the coast with several others whose wounds required more careful attention than could be given in a field-hospital.

Heedless of everything save his desire to find his "captun," he pushed on down the trail toward the coast. Night came on, and he feared losing his way; but he kept on until forced by uncertainty to stop and wait until daylight came. He found shelter in an old deserted cabin, and there he rested his weary body, sleeping until the bright sunlight awoke him. On reaching Siboney, he at once began a search of the hospitals. He inquired respectfully of several attendants for information concerning Captain Sharpe, but got no satisfac-

tion. His appearance was not such as to demand serious attention, and all were too busy to listen to him.

Cæsar did not know, nor did any one tell him, of the Red Cross hospital, situated in a small dwelling near the beach, and his search did not extend that far.

That afternoon, as Cæsar was endeavoring to convince a commissary clerk that he belonged to the army, and was entitled to the privilege of purchasing a can of sardines, he saw an American woman, wearing a red cross on her left arm, pass the door. Forgetting his hunger, he ran on, resolved to follow her, hoping he might get a clue to Captain Sharpe's whereabouts. Keeping at a respectful distance, he followed her until she ascended the steps leading up to a porch, above which floated a small hospital flag, and saw her disappear in the doorway. As he drew near, he saw men lying in cots on the narrow porch, and another lady, dressed similarly to the one he had followed, sitting on a box near by. Approaching the porch and receiving a kindly glance, owing to his blue shirt and campaign hat, he inquired in a low voice of the lady if she knew where he would find Captain Sharpe, who was wounded. Scarcely had he repeated his question, explaining who he was, when a familiar voice called from the porch:

"That you, Cæsar?"

Cæsar's heart gave a great bound. At last he had found his "captun."

"Yassir!" cried Cæsar, eagerly. "Dat you, Captun? Kin I come up?"

"Yes, I think Sister Anna won't mind," replied the captain, and a moment later the devoted little darky stood by his master's cot.

"I can't see you, Cæsar," said Captain Sharpe; "I was wounded in the head and have lost one of my eyes, and the doctor is afraid I 'm going to lose the other. He says the only thing that could save it is ice, and there is none here, and there will be none for several days, when the supply-shop comes back."

Here he paused, surprised that he should enter into so long an account of his misfortune to Cæsar. But it seemed to him, lying there in total darkness as he was, that Cæsar's presence took him back to his home land and that it was not to Cæsar alone he was speaking.

"Can't I do nuthin' for you, Captun?" said Cæsar, moved by the helplessness of his once vigorous and handsome idol.

"No, Cæsar, I 'm afraid not. I get all the care I could possibly need. Sister Anna keeps the water for the bandages cool by hanging the canteens in the breeze. She does all any one could do without ice."



"TWO DAYS LATER, ON THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE *SANTIAGO*, A RAGGED LITTLE DARKY STOOD BEFORE GENERAL DENT."

Again he was encouraging those he had left behind by being brave before Cæsar.

"Well, good-by, Captun," said Cæsar, catching a signal from the eye of the attentive Sister Anna; "I'll come and see you again to-morrow."

His nurse knew better than Captain Sharpe how much he would need the strength he was talking away to Cæsar.

"Good-by, Cæsar; come again," said Captain Sharpe, weakly. "Come again to-morrow," and Cæsar disappeared down the beach.



"'CAN'T I DO NUTHIN' FOR YOU, CAPTUN?' SAID CÆSAR, MOVED BY THE HELPLESSNESS OF HIS ONCE VIGOROUS AND HANDSOME IDOL."

That night, just as the bells on the transports were announcing, in variegated tones, the hour of midnight, Sister Anna was awakened from a light sleep into which she had fallen after changing the bandages on Captain Sharpe's eyes. She was sitting on the steps in the cool air, enjoying the moonless tropical night, when she fell asleep.

She started up and listened. Again she heard the noise that had aroused her, a low "s-s-s-t." She looked down beside the porch, into the dark shadow cast by a swinging lantern, and barely was able to recognize as her strange nocturnal visitor, Cæsar.

She beckoned to him, and he stealthily approached. From under his arm he cautiously produced a bundle, something wrapped in a piece of burlap, and thrust it into her hands. Before she could speak, he had taken to his heels and had disappeared into the darkness. To her utter amazement she found that the burlap contained a piece of ice about the size of one's head.

It was more wonderful than an answered prayer, so impossible had it been to get ice—it was a miracle. Had it not been for the unmistakable sensation of cold that made this godsend a reality, how long Sister Anna would have sat and marveled at this strange visitation, it is hard to say. But being a thoughtful nurse and a practical one, she realized that the thing to do was to act now and wonder afterward.

Passing through the hall, she encountered Sister Angela, and as they cracked a small portion of the precious gift, enough to make two compresses, and as she carefully wrapped up the remainder, she told of the strange visit of the little negro.

"I can't understand it," said Sister Angela; "there is n't a speck of ice on any of the transports. Even Miss Barton herself tried all day yesterday and to-day to get ice, and there was none to be had for love or money." She was as much at a loss to account for it all as was Sister Anna.

When Captain Sharpe was awakened by the sensation of an ice compress being placed on each eye, he feared he was dreaming. It could not be true.

"God bless the boy, he has saved my sight!" he said huskily, when Sister Anna told him of Cæsar's midnight visit. "And to think I ever told him he'd be in the way."

When the surgeon came in the morning, he found a great improvement in Captain Sharpe's condition, but the source of the ice was as much a mystery to him as to all the others.

"Well, Captain, wherever he got it, he has saved your eye. I hated to tell you, but when I left here last night, I felt that you would never see daylight again; but now, if we can find out where he got that ice and get more to last until the *Texas* gets back, you 'll have one good eye anyhow."

All day long Sister Anna kept a sharp lookout for Cæsar; but he did not appear, and when night came and the piece of ice had been reduced to a nugget, more precious than so much gold, she began to despair. She feared she would have to resort to cool water again, and shuddered at the thought at such a critical time. When she came on duty again at twelve, the last of the ice had been cracked and placed on the fevered eyes. Sadly she filled the canteens, soaked the covers, and hung them up. Then she went inside to attend to the various wants of the fever patients, who crowded the little house to its utmost capacity.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by the unmistakable sound of a rifle-shot far down the beach, followed in a few seconds by another. Then all was still again. Going to the door, she looked out, but the sky was overcast, and she could see nothing. After listening a few moments, she heard the sound of voices approaching from the direction in which she had heard the shots. Then she made out three figures approaching. As they came in range of the rays of the lantern, swinging from the corner of the porch, she could distinguish two soldiers, supporting between them the limp figure of Cæsar, dripping wet.

As they reached the porch, Cæsar sank to the ground, and a package he had been clutching in his arms fell to the ground.

While carrying Cæsar up the steps and assisting in making him comfortable, and Sister Anna was procuring blankets and bandages, one of the soldiers, a corporal, explained the circumstances of the accident as far as he knew them:

"The sentinel on No. 2 post saw some one on the beach about fifty yards away, and called for him to halt. Instead of halting, he turned and ran in the other direction, when, according to his standing orders in such cases, the sentinel fired, then called the corporal of the guard, and when I came he told why he had fired and that he had fired low. I called Davis here, and he and I ran up the beach and found the little fellow lying there with a nasty hole in his leg. But he was

game and never uttered a groan. He could give no explanation about where he had been and would only say that he was taking some ice to the hospital for Captain Sharpe. Knowing that officer was here, I brought the boy here, too. He kept up till we got clear here, but now he seems to have gone under."

Upon examination Cæsar's wound was found to be not really serious, although it was very



"TO HIS DELIGHT, HE SAW A REFRIGERATOR STANDING NEAR THE COMPANIONWAY."

painful. He regained consciousness while his limb was being dressed and was soon resting quite comfortably.

The precious ice, which came so near costing a life, was found in a small piece of canvas, where Cæsar had dropped it at the porch.

Captain Sharpe had been aroused by the unusual activity, but on being told that it was only a patient's wound being dressed, he inquired no further. Not knowing that the first piece of ice had been completely exhausted, he did not know at what cost his new lease on hope had been secured.

Great as was her curiosity, Sister Anna decided not to worry Cæsar with questions at present, and by the aid of an opiate he was soon asleep.

The two soldiers, after assuring Sister Anna that no possible blame could be attached to the sentinel, who was merely carrying out his orders, and expressing their regret at the unfortunate oc-

currence, soon returned to their duty at the guard-tent.

When morning came, and Sister Anna told Captain Sharpe the whole story of the midnight tragedy, he was visibly affected by the unfortunate outcome of Cæsar's devotion. Sister Anna preferred to have him question Cæsar about the source of the ice. She felt that he could induce the boy to clear up the mystery better than any one else. A cot was procured for the boy, and he felt more than repaid for everything when it was placed alongside that of his hero. It did not once occur to Cæsar that *he* was the hero.

"And now, Cæsar," said Captain Sharpe, "I want you to tell me where you got those pieces of ice. Since you are wounded, some one else will have to get it for us."

"Well, sir, Captun," said Cæsar, "I stole it of'n de *T'ree Friends*. I know it 's wrong to steal, and I never done it befo', but dis time it jis' seemed to make me feel good."

Further questioning brought out the facts that two evenings previous Cæsar had seen the despatch-boat of the Associated Press, the *Three Friends*, enter the harbor about dusk and several of those on board come ashore. Fearing he would be refused himself and not desiring to share with any one the honor of procuring ice, in case there was any on board, he resolved to first try and obtain it unassisted.

He waited until it was quite late, then he swam out to the yacht, which lay but a short distance offshore, stealthily crept up the gangway, and made his way aft. To his delight, he saw a refrigerator standing near the companionway. Raising the lid, he peered in, and there he saw two pieces of ice surrounded by various bottles.

He removed the bottles from around the larger piece, and, after taking the ice out, replaced them. Then lowering himself over the rail into the water, he swam ashore.

The following night he waited until near midnight before he saw the boat return from her daily trip to the cable office at Kingston, ninety miles away to the south. Again he stealthily boarded the despatch-boat, and for want of any suitable covering for the lone piece of ice that he found this time, he cut from a deck-chair the canvas in which Sister Anna found it wrapped.

The unfortunate outcome of this second expedition has been told.

Late that afternoon a smoke on the southern horizon held the anxious gaze of those who watched and waited in that little improvised hospital. Gradually the large black hull of a steamer rose into view, and at dusk the *Texas*, treasure-laden with tons of ice and hospital supplies, dropped anchor in the harbor.

A week later Captain Sharpe and Cæsar, both gradually improving, were on board the hospital ship *Relief*, homeward bound, and Cæsar was the hero of all on board.

A FEW years ago, at St. Louis, an officer wearing the uniform of a brigadier-general in the United States army could have been seen in familiar conversation with a tall, soldierly looking lieutenant of Filipino scouts, on duty with his company at the exposition.

It was the first meeting of Cæsar and his "captun" since the latter had induced the President to reward Cæsar's devotion with a pair of shoulder-straps, after four years in college at General Sharpe's expense.





THE SEWING DOLL

BY AMELIA DE WOLFFERS

THERE was a little milkmaid, and
Her pails were spools of thread;
A thimble-holder as a hat
She wore upon her head.

And there were pins of black and white
Around the brim stuck in,
And to her any one could go
To get a safety-pin.

Her apron white and dainty was
A little needle-book;
The rod her milk-pail-spools were on
Was just a crochet-hook.

And people called this pretty maid
"Our useful little Pol";
She was a help to every one,
This little "Sewing Doll."

THE LEAGUE OF THE SIGNET-RING

BY MARY CONSTANCE DU BOIS

CHAPTER VI

WHERE THE CLOUDS HUNG HEAVY

JEAN was on her way to Carol's home, and the story of their friendship was passing before her mind. The first year at school, long before the shy, homesick girl had learned to come out of her shell, she had idolized from a distance Carol Armstrong, the leader and favorite of Hazelhurst. Then came a time when Carol had found out that little Jean Lennox needed her love. An act of thoughtless unkindness had wounded Jean to the quick, and as she sat lonely and miserable in her room, Carol had come and comforted her, taking the suffering girl right into her warm, tender heart. From that day they had been "sisters."

And now it was Jean's mission to comfort Carol. But how was she to do it? Trembling, she stood at last in the Armstrongs' vestibule. When the butler appeared, his gloomy countenance indicated that his days in that place were numbered.

"Miss Carol 's in the parlor. Will you please go into the library and wait for her, Miss Lennox?" said the man.

Feeling wretchedly out of place, Jean stole off to the library and stood by the window, looking out absently, trying to still the nervous beating of her heart. A quick, light step that she knew well made her turn.

"Why, Little Sister!" The same bright, musical voice, full of glad welcome. Jean started forward, and in a flash Carol, the same cheery, warm-hearted Carol, had thrown her arms around her in a loving embrace.

"Dear Little Sister, how sweet of you to come!"

"Oh, Carol, darling! Mother told me!" Jean whispered, her cheek against her friend's. Then she looked anxiously at Carol. Yes, a change had come. The poor girl was very pale, and the dark shadows under her eyes told of sad days and wakeful nights; but she met Jean's troubled gaze with a brave smile.

"Why, Queenie! What a woebegone expression!" Playfully, as if it were Jean who was to be consoled, Carol took her face between her hands.

"Oh, Carol—I heard to-day—and I wanted to come—I—oh, I love you so!" It was most unregal, but suddenly Jean felt her lips begin to quiver. Then, to her own dismay, she fairly burst out sobbing! All at once she found herself

beside Carol on the sofa, her head on the comforting shoulder, the sisterly arms around her. And there was Carol, as if she had never a trouble of her own, laughing cheerily.

"Deary me! Deary me! The Queen of the Silver Sword came to comfort the Chief Councilor, and now the Chief Councilor has to comfort the Queen!"

Jean looked up, and, in spite of herself, almost laughed through her tears over her own mortifying conduct. "Oh, Carol! I did n't mean to behave so disgracefully! The idea of my boohooing like a baby when I came to cheer you up! But—you look so worn out and pale!"

"Bless your heart, childie, what color would you expect me to be? I've hardly slept a wink for three nights! But that is n't going to hurt me. There now, Queenie dear, don't cry any more over your Big Sister. She 's going to weather the storm."

"But it 's so dreadful for you, dear!" said Jean, forlornly. "You 've had everything so beautiful around you all your life."

"Then I 'll have some beautiful things to look back upon," said Carol. "And, dear me, Jeanie, it is n't going to hurt great, strong *me* one bit to be poor! Not any more than it hurts thousands of other girls. It 's my dear father and my little mother that I 'm thinking of. They 're the ones my heart aches for." Resolutely cheerful as she had shown herself, a look of suffering came into her face. "You know, dear," she added gently, "we must give up our home."

"This beautiful house?"

"Yes, and Wyndgarth, too, as soon as we can sell it."

"Then, Carol, *you* must come and live with us!" cried Jean, impetuously.

"Oh, Jean, darling, I could n't. Mother and Father will need me more than ever now. I can only leave them to take some position. Father has been ill so much lately, you know, I don't dare to think what the effect of all this frightful strain may be!" The sadness had deepened in her face, but suddenly it gave way to an almost triumphant look.

"But, Jean, it is n't *all* dreadful!" she said earnestly. "There 's a bright, good side, too. My father has failed, but he has failed honorably. Oh, Jean, he 's been so splendid and noble from first to last! I 'm proud to be his daughter. I 've loved him dearly all my life, but I love and honor

him more than ever now! And is n't it good to know that, even if we have to lose everything, nobody else will have to suffer! Father will be able to pay all his debts, every one!"

Jean took her friend's hand in both of hers and held it lovingly. "Carolie, you spoke just now about taking a position. What did you mean?"

"I mean I shall have to find some sort of work just as soon as I can. Howard and Alan and I must be bread-winners for the family. I'm ready to grind away at anything, Jean,—I don't care what the work is. A born Jack of all trades like me ought to be able to get *some* position before long. I wish I had time to fit myself for teaching, but I'll have to be earning *now*."

"And you were going abroad to study music!" sighed Jean. "Must you give all that up?"

"Oh, yes, that's all over with," answered Carol. "And 'good riddance to old Deutschland, I say! I'm sure a lonely island of a daughter, entirely surrounded by brothers, had much better stay home and take care of her family. There's Mother calling me! Yes, Sweetheart Mother, I'm coming! I must go back to the drawing-room, Jean. Our lawyer's there."

"I must go, anyway," said Jean. "I just came in for a minute because I wanted you to know—oh, Carolie, I did n't act a bit the way I meant to! Here you are so brave and splendid! And I just *cried*! I'm dreadfully ashamed of myself! I wanted to—to—"

"I know what you came to do, and you've done it!" said Carol, kissing her. "You don't know what a comfort and help it is, Little Sister."

CHAPTER VII

THE LEAGUE FOUNDED

DEAR DOUGLAS: Last Saturday we had our election day, and guess who is to be queen this year! That crazy, absent-minded girl, Jean Lennox! Yes, they elected Cecily and Betsy and my wild-headed self all right over again. The meeting went off finely, but we missed our dear Chief Councillor fearfully.

Oh, Douglas, my Carol is in worse trouble than ever! Her father is ill again—just what she was afraid would happen. They have sold their city house, and are staying at Wyndgarth now. But if they can't find anybody to buy the homestead soon, they will sell it at auction, and all the beautiful old furniture and everything! And what do you think Carol is going to do? Their lawyer has offered her a place in his office, and so she is going to grind away all summer in a sizzling-hot office down-town. Just think of it! A girl who simply adores music and art and everything beautiful! But that is n't the worst. She says she'll have to stay in the city all summer to be near her work. Is n't that *awful*? She will simply kill herself slaving away in blazing New York.

Oh, fiddle! There goes the study-hour bell. Well, goodbye, from your affectionate sister,

JEAN LENNOX.

The answer to this wail came promptly.

DEAR JEAN: Glad to get your last letter, just received. Hooray for the Queen of the S. S.! It's great you're reëlected, and Cecily and Betsy too! It's awful, the trouble the Armstrongs are in. I feel worst of all for Carol. I'm awfully sorry she has to go to work like that. Too bad the order can't hit on some way to get her up to Halcyon. I tell you what, Jean, whenever I think how she saved my life last summer, and all she did for me, I feel as if I could never show her how grateful I am, not if I worked all my life for her. Here's an idea: you won't let us fellows into the order, but what do you say to forming a kind of league to stand by Carol and be on the lookout for a chance to help her? Make it a sort of an annex to the order. You four S. S. girls who were with her at Halcyon invite Jack and me to join, and see if we don't make things spin. And if the whole crowd of us can't do something worth while for Carol, we might as well sell out. I've got to cram now, so good-by.

Your affectionate brother,

DOUGLAS GORDON.

N. B. I've thought of a dandy name for the annex. You know that ring you found in the buried treasure. How do you like calling it "The League of the Signet-Ring?"

Douglas had indeed owed Carol a deep debt of gratitude since the day when he had nearly lost his life on the side of the great bold mountain, the Gothics. Struck a fierce blow by the hand of the man who hated him, the lad had fallen down the slides, those terrible rocks on the Gothics' steep incline, and the brave girl had risked her own life to descend the cliff and save him. She had found him dangerously hurt, and all night on the lonely mountain she had tended him, till, in the morning, Court Hamilton and his rescue party had come to their relief. During the long illness that followed Carol had helped to nurse the suffering boy, and now here was Douglas ready to stand by her loyally.

Jean hurried to her three Halcyon comrades, Cecily, Betsy, and Frances. She read the letter aloud, and the trio took up the idea with ardor.

"Good for Douglas! That's a fine idea!" cried Cecily. "Indeed, we ought to *sell out* if such a crowd of us could n't do something!"

"And that's such a splendid name for the league!" exclaimed Frances. "Won't it be jolly, though, to have the boys in! See if I don't make Jack work hard! He's got to come up to time, if he's in a society with *me*!"

"We must make Douglas the head of it, because he's the founder," said Jean, "and we'll keep it all a profound secret from Carol."

"Of course!" the others agreed.

"Well, I'm going to make Court join, too!" said Cecily. "I don't care if he *is* a high and mighty Yale man just ready to graduate! He ought to feel flattered that we care to invite him."

"Of course he ought!" Jean assented. "And

we must have him. He and Carol are *such* good friends! Write to Court and Jack to-day, Cece. We want to get things started right straight off."

That afternoon Cecily despatched letters to her cousins. Next day brought a telegram addressed to Miss Cecily Brook. It said:

Letter received. Honor highly appreciated. Annex me.
VAN COURTLANDT HAMILTON.

Jack's answer arrived, inscribed on a picture postal. "Of course I want to belong," wrote Hamilton the younger, "but don't make me secretary. I'm an N. G. correspondent, you know."

"I should think he *was* a 'no good' correspondent," said Cecily, with scorn. "He's the laziest boy about writing letters! I'm going to tell him there's no danger we'll make *him* secretary!"

THAT a league had been formed in her behalf Carol was very far from guessing on the day when she said good-by to her horse Hiawatha. All night she had been at her post in the sick-room, relieving the worn-out mother; but now there was a joyous light in her eyes, for this morning her father was noticeably stronger.

A taste of fresh air and exercise were needed if she were to meet all the duties that lay before her; so Carol was in her riding-habit, ready for an outing with her beautiful bay—a last one, for word had come from the lawyer that a purchaser for the horse had been found. Hiawatha greeted her with a soft, glad nicker as she entered the stable. She led him from his stall and saddled and bridled him herself. He turned his head and looked at her lovingly as she stroked his glossy neck; and she told him the truth:

"You're going to have another home now, dear. I don't know where it is. I have n't heard yet who wants to buy you, but I hope whoever it is will make a pet of you! I hope you'll be happy! My beauty, you did n't know your mistress had been advertising you for sale, did you? I feel like a traitor to you! But I *had* to do it. I need the money so—I must help all I can! I love you just the same—you don't know how I love you, you pet, you splendid fellow! Don't look at me so—don't! You're to be sent to the city to-day, Hiawatha, but we'll have one more ride, won't we? Just one more gallop together!"

Soon they were dashing down the country road, the spirited horse and his young rider. That was a magnificent gallop, bringing the fresh glow back to the girl's cheeks, and sending the blood dancing healthfully through her veins. But Hiawatha had a watchful mistress, and in a few minutes she made him slow down to a walk.

"Tired, boy? You're panting! Well, you shall

have a good rest now. I'll walk beside you." She drew rein and dismounted. "I hope they'll be careful of you in your new home and not ride you too hard. If I thought they would n't treat you kindly, I'd never let you go! If they *dare* not to appreciate you—but they *must* love you if they have any hearts in them!"

She led him along the shady road, on each hand the bright, tender green of the time when spring meets summer. They talked together as they went, for Hiawatha *could* talk, with his soft, expressive eyes and restless ears, with noddings of his head, turnings of his neck, and all those pretty ways by which a horse knows how to nold converse with his owner.

"I was going to take you to Halcyon this summer, pet," she said. "How you would have loved a race with Cyclone! But we won't think of 'might have been' on our last holiday together!"

The roadside was all a-blossom; the flowering dogwood made sprinklings of snow amid the green. Carol broke off a white spray or two from the nearest tree. "Here, boy, let me put a flower in your buttonhole!" And she decked out Hiawatha with a great snowy disk of petals at each rosette of his brow-band. "There now! You ought to see yourself! You're enough to make a full-blooded Arabian jealous! Yes, that's right! Bow your thanks politely, but not quite so hard—you're shaking off your decorations! Come along, old fellow! No, you must n't stop to nibble grass! You rogue, you coaxing thing, putting your velvet nose over my shoulder! We've had beautiful times together, have n't we, Hiawatha? And what chums we were all last winter! Come, let's have a last run together!"

Bridle in hand, the girl ran down the road, her horse trotting beside her, till they came to a stone wall offering a good place from which to mount. Lissome and agile, in a twinkling she was back in the saddle once more, and on she rode at an easy trot, across the bridge, around the turn, then slowly homeward by another way, till they came in sight of the broad field on the Armstrongs' estate.

"Now, Hiawatha, let's take a fence!" A gentle flick of the crop, and they were off at a gallop, heading straight for the field. Lightly, unswervingly as a hunting-horse, Hiawatha took the fence. For an instant the earth was left behind and they were in the air; the next, the fleet hoofs struck the sod, and the horse was carrying his mistress across the meadow at top speed. A second fence: he cleared it gallantly, and the leap brought them over to the sward skirting the homestead garden.



"'HERE, BOY,' SAID CAROL, 'LET ME PUT A FLOWER IN YOUR BUTTONHOLE!'"

Hiawatha was in his stall once more; the last sugar-treat was given; and Carol bade him farewell. "I'll see you again, pet, when they come to take you away," she said, "but we'll have our real good-by now while we're all alone." She patted his shoulder and threw her arms around his arching neck. She took the noble head in her hands and kissed him. "Good-by, my beauty, my own dear old friend! Good-by!"

She turned away, her eyes so dim that only through a mist she saw two visitors entering the stable. She went to meet them, and as her vision cleared, she recognized Mr. Lennox and Jean.

"A young lady of my acquaintance is very much in need of a good saddle-horse," said Mr. Lennox. "So I am anxious to buy your Hiawatha for her."

"I told Daddy *he* needed a horse, and he said *I* needed a horse!" Jean burst in eagerly. "So he's going to buy Hiawatha for *me*! But, Carolie dear, you must come and ride him whenever you can, and you and I'll own him together. He must always be half your horse still."

It would have been worth the price of *two* horses, Jean's father said afterward, to see Carol's delight as she poured out her gratitude. But she said: "Little Sister, I want him to be yours altogether,—really and truly it will make me happier if he belongs *all* to you. Oh, Jean, you'll love him so! And you don't know what a relief it is to know he'll have such a happy home! And don't you see, he'll really be in the family still, because his new mistress is my sister!"

So Hiawatha was to be rescued, but the league was no nearer to solving the problem of how to save Carol. Thirty Hazelhurst girls, including Jean's class, were to spend the vacation on the shores of Halcyon Lake; yet the thought of poor Carol drudging away in the hot city cast a cloud over Jean's pleasure at the prospect of going to camp. Five teachers were to chaperon the campers, and the most popular of them all was Miss Hamersley, the instructor in athletics. The week before commencement she told Jean and Cecily a piece of news that she had dreaded to break.

"I'm afraid a teacher of athletics from some other school will have to be found to take charge of the boating and swimming lessons," said she. "I have had an offer to chaperon some girls who are going abroad, and I feel that I ought to accept it and give up Halcyon."

"Oh, how splendid!" cried Jean.

Miss Hamersley looked at her in astonishment. "Why, Jean!" she exclaimed, "are you *glad* not to have me?"

Penitently Jean embraced her teacher. "Oh,

Miss Hamersley, dear Miss Hamersley, how dreadful of me! But I did n't mean it as it sounded—honor bright I did n't! You're my favorite teacher—indeed you are! I only meant it was splendid, because now we can have Carol! It's just the thing for her!"

"Carol Armstrong!" exclaimed Miss Hamersley. "But I thought she had taken a position."

"She has n't begun yet, and we want to keep her from it if we possibly can. We know she'll make herself ill, working down-town in the heat! And she's just the person to take your place. Just think how beautifully she can row and canoe and swim! You always said she was an expert!"

"Carol is certainly an expert," Miss Hamersley agreed. "But she is so young to be in charge."

"She's nineteen—that is n't young!" Jean protested. "And she's simply *made* for a teacher of athletics!"

"Yes, she's cool-headed and has presence of mind, but nineteen *is* young, and the question is, Will the campers be ready to obey her?" said Miss Hamersley.

"We'll *make* them obey her!" Jean declared. "All the girls who were here when she was just love her. They'd do anything for her. It's only the little freshies that don't know her, and we'll make those infants mind!"

"Maybe you've solved the difficulty, Jean," said Miss Hamersley. "I'll speak to Miss Carlton about it this evening."

A few days later Carol received an official document from Douglas, saying:

I have the honor to inform you that the position of instructor in athletics in the camp at Halcyon is offered to you at the salary which your worthy predecessor enjoyed. The L. S. R. earnestly hopes that you will accept this offer, as it is convinced that your presence is absolutely necessary to the happiness of the campers.

CHAPTER VIII

THE WIZARD'S GROTTO

THE launch *Naiad*, Hiram Bolster captain, was making the round trip of Halcyon Lake. "See that bungalow over yonder, and the little church above it?" said Captain Bolster. "That's Hurricane, Dr. Hamilton's camp. He's a minister. And *that* there is Brook's Cove," he said a few minutes later, pointing out to his passengers a picturesque bay with a strip of beach where stood a boat-house and a dock. Above the curve of sand was a high bank, and upon it, under the shade of golden birches, were a dozen tents, a flagpole in front, and near by a rustic bungalow. "Looks as if they must have a regiment up

there, don't it?" the old man went on. "Well, so they have, only it 's a regiment of gals. I seen 'em drillin' t' other mornin', and the purty little colonel givin' 'em orders, just like they was soldiers. *That 's Mis' Brook's place.* Them little

royal time, and the pretty colonel was Carol herself. As her father was convalescent, she had been able to accept the appointment of instructor of athletics. Several weeks had now gone by, and never was there a busier young lady.

Each morning, with the bugle-call of reveille, she roused the girls for "setting-up" drill and the early dip in the lake. Later came a genuine military drill, her own institution, and the boating and swimming lessons, and already the good news had been sent to Miss Hamersley, "Your substitute is a prime success."

This afternoon the whole order, with Carol and the German teacher, had gone to Pickerel Island on a fishing excursion. When night came they slept on the woody islet in open shacks, their couches balsam boughs. Before dawn they were out on the rocks, fishing; and noon found several of them hiding away inside the "Wizard's Grotto." They were seated on the brink of the "Wizard's Wash-bowl," a black pool in the heart of the cavern; but so deep were they in conversation that for some moments no one had glanced at the water. Presently Hilda turned to dabble her hand in the Wash-bowl; but instead of dipping it in she hastily drew it back.

"Girls, what 's that thing in the water?" she fairly screamed. Her start and exclamation made the others jump. She was staring aghast at the pool. A white object was bobbing in the center of the



IN THE WIZARD'S GROTTO.

school-gals calls it 'Huairarwee.' *'Where are we?'* that 's what they mean, because folks gets lost in the woods tryin' to find their way to it. They 're full of fun, them gals, and they do have a mighty good time!"

The girl campers were indeed having a most

inky water where nothing had been five minutes before. The thing was of a nature to cause the wizard's lair to resound with shrieks of surprise not unmingled with horror, and the same cry was on every tongue, "It 's a hand! *A human hand!*"

Yes, it was a hand! White as chalk! And it signaled to the girls with its extended fingers!

"Horrors alive! How did the thing get there?"

"It 's the wizard—he 's coming up after us!"

"No, it 's just his hand he 's sent up—his horrible, white, ghostly hand!"

"Look, look! It has a gold ring on its finger!"

"It *has*! A gold finger-ring!"

"Pick it out, Jean! You 're the nearest!" said Frances.

"Oh, yes! Easy enough to say, 'Pick it out!' but I don't like hands without arms. Oogh! it looks clammy! Well, here goes!" Jean made one heroic snatch and held the trophy up by a finger. A burst of laughter followed. It was a glove; nothing but a lady's white chamois-skin glove, with a fishing-line trailing from it. Inflated with air, it was bound tight at the wrist by the line, which served also to tie the ring securely to the finger. The ring was set with a large stone. Jean carried it to the light, stared, and gasped. "For pity's sake, it 's *my precious signet*!"

Yesterday, before starting for camp, having found that the amethyst seal was a trifle loose, she had left Veronica's ring at Camp Hurricane to be carried to a jeweler's by Court, who was going to New York in a day or two. Yet here was the royal signet with the familiar monogram.

"Oh, yes, your Majesty, stare and look the soul of innocence!" exclaimed Cecily. "But you

know you put it in there yourself when our backs were turned!"

"I? Not much! Do you think I 'd risk my darling ring like that? It 's a trick of Frisky's. She must have wheedled it back from Court." Jean turned on Frances with ferocity. "Mouse, confess your crimes this instant, or I 'll expel you from the order!"

"Have n't any to confess," replied Frances. The others likewise protested their innocence.

"Then it 's some trick of the other girls," said Cecily. "They must have let it down by the fishing-line through that crack in the roof, and we were so busy talking we did n't notice."

"I 'll court-martial them this minute!" cried the queen, and she despatched Frances to the other side of the island to summon the rest of the party to answer the charge. They came pell-mell to the grotto, but their evident amazement at once cleared them of all suspicion.

"Then a pirate did it, and he must have come cruising along while we were in the cave!" declared Carol. "Cecily, my next glove bill goes to your revered cousin Jack. I suspect this is one of the spick-and-span white gloves that I left in the chapel on Sunday."

"If Jack 's done it I 'll give him the biggest talking to he 's ever had!" cried Cecily. And when dinner was over the girls returned to Huairarwee on vengeance bent.

(To be continued.)

SOME UGLY LITTLE IMPS

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

If you don't believe in fairies, and the elves are not your friends,
And you have no faith in brownies or in gnomes,
Let me give you just a glimpse
Of the ugly little IMPS
That invade to-day so many happy homes.

IMPoliteness is an IMP whom every child should try to shun,
And older people, too, without a doubt.
IMPatience is another
Who will cause you lots of bother
'Less you send him quickly to the right-about.

IMPertinence and IMPudence are naughty little twins,
And, oh, it is astonishing to see
The mischief that they do;
And, my dear, if I were you,
Their comrade I would never, never be.

One little IMP will sit astride a pencil or a pen
 Whene'er there is a problem hard in view,
 And draw his mouth 'way down,
 And whine out, with a frown:
 "IMPossible, IMPossible to do!"

IMPrudence and IMPenitence and IMPulse are three more
 (Though the latter is not always under ban);
 And there are more, no doubt,
 Who are hovering about
 To get us into mischief if they can.

Of little foxes you have heard, who spoil the lovely vines.
 These ugly IMPS are dangerous, too, you see.
 Let us raise a battle-shout!
 We may put them all to rout.
 Oh, what a glorious victory that would be!



BOARDING FOR BIRDS.

MRS. JAY (boarding-house keeper): "Very sorry, Mr. Owl, that I can't take you, but I'm afraid you'd keep all the other boarders awake at night!"

FIRECRACKERS

BY ERICK POMEROY

TEMPLE OF THE EMPRESS OF HEAVEN, CHINA. THIS is the 13th day of the fifth moon of the 33d year of Kwang-su, very early in the morning—



FIG. 1. IN A FIRECRACKER SHOP

that is, "very early" for me, because I ordered my "boy" last evening to call me at eight o'clock this morning and not a minute before. Here, in the rambling old temple where we live, we have learned to go to bed with the sun on the 14th and on the last day of each Chinese moon, because we know that the wailing pipes of the early morning celebrations before the gods on the 1st and 15th of the moon will be certain to wake us at a truly heathenish hour. But when an extra, unannounced, unexpected festival day is ushered in with cymbals, pipes, and firecrackers, then we just have to lose our morning sleep and try not to lose our tempers. This morning is one of those dawns of misery. Even as I write the temple bells, the drums, and those peculiar jig-time horns are setting up a discordant hubbub in the courtyards, while at intervals a big cracker sends me springing into the air with a start that fearfully tries my nerves. At first this morning I endeavored to sleep, but I soon gave that up to don my kimono and sally forth to find out the cause of this gratuitous Fourth of July. Out on the terrace in front of the inner gates of the temple, to which the rays of the rising sun had not yet bent down, there was gathered a small group of men and boys watching such a display of firecrackers

as would have attracted a whole City Hall Park full of people at home. Yet their interest was apparently much like their numbers—very small. They just gazed at the exploding end of the red string of noise without any comments and without any more evident interest than they took in seeing that the small boys picked up all of the unexploded crackers that were blown out of the danger circle by their more powerful brothers.



FIG. 2. ROLLING A CRACKER.

My appearance in a kimono and straw sandals seemed to furnish them with more excitement than the rope of crackers which hung from the firecracker pole hard by. Such a din! Can you imagine a string of firecrackers, large and small woven together, of over 100,000?

But I am getting ahead of my story. By way

of introduction I meant only to tell you that I have for some time been planning to write a let-



FIG. 3. HEXAGONAL BUNDLES OF FIRECRACKERS DRYING IN THE SUN.

ter to your good editor in the hope that he might be willing to pass on to you of the fast-disappearing American "firecracker age" my story of how this country, the native land of the "whip-guns," manufactures and uses these crackers which we think of as belonging only to our Fourth of July.

The desire and determination to write this letter had their birth one day in a city of North China when I was walking along the street where many of the firecracker-makers live—since dubbed "Firecracker Row" on my private chart of the city—and when I suddenly realized how much I should have liked as a boy, when I was "shooting off crackers," to see these places and to know their ways of manufacture. It is difficult not to be interrupted nor to interrupt these lines. Now there are two little pigtailed heads stretched up just over my window-sill, peeping in and asking if I do not wish to buy the tiger-lilies they have gathered on the hillside. So first I will try to tell you how the crackers are made and then how they are used out here, in the hope that you may find as much interest in reading the story as I have found in gathering the information and pictures for it.

Several times I went into the city to visit Firecracker Row, and on one occasion took a series of photographs to show more clearly than words will do the important steps in the process of manufacture. The first step consists in cutting the rough brown paper into pieces such as you can see piled up on the back of the bench just below the lamp in Fig. 1. These are long enough to

make a hollow tube of several layers in thickness, and wide enough to give the tube a length just twice that of the finished cracker. From the top of his pile the workman takes a pack of these slips, lays them out with one end arranged just like steps, and then slides down the stairs, as it were, with a brush of paste, so as to make the outer ends of the slips stick fast when rolled against the tube. Then he bends the other—the dry—end around an iron nail, and places the nail under a board, which rolls it along the slip until all the paper has curled around it, just as you can see the old man rolling one in Fig. 2. Once the cracker skeleton is thus formed, he gives it an extra roll or two down the bench for good measure, slides it off the nail into a basket, and has another started before you realize what he is about. Then one of the small apprentices in the shop arranges the skeletons together in a six-sided bundle, like those on the drying-board in Fig. 3, in each of which he puts just 507. Why that particular number, I could not find out.



FIG. 4. WITH A HEAVY KNIFE CUTTING THROUGH A BUNDLE OF CRACKERS.

Once dry, the skeletons receive their covering garment of red paper, which makes them so truly "little redskins"—this from the hands of one of the workers without the aid of any machine whatever. He just rolls one of the narrow slips around the tube with his fingers and hurries the

growing agitator into another basket to await the time for stuffing in the material that will make him such a lively fellow. Once more, however, they all have to be packed up into the six-sided bundles, this time with two stout strings tied around them a third of the way from the top and bottom, leaving the middle free. You can see clearly in Fig. 4 the way the workers take their big knife and chop right down through the whole bundle to make the clean ends for the tops of the shorter tubes.

These shorter tubes next have a thin paper covering pasted over both tops and bottoms before the bottoms are closed by tapping them with a nail that is just a little larger than the hole in the tube, so that it crowds down some of the paper from the sides. With the bundles right side up, the workman then makes holes in the paper cover over the top, scatters on this the powder dust, and distributes it fairly evenly among the 507 hungry ones by means of a light brush. When the dust has been tamped a little, the powder finds its way to the middle of the tube in the same manner, the fuse is inserted by another workman, the top layer of dust added, and the whole supply of bottled fun packed in by another tamping with a nail and mallet. Completed and still crowded together in the bundles, the little redskins, with the fuses sticking out of their caps, seem to wear a festive,

enough to support my statement—said that one man is counted on to make twenty bundles up to the point where the powder is put in, when the crackers are passed along to others to finish and weave into strings. What a string means here in this land, where the diminutive “packs” we used



FIG. 6. THE PROPRIETOR OF THE FIRECRACKER FACTORY.



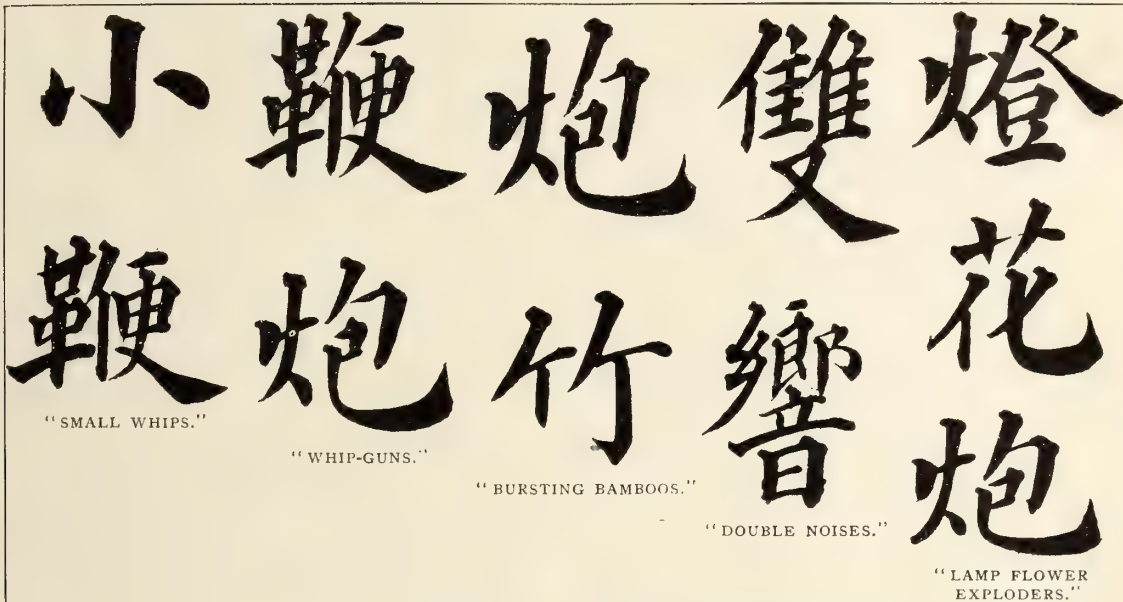
FIG. 5. “STRINGS” OF FIRECRACKERS.

promising look that clearly says: “You give us a light, and we’ll do the rest. And what a high old time it will be!”

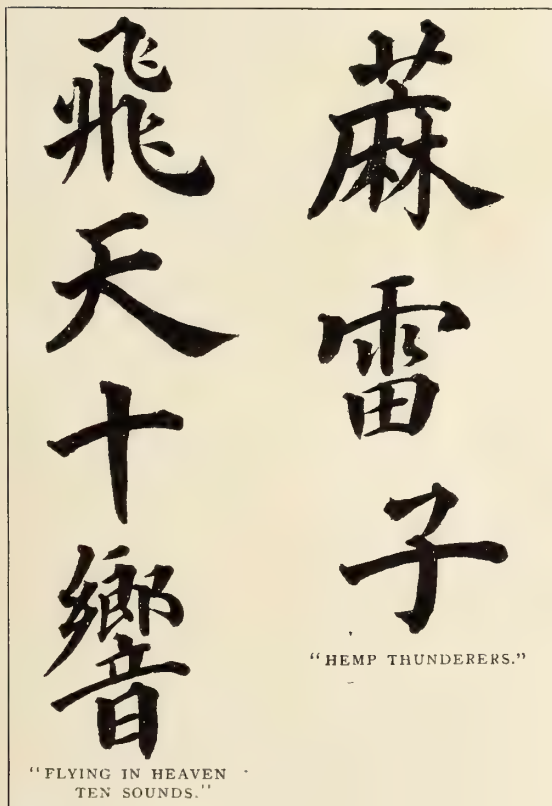
When asked how many of these bundles one man could make in a day, the good-natured master of the shop—whose smile in Fig. 6 is proof

to buy for a nickel would be scorned, may be gathered from a glance at those which the maker is holding up in Fig. 5 and at those on the drying-boards in the view shown in Fig. 3.

Once the crackers have been fully prepared for stringing, either they are put together in such strings as you see in the pictures or they have bigger fellows—four or five times the size of the little ones—plaited in at regular intervals. Then they are wrapped neatly with red or white paper in long packages bearing on the face a red slip with the shop’s name printed on it in gilt characters. Some of these packets would have seemed monstrous—needlessly extravagant—in those days when I used to make one or two nickel packs last the better part of a Fourth of July morning by firing them one by one in a hole in the tie-post or under a tin can. To give these longer strings sufficient strength to hang from a pole, as is the usual way of firing them, the workmen weave in with the fuses a light piece of hemp twine. But even this is not an adequate protection against a break in those monster strings that come out on special occasions. The one that started this letter to you was fifteen feet long when I arrived on the scene to investigate the disturbance and had already lost one half its numbers (I have seen strings from thirty to fifty feet long). To keep



NAMES USED ON THE LABELS OF VARIOUS SIZES OF CHINESE FIRECRACKERS.



such a string from breaking, the Chinese fasten it at intervals to a rope which runs through the

pulley at the top of the pole, and then draw the line up until the bottom clears the ground. As the explosions tear away the lowest crackers, the rope is let down and, at the same time, held out away from the bottom of the pole to make a graceful curve of the last few feet of the string. When such long strings have eaten themselves up, you can picture the amount of fragments around the base of the pole. There are literally basketfuls of them to be first wetted down to guard against fire and then swept up or allowed to blow away when the winds so will.

Thus far you have heard only of little and big crackers. However, there are many distinguishing names among the Chinese for the several varieties and sizes, which I am going to give you before passing on to the story of the special uses of crackers in the Chinese life. First come the ordinary *pien p'ao*, or "whip-guns," the small ones which derive their name from the similarity which their explosion bears to the snapping of a whip. Sometimes they are called simply "whips," in the same way that the Chinese speak of many things by shortened or changed names. To make these names seem more real to you I have had my Chinese teacher write out for me on separate slips the characters which represent them. More diminutive than the ordinary crackers are the "small whips," about an inch long, that are made especially for the small children to use without danger. For one American cent you could buy about 100 of these. Then above the whip-guns the next class is the "bursting bamboos,"

which are said to have taken their name from the fact that in early times bamboo was used as the tubes for these crackers. If such were the case, a line of them must have "made the splinters fly." Even still more powerful are the "hemp thunderers," or, to take a little liberty with the translation, the "hemp sons of thunder," whose name also indicates their construction and their magnitude. Bearing a close similarity in power to our cannon crackers, these have been known at times to break the second-story paper windows in a small compound. They play an important part in the worshiping or propitiating of the gods in our courtyard, inasmuch as it is considered good form to set them off at intervals while the whip-guns—which my teacher assures me "do not require any watching"—are keeping up their unbroken stream of praise and prayer. They may be considered as good lusty "Amens" throughout the service.

Slightly different in form are the "double noises," which are nothing more or less than our "boosters" that go off first on the ground and again up in the air. To intersperse these throughout the explosions of the whips during any special demonstration is also considered good form. Then allied to these we find another booster, which when it explodes on the ground drives ten others up into the air to become the "flying in heaven ten sounds" with the Chinese. These are only "for play," and that chiefly in the homes from the 13th to the 17th days of the first moon of the year. With the "lamp flower exploders," that is, our flower-pot, the list of the most common forms of crackers and fireworks becomes exhausted, although the Chinese have several other less usual species, together with many alternative names for both these and the ones I have mentioned.

The time when the Chinese receive most crackers is at the New Year season, when, among the well-to-do families of Tientsin and Peking, it is customary to give a boy the equivalent of our fifty cents for his purchases. In Peking the shops issue special red notes, like our old "shinplasters" in value, for this one use at the New Year. In giving the cracker money to the boys, the parents often make smaller presents to the girls, who are wont to buy paper flowers with their pennies, in proof of which the Chinese have a proverb which runs, "Girls like flowers; boys like crackers."

But this juvenile use of the whip-guns consumes only an infinitesimal part of the whole supply of the year. At many festivals and on many occasions the head of the house, the manager of the shop, or the officers of the gild require great quantities of these propitious harbingers. Great-

est of all occasions is the passing of the year, when the people keep up the successor to the ancient custom of setting off the "bamboo guns" in order to drive away the evil spirits of the past twelvemonth and to usher in all that is good for the coming one. All night long the crackers have been popping in the town below, and an early gathering in the temple is held to add the final touch before the new day shall break.

When morning came, I wandered leisurely to my office through the business section of the town to watch the fun at the big shops. Never shall I forget the picture of that street with its dozen or more great red strings of crackers hanging in front of the bigger honges and seemingly waiting for some word to start the fusillade. Fortunately this came and the storm broke as I waited. For sheer noise, vivacity, and demonstrative liveliness I never have seen the equal of those snarling, bursting lines that poured out their wrath with incessant fervor upon the evil spirits below and shot up their welcome to the good ones above. Then, although this display on New Year's Day seemed grand enough to last a long time, there came more explosions as the shops took down their doors and began again their routine business on the 5th or 6th of the moon. Furthermore, custom demands in certain parts that throughout the first ten days of the year there shall be occasional snappings of the whips, to be followed on the 15th, at the Feast of Lanterns, by a still greater demonstration.

When a new shop is opened, it is customary for all the front boards to be left up until just before the opening ceremony takes place; then one or two boards are taken down, the manager and his assistants come out to light a string of crackers, and, as the whips are snapping, the remaining boards come down to the sound of this propitious music of the land. Very often there are several strings hung from poles or tripods, and one is lighted after the other in such a way as to maintain a long, unbroken stream of noise.

In most parts of the empire it is also customary for an official, when he receives the seals of office from his predecessor, to have a string of crackers let off at the proper moment. And I must confess to having yielded myself to the pressure of my Chinese assistants in having purchased a few for use at the time we opened our new office at this place. Likewise, when a military official is leaving a post, he is usually accorded a send-off with crackers which have been subscribed for by his men.

And thus, from what has gone before, you may catch some idea of the persistency with which the little redskins have poked their noses into almost all the important celebrations of the Chinese life.

AN INDEPENDENCE DAY RECEPTION

(More "Betty" Stories)*

BY CAROLYN WELLS

TOWARD the latter part of June the McGuire family migrated to Denniston for the summer. The beautiful country place, on the outskirts of the little town of Greenborough, was looking its prettiest as they arrived one lovely afternoon and took possession.

"In some ways I'm glad to be back here," said Betty, as they sat on the veranda after supper, "and in some ways I'm not."

"That's the way with most everything," commented Jack, philosophically; "there are always some good sides and some bad sides to whatever we do. I love Denniston, but there's more to do in Boston."

"And more people," said Betty.

"Yes," agreed Jack; "I've always noticed there are more people in a large city than in a small village."

Betty threw a hammock pillow at him, and went on: "I mean more people that I like to be with. I shall miss Dorothy and Jeanette awfully down here."

"You might invite them to visit you," suggested her mother.

"I would; but it's rather dull here. There's nothing special for them to do, you see; they usually go to watering-places in the summer, and I doubt if they'd want to come here."

"Oh, pshaw, Betty!" said Jack. "They'd like to come, just to see you. And Denniston Hall is a lovely place. A flock of girls ought to be able to make fun for themselves here."

"That's so," said Betty; "anyhow, I'll ask them, and if they don't want to come, they can decline. I'll ask Constance too, and perhaps Lena—that is, if you are willing, Mother."

"Do," said her mother. "Make it a little house-party. With picnics and drives you can make it pleasant for them, I'm sure."

Just then Agnes Graham and her brother Stub came strolling up the driveway, and heartily welcomed the Denniston people back to their summer home.

"You're just in time," said Agnes, as the young

people grouped themselves in the wicker chairs on the veranda or in the swinging settee; "have you heard about the Library Benefit?"

"No," said Betty; "what is it?"

"Oh, somebody's going to give a whole lot of money for a town library, if the town will raise another whole lot of money itself. And so everybody in Greenborough is planning to do something to help. And we thought, that is, we hoped, you'd join with the Dorcas Club, and help us."

"I'd like to," said Betty, "but tell me more about it."

"Well, the truth is, Betty, the girls of the Dorcas Club have n't really made any definite plans, and they want you to suggest something—only they're afraid to ask you."

"Afraid to ask me!" exclaimed Betty. "Why?"

"Oh, they think you're so haughty and stuck-up since you've lived in Boston that they're afraid you won't want to work with us."

"Agnes Graham, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Have you ever known me to act a bit haughty?"

"No, I have n't. But the other girls don't know you as well as I do, and they say that."

"Pooh! May Fordham and Tillie Fenn know me quite as well as you do; do they say I'm haughty?"

"No, May and Tillie don't—at least, I've never heard them."

"Well, who does, then? You may as well tell me."

"Oh, let's drop the subject!" said Stub, who hated a fuss. "What do you girls want to gossip for?"

"Betty's right," put in Jack; "if people say she's haughty, when she is n't, she ought to know who says it."

"Oh, it's nobody in particular," said Agnes, alarmed at the excitement she had caused. "If you're nice to them, Betty, they'll stop saying it."

"If she's nice to them!" exclaimed Jack, indignantly. "Betty's always nice to everybody, Agnes Graham!"

A CONDENSED OUTLINE OF "THE STORY OF BETTY" AS ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN ST. NICHOLAS.

* Betty McGuire, a waif from an orphan-asylum, is an under-servant in a boarding-house.

Suddenly she comes into a large fortune, which she inherits from her grandfather who died in Australia. Somewhat bewildered by her good luck, but quite sure of what she wants, Betty buys a home, and then proceeds to "buy a family," as she expresses it.

She engages a lovely old lady as housekeeper, but adopts her as a grandma, and calls her so. She takes Jack, a newsboy, for her brother, and she selects a dear little child from an infant orphan-asylum for her baby sister.

With this "family," and with some good, though lowly, friends who were kind to her when she was poor, for servants, Betty lives at her new home, Denniston Hall.

By reason of several circumstances Betty feels sure her relatives may be found, if she searches for them.

Her search results in finding her own mother, who is overjoyed at finding again the daughter who, she supposed, had died in infancy.

"I can stand up for myself," said Betty, laughing at Jack's emphatic speech. "Go on, Agnes, and tell me what they want me to do."

"Well, what they want is for you to let them have a sort of a garden-party here at Denniston, and charge admission, you know, and let all the club take part."

Betty considered.

"I had thought of having a garden-party myself," she said; "a sort of home-coming to Denniston, you know. I don't see why we could n't combine the two, and so make some money for your Library Fund."

"Oh, that would be fine!" said Agnes. "That's what they want,—to have the affair here, you know,—but they thought you would n't be willing."

"And I won't be willing unless you tell me who it is that says things about me."

"No, I won't do that, Betty; it is n't fair."

"Well, perhaps it is n't. Never mind; I shall soon find it out for myself. Now let's plan the garden-party. When shall we have it?"

"Let's have it on Fourth of July," suggested Jack. "Then we can combine patriotism and charity and fun and everything."

Mrs. McGuire approved the plan, and agreed to help in any way she could.

So the very next day Betty went to a meeting of the Dorcas Club, and was made a member of it. The girls all seemed glad to welcome Betty, and were delighted at the prospect of a garden-party at Denniston on the Fourth of July. The club was a good-sized one, numbering about thirty girls in all, and they at once began to appoint committees, and so divide the work to be done.

"We'll have everything red, white, and blue," said May Fordham, "and flags everywhere. Oh, it will be beautiful!"

Susie Hale was president of the club, and it was only a short time before Betty discovered that it was Susie who was not entirely in sympathy with the plan proposed. Betty was amused rather than annoyed at Susie's attitude, for of course Susie had no real reason to dislike Betty, or to consider her proud or haughty.

It was really a sort of envy or jealousy that Susie felt, and this seemed to manifest itself in sly innuendos or mean little acts, for which there is always opportunity in a girls' club.

At the second meeting Betty was made chairman of the general committee, and as this was practically giving her entire charge of the whole affair, it made Susie's position as president of the club a secondary office.

However, as the fête was to be held at Betty's home, it was only right that she should be the

principal in the management of it, and most of the girls were quite content to have it so.

Betty had invited four girls from Boston, and Dorothy, Jeanette, Constance, and Lena arrived a few days before the Fourth, quite ready to take part in the festivities.

The Van Courts, too, who were one of the principal families of Greenborough, had agreed to lend all the assistance they could, and so the garden-party bade fair to be a great success. It was called an "Independence Day Reception," and the tickets were prettily printed in red and blue on white cards, and had tiny flags in the corner. They read thus:

<p>COLUMBIA AND UNCLE SAM AT HOME AT DENNISTON HALL JULY FOURTH AT THREE O'CLOCK</p>
--

Remembering Constance's disappointment in not being able to take her part at the school commencement, Betty resolved to make it up to her on this occasion.

So, though the club girls insisted that Betty herself should take the part of Columbia, she positively refused to do so, and proposed that Constance Harper should personate the Goddess of Liberty.

This arrangement suited Susie Hale, who did n't want Betty to have the admiration and applause that would, of course, be given to Columbia as hostess of the entertainment.

Mr. Richard Van Court consented to take the part of Uncle Sam, and thus the principal figures were arranged.

The girls of the club were to wear whatever costumes they chose.

A grand march was to be made first, in which different countries were to be represented.

Betty chose Ireland, and had a lovely green costume made for the occasion. The boys of Greenborough were invited to participate also, and the characters of John Bull, a French marquis, a Spanish troubadour, a Swiss peasant, an Italian, a Chinaman, and other nationalities were chosen by some of the boys and girls. Others were to be in attendance at the various booths, or to act as waiters in the refreshment tent.

When the Fourth of July arrived, all of the Denniston household were astir at daybreak, for there was much to be done that could not be done until the day of the fair.

By midday, however, the place was nearly

ready. Pat had worked steadily, and so had all the other servants, as well as the family and the guests. The beautiful grounds of Denniston were gay with decorations.

Flags waved everywhere; bunting was draped, and Japanese lanterns swung from every available

Booths were all about the grounds.

The largest was the main refreshment tent, where dainty little tables were set forth, with Japanese paper table-cloths and napkins all bearing our own national emblems.

The waitresses here were thirteen girls who



"'WHERE'S BETTY?' SAID JACK, WRAPPED IN HIS INDIAN BLANKET, AND COMING UP TO THE GIRLS."

point. Big white transparencies, which would be illuminated in the evening, bore the national dates, or announced the goods for sale at the various booths.

The house, too, was decked with flags and lanterns, and the spacious veranda was filled with chairs, where guests might linger to listen to the music.

The band-stand was near by, and a fine orchestra had been engaged to play patriotic airs.

represented the thirteen original States. They wore white dresses and tricolor sashes and caps, with the name of their States in gilt letters. Another booth held all sorts of small articles for sale—fancy-work, from sofa-pillows to needle-books, all made of red, white, and blue silks; photograph frames made of silk flags; dolls dressed in red, white, and blue; scrap-books made of linen of the same colors, and filled with patriotic pictures and verses. Even such prosaic things as dusters

and sweeping-caps were of the three colors and found a ready sale.

Another booth had flags, fire-works, and Fourth of July badges for sale. The lemonade, in accordance with time-honored tradition, was served by "Rebecca at the Well." The well had been prettily built by a carpenter in imitation of "The Old Oaken Bucket," and as Rebecca wore the American colors, the dramatic unities were somewhat lost, but nobody minded, as the lemonade was ice-cold and very good. An Indian wigwam was a gay feature. Jack had this in charge, and had superintended the building of it himself.

A tribe of ferocious-looking Indian braves, much befeathered and painted, sold Indian curios, baskets, and beads.

The tennis-courts, bowling-alleys, and croquet-grounds were in order, and patrons could indulge in these games by payment of a small fee.

Inside the house, too, entertainment was provided.

Various indoor games were offered, and there was also a reading-room, with magazines and books for all. In another room was shown an "Historic Loan Collection." Many of the residents of Greenborough had relics of Revolutionary days, which they loaned for this occasion. As there were many really interesting and valuable specimens, the visitors were quite willing to pay the extra fee required to see them, and the room was well-filled with patrons much of the time. Opposite this room, in another room, was a "Burlesque Loan Collection," and this attracted quite as much attention.

Stub Graham had this in charge, and he deserved credit for the clever and humorous jokes he devised.

Catalogues had been prepared, and as an inducement to buy them, a large placard outside the door announced that each purchaser of a catalogue would receive, free of charge, a steel-engraving of George Washington. When these premiums proved to be two-cent postage-stamps, and canceled ones at that, much merriment ensued.

Among the so-called Revolutionary relics were such jests as these:

"Early Home of George Washington," represented by an old-fashioned cradle.

"Vision of Washington's Old Age": a pair of spectacles.

"Washington's Reflections" was a small portrait of Washington arranged so that it was reflected in a triplicate mirror.

"The Most Brilliant Lights of the Washington Era" were a few lighted candles. "The Lone Picket" was a single fence-picket. "The Tax on Tea" showed a few carpet-tacks on some tea.

"A Little Indian" was a small portion of Indian meal.

"An Old-Time Fancy Ball" was a child's gay-colored worsted ball, much torn.

"Washington at One Hundred Years of Age" was a bird's-eye map of the city of Washington.

"Away down on the Suwanee River" was a map of Georgia showing plainly the Suwanee River, on which was pasted a tiny bit of down.

"The Last of the Army" was simply the letter Y.

"A Member of Washington's Cabinet" was an old brass handle from a mahogany cabinet.

These and many other such quips made up an exhibition that amused people quite as much as the display of real relics edified them.

The preparation of all these features meant a great deal of hard work, but it was the sort of work made light by many hands, and so it was enjoyed by all who engaged in it.

And so, by midday on the Fourth of July, everything was in readiness, and the willing workers went to their homes, to return later, ready to reap the results of their labors.

The grand march was to take place at three o'clock, and Columbia and Uncle Sam were to review it from their stand on the veranda. This was to be followed by the singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner," accompanied by the orchestra.

It had been arranged that Betty should sing the verses as a solo, and that all the others, and indeed all the audience, should join in the chorus. Betty had not cared specially about singing, but had good-naturedly agreed to do so when the music committee asked her to.

Her voice had improved by reason of her singing lessons in Boston, and after practising the national anthem with her mother, she felt that she could manage its high notes successfully.

It seemed a little incongruous for a girl in a green costume and carrying the harp of Erin to sing the American song, but Betty was of New England parentage as well as Irish, and she was glad to show her double patriotism. Constance was greatly pleased at her rôle of Columbia, and her costume was beautiful. Very becoming, as well, was the striped red and white skirt, and the blue bodice spangled with stars. A liberty-cap, and a large well-made shield on which to lean, added to the picturesque effect.

Mr. Dick Van Court was a humorous figure in his "Uncle Sam" suit. He looked just as the Uncle Sam of the cartoons always looks, and as he was a tall, thin young man, the character suited him well. A white beaver hat and the long, sparse locks of hair and white goatee were all in evidence, so that Mr. Dick's costume was pronounced a success by all the visitors.

About two o'clock Betty went to her room to dress. She had been busy every minute of the day, had scarcely taken time to eat her luncheon, but now everything was in readiness, and she had only to dress and take her place in the grand march at three o'clock.

Slipping on a kimono, she threw herself down on a couch for a moment's rest before dressing. It was perhaps half an hour later when Constance presented herself at the door of Betty's room, ready for inspection of her pretty costume.

"May I come in?" she called, as she tapped at Betty's closed door.

Getting no reply, she tapped again, but after two or three unanswered calls she concluded Betty had gone down-stairs, and so she went down herself.

She did n't see Betty, but Mr. Van Court was there, in the full glory of his "regimentals," and the two, as it was not quite time to take their position, strolled about the veranda, looking out upon the grounds.

"It 's just like fairy-land," said Constance, "and to-night, when the lanterns are lighted, it will be still more so. Oh, here comes the band."

The orchestra, in resplendent uniforms, took their places on the band-stand, and began their preliminary tuning of instruments.

Then the girls and boys began to arrive, and each costume was greeted with admiring applause.

"Where 's Betty?" said Dorothy, as she came down, dressed as a dear little Swiss peasant.

"I don't know," answered Constance; "she must be out in the grounds somewhere. She was n't in her room when I came down."

"Well, it 's time she appeared," said Dorothy. "It 's ten minutes of three now."

"Where 's Betty?" said Jack, as, wrapped in his Indian blanket, he came suddenly up to the girls, looking somewhat worried.

"I don't know," they replied at the same time. "She must be around somewhere."

"Maybe she is," said Jack, "but she is n't dressed for the grand march yet. I 've just been to her room, and her green dress is all spread out on the bed, and she 's nowhere to be found. Mother does n't know where she is."

"Why, how strange!" said Constance. "Betty 's never late, and it was about two when we both went up-stairs to dress. Where can she be?"

There did n't seem any real reason for alarm, but it was certainly strange that Betty should disappear so mysteriously. As Constance said, Betty was never late. She was always ready at the appointed time, and it seemed as if something must have happened to her.

"I can't find Betty anywhere," said Mrs. Mc-

Guire, as she joined the disturbed-looking group. "It 's so strange, for I know she had nothing more to attend to. She stopped at my door about two o'clock, and said everything was ready and she was going to dress."

It was beginning to look serious now, and Dorothy went back to Betty's room to make search.

As Jack had said, her pretty green dress was spread out in readiness. The little green slippers stood near by, and the green cap and gilt harp lay on the couch. Surely Betty had not begun to dress. She must have been called away by some one suddenly. Her kimono was flung across a chair as if hurriedly thrown there, and Dorothy looked in the dress-cupboard to see what Betty might be wearing. But there were many suits and dresses hanging there, and Dorothy could n't tell which, if any, pretty summer costume was missing. It was very mysterious, and she went slowly down-stairs again, wondering what they should do.

"She 's been kidnapped," Mrs. McGuire was saying; "I 've always feared it!"

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Van Court, an elderly lady, who was Mr. Dick's mother. "Of course she has n't been kidnapped. I think she has fallen in the pond."

Jack laughed at this.

"Oh, no, Mrs. Van Court," he said; "Betty is too big a girl to tumble into the water. I think some one on some committee wanted her to look after some booth or something, and she 's about the place somewhere."

"That 's all very well," said Dick Van Court, "but if I know Betty, she 'd attend to the matter and be back in time for the march at three o'clock."

"It 's after three now," said Dorothy. "Whatever can we do?"

Nobody knew just what to do. It did n't seem possible that anything unfortunate had occurred, and yet what else could be keeping Betty away, wherever she was?

Meanwhile what had become of Betty?

Well, it was just this:

While she was in her own room, just about to dress in her green suit, a note was brought to her by one of the servants.

The note read thus:

DEAR BETY: Susie isent going to the Forth a July Party atall. She 's mad at you.

JENNIE HALE.

Jennie Hale was Susie's younger sister, and Betty saw at once that she had written this note without Susie's knowledge.

But for Susie, the president of the club, to stay

away from the garden-party would be a catastrophe indeed! Betty would be censured for making trouble, and Susie's friends would say all sorts of things. It was hard on Betty. She had truly tried to make friends with Susie, and thought she had overcome the girl's silly jealousy. What especial thing Susie was "mad at" now,

errands, and drove rapidly down the road toward Susie's.

It happened that no one noticed her going, but Betty did not think of this, so engrossed was she in the matter in hand.

She dashed up to Susie's door and rang the bell. Mrs. Hale herself opened the door, and



"BETTY TOUCHED DIXIE GENTLY WITH THE WHIP, AND OFF THEY WENT SPINNING TOWARD THE PINE HILL ROAD."

Betty did n't know. But she must find out, and make peace, if possible, before time for the garden-party to begin.

She looked at her watch. It was a quarter past two. If she went right over to Susie's she might fix it up, and get back in time to dress.

She flung off her kimono, and quickly donned a linen suit, selecting the one she could get into most easily.

Then she ran down-stairs, and, without a hat or gloves, jumped into the pony-cart, to which Dixie had been harnessed all day, in case of

from the cold, hard expression on her face, Betty felt that she was unwelcome.

"I've come to see Susie, Mrs. Hale," she said pleasantly. "Is n't she ready for the party?"

"No, she is n't!" snapped Mrs. Hale. "She is n't going to your old party, so you can sing the solos yourself."

Then Betty understood. Susie had wanted to sing the solos! Betty remembered now that Susie was the soprano of the village choir, and she probably resented Betty's being asked to sing the solos instead of herself.

"Oh, my gracious!" exclaimed Betty, annoyed at this foolishness, and yet relieved that it could still be set right, "she can sing the solos, of course! I'd much rather she would! Tell her so, won't you, and ask her to hurry and come."

Mrs. Hale looked mollified, but she said:

"She can't come now. She's gone to her grandma's to spend the afternoon."

"Oh, dear! what a goose she is! Why could n't she tell me sooner what she wanted? Where is her grandmother's?"

Betty was looking at her watch and getting back into the cart, and gathering up the lines, preparatory to going after the truant.

"It's pretty late," said Mrs. Hale, glancing at the clock. "She'll have to come back here to dress, you know."

"Never mind that!" said Betty, a little impatiently, for she was upset over it all. "Where is her grandmother's?"

"Oh, out on the Pine Hill road. The third house after you pass the mill."

Betty groaned, for the place designated was a good two miles away, and Dixie was somewhat tired. But she touched him gently with the whip, and said:

"Dear old Dixie, you'll help me out, won't you?" And then they went spinning away toward the Pine Hill road.

Susie, from the window, saw Betty coming, and went out to meet her.

She did n't look very pleasant, but Betty had no time to waste in coaxing just then.

"Susie Hale," she said, "get right in this cart. Never mind your hat; just get in this very minute!"

Susie was fairly frightened at Betty's tones, and though she was unwilling, she could n't help doing as she was told.

Silent and a little bewildered, she climbed in beside Betty, and turning quickly, they were soon flying back over the road Betty had come.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," Betty began, for she was of no mind to spare Susie's feelings now. "You, the president of the club, to cut up such a childish caper! You can sing the solos, of course; I don't care a mite! But you should have told me you wanted to sing them, in the first place."

"Who told you I wanted to?" said Susie, weakly, now thoroughly ashamed of herself.

"Your mother did, and I'm glad she did, for I never should have guessed what foolish thing was the matter with you. I don't think anybody that would act like you have is fit to be president of a club!"

Betty's righteous indignation seemed to show Susie the despicableness of her own conduct, and she began to cry.

"I'm sorry," she said; "truly I am. Can you ever forgive me?"

"I can," said Betty, "if you'll do just as I tell you. First, stop crying. Second, jump out of this cart when we get to your house, and get into your costume like lightning! Third, come over to Denniston and take your place in the march and sing the solos, and act pleasantly and nicely about it. I'll drive home after I leave you, and I'll send the cart back for you. And you must be ready! Do you hear? You *must* be ready!"

Betty spoke almost savagely, and Susie still looked scared, as she said: "I don't want to sing your solos now."

"But you will sing them," said Betty. "You must sing them, and do your very best, too. You sing as well as I do, and to do as I tell you is the only way you can make up for the trouble you've stirred up. Now, here you are at home. Fly and dress. Don't waste a minute. The cart will be back for you in a quarter of an hour!"

Susie sprang out of the cart and ran into the house, and Betty drove rapidly away to Denniston. As she tore up the driveway among the decorated booths and lantern-hung trees, the funny side of it struck her, and smiling broadly, she reached the veranda, where a bewildered group awaited her.

"Where *have* you been?" cried Constance. "What's the matter?"

"I've been on an errand of mercy," said Betty, smiling still; "and nothing's the matter. The grand march must be delayed a little, but I'll be ready in a jiffy. Come on, Dorothy, and help me dress. Pat, please take Dixie and go over to Mrs. Hale's and bring Miss Susie back with you."

And so the grand march was delayed only about half an hour. Susie arrived duly, and sang the solos very prettily. Afterward, when the whole story came out, much indignation was expressed that Betty should have been so bothered, but Betty herself did n't mind, for it had the result of making Susie her stanch friend forever after.

MULTIPLICATION



I had a little secret
And it just belonged to me,
But Betsey Morris stayed
all night,
And as we watched the
fading light,
It slipped out ere I knew
'twas gone,
As slyly as could be.

And now my little secret
That I guarded faithlessly,
Belongs to Betsey Morris, too,
'The whole wide town,—
and me.

THE HAUNTED STATION

"THE YOUNG RAILROADERS" SERIES. TALES OF ADVENTURE AND INGENUITY

BY F. LOVELL COOMBS

TRUE to the division superintendent's promise, a month following the incident of the runaway train Alex Ward was transferred to the despatching office at Exeter. It was the superintendent himself who that evening presented him for duty to the chief night despatcher; and a few minutes later, having been initiated into the mysteries of despatching and following the movements of trains, Alex was shown to his wire.

"It is only a branch line—to Midway freight junction," said the chief, "but if you make good you will soon be given something bigger.

"And now, don't send too fast for the Junction operator. He is a slow receiver, but was the only man we could get to go there, on account of that haunting business."

"Oh, has that 'ghost' appeared there again?" exclaimed Alex, with interest.

"Yes, two nights ago; and, like the three men before him, the man there left on the run. It's strange. But I think this man will stick."

At midnight Alex sent Midway Junction the order starting north the last train for the night. Fifteen minutes later the operator at "MJ" suddenly called and ticked excitedly: "That thing is here! It has been walking up and down the platform, and twice I've jumped out, and the moment I opened the door it was gone!

"There it is again!

"Now it's on the roof!" he announced a moment after. "Rolling something down!"

Though himself excited, Alex sought to reassure him. "But you know there must be some simple explanation. Just don't let yourself be frightened," he clicked.

"Yes, I know," came the answer; "but things seem very different when you are right here, and everything quiet, and it dark as pitch outside. If I had some one else here—"

The instrument abruptly closed, a moment remained so, then suddenly whirled: "Did you get that? Did you hear that?"

"Hear what? The wire was closed," said Alex. "Clooossclod! Gooed 6eavens! Whiiiiee—"

With an effort the frightened operator at the other end seemed to control himself, and sent deliberately: "When I stopped that time some one broke in and said: 'Ha ha! Hi hi! Look behind! Look behind!'"

Again the wire closed; again opened.

"Theeerit wasswas again!"

Alex called the chief over. "Mr. Allen, that 'ghost,' or whatever it is—"

Once more the instruments broke out in an almost inarticulate whir, and together with difficulty they picked out the words: "... sounds in next room ... yelling and groaning just other side wall ... whispering at me through a knot-hole ... stand it any longer! G. B. [Good-by.]"

The chief grasped the key and sent quickly: "Wait a minute! Are you there?" There was no response. Again he called, then gave it up. "No use. He's gone like the rest," he said. "Well, I am not sure I blame him. But it beats me!"

As he was about to turn away, the chief handed Alex a letter. "I overlooked it when you came in," he explained.

"Oh, from Jack Orr!" said Alex, with pleasure. A moment later he uttered a second explanation, again read, and with a delighted "The very thing!" hastened after the chief.

"Mr. Allen, this letter is from a friend of mine, a first-class commercial operator, who wants to get into railroad telegraphing, and who would be just the man to send to MJ.

"He is a regular amateur detective, and has all kinds of pluck," said Alex, and in a few words recounted Jack's resourcefulness when the wires were cut at Oakton.

The chief smiled and reached for a message blank. "Thank you, Ward," he said; "that's the man we want exactly. We'll have him there, if possible, to-morrow evening."

NEEDLESS to say, Jack Orr was delighted when, early the following morning, at Hammerton, he received the telegraphed appointment. At once resigning at the Hammerton office, he hurried home, by noon was on the train, and arrived at Midway Junction at seven o'clock.

Entering the telegraph-room, he called Exeter.

"Well, here I am, Al," he ticked, when Alex himself responded. "And I'm ever so much obliged to you, for getting me the position."

"Oh, don't mention it. And anyhow," replied Alex, "perhaps you had better save your thanks a minute. That station is haunted." And continuing, he explained.

"Well, I'll do the best I can," said Jack. "But probably the 'ghost' won't show up again now for a while."

"On the contrary, it is more likely to return soon," ticked Alex. "That has been the way every time so far—three or four appearances in succession. So you had better prepare for business at once."

Alex's prediction was realized two nights later. A few minutes after the last freight had gone north, and Jack had been left entirely alone in the big station, he suddenly heard light foot-falls on the platform. Going to the window, he peered out into the darkness, and seeing nothing, turned to the door. Immediately he opened it the footsteps ceased. Startled, he returned and secured a lantern, and proceeded to search the platform. From one end to the other it was deserted and silent.

But scarcely had he closed the office door on returning when once more he heard the footsteps. With a bound he was again outside. As quickly again they had ceased.

Immensely puzzled, Jack reëntered the operating-room and went to the key. As he opened it, from directly overhead came a thundering rumble, as of a heavy wooden ball bounding down the roof.

In an instant, lantern in hand, he was once more at the door. Immediately, as before, all was silence.

Nervous at last in spite of himself, Jack hesitated a moment, then determinedly set forth on a complete round of the station, throwing the lantern light up onto the roof, into every nook and corner, and through the dusty windows.

Nowhere was there a sign of life. He returned. The moment he closed the door the rumbling broke out afresh.

Jack sprang to the instruments, called Exeter, and sent excitedly: "Al, that thing is here, and is getting—"

The line opened, then sharply clicked: "Ha ha! Look behind! Look behind!"

With a cry Jack sprang to his feet and started for the door. But half-way he pulled up, with a last determined effort controlled his panic, and returned to the key. "I suppose you did n't hear that, Al?" he sent.

"Not a letter. But hang on, Jack. Keep your nerve."

"Oh, I 'm O.K. again now, and am going to stick unless I am lugged off bodily," said Jack, resolutely. "Though it certainly had me a moment ago. For there must be some natural explanation to it somehow, and sooner or later I 'll get it."

"Yes, there must be a natural explanation somehow," Jack repeated to himself the following afternoon, as he left the big railroad boarding-

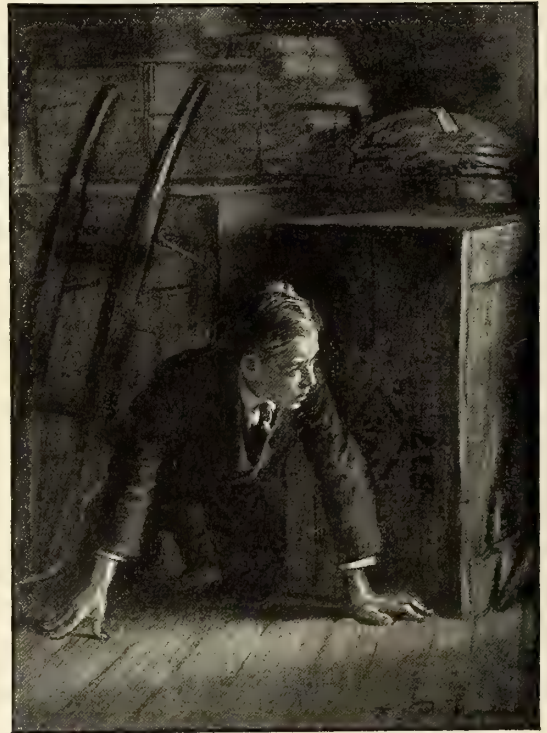
house, a quarter-mile from the station, and set out for a walk, to think things over.

"And I think the starting-point is that talk on the wire. That is the work of an operator.

"Now, why is it heard only by me? I wonder! Could it be on the loop? A cutting-off arrangement on the station loop?"

"I 'll go and look into that right now," exclaimed Jack, turning and heading for the station.

The platforms and the big freight-shed were alive with the bustle of the freight-handlers, loading and unloading cars, trundling boxes and bales in and out of the big building; and, unnoticed, Jack discovered where the two wires



"THERE WAS THE SPUTTER OF A MATCH, AND PEERING FORTH JACK MADE OUT—"

passed in under the roof, and, entering, followed their course along the beams toward the telegraph-room. He had almost reached the partition, and was beginning to think his conclusion perhaps too hastily drawn, when a few feet from the wall he caught two unmistakable gleams of copper. With a suppressed cry he made his way directly beneath, and at once saw that the insulation had been removed.

"Right! I was right!" exclaimed Jack, jubilantly. "And I can see in a minute how it is done.

"Whoever it is simply gets up there somehow,

and ticks one wire against the other; then of course the instruments inside click as they are cut off and cut on, and the rest of the wire is not affected!

"Good! I'm on the trail!

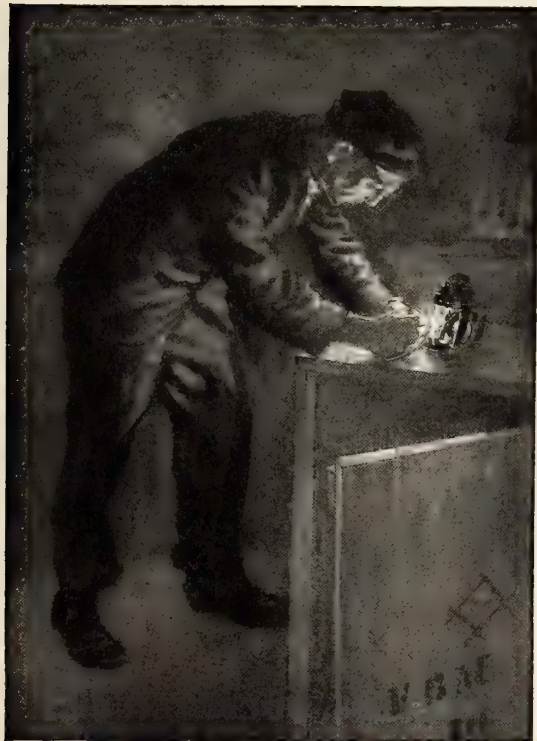
"But what can be the object of it all?"

He turned to look about him, and as in answer the lettering on a near-by box caught his eye:

"VALUABLE: HANDLE WITH CARE."

"Freight-stealing!" he exclaimed. "Can that be it?"

On reporting for duty that evening Jack called



"A THIN, CLEAN-SHAVEN MAN, BENDING OVER A DARK LANTERN."

Alex on the wire and asked whether any freight had been recently reported missing from the Midway depot.

"No; but I understand some valuable stuff has been mysteriously disappearing at Claxton and Eastfield," was the reply.

Jack was considerably disappointed, but before giving up this line of investigation he determined to study the freight records of the station, to see if any freight for the two places mentioned by Alex had passed through Midway. A few minutes' search produced the record of a valuable

shipment of silk to Claxton. Presently he found still others, then several to Eastfield. Hastening back to the wire, he called Alex and asked the nature of the goods missed at those places.

"Mostly silk."

Jack uttered a shout. "Hurrah, Al, I think I am on the trail!" he whirled. "But keep mum!"

"And now, the next thing is, how do they work it?" he asked himself.

The answer came very unexpectedly as Jack left the office at daybreak. Strolling down the front platform, where several men already were at work, he inadvertently got in the way of a loaded truck, and on the sudden cry of the truckman sprang aside, tripped, and fell headlong against a large packing-case. As he did so he distinctly heard from within the box a sharp "Oh!"

Only with difficulty did Jack prevent himself crying out, and scrambling to his feet, he hastened away, that his discovery might not be suspected.

The mystery was now clear. The "ghost" was a freight thief who had himself shipped, boxed up, to some point which would necessitate his being transferred and held overnight at the freight junction. During the night he came forth and played "specter," either to frighten the operator away, or lead to the belief that any noises heard were "supernatural"; then overhauled the valuable freight in the shed, took what he wanted with him into the box (which he could open and close from the inside), and was shipped away with it in the morning. The rifled packages, cleverly resealed, also went on to their destinations, and the blame of the theft was laid elsewhere.

Jack was not long in deciding on his next move. Coming down from the boarding-house before the shed was closed that afternoon, he noted where the box containing the unsuspected human freight had been placed, and selecting a window at a distant corner, quietly loosened its catch.

It was nearly midnight, and Jack was once more the sole guardian of the station when he took the next step. And despite a certain nervousness, now that the exciting moment was near at hand, he found considerable amusement in carrying it out. It was nothing less than making a dummy imitation of himself, asleep on a cot in a corner of the telegraph-room, as a precaution in case the "ghost" should peer within to learn the effect of his "hauntings."

In making the dummy Jack used a brown fur cap for the head, a glimpse of which under an old hat looked remarkably like his own brown head; a collection of old overalls and record-books clev-

erly arranged formed the body, and a pair of shoes stuffed with wads of newspaper, the feet.

thin, clean-shaven face bending over a dark lantern. But quickly he drew back with a start of fright as the man turned and came directly toward him.



"'HELLO, IN THERE! YOUR GAME IS UP, MY FRIEND! COME OUT!'"

When over all he threw his overcoat, the imitation was complete; and chuckling at the sight of "himself" asleep, Jack lost no time in slipping forth.

Tiptoeing to the window whose latch he had loosened, he softly raised it, listened, and climbing through, dropped noiselessly to the floor. Feeling his way in the darkness amid the bales and boxes, he reached a nook he previously had noted, and settling down, prepared to await the appearance of the specter.

Scarcely had he made himself comfortable when from the direction of the big packing-case came the sound of a screw-driver. A moment after came a noise as of a board being carefully shoved aside, then a step on the floor. At the same moment there was the sputter of a match, and peering forth, Jack momentarily made out a

A few feet from him, however, the intruder halted, and again peering out, Jack discovered the lantern, closely muffled, on the floor, and beside it the dim figure of the man, working with his hands at a plank. The plank came up, and laying it aside, the stranger stepped down into the opening, recovered the lantern, and disappeared. "Now what is he up to?" asked Jack.

From the station platform came the sound of footsteps. Jack started, listened a moment, and uttered a low exclamation: "Well, I am a dolt.

"Why he is simply out beneath the platform making sounds against the under side of the planks, probably with a stick!" he chuckled with amazement and amusement.

Jack was still chuckling delightedly over this simple explanation of the mysterious "walking" when the noise ceased and the light returned.

On reappearing, the unknown dragged after him a long pole. As Jack watched him he laboriously raised the pole and began bumping and scraping it up and down the under side of the roof.

Then, puzzled at the silence in the next room, the man placed his eye to a crack in the partition and peered through, listened, and looked again, while Jack watched, silently laughing. At last satisfied, the man turned and threw a shaft of light up toward the wires of the loop.

"Now!" said Jack beneath his breath. "Have I guessed it?"

But, to his disappointment, after a momentary debate the "ghost" muttered, "If he's asleep, what's the use?" and catching up the pole, returned with it to the hole, thrust it down through, replaced the plank, and at once turning his attention to the freight, selected a box, and began opening it.

For several hours the unsuspecting freight-

robber worked. He moved the plunder into his own box, and crept in after. Again came the sound of the screw-driver—and the robbery was completed.

At once Jack crept from his hiding-place, and back to the window, dropped out, and set off on the run for the boarding-house. And twenty minutes later he returned with the freight-shed foreman and several freight-hands.

Entering by the door, he led them directly to the robber's box. Sharply the foreman kicked it, and shouted: "Hello, in there! Your game is up, my friend! Come out!"

There was no response, and he drew his revolver. "Come, open up quick, or I'll shoot!"

And a moment after, the Midway Junction "ghost" stepped dejectedly forth and gave himself up.

"Fine work, my boy! Fine!" ticked the chief despatcher when Jack reported the capture and the final clearing up of the mystery. "The only drawback is, they may want to take you from the telegraph force now and make you a detective. But we won't let you go. We want you ourselves," the chief declared.

A QUEER PONY-CART

DAISY and Dorothy live on a big farm. One day they received a baby pig as a gift, and they immediately began his education. Piggy learned almost as fast as he grew, and his owners planned

around the corner harnessed to an old perambulator with a queer-looking arrangement of rope and twine, the handiwork of his small mistresses, helped, of course, by a big, kind brother and the



"THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET."

to surprise Papa on his birthday. When the morning arrived, they slipped away to Bouncer's pen before the rest of the family had finished breakfast, and when Papa finally appeared on the porch, the pig—a big fellow now—came trotting

gardener. Then he was put through several other tricks, and Papa was so pleased that he got up a surprise of his own soon afterward, and presented the delighted twins with the real leather harness and comfortable little cart shown in the picture.

THE YOUNG WIZARD OF MOROCCO

BY BRADLEY GILMAN

Author of "A Son of the Desert"

CHAPTER XIII

THE SHERIF OF WEZZAN

OUR friends followed the stern officer (a *khalifa* or lieutenant) out of the *sōk*, and entered the town.

Through several narrow, poorly paved streets the resplendent *khalifa* led the way, then through a beautifully carved gateway, and now they found themselves in the *kasbah*, the palace and stronghold of the sherif. Through a large courtyard they advanced, passing squads of well-equipped Sudanese soldiers, and under an arch, and then they found themselves in a smaller court, or patio, paved with green and white tiles, and with a fountain in the center, and an arcade running entirely around the courtyard, in whose "horseshoe" arches hung silken curtains of cream and gold, and green and gold.

From one of these arches the gorgeous curtain was now pushed aside, and, attended by several guards, a tall, dark man advanced, having white hair and beard, and dressed in the richest possible Moorish garments. In addition to the usual thin undergarments of the country he wore a fine light-blue *jelebeeah*, and, outside this, a very delicate white *jelebeeah*, and outside this came a cream-colored, cloud-like *haik*; on his head was a large turban, dotted with tiny green and gold crescents, and fastened in front with a glittering crescent made of rare gems.

Evidently this was the sherif, Moulai el Tayib, who could trace his lineage back, through an unbroken line of sherifs, and through Ali, a nephew of Mohammed the Prophet, to the Prophet himself.

He was an impressive figure as he came forward and with much native grace pronounced the salutation, "Salaam Aleikoum."

A light wicker table being brought, and red silken cushions with golden tassels, the sherif and Achmed seated themselves, while all the others, including Ted, remained standing. Achmed kept up a steady stream of talk, in explanation and praise of his learned young friend, and intimated that he had been so long studying in strange lands, among the *roumis* (foreigners, pagans), that he had really lost his facility in speaking the Moorish tongue (which is a dialect of Arabic).

Ted now went through some of his "wonders," feeling, as he afterward said, like a showman at

a country circus,—but determined to carry it all through, and aid Achmed as much as possible in his daring and difficult mission.

The first "wonder" was the one with the lens; and one of the guards, under orders of the sherif, got a concentration of sun-rays on his hand which made him jump, as much in surprise as fear.

Then the sherif, after expressing interest, said to Achmed, with a slight show of impatience: "This learned young man is not only a *thaleb*, but a *tabib* [a doctor]. Is it not so?"

"It is even so," replied Achmed, as calmly as he could.

"He is the possessor of powers of healing, also, as well as of arts of magic?"

"You speak words of wisdom, O Descendant of the Great Prophet," was Achmed's response; but he felt anxious, because of the note of impatience and irritation which he detected in Moulai el Tayib's voice.

"Very good," was the great man's sharp command. "Now let him exercise his healing art." And saying this, he clapped his hands as a signal, and through an archway came four men, bearing a sumptuous litter, or couch, slung on poles, upon which half reclined a young man.

The expression of anxiety and affection with which Moulai el Tayib greeted this group made clear to Ted why he had been summoned to the *kasbah*; it was not mere curiosity which had led the proud, stern old sherif to send for him, but this young man—a son of the sherif he was, and closely resembling his father—was seriously ill; his face was even now convulsed with pain; and he, Ted Leslie, a mere novice in the art of Aesculapius, must match his skill against some unknown disease.

Ted and Achmed both were alive to the critical nature of their situation.

The young man, Moulai Idris ben Tayib (Moulai Idris, son of Tayib) was so ill that he gave little heed to his surroundings; there was a flushed look about the face, and a dullness of the eyes, which indicated fever; and the strained and anxious expression of his features indicated pain.

Ted Leslie advanced toward his patient, and laid his hand quietly on the young man's forehead.

Upon that act the father sprang forward—now openly showing that he was greatly wrought up—



"WITH NATIVE GRACE HE PRONOUNCED THE SALUTATION, 'SALAAM ALEIKOUM!'"

and grasped, as in a vise, the young thabib's shoulder. "He is my son," he exclaimed, in a hoarse whisper, "my first-born and well-beloved; it is at the peril of your life, learned youth, that you attempt your wonders of healing; if you do the young man harm—yea, even if you do not bring good to him—" Here he whirled his arm in the air and snapped his fingers, which symbolic act was understood by our young doctor to mean that the life of Ted Leslie of Lexington, Massachusetts, would be snapped short in a second's time.

Then Achmed saw his opportunity; Ted said, afterward, that the same idea was in his own mind, only he was restricted by his imperfect Arabic. "May the honored sherif of Wezzan and his son live long!" began the shrewd young Bedouin. "But this threat held over the head of the skilful young thabib is not just. It carries a sting, but no honey; it implies a penalty, but offers no reward; it is unequal."

The white-headed old descendant of the Prophet of Mecca looked at Achmed as if he would pierce him with his eye-glances, as with twin daggers. A frown gathered on his dark-brown forehead, and he seemed a person not used to such plain words from anybody.

Then his glance passed to his son's pain-racked form, and he drew a long breath, and said: "Speak! What further is in your heart?"

"This," replied Achmed, boldly confronting the powerful prince of Islam, and meeting his gaze without cringing or quailing. "There must be just and equal terms: if the learned thabib fails—well, he understands; but if he succeeds, if he rebukes the spirits of pain, and brings ease and peace, then he has a request to make, a boon to ask."

Moulai el Tayib drew back a step or two, as if with surprise, and perhaps intending refusal. Then his eyes again sought the writhing form on the litter, and he exclaimed: "The thabib may ask what he will, and he shall have it; what does he desire?"

Again Achmed matched his cool sagacity against the keen but anguished spirit of the old sherif. "He will state his request after your son has thanked him and thanked you for bringing him here."

It was good diplomacy for a Bedouin lad, this turn in the colloquy; and the confident suggestion of ease and recovery for his son impressed the father. "Let him proceed," he exclaimed. "His wish, whatever it is,—and your two faces tell me that it is not to be an extravagant one,—shall be granted; yea, it is already granted; I pledge my word."

Then Achmed made one more move in his game of diplomacy. "You give your pledge, O holy son of the holier Prophet," he said, in a calm, even, yet determined tone. "Promise it, then, by the beard of the Prophet!"

The old sherif actually turned pale; for a moment the cruel light, which Ted had noticed on meeting him, glared in his sunken eyes. Then a groan from the litter made him clench his two hands in sympathy and helplessness; and, upon that, he wheeled about, faced toward Mecca, bowed his head thrice, and said: "By the Prophet's beard I promise it."

CHAPTER XIV

THE SEAL OF THE GREEN CRESCENT

CERTAINLY the situation had been tense enough at the beginning; but the tension had gradually increased all through the interview. It could become no greater without some explosion; and Achmed nodded encouragingly to Ted, who had understood what was being said, and the American lad summoned all his self-control, and began examining his patient.

He tried the young Moor's pulse; he looked at his tongue (although with difficulty, because of the sick lad's restlessness); and he tested his temperature with a clinical thermometer. The temperature was above one hundred; his pulse was much accelerated; and his breathing was also faster than is normal. There could be no doubt that he was in a high fever; but what was its nature?

Carefully Ted examined the head and neck for injuries, and was about to draw down the garments from the shoulders, for further examination, when the keen old sherif, divining his purpose, advanced, lifted aside the lower folds of the jelebeeah, and laid bare his son's leg.

One glance at it and Ted knew the cause of the fever, the stupor, and the pain. It was a wound on the outside of the leg, about two inches above the knee; it had been received from the tusk of a wild boar: the young man's horse had fallen during a boar-hunt, and the hunted boar had turned upon his hunter.

The wound was in a deplorable condition, surgery being so extremely primitive in Morocco that four fifths of the persons who have flesh torn or bones fractured die of their injuries.

Ted had not studied his medical books to no purpose. He saw plainly what he must do, or try to do; he hardly dared think of what would happen to Achmed and himself if he failed. But he knew that he had, in his precious little

packet of druggist supplies, one bottle containing an alkaloid of coca, which, when applied to the injured leg, would soon dull the tissue, and enable him to work upon it without giving pain to the patient.

So he applied the alkaloid, carefully, gently, with a tuft of soft cotton; during several minutes he did this, and found the inflamed surface becoming less and less sensitive to his touch. Finally the young patient did not shrink in the least as Ted worked; and now, deftly, with a keen knife, thoroughly cleansed, he performed a very simple operation on the wound that had caused the fever and stupor. Ted dealt with it exactly as if it had been a troublesome boil—and he had suffered from several of them, himself, a few years before—while the Moorish attendants looked eagerly on, and the sherif stood by, anxious yet hopeful. All of them knew how painful such treatment would be under ordinary conditions; they knew how sensitive all that red, angry tissue usually would be; but this young thabib, this young "Wizard," had been able to charm away the pain in a manner wholly marvelous to them.

The joy of the old sherif was touching; he clasped his son's hand; and gazed into his eyes with deep affection; his son was given back to him, free from pain, and able to talk calmly of the relief he felt; and the old Moor impulsively embraced Ted and Achmed in a most friendly and grateful fashion, and again said prayers to Allah, bowing his forehead quite to the ground.

So far their plans had worked well at the kasbah of Wezzan. But now came the delicate matter of presenting their request, about which—although it had been nominally granted beforehand—Achmed had some misgivings. "He is like most of these Moors," said the young Bedouin, as he and Ted paced slowly up and down the courtyard. "He has two very opposite sides; on one side he is courteous and friendly, but on the other he is treacherous and cruel. I hope that when he learns about us and our mission he will stand by his promise, and give his support and influence to our side and Great Britain, instead of standing with Russia. You, Ted, must remember clearly what the exact purpose of our journey is; for you are the one to ask the favor, because you have worked this cure upon his son, and to you he is particularly grateful."

Ted nodded, and responded in a low tone: "I understand, Achmed, as you have explained it to me. Great Britain wishes a defensive alliance with the Sultan, and certain commercial rights, and desires that he reject all offers from the

European powers, especially Russia; the details and specifications are written out on your parchment girdle, in that invisible ink, and are intended for the eyes alone of Kaid McKenzie, who is a Scotsman, a friend of Lord Cecil Seymour's, and is general-in-chief of the Sultan's military forces. Is all that correct?"

"Quite so," replied Achmed, gravely. "And here returns the sherif, having placed his convalescent son in his apartment. We must now make our attempt."

So the diplomatic interview was begun. Ted and Achmed together, courteously supplementing each other, informed the proud old descendant of the Prophet about their respective races and their joint mission. It was a delicate and difficult matter to reveal to him that they had deceived him in a measure; but the help and relief rendered to the young sherif were evident and satisfying. Our young friends put their trust largely in that one fact.

When Achmed and Ted had revealed the secret of their races and their purpose, and had reminded their august listener of his promise, he replied promptly: "What I have promised I have promised, and will fulfil it. You ask me to speak my word to the Sultan, through you, in the interests of Great Britain, and to send you safely on your journey to Fez. It shall be done."

This he declared in so many words; but his restless eyes were perplexing to our young friends, and seemed to indicate something different from the words. "When will you depart?" he asked, almost with deference; but it was this very supple sort of deference which made Ted and Achmed suspicious.

"It is our wish to set out to-morrow morning," replied Ted; and the old man bowed several times in apparent approval.

They were now shown to a spacious and cool apartment in the kasbah, and two slaves made ready to bathe them; but Achmed, having no wish to expose the parchment band around his waist, preferred to attend to his own ablutions, as did Ted also.

Achmed and Ted found themselves somewhat restricted by the pomp and ceremony of the sherif's castle and court; but they yielded on every side, wondering only what might lie behind all these attentions. They had at first thought to depart before night; but they felt sure that the wily old Moor would not allow this, for he would wish to see how much permanent improvement in strength and health his son made.

At dawn our young friends were astir, and were annoyed to see that hardly anybody else in the kasbah had awakened. There was a

vexatious delay; then some slaves brought breakfast; then, when Ted asked to see the young Moor, his patient, there was more delay; but at last the sick youth was brought out into the court. His recovery was progressing rapidly; all his symptoms were favorable, and he expressed deep gratitude.

Ted dressed the wound, and the patient was borne back into his apartment. Then followed more long waiting. "He promised; he certainly did," asserted Ted, speaking of the old sherif.

"He did indeed," replied Achmed, knitting his brow; "and by a solemn Moslem formula, too: the beard of the Prophet—his name be praised! But—who can tell what is written!"

The day dragged on. A noon meal was served them. They asked to see the sherif, and were told that he had gone out of Wezzan to restore order in a neighboring village; he would return at nightfall.

"Achmed," exclaimed Ted, with sudden resolution, and pausing in their walk up and down the tiled court, "I think we must adopt some bold course of action. I don't believe we will ever get away unless we do something; at least not until that Russian Petrovsky has seen the Sultan and won him over, and has come here and interviewed the sherif; and that would utterly defeat our plans. Achmed, shall I try a little more magic on the treacherous old chap? Will it be safe?"

After a moment's reflection Achmed answered: "I think that no other choice is given us. What is the plan of 'The Young Wizard of Morocco'?" And a faint smile lightened his face.

"Well, you trust me," was Ted's reply. "You get hold of the slippery old fellow, and I believe I can bring him to terms; although he knows that you are a Bedouin, from Egypt, and that I am an American, he has no reason to doubt my powers of magic; and I think I can shake him up, if we can get at him."

"Agreed!" said Achmed; and he went at once and gave a sharp, stern message to a black attendant near the gate.

The message was efficacious. In five minutes the sherif sent word that he would give them audience in his inner "court of judgment" at the end of an hour. And when the hour had passed—slowly indeed for our anxious young friends—they were summoned by two of the armed guards.

This "court of judgment" they found to be a long, gloomy, windowless apartment, half roofed over, with many beautiful rugs upon the floor, and a divan around the walls, upon which many exquisite shawls were laid.

"I have only the wish," began Ted, coolly, when the formal greetings were over, "to reveal to the holy son of the most holy Prophet what will take place in his dominions if we, his guests and the holders of his pledge, go not forth on our journey ere the sun looks over the rim of the world to-morrow morning."

Having already carefully prepared himself and his chemical materials, he now asked for two glass jars, or vessels of some sort suitable for holding water. And in a few moments two were brought.

He now, with many mysterious gestures, and some solemn repeating of the Greek alphabet for a magic formula, half filled these jars with water which was brought for him; and into one of these jars of clear water he poured a small quantity of colorless liquid from one of two small bottles taken by him from the medicine-pocket.

The liquid thus poured in looked like water, and but slightly discolored the pure water in the jar; but it was really a very condensed solution of tannin. Then into the other jar he poured, from another bottle, a small portion of a liquid, which was really a strong solution of chlorid of iron. Then he made mysterious passes over the two jars, and, with as fierce an expression as his usually good-natured face could assume, he rattled off more of the Greek alphabet, in stern denunciation, using also the Arabic words for "sun" and "darkness" and "death" with great freedom.

Achmed had caught the meaning of the situation, although he by no means grasped its chemical details; also Ted had coached him as to his part in the ceremony; and he now gave all the aid he could by expressions of fear and awe, and by gestures of alarm. As for the old sherif, ignorant and superstitious as he was, and a firm believer in *jinn*s (spirits), he showed much concern and even terror, as the weird situation grew upon him.

Finally Ted, in a loud tone and with sonorous declamation, recited "The boy stood on the burning deck," etc., which, being in excellent English, and with good rhyme and rhythm, was as impressive as Greek to Moulai el Tayib. And, as Ted recited, he poured the clear liquid of one jar into the clear liquid of the other; and the result was—a solution which was as black as ink; in fact, it was ink of a sort.

Then Achmed, turning to the astonished and trembling sherif, who kept glancing up and behind him as if expecting some terrible spirit or demon to grasp him in his claws—Achmed declared, with dignity and majesty: "Thus shall

it be in all your land, O Descendant of the Prophet. If your pledge is not fulfilled, the waters of your streams and rivers, of your springs and cisterns, shall all be turned into the blackness of death, bringing doom upon your race and destruction upon your people."

The effect was powerful upon the credulous and cruel old Moor; he grew pale, and he trembled violently; he tried to speak, but his tongue would not serve him. Whereupon he beckoned to a special attendant near at hand—a sort of scribe—and gave him some order.

The scribe went out, and when he returned, he put into Ted's hand a small parchment roll, which must have been already prepared, but which the wily old sherif was holding back, for purposes best known to himself.

Ted and Achmed, with great dignity, glanced through the small but important document. It was a simple, clear statement, in Arabic, to the Sultan, that the sherif of Wezzan gave his sanction to the treaty with Great Britain. And at the bottom was inscribed—drawn and painted beautifully by hand—a seal: a green crescent moon, a symbol of Moslem power since the days of Othman of Constantinople; and when joined to the sherif's name, as now, it was a pledge which no sherif of Wezzan had ever been known to break.

The dramatic interview closed. Moulai el Tayib was tremendously frightened. And he hastily informed Achmed and Ted that they need not wait until the morrow; they could depart, if they wished, in one hour; camels and guards would escort them one day's distance on their journey.

"Evidently the old boy is about frightened

to death," remarked Ted, as he and Achmed returned to the courtyard. "The road seems to be clear enough for us. Shall we start to-night? Or shall we—"

"To-night! to-night!" interrupted the shrewd



TED DRESSES THE WOUND OF THE SHERIF'S SON.

Bedouin lad. "We must set forth to-night. The double-faced old Moor may alter his mind in twelve hours. And I do not believe he will wholly let go his cruel grasp on us even now; we shall see; we shall see."

(To be continued.)



MOLLY AND POLLY

MOLLY and Polly are twins, that is clear,
And no one can tell them apart, I fear;
The worst of it is, you can never ask whether
The one is the other, for they 're always together!

A JINGLE

SALTING BIRDIE'S TAIL

BY DEBORAH EGE OLDS

SOUNDS so easy when you hear 'em
Tellin' how to catch a bird;
Time an' time again I 've listened,—
Simplest way you 've ever heard.

First you catch the little songster,
But you must have salt near by;

If 't is wet you need not test it,
For it must be nice and dry.

On his tail put just a little,
Then you have him, quick as wink.
Do exactly as I tell you,
You will catch him,—I don't think.

THE REFUGEE

THE STRANGE STORY OF NETHER HALL

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES GILSON

Author of "The Lost Column," "The Lost Empire," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII

"MR. BARTON BOOTHBY" AT HOME

THE Vicomte looked round with a smile of satisfaction.

"Here," said he, "we shall be able to arrange matters—amicably."

"But not a word until you've handed over the money!" cried Jerry.

At that the Vicomte slipped his hand into his pocket; and, drawing it out, buried the table in a flood of paper notes.

Tinsell's skinny hand shot out like the claw of an owl. But Jerry Abershaw gave him a push that sent him across the room.

"Hands off, old friend!" cried he. "The most of this belongs to me." He then gathered the notes together with the greatest respect and care. Many of these were the assignats that had been issued by the French revolutionary authorities. They were next to worthless, and two years later were called in at a four thousandth part of their original value. Jerry may probably have suspected this, for he took more particular stock of such of the notes as were payable on the Bank of England, and, evidently deeming these sufficient wage, wasted no words and said nothing in protest.

"Where's the money for your lodging, Jerry?" pleaded Tinsell, with a feeble attempt at independence, keeping at a safe distance from the highwayman, nevertheless.

"Here," answered Jerry, as he handed three of the assignats over to Tinsell, and pocketed all the rest.

The old man lifted the papers, one after the other, up to his only eye.

"*Domaines—nationaux?*" he spelled out. "What's all this about?"

"*Payable au porteur,*" threw in the Vicomte. "Pay the bearer."

"Yes, exactly; but who's going to pay me in London?" cried Tinsell, more than a little alarmed.

"My good friends," cried the Vicomte, rising to his feet, "we must not quarrel among ourselves. I give you my word, the assignats are good."

"Do you hear that, Tinsell?" cried Jerry. "These are real money. They are good."

Tinsell said nothing, but there was a malicious light in his only eye.

"Well," asked the Vicomte at last, after a pause of full half a minute, "and what news?"

"I came back from Colchester yesterday," said Jerry. "The girl is still unmarried, and the marine, as far as I could discover, has gone back to the wars. More than that, I traveled up with the son and a friend of his: a bright pair of youngsters, of very divergent tastes. The one talked of nothing but sunsets; and the other expressed the greatest interest in your humble and obedient servant." Here the highwayman paused to make the profoundest of bows. "Had I known he was coming to London," he continued, "it might have saved me a very unprofitable journey, for I got no more than five pounds on fifty miles of road, lamed my horse, and was obliged to pay my own fare back. But the lads were highly entertaining, so much so that I treated them both to a meal!"

"Ah!" cut in the Vicomte. "Impulse again! You have a warm heart, a truly generous disposition."

"Fiddlesticks!" observed the other. "They've both got more money about them than they know rightly what to do with. Mr. Packe dines with me to-night at Old Slaughter's; and after dinner I'll lighten him of his far too overweighted purse in Leicester Fields."

"I see," smiled the Vicomte. "You will repay yourself, as it were. And now let us get down to business. You are willing to assist me again, I presume?"

"If you're equally willing to pay."

The Vicomte waved his hand. "You have just had proof," said he, "that I am as good as my word."

"Maybe," said Jerry, with a shrug. "But I don't much fancy this French paper money of your lordship's. The Bank of England's good enough for me."

"As you like," said the other. "It is all the same to me."

"Well, then, what's the game? Another invasion?" And the highwayman cocked his head, and smiled.

The Vicomte jumped from his chair, and began to pace the room.

"If there's a difficult thing in this world," said

he, "it is to kill two birds with one stone. I am resolved never to try it again. For the future I have one aim, and one aim only. You say the old man is alone with his daughter. Very good. Our task will be supremely easy. There are several men-servants, of course; but I know their ways. The butler would hold up his hands if you pointed a darning-needle at him. If necessary, we can again enter the house. I have a duplicate key of the little side door, on the path that leads to the shrubberies. There is neither lock nor bolt on the inner side."

He was very excited. His face was livid, and his eyes were hot and bright as living coals. He could not stand still, but restlessly paced the room.

"I ride to the east coast before the end of this week. Since Yates has failed, I must find this man Leake to carry me over to France. Leake lives in Ramsey. You will meet me at the King's Arms at Frating, on the main Harwich road, at six in the afternoon on the twentieth of July. I give you that amount of time, since Leake may be at sea. I know of no one else I can trust, and intend to run no risk. That is all. The twentieth of July. You will not forget?"

"I'm your man," said Jerry. "And now I must be off. Tinsell, leave off sulking, and open the wall."

Without a word, the old man shuffled across the room, touched the spring, and slid the panel back.

"A most charming residence," threw in the Vicomte.

"At times," said Jerry, "more than a handy one."

"Past a doubt," said the other. "I find it so myself. Tinsell has a disguise for me: a black beard, a black wig, and a black cloak—of impenetrable black. I am here as an Austrian. Frenchmen being unpopular in England at the present time, my identity must not be discovered. After the mismanagement of our last affair, I am wanted as much as you."

"Then," said Jerry, "stick to the Olde House in West Street, highly recommended by Mr. Louis Jeremiah Abershaw and all the leading and cultured gentlemen of the road. Tinsell will look after your lordship, and there's plenty of room for yourself and any other acquaintances you may have brought with you from France. This room will hold about ten, and there's another one, the same size and furnished with equal taste, on the other side of the passage. I am sure Tinsell will do his best for you. He's a clever old crow, is Tinsell; he could disguise a parish beadle so that his own wife would never know him. And I've shown you how to pay the rascal:

a few of your worthless assignats, my lord. So good day to ye both—good day."

At that Jerry Abershaw swaggered out of the room.

A moment afterward they heard the front door bang.

"An arrogant knave!" said the Vicomte. "But the very man I need."

Old Tinsell so screwed up his ill-favored countenance that he looked like a snarling hound.

"I'll get even with him!" he muttered.

SLAUGHTER'S COFFEE-HOUSE was situated on the west side of St. Martin's Lane. In those days St. Martin's Lane was one of the most important thoroughfares in that part of the town and one of the first of the London streets that were paved.

The so-called Mr. Barton Boothby had mentioned the hour of seven; and Anthony Packe made his appearance at the coffee-house as the clock of St. Martin's Church struck the hour. But no sign of Mr. Boothby was to be seen.

Anthony remained standing near the entrance. No one in the place took the slightest notice of him, except an extraordinary-looking individual, with a very black beard and very white teeth, who was seated at a table by himself, and who, raising an eye-glass to his eye, surveyed the newcomer in such critical and suspicious fashion that Anthony began to feel self-conscious, and shifted uneasily upon his feet.

This man smiled at Anthony, and his teeth looked whiter than ever. The black beard seemed to take root in every possible part of his face. Indeed, there was very little of the gentleman to be seen, save his teeth and his beard and a long black cloak that reached to below his knees.

As for the rest of the occupants, they were far too engrossed in a game of draughts, that was being played between two gentlemen, to pay attention to anything else.

Anthony, finding himself so little at home in a place where every one seemed to know every one else, had turned to go, when Mr. Barton Boothby himself burst suddenly into the room.

"Egad," cried he, "a thousand apologies to you, I'm sure! I was most deplorably put out by a hackney coachman who drove me to another quarter of the town." (The fact of the matter was that he had come face to face with a constable whom he knew to be on his track, and had been obliged to reach Slaughter's by a very roundabout route.)

Jerry then crossed to the landlord and ordered a table for himself and his friend on the other side of the room. A minute afterward they sat down to their meal; and though the host ex-

pressed the greatest disapproval at every dish that was set before them, Anthony ate with a hearty relish, while he listened to the celebrated Mr. Barton Boothby's unceasing flow of talk.

Mr. Boothby had just finished the famous story of how Mr. FitzGerald, having been blackballed at a certain club, had threatened each individual member of the committee with a duel, unless they elected him, and was laughing until he was obliged to hold his sides, when he broke off, and a look of the utmost astonishment came suddenly over his face.

"Christopher!" said he, "it's an uncomfortable little world!"

Anthony turned his eyes in the direction of his gaze. And who should have entered the room but Roland Hood, accompanied by a very old man with lank, snow-white hair. The old man was leading by the hand a little girl. Roland saw Anthony at once, and came cheerfully toward him.

"Why, Anthony!" he cried. And in a second Anthony had his friend by the hand.

"Why, what brings you here?" he asked. "I thought you were at Chatham."

"So I was," said Roland. "I've been sent up to the Admiralty on duty. Who's your friend?"

"Oh," said Anthony, turning to Jerry Abershaw, "Mr. Barton Boothby, whom I met on the coach. I am proud to have the honor of making you known to one another. Captain Roland Hood of his Majesty's Green Marines."

"At your service, sir," said Jerry, with a sweeping bow. Roland also bowed.

"Strangely enough," said he, "I, too, have just met an old traveling-companion." And he smilingly indicated the little girl.

"'Pon my body and soul," said Mr. Barton Boothby, "what a delightful and dainty infant, egad!" But the little girl, who was staring hard at the highwayman, was very white. Suddenly a look, partly of recognition and partly of fear, flashed upon the childish face.

Jerry, who had seated himself again, got quickly to his feet.

"There's a friend o' mine in the street," said he; and in two steps he was out of the door. As he passed the little girl, she screamed, and clung to the old man's coat. The man with the black beard, on the other side of the room, was laughing merrily by himself.

"What is the matter?" asked the old man, trying his best to comfort her. "What is it, my dear?"

But the child was unable to speak. She was whiter than ever and trembling from head to foot. The gentlemen, who had finished their game of

draughts, crossed the room to see what the commotion was. Fear seemed to have thrown the child into a kind of convulsion, during which all she could do was to clutch violently at the tails of the old man's coat. In a very few seconds there was a ring of customers around her. Every one in the place had left his seat. The man with the black beard came forward; but he laughed no longer: he looked alarmed. One gentleman brought some water; another offered her chocolate; while a third, who was evidently a bit of a wit, suggested a pinch of snuff. At last she found her voice, coming out with a kind of a shriek.

"Oh, Grandfather!" she cried. "It was he! It was! It was!"

"Who, my child? Who was it?"

"The HIGHWAYMAN!" she cried. "*He's the man who robbed the Ipswich coach!*"

"Jerry Abershaw?" gasped the old man.

"Yes!" cried the little girl. "The man who robbed the coach!"

It was as if a thunderbolt had fallen into their midst. Those elegant draught-players went back like a bunch of ninepins, bowled over by a word; the circle doubled its diameter, and one or two of the timid ones held to the tables for support.

"Jerry Abershaw!" came almost simultaneously from every lip. There was not one of them who was not more than a trifle scared.

"No, no!" cried the man with the black beard. "Gentlemen, I can put your fears at rest. That gentleman was Mr. Barton Boothby. I know him exceedingly well."

"One of my best and most frequent customers," added the landlord.

"You are mistaken, my dear," said the gentleman who had offered the chocolate. "We do not have highwaymen in Slaughter's. We are men of taste and honor here." But the little girl only shook her head.

"What makes you think it was the highwayman?" the old man asked.

"I know," she persisted. "I know it was."

"But how?"

"When I came in, I heard him laugh," she answered. "He laughed like that when he was going to shoot the officer, before I hit the pistol with my doll."

"She's right!" cried Roland, "the same laugh! It comes back to me."

"Tut!" cried the landlord, who was evidently solicitous for the world-wide fame of Slaughter's. "That is nothing; many men may laugh the same."

"Yes," said the little girl, gazing as it were into space. "But all men who have the same laugh have not a big red scar under their chins."

"You saw that?" cried the old man.

"I saw it on the coach, Grandfather," she said, having to some extent now got the better of her fears; "and I saw it as he passed me when he left the room."

"No, no," expostulated the man with the black beard. "This is all a hideous mistake!"

"'Gad, we 'll hunt him down!" cried one of the draught-players.

"What 's the use?" said the wit. "He 's gone."

"But you, sir," cried the landlord, appealing to Anthony, "I take it you know Mr. Barton Boothby? You were his guest. You know this to be all a mistake?"

"I believed that to be his name," faltered Anthony Packe. "He told me so."

"He spoke falsely, then!" cried the old man, rapping his stick on the ground. "He lied; or how comes it he is gone?" Then the truth came upon Anthony Packe, something after the manner of a blow.

"Two days ago," he got out, in jerks, "he stood before a looking-glass, in an inn on the Ipswich road, and said he would like very much to come face to face with Jerry Abershaw."

Once more the circle widened, like a ring upon the surface of a pond around the place where a stone is thrown. The man with the black beard turned away and muttered under his breath, in French. "Ma foi!" said he. "I 'd rather lose my arm."

"Egad!" cried some one. "Sure enough it 's the man!"

They all went out upon the pavement; but there was nowhere any sign of the highwayman to be seen. It would be as useless to search for the proverbial needle in a haystack as for Jerry Abershaw in all the length and breadth of London town.

Suddenly three constables quickly came up St. Martin's Lane. They saw at once that there was some commotion abroad, for the bulk of Slaughter's customers, in the middle of the road, were talking at one and the same time, in the highest state of excitement, throwing their arms in the air.

In two words they had told the constables what was in the wind.

"He 's the very man we are after," they answered. "Which way did he go?"

That much nobody knew. No one had even noticed whether Jerry had turned to the right or left.

One of the constables turned to his comrades. "Our only chance is to search the Olde House in West Street, Clerkenwell," said he. "What d' ye think, mates?"

"Like as not he 'll be there," said the second constable.

"It 's worth trying, anyway," said the third.

"Gentlemen," said the first, "we are about to search a house that we know this man frequents. I don't mind saying the place is a regular old trap. We shall be glad of all the help we can get."

And thereupon the hunt of Jerry Abershaw began. In two minutes all were hastening eastward, and St. Martin's Lane was empty, save for the man with the black beard under the lamp, showing his teeth as he hissed out a "ma foi!" in French.

Neither Roland Hood nor Anthony Packe had guessed it, and even Jerry Abershaw himself had been deceived, but the teeth were those of Louis des Ormeaux, and the disguise—the black wig and the black beard—belonged to Tinsell, the landlord of the house whither they all were bound.

Louis des Ormeaux looked after them for an instant with a searching glance, and then took snuff, seeming to be deep in thought.

"Yes, even at my own risk," said he, at length, "I must save this fellow, if I can. I need him! I am not through with him!"

At that he loosened his sword in its scabbard, and joined in the pursuit, setting off at a run.

THOUGH they all started off in a spirit of the greatest enthusiasm, the good gentlemen from Slaughter's very soon got tired of the chase. Before they were out of St. Martin's Lane, the ranks of the pursuers were greatly thinned. In Holborn many remembered that they had important engagements to keep and that it was still a considerable distance to Clerkenwell. As for the remainder, they were got as far as the Gray's Inn Road, when it suddenly occurred to one gentleman, who was getting exceedingly sore in the feet, that, after all, the highwayman might not be there.

They pulled up to discuss the question. They thought that in all likelihood the gentleman with the sore feet was right; and if the truth be told, they hoped he was, for none of them were now as brave as they had been.

This last settled it. It was an impetuous age. Jerry Abershaw went out of their heads as quickly as he had entered; and they became possessed with but one idea—to get back to Slaughter's and play draughts.

Meanwhile the three constables, accompanied by Anthony Packe, Roland Hood, the man with the black beard (who told them he was an Austrian), and one other gentleman—the sole survivors of



"AS HE PASSED THE LITTLE GIRL, SHE SCREAMED, AND CLUNG TO THE OLD MAN'S COAT."
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a crowd of twenty—stood in the Gray's Inn Road, holding a council of war. They discussed the matter for several minutes; and in the end it was decided to continue to search. Since, on two former occasions, Abershaw had somehow managed to escape from this house in Clerkenwell, it was arranged that Anthony and the Austrian should remain outside the front door, while one of the constables and the other gentleman en-

flocked to the West End, to amuse themselves, after the boisterous fashion of the day, leaving the narrow city streets deserted and dark as pitch; for the hanging lamps were few and far between, and people for the most part trusted to the linkboys to light them on their way. Gas had only just been invented, but, as yet, was utilized nowhere, save in a shop at the corner of Piccadilly, which, in consequence, was one of the



"AS QUICK AS THOUGHT, HE HAD CAUGHT THE TORCH FROM ROLAND'S HAND, AND DASHED IT INTO THE CONSTABLE'S FACE."

tered an adjacent street and stationed themselves in the back yard of the Olde House. Thereby, if Abershaw were inside, escape was rendered impossible; and, after giving the constable and his companion plenty of time to take their posts, Captain Hood and the two remaining constables were to enter the house, and search it from roof to ground. All this was arranged in the Gray's Inn Road. Every one was armed with a brace of pistols and a sword; and after engaging the services of two linkboys, the party set off at a steady pace.

In those days the city by night was as dark and as silent as the grave. In the evenings all men

most wonderful sights of the town. It was not for many years that the new invention was adopted in the houses of the nobility and richer merchants. But in 1795 the linkboy was the little king of London. Without his services, by night and in the fogs, strangers were unable to move a yard, and even Londoners themselves often had the greatest difficulty in finding their way about. In consequence, linkboys were indispensable to guide our little party safely through the labyrinth of narrow streets into the inky darkness of Clerkenwell.

They found West Street with hardly a light in a window. There was no moon. A heavy wind

was blowing, that whistled round the chimney-pots and sent large sheets of torn paper dancing along the street, flying into the light of the torches and back into the darkness whence they came, like white, ghostly specters hurrying through the night.

As they approached the Olde House, they ordered the boys to put out the torches, giving them orders to light them again as soon as the members of the party had entered the house.

At the corner before the Olde House, the party separated, one constable and the gentleman going round to the parallel street. After waiting several minutes, at Roland's suggestion one of the linkboys was sent to see if the others were in their places.

They waited for about a quarter of an hour. Then the boy returned. He had had some difficulty in finding the house, since they were all alike at the back. He had been obliged to try several. Finally he had found the constable and the gentleman directly at the back of the Olde House, with drawn swords and their pistols ready primed in their hands. Roland, who, as the holder of the King's commission, was the acknowledged leader of the party, told the boy to go back and stand by the constable, with flint and steel in readiness to light his torch, if so he was ordered to do.

After waiting several minutes the rest of them set out, each one with a heart beating fast with expectation, until they came to the famous place itself.

Even in the darkness of the street, the Olde House seemed to stand back from the other houses as something darker and more sinister than they all. There were no windows on the ground floor. A smooth, coal-black wall rose from the ground like an impenetrable sheet of steel, at the base of which they could just discern the outline of the door. It was brass-bound and of oak. It seemed to defy, and at the same time invite, entrance; but the invitation was such as the spider gives to the fly. It was a dangerous-looking door.

They tried it, and found it locked. At that one of the constables came forward with a crowbar he had got from a house in Holborn. He was a powerful man, and almost a giant in stature. It was he who had acted as spokesman outside Slaughter's; and with three blows he sent over the door, splintered from its hinges.

Upon the instant he dropped the crowbar, and sprang forward into the passage, eagerly followed by his comrade, and Roland, with a relighted torch in one hand and his horse-pistol in the

other. The noise of their boots upon the bare floor went echoing through the house.

There was a flight of wooden steps before them, but no sign of a door on either side. Fast on each other's heels, they dashed headlong up the stairs.

Upon the first landing they paused. Here there were three doors, obviously leading to separate rooms. Clearly, they must take them one by one.

In two quick words it was decided that one constable should remain outside, while Roland and the other searched each room in turn.

They entered the first. It was absolutely bare, destitute of furniture, and smelled of rats and straw. They looked in every corner and cupboard, but there was no sign of any one having entered it for years.

They were about to enter the second, and the constable actually had his hand upon the handle of the door, when it was suddenly flung open from the other side, and a man in a black mask sprang forth like a tiger under their eyes. As quick as thought, he had caught the torch from Roland's hand, and dashed it into the constable's face.

Then all was inky dark, and they heard him go down the steps, three or four at a time, laughing and calling to them to make themselves at home.

"Look out!" shouted Roland. "Look out, below there, in the street!"

The Austrian at the door drew his sword; and Anthony Packe, though he little knew it, stood within an ace of his life.

Roland groped about him for the torch, found it, and made off down the steps after the fugitive, with the constables following fast upon his heels. Anthony and the Austrian, they knew, were at the door. Assuredly, Jerry Abershaw was caught.

But when Roland and the constables reached the end of the passage, Anthony and the Austrian—who was laughing—were ready to swear that no one had passed out. It was useless for Roland to protest that he had heard, if he had not actually seen, the man go down the stairs. They held firmly to their opinion: they had remained one on either side of the doorway; they had not moved for an instant; and no one had passed through since they had been there.

There was nothing for it but to light the torch anew, and go back and search the house. The constable's face was burnt, but he was not seriously hurt. The man had come upon them so suddenly and unexpectedly that not one of them had had the time to fire. He had gone down the stairs like a cat over a garden wall.

(To be continued.)



A RACE IN ELFIN-LAND.

KINGSFORD, QUARTER

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," "Captain Chub," etc.

CHAPTER XIV

THE INDEPENDENTS DISSOLVE

THE Saturday before Thanksgiving dawned bleak and gray and cold, and by three o'clock, for which hour the game between the School Team and the Independents was set, there was a biting north wind blowing across the field, and the heavy clouds were scurrying overhead.

There was a hearty cheer for the Independents as that team trotted down from the gymnasium and squirmed through the line of impatient students, and a less enthusiastic one for the School Team when it followed a minute or two later. The teams warmed up for ten minutes, and then Mr. Osgood, who had accepted the office of referee, summoned the captains to the center of

the field. Rob won the toss and took the east goal, and a minute later the play began.

For the first few minutes the School Team had the better of it, the Independents' plunges at the line being stopped without great difficulty. Three downs failed to net the distance, and the ball went to the School Team on the opponent's forty yards. An attempt at the center brought no gain, and Law punted. Deering, caught the ball on his fifteen yards and made ten across the field before he was downed, Evan interfering brilliantly for the runner. The Independents tried the School line again, and again lost on downs, this time by a bare half-yard. The School Team made first down with three plunges through the wings, and things looked bad for the defenders of the east goal. But on their fifteen yards the Independents

held stubbornly and recovered the ball, and on third down Deering punted to mid-field. The ends were under the pigskin all the way, and Miller, School quarter, was downed for no gain. After that, for the rest of the twenty-minute half, the ball seesawed back and forth between one thirty-yard line and the other.

The second half was different from the first, and the spectators knew that it was going to be from the very moment that the Independents got the ball on a fumble some three minutes after play started. Evan began to work the School's ends, sending the runner outside of tackle for gain after gain until Hopkins found his wits and sent the backs to the rescue. Then came a short forward pass, Deering to Powers, and a twelve-yard advance. Plunges at center helped but little, but Shaler got through right guard on a split-play for four yards. An on-side kick worked to perfection, and, while the audience shouted wildly, the two teams lined up on the School's twenty-yard line. But a wide run netted no gain; a plunge at right guard, with Shaler carrying the ball and the whole back-field behind him, realized only four yards; and then Deering fell back for a try at goal. The pass was good, and the line held well enough, but the wind was too much for the kicker, and the ball went wide.

School elected to put the ball in scrimmage from her twenty-five yards. Law and Simpson and Leary hammered the Independents' line for short gains, but although they were able to get by the forwards, the second defense piled them up. They made the distance once, and then, with three to go on third down, Miller tried a quarter-back run and was thrown by Brimmer for a loss.

The Independents took up the march again, playing wide-open foot-ball and mingling line-plunges with forward passes, delayed runs, fake kicks, and other plays that made School's head swim. It was brain against brawn now, and in the end brain won. Duffield had given his team plays that Hopkins had never thought of and had n't the slightest idea how to meet. The forward passes succeeded time after time, and when, down on the School Team's thirty yards, Deering, standing back as though to try for a field-goal, passed the ball across to Rob, and Rob threw it straight down the field into Powers's waiting hands, there was no one near to stop the latter youth when he skipped nimbly over the goal-line and made the first and only score of the day.

Rob kicked goal, and after that it was all up with the School Team. Hopkins put in sub after sub in the hope of stemming the tide of defeat, but all to scant purpose. In the last ten minutes the Independents seemed on the brink of a second

touch-down after Evan had skirted the School's left end for a twenty-odd yard run. But on the first play, the ball being then on School's eighteen yards, Hover, who had taken Rob's place at left half, fumbled, and Reid fell on the ball. School punted out of danger, and time was called before the Independents were again within striking distance of the opponent's goal-line. Science and team-play (and, perhaps, psychology!) had won the day.

That evening representatives of the rival teams met in Mr. Osgood's study. Present were the instructors, Hopkins, Prentiss, Wellington, Rob, and Malcolm. Hopkins was depressed and discouraged, Prentiss silent and sullen. Hopkins, however, was ready to abide by the results of the game, and, with Mr. Osgood acting as arbitrator, matters were soon settled. Coach Duffield was to have supreme authority. The Independent Foot-ball Association was to disband at a meeting to be held Monday evening, and the Independent First Team and substitutes were to join the School Team. Hopkins was to remain captain, but, since it was doubtful whether he would play in the Adams game save as a substitute for Koehler, Rob was to be field captain. Members of Hopkins's team would be used in the Adams game whenever practicable, and those who did not get into that contest but had played against Overbrook were to receive their letters. Prentiss was to remain manager and Malcolm was to be assistant manager until the next election was held. At the end of an hour the conference broke up quite amicably, both Hopkins and Prentiss being glad to retain their positions and realizing that the Independents had used them leniently. The school in general was well satisfied with the arrangement when it learned of it, the Independents claiming victory all along the line. Some of the less promising members of the Independent second squad were disappointed, since with the advent of the members of Hopkins's team their chances of getting into the Adams game were spoiled.

When Duffield arrived on Monday he found his hands full. He was anxious to strengthen his team wherever possible, and so spent a good deal of time, that might otherwise have been devoted to perfecting the team, in trying out various players from Hopkins's team. Hopkins himself was given a try at left guard, but did n't make a showing good enough to warrant his substitution for Koehler. Merrill did well at center in Jelly's place, but he lacked the other boy's accuracy at passing the ball back. In the end the only change made was to give James's place at left tackle to Tom Reid. The Second Team, however, saw

numerous changes, and, as Duffield had n't the heart to dismiss any of the candidates at that late hour, a Third Team was formed. The rest of the afternoon's practice that day was spent in signal work.

That evening the Independent Foot-ball Association held its last meeting and, amid great enthusiasm, voted to dissolve. Wellington and Rob and Pierce and several others made speeches and were cheered to the echo. And afterward the meeting resolved itself into a parade that made the round of the buildings and sang foot-ball songs.

On Tuesday there was a blackboard talk in the gymnasium before practice, and afterward Duffield made the fellows a little speech:

"Now, you fellows realize, of course," he said, "that foot-ball here this season is in a pretty ragged condition. I came up here largely as a favor to Langton, to coach his team. Now, at the last moment, I find that I'm expected to take hold and put you fellows in trim to win from Adams. That's a big order. If I had started in at the beginning of the season, it would be different, but I did n't. I've never even seen Adams play, and all I know about her team is what I've read in the papers. But here I am, and as I can't get out of it I'll do my best. But you fellows have got to do your best, too. There are no two ways to that, I can tell you! You've got to buckle down and do a lot of hard work between now and Thursday, and when Thursday comes you've got to go in and play like the very dickens if you expect to win. I'd like to give you a lay-off to-morrow, but we can't afford it. Not only that, but there will be signal drill here to-night and to-morrow night at seven o'clock. Don't forget that, please. Every fellow must attend.

"As near as I can learn, Adams has a rattling good team. She's met with only one defeat this season. She has five of last year's team with her, she has a good coach, and she has developed a coaching system that's been working pretty well—as you fellows here at Riverport ought to know. Her line is slightly heavier than ours, and it's just as quick. Her back-field is extremely good, and we've got nothing on her there. And she's got a quarter who is as good a general as there is on a school team to-day. So, team for team, it looks like a pretty even thing, with the odds slightly in favor of Adams. Of course on team-play she must be far more advanced than we are, for her men have been playing together for a full month, while our team, as it will line up to-day, has never played together. I'm not trying to discourage you. We're pretty well handicapped, I own, but we're not beaten. These plays

we've just gone over ought to help. Most of them are either quite new or are new variations of old plays. If you get so you can put them through right, I should n't be surprised to find that they bothered Adams a whole lot. Now it all depends on how you fellows take hold during the next two days. You must work hard and use your brains. I think we can learn a lot of foot-ball in two days if we make up our minds to it. Now, then, all out on the run."

In obedience to instructions, Evan began practising the new plays, and, although the Second knew them as well as the First, she could n't stop them. In three minutes of actual playing-time the First scored the only touch-down of the day, Shaler being slammed through the line for the final three yards.

There was a good forty-five minutes of signal work in the gymnasium that evening, the players walking or trotting through the drill in canvas shoes. On Wednesday there was another long period of outdoor work in the afternoon and again signal drill at night. At the end Duffield spoke to them:

"Well, fellows, work is over for this year. You've taken hold, 'most every one of you, in just the way I hoped you would. You've worked hard and conscientiously, and I think you've learned a good deal. Just how much you have learned remains for you to show to-morrow. I can't call you a wonderful team, for neither you nor I have had time to work wonders, but I think if you'll all play the best you know how to-morrow, the school won't be far disappointed in you.

"I want you to go to bed early to-night; and don't think too much about the game. In the morning, if it's a fair day, be out of doors as much as you can, but don't try to do much walking. Keep quiet. If it's stormy, get out for a little while and then settle down in your rooms and read or play games. Be careful of your eating, too. Take a good breakfast and go light at luncheon. That's all, I think. I'll be on hand early to-morrow in case anything comes up. Keep up your spirits, a lot depends on that. Good night and good luck."

Rob called for a cheer for the coach, and it was given with a will.

It was very still. Through the window, from where he lay, Evan could see thousands of bright, frosty stars sparkling in the sky. That meant fair weather to-morrow, he told himself, and a dry field. Then his thoughts, in spite of his utmost endeavors, went to the game, and presently he flopped over in bed and addressed the

huddled form of his room-mate, seen dimly through the starlit gloom:

"I say, Rob, in that number 13 play does Deering start with you around left end or does he interfere for Shaler?"

There was no answer.



"THE MEETING RESOLVED ITSELF INTO A PARADE THAT MADE THE ROUND OF THE BUILDINGS AND SANG FOOT-BALL SONGS."

"Well, what do you think of that?" whispered Evan. "Oh, well, if he can sleep, I believe I can."

It did n't seem that he really did sleep, for he was playing foot-ball in thought all night, but the next thing he knew Rob was calling to him, and the room was flooded with morning sunlight.

CHAPTER XV

THE GAME WITH ADAMS

"COME ON, Riverport!" called Rob, and as he led the team onto the field, Northrup, of the seniors, sprang in front of the throng on the upper side of the field and, waving his light-blue megaphone adorned with the dark-green R, called for "A double cheer for the team, fellows, and everybody get into it!"

"'Rah, 'rah, Riverport! 'Rah, 'rah, Riverport! 'Rah, 'rah, Riverport! 'Rah, 'rah, Riverport! 'Rah, 'rah, Riverport! Team! Team! Team!"

From across the battle-field came the long, slow cheer of the rival: "Adams! Adams! Adams! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! Adams! Adams! Adams!"

Adams had won the toss and had chosen to receive the kick-off. Riverport lined itself across the turf; Powers at right end, Kasker at right tackle, Devens at right guard, Jell at center, Koehler at left guard, Reid at left tackle, Brimmer at left end, Kingsford at quarter, Deering at right half, Langton at left half, and Shaler at full-back.

"All ready, Adams? All ready, Riverport?" called the referee.

Hoyt of Adams raised his arm, Rob called "Ready!" and the whistle blew.

Away sped the ball, far and high, turning lazily in flight, and off sprang the eager line. An Adams man gathered in the pigskin and started back. Powers sprang upon him and brought him down struggling. Adams lined up

quickly and hurled her full-back at Jelly, but Jelly was stiffer than his name indicated, and there was small gain. The next play caught Reid napping, and the dark blue piled past him for five yards. With three to go, Clafin, the Adams quarter, skipped across and sent a forward pass to the



THE GAME WITH ADAMS.

left. The Adams left end tipped it with his fingers, before he was pushed aside by Powers, and finally fell upon it for a good ten yards' gain. The dark-blue flags waved gleefully along the south side.

Again Adams made her distance, sending her backs into the line for short gains. Plainly Riverport was undergoing a spell of stage-fright, for the secondary defense failed to back up the forwards as it should. Evan came running in and pounded Rob on the shoulders.

"What 's the matter with you fellows?" he cried angrily. "Get in there! Stop it right now! Buck up, Rob!" Then he went running up the field again. Adams sent Bull, her star half-back, through between Devens and Kasker, but Deering and Rob pulled him down before he was free of the line. "That 's the ticket!" yelled Evan, gleefully. "Nail 'em, Rob!" Adams tried another play at Jell and again failed to move that youth out of his tracks. Their left tackle fell back to punt, and Deering joined Evan up the field. The punt was high and long. "Mine!" called Deering. "Yours," responded Evan, cutting across in front of a charging Adams end. "To the right!" He threw himself in front of the enemy, and as they both went rolling over, Deering cleared them and started across the field. One, two, three white lines passed under his flying feet, and then he was in the midst of the enemy. He squirmed free once, but the next instant he was smothered on his thirty-three yards.

"Our ball!" called Evan, running up. "Get up, get up! Kick formation! 12-14-36-58!" He glanced back to see that Deering was ready. "7-8—"

Back sped the ball to Deering, and that youth took one step forward and booted the oval far down the field. Away raced friend and foe, but Brimmer, Riverport's left end, outdistanced all and was waiting when the ball settled into the arms of the Adams left half. Down they went together on Adams's forty yards. From there Adams worked the ball down to her opponent's forty-five yards. Most of the gains were made between Kochler and Reid or outside the latter. Adams played fast, putting the ball into play almost before Riverport could get into position. Time and again it was the back-field that stopped the runner when he was well through the line. On the forty-five yards Adams was caught holding and was set back fifteen yards. A quarter-back run was tried with no success, and again the ball was punted toward Riverport's goal. Evan took it this time and managed to make a dozen yards along the side-line before he was pushed out. Again kick formation was called

for, and again Deering punted a good forty-five yards. Adams's quarter missed the catch, but got the ball on the bound before Powers threw himself fiercely upon him.

"Now, then, let 's take it away from them!" cried Rob. "Get down there, Reid! Play low, every one! Spoil this! Pile them up!"

With the ball near her thirty yards, Adams drew a tackle out of the line and sent a tandem at Devens with fair success. But a similar play on the other side of center was spoiled by Jelly, who threw himself in front of the interference and piled up the play. With six yards to go, Adams tried an on-side kick, but failed to recover it, and the ball was Riverport's on her adversary's fifty yards.

"All right!" cried Evan, briskly. "Left formation! 27-38-14-68! 27-38-14-68-7—"

Back came the ball from Jelly. Evan turned and thrust it against Shaler's stomach, and that youth, with Deering and Rob behind, went through Adams's left guard for six yards. Riverport flags waved and Riverport voices cheered lustily.

"Kick formation!" called Evan, and Deering dropped back and stretched his hands out for the ball. But the play was a "skin-tackle" on the left, and Rob got four yards and first down. But the Adams line stiffened then, and the next attempt was a failure, and so Deering punted toward the corner of the field. This time the quarter made a fine running catch and, eluding Brimmer, got over two white lines before Kasker reached him and pulled him down. Adams lined up almost on her fifteen yards, and, after one try at Reid which gave her a scant two yards, punted out of danger. Deering fumbled and finally fell on the bobbing pigskin on his forty-yard line, with half the Adams team on top of him. Time was called while he fought for his breath, and on the side-line Hinkley slipped off his sweater. But Deering was as good as new at the end of two minutes. Evan sent Rob outside of left tackle for three yards, and Shaler between right guard and center for two. Then Deering punted once more, and the Adams quarter ran back to his thirty-eight yards before he was downed.

A forward pass netted eight yards for the dark blue, and then Claflin got away around Powers's end for ten more. Plunges at the line gave them another first down, and the ball was in Riverport's territory again. The forward pass was tried, but the ball struck the ground, and Adams was penalized. A punt followed, and Deering caught the ball on the run and reeled off twenty yards through a close field before he was caught. Evan hammered the center of the Adams line for scant

gains and then called Deering to the rescue. This time there was a hole in the Riverport line, and a big tackle rushed through in time to divert the ball as it arose from Deering's foot. The kick went short, and a wild scramble ensued, an Adams guard finally falling on the pigskin. For the rest of the half neither team succeeded in making a first down, and the ball was in the air most of the time, Deering gaining at least five yards on each exchange of punts. The period ended with the ball on Riverport's thirty yards in Riverport's possession.

There were fifteen minutes of cheering and singing, and then the teams came trotting back again. It was seen that Duffield had made one change in his line, Hopkins replacing Koehler at left guard. It was Adams's kick-off, and Rob made a clear fifteen yards before he was tackled. Again, much to the distaste of the Riverport supporters, Deering kicked on first down. That gave Adams the ball well inside her forty yards. She tried the mettle of Hopkins on the first play and did n't like the result. It was evident at once that that side of the line had been much strengthened, for Hopkins and Reid had played side by side all season and knew just how to help each other. A fake quarter-back run, with the ball going to left half for a plunge through the line, gave Adams a few yards, and then she was forced to punt. The ball went out of bounds at Riverport's forty-yard line. Evan called his signals while the pigskin was being taken in, and, almost before Adams had lined up, Jelly had passed and Shaler was squirming through between right guard and tackle. He shook off two tacklers, and then, with half the Riverport team hauling and pushing, kept his feet long enough to carry the ball a good twelve yards. Riverport went crazy with delight along the side-line. Shaler was given the ball again, and this time made four yards before he was stopped. A scant yard by Rob outside of left tackle left five yards to go. Deering dropped back, Jelly passed well, and the right half ran out to the left and then threw across to Powers for twenty yards. It was a beautiful forward pass and took the ball to Adams's thirty-five yards. Deering and Shaler each made three through the line, and Shaler was called on to make the rest of the distance, which he did on a split-play that fooled Adams nicely. With the ball less than twenty-five yards from the goal-line and directly in front of the posts, Deering tried a drop-kick which missed by a few feet only.

Adams put the ball into play from scrimmage and found a weak spot on the right of Riverport's line, where Kasker was feeling the pace. Two tries through him netted eight yards, and a tan-

dem on center gave three more. In the last play the Adams full-back was hurt, and Duffield seized the occasion to take out Kasker and put in Ward. Adams replaced the injured full-back with a fresh player, and the game went on. The ball changed hands frequently now, and Deering's punts were growing shorter. But so were those of Spring, the Adams kicker, and, observing this, Adams's coach took out his right half and put in a new man, who thereafter did most of the punting and was able to outkick Deering some five yards. Duffield responded by replacing Deering with Hinkley. Once Adams worked the ball down to Riverport's thirty-three yards and tried a forward pass to the corner of the field. But Brimmer shouldered the opposing end away and captured the pigskin. The time was growing short, and it was evident that if Riverport was to score she must get busy. In a punting battle Hinkley could not be relied on to gain ground. Evan did some tall thinking about then. While Riverport had shown herself able to make good gains through the Adams line on occasions, she was unable to make ground consistently in that way. Evan drew Rob aside, and they whispered a moment. Then,

"Kick formation!" called Evan.

The ball did n't reach Hinkley, however. It went to Evan and from him to Rob, and the latter, with the rest of the backs interfering, skirted the Adams left end on a wide run. Ten yards, fifteen—then Rob was alone, his interference having been bowled over, with the enemy grabbing at him and diving for his long legs. Twice he was almost down and twice he was up again, staggering, whirling, dodging on along the side-line. And then the Adams left guard and captain wrapped his arms around Rob's legs, and Rob came to earth, and half a dozen blue-stockinged warriors thumped themselves upon him.

When the pile disentangled itself, Rob rolled over on his back, but did n't seem interested in getting up. At the end of two minutes he was being helped to the side-line, looking very white and dizzy, and Hover was running out to take his place. Hover was fresh and eager and had weight and fight. On the first play Shaler shot along the side-line for four yards before he was forced out. Then the ball was carried in, and Hover was given his chance. Straight through center he plowed for eight yards, fighting and plunging, and it was first down. Back went Hinkley, and, while the onlookers debated whether it was really to be a kick, the ball went into his hands, and, with good interference, he ran the left end for ten yards. On the side-lines Riverport was cheering madly, exultantly, Adams

madly and imploringly. But it seemed that at last the light blue had found herself, for Hover and Shaler made gain after gain through the weakening center, and Evan tore off a short end run that at last placed the ball on Adams's thirty-two yards.

"Kick formation!" cried Evan, hoarsely. "How much time is there, sir?"

"A little over five minutes," answered the field judge.

"Lots of time, fellows! Kick formation! Every one into this now! 44-54-69-18—"

"Signal!" cried Hover, anxiously.

"44-54-69-18-24! Got it?"

"Yes," was the answer, as Hover dug his toes into the turf.

"9-7-8—"

Forward plunged the backs, Evan shot the ball at Shaler, Jelly and Devens opened the hole, and the play slammed through for three yards. The same play with Hover carrying the pigskin gave three more. But Adams was desperate now, almost under the shadow of her goal, and Evan knew that a line attack would not give him the rest of the distance. He debated whether to try again for a field-goal. If Hinkley made it, it would probably give them the game, but Hinkley could n't be depended on like Deering. A forward pass the enemy would be looking for, and the chances of bringing it off successfully were slim. An end run seemed the only thing unless—

"I'll try it!" he told himself.

"Kick formation!" he called. "24-87-17-41—"

Back came the ball to him, and with the two halves speeding ahead as interference, he shot toward the right end of the line as though for a quarter-back run. Adams started to head him off. But when he had gone some five paces Evan slowed down and, swinging around, dropped the ball from his hands and kicked it obliquely across the field.

"Left!" he cried. "Left!"

There was no one near the ball when it came down save Brimmer, and Brimmer let it settle into his arms and started on his ten-yard journey

to the goal-line. Adams had been caught napping, but her quarter had not gained his reputation for nothing. He reached Brimmer three yards from that last fatal white line and bore him backward.

"First down!" called the referee.

"Line up, fellows!" shrieked Evan. "Lively, there! Lower, you right tackle! Now make this go, fellows! Put it over! Devens back!" Gus fell from his place and formed into the tandem. "73-34-24-14-8-6—"

Straight at the center of the enemy charged the tandem, Hover snuggling the ball to his stomach and grunting like an enraged bull as the lines met. Forward he went; some one went down before him and seized one knee; he struggled on, dragging the enemy with him grimly; for a moment he was stopped; then something gave in front, and he went falling, staggering over the line for the touch-down, amid the wild shouts of Riverport.

It was all over shortly, after Hinkley had kicked goal, and the team was borne off the field on the shoulders of as joyously mad a throng as ever yelled itself hoarse over a victory.

Four hours later Evan slipped out of the dining-room into the arms of a waiting crowd that filled the corridor from side to side.

"Who 's elected, Kingsford?" they cried as they surrounded him.

"Hopkins proposed Rob," he cried, "and—"

"Good luck!"

"Bully for Hop!"

"But Rob refused because he was a junior."

"Refused! Then who—"

"Gus Devens! Rob proposed him, and it went with a roar! Gus is captain. Let 's give him a cheer when he comes out. There he is. Now, then, fellows! All together!"

And as the doors opened wide and the victorious players came out they were greeted with a roar that shook the windows of Second House and went rolling out into the night to apprise the few absent ones that Riverport had elected her foot-ball captain for next year.

THE END

REASON OR INSTINCT?

BY NIXON WATERMAN

WHEN the sheep are ready to be sheared
Of their season's woolly crop,
How do they know which way to go
To get to the "baa-baa" shop?

THE BROWNIES AND THE PURE MILK SUPPLY

BY PALMER COX



"THE BROWNIES MET IN CHEERFUL VEIN."

The Brownies met in cheerful vein
And thus expressed in language plain
Their views on evils now at hand,
That called attention from the band.

We have in truth no time to spare
To meet the matter full and fair.
The sort of milk that here is sold
May do for people tough or old,
That even drugs and liquor ill,
As it would seem, can hardly kill;
But infants that attention claim,
And purest food, are not the same;
The best the country has to-day
Is not too good for such as they.
I would we had some method near
By which to aid the children dear;
Old folk might take their chances still
And drift to homes upon the hill,
But for the tender tots we find
A different feeling sway the mind."
Another said: "Then give a rest
To doubt and fear, for we are bless'd
With gifts that we can exercise
When chances in our pathway rise.



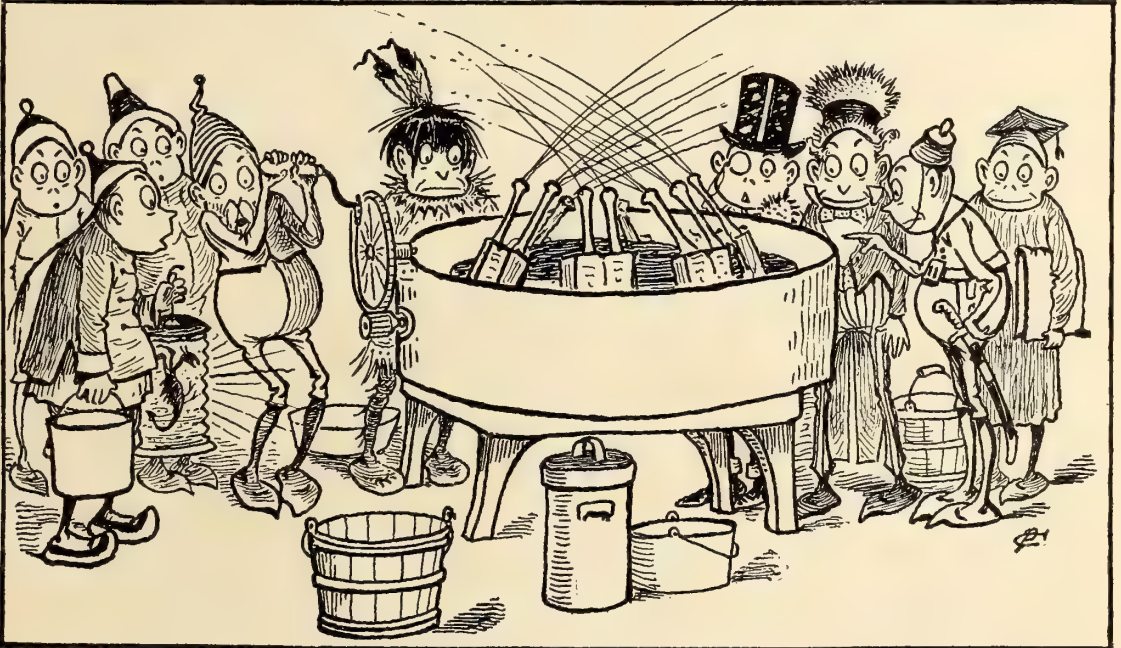
THE BROWNIES BECOME MIDNIGHT MILKMEN.

Said one: "A state of things is here
That needs some action, and I fear



"THEN WHAT A RATTLING TIME WAS THERE
OF GRANITE, TIN, AND WOODENWARE."

The cows around this place, we hear,
Find garbage from the brewery near,



THE BROWNIE SCIENTIFIC DAIRYMEN.

And while the babes on such depend
 Their time is short from birth to end.
 I know where herds of choicest breed
 Knee-deep in juicy clover feed,
 And where the grass is good and sweet,
 And cattle cannot help but eat."
 A prize was offered for the first
 To reach the pasture, break or burst.
 Then what a rattling time was there
 Of granite, tin, and woodenware,



"SOME CREATURES PROVED BOTH CROSS AND HEADY."

To pasture-land some miles away,
 That in a thrifty section lay!
 It mattered not the size or mold
 If things would only take and hold.
 It was not meant for mortal eye
 To see them cross the fences high,
 Or wildly through the ditches plow
 To be the first to fright the cow.
 The greater haste, the slower go,
 Is logic old, as well you know;
 And here, between the haste and wood,
 They could not travel as they should,
 While help not always was at hand,
 Although at times in great demand.
 The cows surprised in midnight field
 Were not inclined to meekly yield,
 And Brownies found as tough a task
 As enterprising sprites could ask.
 A few had never tried before,
 Inside or out a stable door,
 To hunker down, like maid or man,
 To draw the milk in pail or can;

And some will not forget for years,
 If ever, how the earth appears
 To one when passing through the air
 Clean upside down, and speeding fair.
 Some creatures proved both cross and heady,
 And others seemed not fully ready



"THEY PROVED THE MILK WAS OF THE BEST."

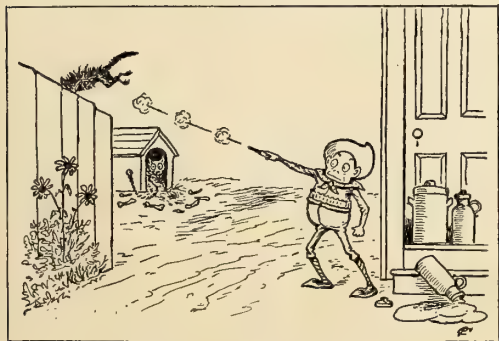
For treatment of the dairy kind,
 And by their actions spoke their mind.



"AND SOON THE BAND WAS HOMEWARD BOUND."

But work went on in spite of toss,
For some had luck, while more had loss.
They used beneath a searching eye
The instrument that could not lie,
And proved the milk was of the best
And stood the scientific test,
Until to every one 't was plain
Their journey would not be in vain;
So in good time supplies were found,
And soon the band was homeward bound.

And bring distress, if not dismay.
Of course some hardships were in line
In spite of hope, or efforts fine;
But long before the morning sun
Was rising for its daily run,
The cans and pails were stationed round
At every door the Brownies found.
The rosy bloom on every cheek
Did soon of healthy infants speak.
There was no need for doctor's call,



GUARDING THE MILK-CANS.

With care they guarded well their store,
They picked their steps and peeked before;
But since the Brownie's foot was made
Like man's, it has a slippery shade
And is inclined to trip and stray



WORK FOR THE BROWNIE POLICE.

No need for midnight walk, nor bawl,
For gentle sleep blessed every bed
And gave to growth its proper spread,
While even creatures understood
The nourishment was pure and good.



HOW TOM WHITNEY ASTONISHED THE GERMAN ARMY

BY E. S. P. LIPSETT



"WHY, Mother, will you believe I cannot buy a single fire-cracker or a torpedo in this stupid town?" exclaimed Tom Whitney, as he raced into his mother's little sitting-room in the old inn at Blitz, which, as everybody knows, is one of the border towns of Germany. "To-morrow 's the Fourth of July, too," the lad added mournfully.

"Well, well," said his mother, consolingly, "what a pity! You have your flag, Tom, however, and that is something."

"Yes, but I cannot have any fireworks and things to show my patriotism. I'd like to march through every street in Blitz and carry my flag as if I were the color-bearer of a regiment, if I only had another fellow who could play a fife or something! I'll ask the old grocer, down-stairs. He was in the German army once."

"Is the grocer an old soldier, Tom?"

"Yes, Mother, he 's an old sergeant and a pensioner, and he 's going to get me passed into the inspection to-morrow at the fort. They're going to have a drill and a rapid-fire practice."

"Perhaps it would save you a lot of tramping about, Tom, if you asked permission to hang the flag out of our window."

"I know, but, you see, I 'm going to take the flag with me. Sergeant Schimmelfennig thinks he could get a fellow he knows to parade with me after the drill."

Tom did take the flag with him, unfurled and fluttering in the brisk, warm breeze, but when he met the sergeant at the corner, the good old pensioner very mildly suggested that the brilliant banner be closely rolled until after their return to town.

"When we come back," he explained, "you may celebrate your holiday, but it would not be wise to display the flag in the fort. Now, then, 'tention! Vorwärts!"

As the old sergeant was very well known in the barracks, he was given permission to stand on the redout, and Tom soon found himself on the top of a small hill. There was an exciting thud and gallop of horses as the batteries were whisked into place, and there was much hurried trotting of orderlies bearing messages to and fro.

By and by the officers to whom the sergeant

had spoken came also to the redout, but stood on the other side, and Tom had the satisfaction of watching a very grand-looking officer direct a very obedient regiment without raising his voice or ruffling himself in the least. Mounted trumpeters sounded the commands, and the regular tramp of feet, the gallop of horses, the rumbling of caissons, went on rhythmically.

By and by, when the batteries began to "bark," as the sergeant called it, and long flashes of flame seemed to leap from each cannon's mouth, Tom felt indeed that this was a fitting celebration of the glorious Fourth, and that it only needed an American flag to complete the scene. No sooner had the thought flashed into his mind than the order was given to "cease firing." The sergeant was at that minute called across to speak to one of the officers in the group, and almost as soon as the officer had opened his mouth to ask a question, the sergeant beheld the man's jaw drop in a most curious way, while his eyes almost popped out of his head at something he seemed to see over the sergeant's shoulder. Turning quickly, the old pensioner saw Tom Whitney slowly waving the red, white, and blue banner with its field of stars to and fro, right under the very folds of the flag of the Fatherland, and in the very face of a great, gallant troop of the German army! The soldiers also saw the gleam of the white and red and blue, and a curious sound went up from the ranks. The commanding officer caught sight of it, and then—

"Ach, lieber Himmel!" groaned the sergeant, "whatever shall I do?"

"Why did you bring that here?" demanded the officer, furiously, pointing to the small flag Tom was holding very tightly.

"Why, you see, it 's our flag," explained Tom, who understood German fairly well, his face paling a little as the officers crowded angrily around him. "It 's our Fourth of July to-day, and I could n't get any fire-crackers or anything in Blitz, and so I had to have the flag to show I—I was celebrating the Declaration of Independence."

"Independence!" thundered the officer, eying Tom severely, while the other men growled something about "American children." "Tut, tut!

Does that explain why you dare to interrupt our drill by flaunting another flag—" The officer hesitated. There was a look in Tom's eye that made the man remember when he was a lad and the flag of the Fatherland represented all that

same "clear grit" that had framed the Declaration of Independence and then fought to establish it.

"So you are celebrating *your* national day with *our* cannon!" the officer went on, in quite a new

tone of voice. "You look upon our firing as a salute to your flag?"

"Yes, sir," replied Tom, promptly, "and it was grand, sir."

"A-hem!" coughed the man, as he glanced at his brother officers. "You see, however, it is against orders to allow any foreign flag on these parade-grounds, so you will have to remove that emblem before we can continue. We will not place you in the guard-house, because the sergeant here can vouch for you, but you'd better withdraw at once. Because of our great respect for the American flag and for the day, we will honor them both, though in the only way we can."

After giving an order in a deep voice, he waited beside the small patriot until two fifers from the drum corps came tramping up the hill and saluted stiffly.

"Escort this color-bearer to the gates and play 'Yankee Doodle!' Vorwärts!"

Then, between the two soldiers, fifeing gaily as they marched, Tom proudly carried the colors of his own dear land. Although he saw many smiling faces



"HE SAW TOM WHITNEY SLOWLY WAVING THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE BANNER RIGHT UNDER THE FOLDS OF THE FLAG OF THE FATHERLAND."

prowess and courage and honor had won for the empire. Then, he knew, too, what would be in the heart of almost any boy whose eyes were frank and clear, and who could answer the questions of an angry man coolly and politely. He saw the grip of the small hand around the slender stick to which the flag was attached, and there was a "hold fast" expression on the boyish face that made the officer realize that here was the

among the soldiers in the long ranks as he passed, there was not a quiver of an eyelid that betrayed anything but the utmost respect for his country's flag.

"I've had a grand time, Mother," he cried, as he hastened into her room shortly afterward. "The commandant knew how a fellow would feel about the 'Stars and Stripes' when he had to be away from home on the Fourth of July!"

AN UNFINISHED SYMPHONY

BY C. H. CLAUDY



Young Carlie brought his birthday drum and put it on the floor
Where Purr-purr lay a-sleeping, and dreaming o'er and o'er
Of mice she would be catching, and of a great big rat,
When something loud disturbed her, like this—Rat-tat-ta-tat!



Surprised, Miss Kitty wakened, and raised a dainty chin
As if to say, "Why, Carlie! What is that awful din?"
And Carlie—ruthless infant—continued loud to beat,
And watched his pretty pussy get quickly to her feet.



And faster, harder, louder, the sticks rapped out the noise
So hated by all kitty-cats, so dearly loved by boys,
While Purr-purr, seeing Carlie would not his fun postpone,
That she might finish out her nap, just left—for parts unknown!

TWO BRAVE BOYS

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS

EVERY boy who reads this magazine has heard the story of the sinking of the *Republic* and of how the lad who was the operator of the Wireless telegraph stood at his post for hours until he had brought help to passengers and crew.

But there was a little sequel to the story which they may not have heard.

A week after the disaster, the manager of a vaudeville company offered this lad no less than a thousand dollars a month if he would appear on the stage.

"Me?" he said, bewildered. "A thousand dollars? Why, I 'm no actor! I 'm only a telegraph operator."

This reminds me of a similar story which is also true.

A few years ago there stood in Penn Square, in Philadelphia, a high old building filled with offices and in a ruinous condition. When a neighboring house was taken down, its foundations were weakened and its walls began to fall. Some of the occupants of the upper stories escaped; then the stairways fell. But the frame of the

elevator remained standing and the engine continued to work.

A great crowd assembled in the streets, watching the lift as it jogged slowly up and down, bringing a dozen men out of the jaws of death. As it started up again the frame of the elevator shook.

The police interfered. "Stop!" they shouted to the boy whose hand was on the lever.

"But there are two women up there," he said.

"The walls are going!" they cried. "Come out!" dragging at him.

"There are women up there, and I 'm the elevator boy," he repeated doggedly.

He went to the top story, took on the women, and came down slowly. When the floor of the elevator touched the earth there was a great shout of triumph. They caught the lad, calling him a hero, and praying God to bless him; but he shook himself free from them.

"Somebody had to go, and I 'm the elevator boy," he replied, all unconscious of his bravery and unselfishness.



BASE-BALL, AFTER SCHOOL, IN JAPAN.

LISTEN TO THE RAIN

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

LISTEN to the Rain!
Hear the merry sounds it makes
As it falls and slides and shakes
From the eaves into the street,
Where its million tiny feet
Hurry, hurry past the door,
Followed by a million more!

Listen to the Rain!
How it gurgles with delight,
Hurling from its dizzy height,
Falling straight and falling true,
Faster now and louder too—
See! The tardy drops and small
Cannot keep the pace at all!

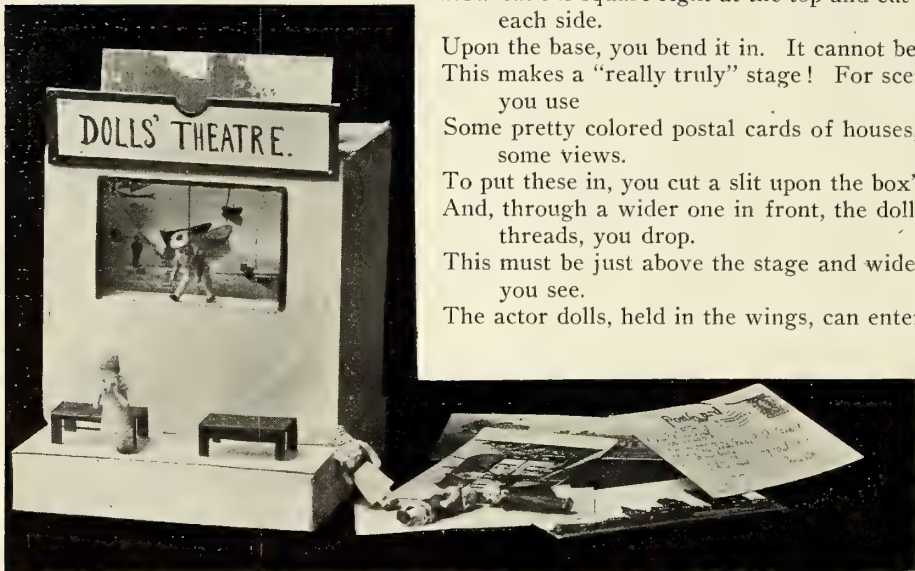
Listen to the Rain!
Ah! It 's angry now—I fear
'T is a scolding voice you hear!
How it scolds the drooping trees,
How it scolds the languid breeze,
How it scolds the birds, poor things,
For the dust upon their wings!

Listen to the Rain!
If you listen hard you 'll hear
How the skies grow cool and clear,
How the primrose lifts her head,
How the mountain brooks are fed,
How the earth grows sweet again
With the coming of the Rain!

THE DOLLS' THEATRE

BY PATTEN BEARD

I MADE a lovely theater for little dolls to-day.
If you would like, I 'll tell you how. You make it in this way:
Right on the bottom of a box, a pasteboard box you know,
You draw a square with space each side. That 's where the stage should go.
Now cut the square right at the top and cut it down
each side.
Upon the base, you bend it in. It cannot be denied
This makes a "really truly" stage! For scenery
you use
Some pretty colored postal cards of houses, and
some views.
To put these in, you cut a slit upon the box's top,
And, through a wider one in front, the dolls, on
threads, you drop.
This must be just above the stage and wide and long,
you see.
The actor dolls, held in the wings, can enter easily.



You move the thread and walk them round. Mine act all kinds of things:
The fairy stories that I know; my sailor doll, here, sings.
And you can use the theater for fun in lots of ways—
Give lectures on the postal views as well as acting plays.



OUR TROUBLES

BY ISABEL LYNDALL

THE birds, when they get up at dawn,
Give their feathers a jolly good shake;
The cat, with a stretch and a yawn,
Runs outdoors, for she's quite wide awake.

But *we* have to wash and then dress,
Brush our hair and our teeth and the rest;
While all Nature's other live things
Wake up, in the morning, all dressed.

BOOKS & READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

AN OUTDOOR BOOK

I HAVE been away in the country fishing for trout—catching them, too—and out in the open air all day long. Even to think of the inside of a house was impossible, and though I wanted to take along something to read, I did n't want any book that had to do with indoors; I wanted to lie on my back in the sun after eating lunch beside the brook and amuse myself with the adventures of people who preferred trees and grass to walls and carpets; I should like to have heard Amiens singing in the Forest of Arden,

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,

and with the melancholy Jaques have cried: "More, more, I prithee, more." But there was no use hoping for anything like that. So I stood before my bookcase looking over various outdoor books I like, when suddenly my eye fell on a small, fat, green volume bearing the title, "Life and Ballads of Robin Hood." *That* was just the thing! All outdoors, all gallant adventure, the story of the most delightful outlaw who ever shot arrow at deer or stopped a rich gentleman on the highway. Not that Robin was any common highwayman, either. He had been banished by the king because of some political trouble, for Robin was a free spirit and by no means content to submit to the oppression and tyranny then so terrible in most lands. And when he could not succeed in his political desires, he took to the wild forest life, drawing to him all those who felt as he did, that a man had a right to some degree of independence, and establishing a little republic under the trees, whose leader he became. In those days, too, to make a living by highway robbery was almost a legitimate business, so long as you observed certain rules of courtesy and fair play. This bold Robin was always most scrupulous in doing, and he soon became the popular hero of all the poor and downtrodden, whom he was ever ready to help with either money or courage, of the latter of which he possessed plenty, though he was sometimes short of the former.

Surely just the book for my purpose—and for yours, these lovely summer days.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

In olden days every English child, not to mention their elders, knew the ballads of Robin's adventures by heart. Many a fair tale is told of him, and of his truest comrade and best friend, Little John, so called because he was the biggest and the strongest of the band. Think, for instance, of all the fun in a chapter that has such a heading as this: "Robin Hood gives assistance to an impoverished knight, who is thereby enabled to redeem his property from the abbot of St. Mary's. The knight sets out to repay Robin, but is detained by a wrestling-match. Little John enters into the service of the sheriff of Nottingham, and tricks him out of his plate and his money." It sounds promising to me, anyhow. Those were rough days, you must remember, and wrestling- and boxing-matches were the usual recreations of the village youth. On this occasion there were several prizes: a white bull, a courser with a golden bridle, a pipe of wine, a gold ring, and a pair of gloves. It chanced that they were all won by a youth from a distance; this enraged the villagers, and they were about to set upon the boy and kill him, meaning to take the prizes for themselves, when the knight rode up with his attendants and saw that the stranger got fair play; which kept him so long that when he finally reached Sherwood Forest, Robin had been waiting dinner for three long hours, and was beginning to think the knight had played him false.

Robin was always glad of a fine stand-up fight with some stout valiant fellow, even when he got the worst of it. In that case he liked the man all the better for his prowess, and usually managed to get him to enlist in his company and put on the gay uniform of Lincoln green. One such battle is recorded where Robin Hood and Will Scarlett and Little John fought with three gamekeepers from eight in the morning to three in the afternoon. Being then somewhat winded, they called a halt and talked matters over, with the result that they made friends over a butt of sack, which Robin agreed to pay for, and then all six went back to Sherwood Forest as free rangers and steadfast friends. On another occasion Robin was forbidden by a forester to shoot at a deer, and the two began a fight that lasted three hours. "At length," says the story, "the forester became enraged; and he cudgelled Robin

so soundly that he could bear it no longer, but cried: 'Let us freely give over. I delight in a man that can fight courageously, and I love him with all my heart.' Whereupon Robin blew a blast with his bugle-horn, and a hundred of his yeomen speedily made their appearance, with their longbows in their hands. Little John, who was clad in a rich green mantle, was at their head; and it was a glorious sight to see them in their uniforms of Lincoln green." So glorious that the forester instantly wanted to become one of them, and joined them on the spot.

Robin Hood led his life in the greenwood many hundreds of years ago. Yet his name is as well known to-day as it was in the thirteenth century, when he was alive and many persons had had adventures with him. This, I suppose, is because he appeals to the love of freedom in us, and is a forerunner of Washington and Lincoln in so far that he understood that men had a right to withstand oppression and slavery. For the laws of that day bore very heavily on the poor, and the overlords did as they chose with their servants and vassals. Robin did n't believe this was right, and he always helped the poor and the weak, and fought the grasping barons and abbots who wrung the last farthing from the peasants. And he did this in so daring and gallant a way that he often made the very people he robbed like him. He was never known to do a mean or unkind thing, to take money from a man poorer than himself, or to harm a woman.

OLD BALLADS

THE first ballad known to have been written about Robin Hood was printed in 1489, but it was written at least a hundred years before that time. It was called "A Lytell Geste of Robin Hood," *geste* meaning actions or deeds, so that now we should write it, "A Short Account of the Deeds of Robin Hood." It is an interesting work, full of details of the life of those days. The bow and arrow was the weapon most used, and Robin was famous for his wonderful accuracy in shooting, much as our own Leatherstocking was for his skill with the rifle. Robin is said to have been able to split a hazel wand a long bow-shot off, and many a verse relates how he and his rangers would carry off all the prizes at the matches. Robin and Little John were always playing tricks on the game-wardens, and particularly on the sheriff of Nottingham. As you saw in the chapter heading, Little John took service under this personage at one time, and soon seized an opportunity of robbing him, even to the extent of persuading the sheriff's cook to go along with him and become a ranger. The band cele-

brated this with a great dinner, and captured the sheriff himself as their guest. Says the ballad:

Soon he was to supper set
And served with silver white;
But when his own silver vessels he saw,
For sorrow he could not eat.

But Robin tells him:

"Make good cheer," said Robin Hood,
"Sheriff, for Charity;
And for the love of Little John
Thy life is granted to thee."

So the sheriff does the best he can. But when night comes he is forced to sleep on the bare ground like the outlaws, wrapped only in the long cloak of Lincoln green which Little John gives him. He gets up next morning so sore and stiff that he feels he would rather die than stand another night of it; and when Robin tells him he is to remain with them a year, he cries:

"Ere I here another night lie,
Robin, now I pray thee,
Smite off my head this very morn,
And I forgive it thee."

But the outlaws have had their joke and let him go home,

As full of the greenwood as ever were hips of stone.

You see how simple in form these old ballads are. They just string the story along to a sort of singsong that makes them easy to remember. There are also several prose lives, and you are sure to find them charming.

WHERE THIS BROAD ARROW FALLS

ROBIN HOOD met his death at the hands of a woman who was his cousin, and a prioress. He trusted her, and when he fell sick came to her nunnery to be healed. But she betrayed him, and Little John finds him dying. In his rage and grief he wanted to burn down the nunnery. But Robin forbade this.

"Nay," he said, "I will not grant thee that boon. I never hurt woman in all my life, nor a man in company with a woman. I never hurt fair maid in all my time; and I will not do so, now my end is come. Give me my bent bow in my hand, and I will let fly a broad arrow; and let my grave be digged where that arrow is taken up."

And so it was done, and Robin was laid to rest where he had always loved to be, in

Freedom's free and happy home
Under the greenwood tree.

To this day they point out the grave to the visitor near Kirklees Hall.



A BIRD (RED-TAILED HAWK) IN FLIGHT.

As seen from below and rear. Note the great expanse of wings and tail for resisting, that is, floating on, the air, as seen in the central figure; then in the figure at the left, the thin, air-cutting edge of a bird as seen from front or rear.

HOW A BIRD FLIES

THOUGH there are many internal peculiarities, as of lungs and of bones, by which birds are adapted to flight, they are neither the main things nor the most interesting things to be considered when we inquire into the how and the why of the flight of birds. In observing the flying bird, how far does

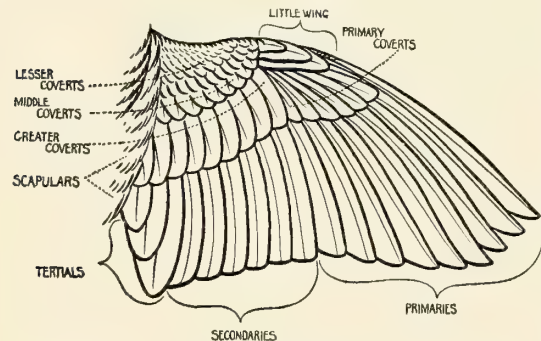


FIG. 1. A SPARROW'S WING SHOWING THE DIFFERENT SETS OF FEATHERS.

flight explain itself? In other words, what can live birds teach us human beings of flight?

The general form of the bird is naturally the first thing of which we think. We easily notice that in wings and tail it is kite-like; in body and head, bullet-like. So important are these simple discoveries that this essay might with some reason be ended here. Imagine a kite with a rudder and having an intelligent will of its own. Is it not possible to think of it as moving about in the air with a degree of bird-like freedom?

As for the bullet-like form of head and body, one can see by a glance at Fig. 2, especially *d*, these appear to be practically a point, which we may call the point of will. The head is indeed the will-point in the bird-kite. In flight it bears outwardly the same relation to the bird's body that the prow of a boat does to its hull; it cleaves the air as the boat's prow does the water.

Let us look at some apparent exceptions to our ruddered kite moving by its own will. In the same diagram (*b*) notice that the head and body of a grouse is, for example, a pretty bulky point of will! But remember, too, that the flight of such birds is remarkably heavy and limited both in direction and duration. There is quite as much difference between the easy, graceful, sweeping, tireless flight of a man-of-war bird and the direct,

labored, short spurt of a grouse as there is between the relative size or expanse of their wings.

The rules are:

Birds capable of very prolonged, graceful, varied, soaring flight have a vast expanse of wings as compared with the size of the body. Birds of short, labored, and bullet-like flight have

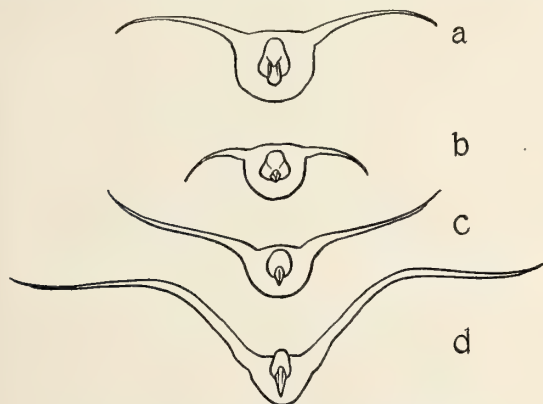


FIG. 2. THE "CUTTING EDGE" OF A BIRD.

To show the small resistance to the air in the direction of flight. a, wild duck; b, grouse and quail; c, crow; d, man-of-war bird—a typical sea-bird.

comparatively small, rounded wings and heavy bodies. When the flight is between these extremes, the extent of the wings as related to the size of the body remains the same with relation, again, to the degree of freedom in the bird's flight. Birds with poorly developed wings—for example, the ostrich, penguin, and apteryx—are always flightless.

If we believe the form of a bird, such as we

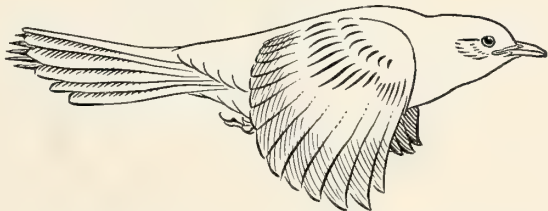


A TYPICAL BIRD IN FLIGHT.

To show loose overlapping of the flight-feathers that the air may escape between them in the *upward* stroke of the wings.

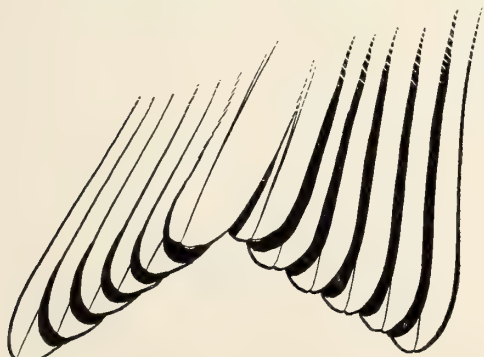
aries, and even all of its tail-feathers as well, are alone missing. We see among all birds a general sameness of the wing-feathers of the outer set; with few or no exceptions, they are comparatively strong and stiff and of one general shape, while the other feathers differ, among the various kinds of birds, in endless and often extreme ways. This fact very properly leads us to believe the typical shape of these primaries must be the best for the purpose of flight.

Flight-feathers are found to be stiffest and strongest at their quill ends and most yielding at their tips. They always overlap in the same way, the outermost feather of the extended wing being the undermost in the fully closed wing. The shaft of the feather is near the middle, but toward the outer edge in the inner flight-feathers, and near the outer edge of the outermost feathers.



A TYPICAL BIRD IN FLIGHT.

To show the tight overlapping of the flight-feathers, to resist the air, in the *downward* stroke of the wings.



THE DETAIL OF THE END OF A BIRD'S TAIL.

To show shutter-like lapping of the feathers. Note the arrangement of the feathers in pairs, the outermost feather on each side being the outer pair; hence there is always an even number of tail-feathers—usually twelve.

have seen it to be, of first importance, we should expect to find on closer examination that every detail of its make-up goes to prove the fact, and this is exactly what we do find, as shall be seen.

By these arrangements the wing has a valve-like and an oar-like action upon the air, according, more or less, to the will and purpose of the bird whether to sail, swoop, stop, go ahead, or what not. Moreover, the feathers are so arranged in sets, one set to each joint of the wing, as to fold and overlies with remarkable smoothness.

In these respects and in a great many others,

we see that the wings resemble oars, rather than sails, for navigating the airy sea. However, "fish of the air" is a still more scientific title for

or almost wanting. The latter class of birds usually have the wings placed far backward, as in loons, ducks, and geese; or they have long legs which they carry extended behind them like a tail, as in herons and snipe. The feet and legs of such birds doubtless serve the ordinary purposes of a tail. In coming to rest a wild duck, for example, drops its feet and stretches its webbed toes apart in a conspicuous fashion, just as a meadow-lark expands and drops its tail. Herons and snipe make a similar use of their legs, the length of the latter probably making up for the lack of webbed toes in resisting the air.

The relative importance of wings and tail is further shown by comparing these organs in all cases where they are modified as ornaments. In doing this, we find the tail is of an ornamental



A BARN-SWALLOW IN FLIGHT.
Showing the use of the wings and the tail in swooping.

birds than "ships of the air"—even when we stretch "ships" to mean submarines.

That the tail of a bird serves mostly as a rudder and a brake is evident when we watch a spar-



A SCISSOR-TAILED FLYCATCHER.
One of the common instances in which the tail-feathers are lengthened as ornaments.



SHOWING THE USE OF THE WINGS AND TAIL IN STOPPING.

row which has lost this means of steering and arresting its flight. It is apt to fly only straight forward, and it comes to rest awkwardly—more so than birds whose tails are naturally very short

form far oftener than the wings. With many birds the tail is really a hindrance to flight.

In Africa Mr. Roosevelt observed that the long-tailed male whydah finches were slower than their mates, whose tails were of the usual length, so that the males fell behind when a flock took wing.

Among the pheasants such ornamental tails are of common occurrence, and there are numerous examples among other families of birds. Perhaps

any greater development of tail than in our common barn-swallow should be regarded as more ornamental than useful.

If we turn our attention now to the wings of birds, we shall look in vain for anything like such



THE PENNANT-WINGED NIGHTJAR.

(One of the rare instances in which the flight-feathers are lengthened as ornaments.)

numerous and embarrassing shapes. So rarely do such modifications of wings occur that I can think of only one striking example among the birds of the world—the pennant-winged nightjar, a kind of night-hawk of the tropics. It is interesting to note this bird is a night species, probably with very few, if any, enemies to make strong flight necessary.

Thus we have seen that the tail is not even strictly necessary to flight, though the tails of flightless birds are commonly, if not always, very small or almost wholly wanting, and the birds of the best powers of flight have, as a rule, the best-developed tails, whereas quite well-developed wings are decidedly necessary to flight.

EDMUND J. SAWYER.

THE "McKINLEY LILY"

ALAMEDA COUNTY, one of the counties that border on the Bay of San Francisco, has a great variety of products, of which it has for several years maintained an interesting exhibition in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce at Oakland, its chief city. The work of preparing the flowers, fruits, and vegetables for exhibition is in the hands of Mr. W. D. Nichols, who has a process whereby he is able to preserve them for a long time without losing their form or color. One of the most remarkable exhibits is what is known as the "McKinley lily." A large lily was placed in a glass jar with the preserving fluid, and after

several weeks its petals began to droop a little. A visitor noticed the extraordinary resemblance to the features of the late President of the United States, William McKinley, when looked at from a particular point of view, and the flower has since been called the "McKinley lily." Every effort is being made to keep it in existence in its



THE LILY (WITHIN A PRESERVING-GLASS) WITH THE CURIOUS FACIAL RESEMBLANCE TO THE LATE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

present state as long as possible, as it has proved a great attraction and object of interest to visitors.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

A CURIOUS NEST

LAST year, early in June, a beautiful pair of wood-thrushes, or wood-robins as we often call them; began to build their nest in a pear-tree within a few feet of the house and twelve feet



STRIPS OF WHITE CLOTH WOVEN INTO A NEST.

from the ground. It was one of the most public places they could have selected—close to the door which people were constantly using and within ten feet of the street with its bustle and noise.

The nest progressed rapidly to completion through rain and shine. The bulk of it was made of coarse leaf-stems, grass, and strips of bark. All were solidly fastened together with mud gathered from the street. But they departed from their usual method of nest-building by weaving in a large number of strips of white cloth a foot long and about one inch wide, so that one end was firmly fastened in the nest.

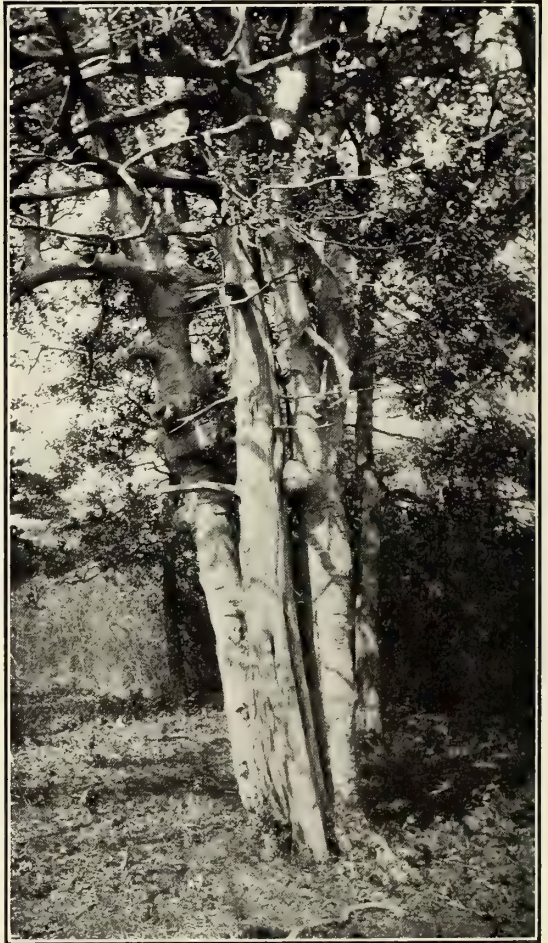
Finally the inner lining of rootlets was finished, and the eggs, three in number, of a greenish-blue color, were laid. Two of them were hatched and the young birds safely raised.

A few days later another nest similar in every way was begun near by and decorated with its ornament of strips, but the birds abandoned it before completion for unknown reasons.

THOMAS H. JACKSON.

AN INTERESTING CLUSTER OF TREES

THESE remarkable objects, discovered and caught by the writer's camera, stand at the end of Spencer Avenue, Holly Beach, New Jersey, not far from the rolling surf of Five Mile Island, where they have been inseparable comrades for many years, and have become so intimately united from the tips of their roots to their topmost branches, that now in their old age separation is impossible. They might be dubbed "The Triplets," so nearly equal are they in size and age, were they "three of a kind." But they are not. The central one is a cedar, while on each side is a holly, which in this section of New Jersey grows almost to the proportions of a fair-sized maple or beech, and



AN INTERESTING CLUSTER OF TREES.

bears beautiful, dark-green, glossy leaves and bunches of red berries.—FRANK P. JEWETT,

THE BEETLE WITH A FUR COLLAR, AND A "FACE" SUGGESTING THAT OF A COW

A BEAUTIFUL brown-and-gray beetle on a branch of an evergreen tree had attracted the attention



THE BEAUTIFUL BROWN-AND-GRAY BEETLE

of an observing man, who brought it to my desk to learn, "What is its name and how does it live?" The name, *Monohammus confusor*, I ex-



WITH A FACE SUGGESTING THAT OF A COW.

plained, is a little longer than the beetle itself, which is only an inch and a quarter in length. The larva bores in the wood of pine and fir.

To show to the best advantage the beautiful brown-and-gray furry covering, I placed the beetle under a small pocket-lens, that brought forth the astonishing exclamation, "Why, he has a fur collar, and his face looks like a cow."

I did not dispute, but merely wondered whether our boys and girls would agree with him. Of course I cannot pass the beetle to all of you, so I do the next best thing, and photograph it a little



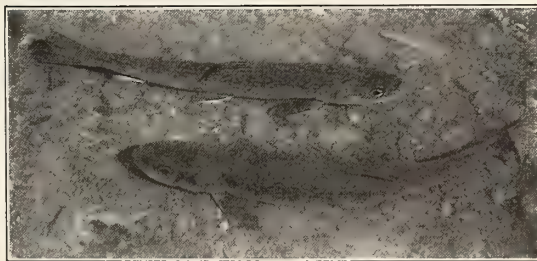
"THE FUR COLLAR."

enlarged, with a separate picture still more enlarged of the face and the collar.

Was the visitor's jocose exclamation properly descriptive of what he saw?

THE BROOK-TROUT

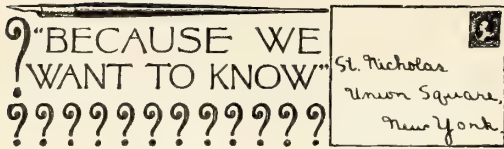
PHOTOGRAPHING live fish in their natural surroundings is, at best, a difficult feat, but when the fish in question are speckled brook-trout it becomes a matter of unlimited patience and many trials. Needless to say, the trout must be in shallow water where they cannot get out of sight, but that is only the beginning. Just as all preparations have been made and success seems on



THE TROUT IN THE BROOK.

the point of achievement, a dash by his troutship will leave nothing in sight but roily water.

VERNE MORTON.



CURIOUS ANIMAL BEHAVIOR

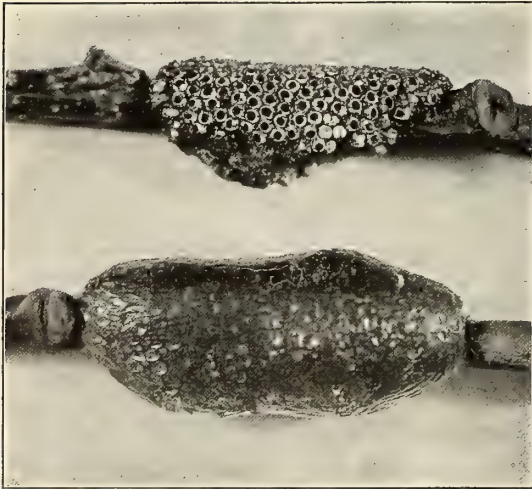
HAMBURG, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to know if you can tell me why one of my sisters can never be near an animal without its showing that it does not like her. All the cats scratch her, our dog jumps on her and runs off with her hat, and she can never go near the goat without getting a good hard butt. It is not because she teases them, because she is just as gentle as she can be, and I have never seen her tease an animal.

Another question I should like to ask is, when we want our dog to eat anything he does not want to, he will only eat it when I tell him to.

Your young reader,
ADELAIDE CECILIA WEBSTER.

Pet animals are like human beings in their likes and dislikes. If they form a friendship for one person upon whom they have learned to depend for food and agreeable attentions, they may be jealous of the approach of other persons, and act as if displeased at intrusion. It may be difficult in some cases to account for the behavior, but it is evidently a manifestation of favoritism on the



THE EGG-MASSSES ON THE TWIGS.
Upper, hatched; lower, unhatched.

part of the pet—a favoritism induced, as a rule, by the kindness and care of the master or mistress.

The second question shows that the dog respects the authority of his mistress.—C. O. WHITMAN.

WELL-PROTECTED EGG-MASSSES

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Inclosed you will find a piece of an oak-tree twig with some queer growth on it, that I

found one day coming home from school. Will you please tell me what it is?

Your loving reader,
ALICE M. BORDEN.

What you call a "queer growth" is the egg-mass of an apple-tree tent-caterpillar. This is the insect which builds large webs in apple- and wild-cherry-trees early in the spring. The egg-cluster is covered by a material resembling varnish, which protects it during the winter months. The accompanying illustration shows an egg-mass thus protected, and also where the eggs have hatched and the tiny occupants have gone out to feed on unopened buds and also on developing leaves.

THE AGE OF CANARIES

OVERBROOK, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me how old canary-birds live to be?

Your loving reader,
ELLEN RYERSON (age 15).

The average life of a canary is about seven years, but some have been known to live to be even twenty years of age.

WHY THE FLY FOLLOWED THE CATERPILLAR

DECATUR, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While walking under a walnut-tree I saw a large caterpillar, about an inch and a half long, crawling on the asphalt, and an ordinary house-fly kept following it. If the fly came too near, the worm rolled over and over to keep out of the fly's way. Now why would so large a worm fear so small a fly?

Your interested reader,
HELEN LEE (age 13).

I infer that what you thought was a house-fly was a tachina-fly, which was trying to lay an egg on the caterpillar's back. These tachina-flies are parasitic in their habits, and if the fly observed had succeeded in laying an egg on the back of the caterpillar, the egg would eventually have hatched into a maggot, which would enter the body of the caterpillar and in the end kill it.—DR. LELAND O. HOWARD.

INSECT-ENEMIES OF INSECTS

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am interested in the different kinds of larvæ, and I keep them through the fall and winter, hoping to watch them change in the spring. Before spring, however, most of them are dead, caused by a breeding of worms and flies. Are so many of them destroyed when they are in their natural life, or is it caused, partly, from keeping them in captivity?

I hope I have not asked too much.

Your interested reader,
CECIL WALSH.

NATURE is constantly playing an important part in checking excessive numbers of animals and plants. Nearly every species has its enemies, great or small, that, to maintain their own ex-

istence, perform this work of restriction. By this means the balance of nature is maintained. Among the most important of nature's balancers



A TACHINA-FLY ATTACKING A ROSY DRYOCAMPA CATERPILLAR.

In an effort to deposit its eggs so that the fly larva after hatching will feed upon the caterpillar.

are the insect parasites, composing families belonging principally to the *Hymenoptera* and *Diptera*, the former being generally known as ichneumon-wasps, the latter as tachina-flies. Among their victims are all kinds of insects, particularly the immature stages. The larvæ (caterpillars) of the *Lepidoptera* are frequent victims, and it is indeed the exception to find individuals that are not the "hosts" of parasites. The hymenopterous parasites are by far the most common, the larger species infesting each caterpillar singly; the minute species in large numbers. The latter are illustrated by the very commonly parasitized caterpillars of two sphinx-moths, the big green worms of the grape-vine and the tomato-plant. After feeding within the body of the poor caterpillar the minute parasitic larvæ emerge and build tiny white cocoons close together and often all over the back of the host. This is not an uncommon sight among tomato-plants. There are species of caterpillars, however, that seem to be almost immune from the attacks of ichneumons. These the fly parasites seem especially to seek out.

Tachina-flies are often called bluebottle flies and are not unlike the common house-pest in general appearance. The eggs, appearing as long cream-white specks, are fastened to the skin of the caterpillar's back, and when they hatch the tiny, maggot-like larvæ of the fly bore through the

skin and also feed upon the soft parts of the doomed caterpillar.

So it very frequently happens that the caterpillar that one captures to rear tenderly on its natural food-plant, expecting later to witness its fascinating transformations into chrysalis, cocoon, and delicately colored moth or butterfly, will instead yield a harvest of flies or ichneumons.

S. F. AARON.

THE PIGEONS AT ST. MARK'S SQUARE (VENICE)

DRESDEN, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The day after arriving at Venice, we visited St. Mark's Square. At the east end stands the beautiful St. Mark's Church. On the square are a lot of tame pigeons. They were first looked after by the state, but are now left to the care of the people. There are always men around selling corn. The pigeons seemed to take a special pleasure in perching upon our hats. We saw one of them which had his legs tied together. I used to feed them every time I crossed the square, and that was several times a day.

The two things I liked most in Venice were the pigeons and the canals.

GENIA R. MORRIS.



FEEDING THE PIGEONS IN ST. MARK'S SQUARE, VENICE.

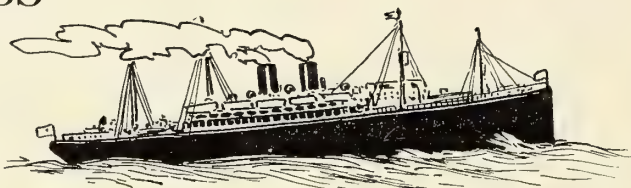
The gentleness of the pigeons of St. Mark's Square is famous everywhere. Let us try to have pigeons in other places right here in our own country equally well won by kindnesses.

MORE LEAVES FROM THE JOURNEY BOOK



NOW WE HAVE TRAVELED
OVER THIS CONTINENT, LET US
SEE WHAT THERE IS

ACROSS
THE
GREAT



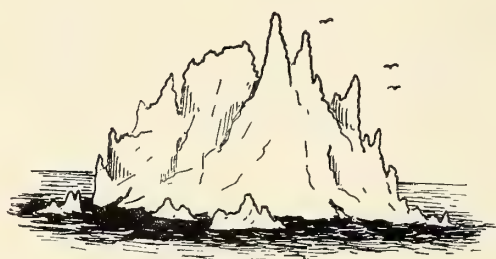
OCEAN CALLED THE
ATLANTIC. WE MUST GO BY
STEAMER, AND AS IT IS 3000
MILES TO THE OTHER SIDE
IT WILL TAKE US A
WEEK.

If you don't know all the names of these, some one who has been on a steamer can tell you.

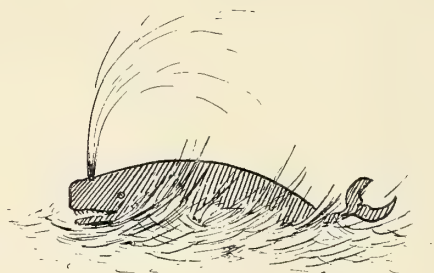


All these things are on board the steamer and if you look carefully about you will see them.

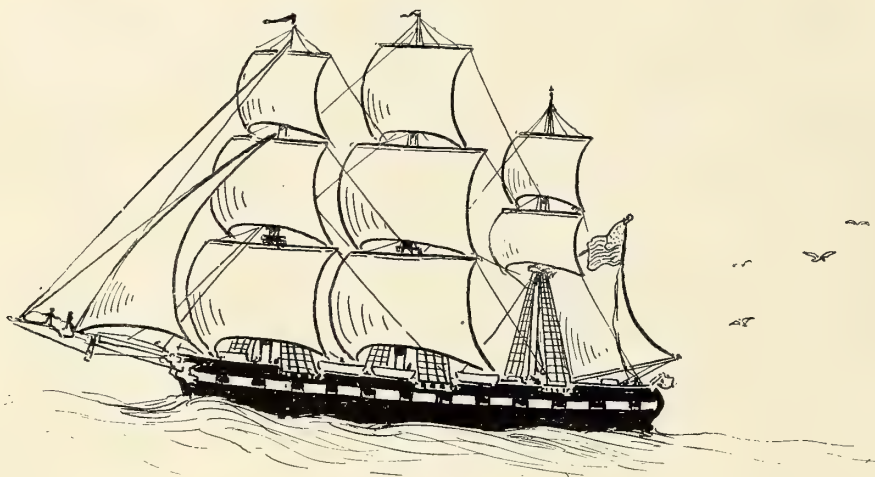
Of course most of the time you see nothing but water,
water, water; but sometimes you will
see things like these.



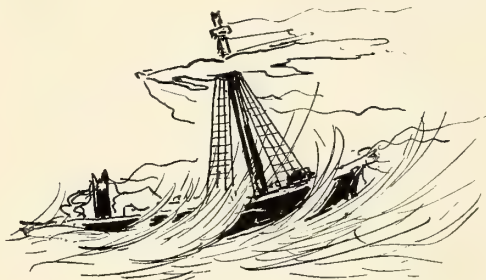
1



2



3



4



5

Here are the names of what you may see from the deck of the steamer.

①

An iceberg.

③

A sailing ship.

②

A whale.

④

A shipwreck.

⑤

A lighthouse.

While on board a steamer you always have plenty of time to amuse yourself. A good way is to draw pictures, only don't do as this little boy did.



Here is a little boy who found a pot of black paint, near a nice white wall, so he thought he would draw some pictures.



First he drew
a bird



Then a pig looking
up in the air



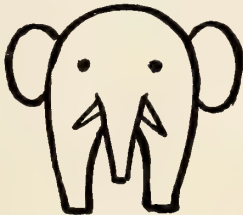
Then an
umbrella



A rabbit



A cat



An elephant



A house



A goose

Other things you may see from a steamer's deck.



A yacht

A sloop

A battle-ship

A schooner A torpedo-boat



THE subjects for all of this month's competitions were very popular, judging from the many contributions received. By far the greater number of the drawing contributions, that is, on "A Patriotic Subject," pictured the celebration of the Fourth of July, or the dire effects of the day only too well celebrated. This was natural, for the combination of "Patriotism" and "the July number" could hardly be expected to suggest anything more appropriate than the "Glorious Fourth," and what it stands for, and the way it is observed — that is, to American young folks.

"Going It Alone," the subject of the photography contest, proved to be susceptible of several interpretations, all the way from the first steps of a tiny toddler to the uninterrupted waters of Niagara Falls, and all possible meanings between those limits.

Not a few of the competitors in their contributions on the prose subject, "My Choice — Making a Visit, or Receiving a Visitor," merely told of a visit they had made or of visitors they had entertained, but failed to state which they enjoyed most. The object of the subject was to bring out the *choice* on the part of the competitor, and if possible, the reason for that choice. While many of these

contributions were very well written and gave entertaining descriptions, we could not give any of them prizes, as they were not confined to a strict reading of the subject. On the other hand, the majority read the subject aright. It is interesting to observe the difference of opinion. In the main, the contributors seem to prefer having visitors to going visiting.

We would call the attention of League members to the line below reading, "In making the awards, competitors' ages are considered." It must be borne in mind that the ages of League members who compete range from seven or eight to seventeen years of age. Not infrequently a contribution, either prose or verse or photograph or drawing, is received from a member ten or nine or even eight years of age that will receive a silver badge. This does not mean that it is a better contribution than many received from members fourteen or sixteen or older, but it means that for so young a contributor the work is better than that of some others whose greater age would naturally call for better work. So please bear this in mind and take notice of the contributor's age when you see his or her work printed and know that it is not so good as your own.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 125

In making the awards, competitors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Silver badges, **Genevieve Olcott Anderson** (age 11), Yonkers, N. Y.; **Lorraine Ransom** (age 17), Paris, France; **Elizabeth C. Walton** (age 13), Washington, D. C.

VERSE. Silver badge, **Anna B. Stearns** (age 14), Dedham, Mass.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, **A. M. Cooper** (age 14), Danesmead, Eng.; **Cecilia A. L. Kelly** (age 17), Tell City, Ind.; **Virginia S. Brown** (age 16), Lamro, S. D.

PHOTOGRAPHY. Silver badges, **Helen Laylin** (age 13), Norwalk, O.; **Coleman Sellers, 3d** (age 17), Philadelphia, Pa.; **Ruth MacC. Peters** (age 16), Jamaica Plains, Mass.; **Asa S. Bushnell** (age 10), Springfield, O.

WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY. Class "C" prize, **Frances Carey** (age 10), Cambridge, Mass.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Ingle Whinery** (age 14), Grand Rapids, Mich.; **Marguerite Nevin Booth** (age 17), Sewickley, Pa.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badges, **Agnes L. Thomson** (age 16), Whiteman Creek, B. C.; **Frances Crosby Hamlet** (age 16), Westbrook, Me.

MY CHOICE

BY GENEVIEVE OLCOTT ANDERSON (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

WOULD I rather go visiting or have visitors? Well, it depends.

If I might either invite Mary Elizabeth to my house or go to hers, I certainly should have her come to see me, for her aunt is always lecturing and saying, "Don't go into the living-room and don't play any rough games. You may play geographical questions if you like, but don't tear the cards. Then you may sew. Genevieve may help you if she likes. Be sure to take off your frock and don't sit on the bed." After innumerable warnings she goes downstairs to "tidy up" the already neat living-room.

We try geographical questions for a while, but it is n't a speck of fun because we know the answer to every question by heart. After that we sew a little and I find, somewhat to my delight, that it is time to go home.



"A JULY HEADING." BY A. M. COOPER, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

Yes, I know it is not nice to criticize the way in which your neighbors entertain, but I can't just say I enjoy my visits at the Browns'.

When Mary Elizabeth comes to my house, perhaps we make candy or play charades with my brothers.

Whatever we do, I think we have a pretty nice time.

If Rebecca could come to my house or I could go to hers, I would go to hers without delay, for Mrs. Bashford allows us to race and romp to our hearts' content as long as we don't get into mischief.

I am almost always invited to stay to supper, which, I assure you, is always delicious. After supper we tell ghost stories in the dark, read about robberies, or do anything which scares us so that we are afraid to go to bed alone.

You see it is very hard to decide, but, after all, perhaps I do favor being entertained, for I think there are more Rebeccas than Mary Elizabeths.

WAITING

BY ANNA B. STEARNS (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

I TOLD my mother, yesterday,
The reason why I used to be
So scared to go to bed; 't is this:
The hall up-stairs is dark, you see,



"GOING IT ALONE." BY HELEN LAYLIN, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

And some one, from the blackest part,
Might jump and grab me by the hair!
This told, my mother said: "To-night
You'd better wait five minutes there,

"And when they're gone, you'll hear me call."
By "there" she meant the darkest part.
'T was bedtime then, so off I went,
But with a scary, sinking heart.

I soon was there; the dreadful place
Seemed twice as bad as e'er before;
I put my back against the wall—
My shoes were shaking on the floor.

Each squeaky board or tiny noise
Would put me in an awful fright;
Words can't express the longing that
I felt for just a gleam of light.

I waited there; it seemed an age
Before I heard my mother's call.
But now I won't be scared again
For no one grabbed me, after all!

HAVING VISITORS

BY DOROTHY PETERS (AGE 12)

As I live quite a distance from the city, I usually ask my friends to stay overnight with me.

We have great fun, for there are many things to do in the country, the chief one being horseback-riding, which we like the best. There are several pretty roads near our place, so that we may take an early ride and yet there is still time upon reaching home for a picnic in the woods and outdoor games.

Although I have done the same things often before, they always seem new, and so much more fun when I have a friend to do them with me.

I also enjoy going visiting, but one reason I believe I like having guests is I have never entertained any one except those whom I like very much.

WAITING TO SAY GOOD-BY

BY AGNES MACKENZIE MIALI (ALMOST 18)

(Honor Member)

I SIT in the stillness alone,
 'T is an hour I have long fore-
 seen,—
 And I wait for the clock's slow chime
 To tell me I am eighteen.

Eighteen! And the gates will close
 Which can never open again,
 And I must go forth alone
 Into the world of men.

I shall move in a larger sphere,
 And higher duties find;
 But I shall not forget the years
 With those I have left behind.

I shall cherish green in my heart—
 Whatever the years may give—
 The time when I "lived to learn,"
 The time when I "learned to live."

I am waiting alone for the hour,
 And ah! how the moments fly.
 Hark! Do you hear the chimes?
 Comrades and friends,—good-by!

tennis is an impossibility without an opponent and what fun is a pony and cart or a canoe without friends to share them? A picnic all alone is unbearable, but having visitors obviates all these things.



"A PATRIOTIC SUBJECT." BY EDNA DAVIDSON, AGE 15.

HAVING VISITORS

BY LORRAINE RANSOM (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

HAVING visitors is certainly my choice, except the few unfortunate ones possessing a vocabulary limited to two words, "Yes," and "No"; then, of course, it is n't my choice, or any one's; but those cases are few and far between.

A house-party and all the friends from the surrounding country make one forget that one is an only child. Of course, perhaps if there were ten in our family instead of one, I might prefer going visiting, but as it is, a large house and company suit me—a game of tennis on one side of the house, croquet on another, and yourself just between to see that every one has a good time and is provided with partners.

Helping Mother with her guests makes one feel at least twenty, passing cake, and then joining your own friends in the pantry after every one is gone, and coming to dinner wondering why you are not hungry.

Altogether, I think being hostess is one prolonged state of having a good time.



"A PATRIOTIC SUBJECT." BY MARGARET OSBORNE, AGE 16.

Our house is always a meeting-place, because at half-past four a cup of tea is always to be had, and if too many come, apples and pop-corn can be found. So many things can be done by having some one drop in. A game of

WAITING

BY DOROTHY BARNES LOVE (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

THE sky doth frown,
 The snow drifts down,
 The harsh winds howl strong;
 Tho' others play,
 I'm glad to stay
 Inside the whole day long.

Thick clouds of dun
 Close shroud the sun,
 The trees are bare and bleak;
 The icy hold
 Of Winter's cold
 Has stilled the merry creek.

Inside, the fire
 Leaps higher and higher,
 Its warmth great comfort leaves;
 Outside, in rows,
 The sparrows doze
 Beneath the snowy eaves.

Old Winter's stay
Is long and gray,
It saddens everything;
We're waiting still
For March winds shrill
To herald back the spring.



ILLUSTRATIONS FOR STORY, "HAVING VISITORS," WRITTEN BY ELIZABETH C. WALTON.

HAVING VISITORS

(An Illustrated Story)

BY ELIZABETH C. WALTON (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

WHAT delight to have a few cheery visitors! What sunshine and brightness they bring! What delightful memories they leave behind! But, oh! the distress of unwelcome ones! Several years ago, there lived a tiny girl who was exceedingly fond of having visitors, but her visitors were always dolls. She had a cat, too, but she never invited him to company teas, because, as she informed her wee guests, he never behaved well enough.

One bright, sunshiny afternoon, she invited a few guests (dolls, of course) to a little tea, served on her porch. The day being warm, she removed her shoes and stockings, and "tidied" her house, and made preparations for her guests, who arrived as if by magic. Betty came, of course, because Betty was a great favorite. She was not beautiful, but her fond "mother" saw only delight in her smutty little

was kept busy eating, for, do you know, these grand guests never did their own eating, and this delicate task always fell to her lot. But one there was as fond of eating as she, and this visitor happened in in time for the repast, he not having been invited to partake of the delicate viands. My little lady turned her head; and he sprang quickly to the table, greedily devouring the dainties. The consternation of the guests and the wails of the hostess brought her mother to the rescue, and the culprit, Jack Prescott, was borne ignominiously away. This particular tot thinks it's pleasanter to visit than to have visitors when cats are around.

MY CHOICE

BY ETHEL NELSON (AGE 15)

JUST one year ago, when I graduated from the Grammar School, Mother gave me my choice of either going to the High School or taking a business course. I consulted the teacher I had in the graduating class, and asked her if she were in my place which she would choose. She advised me to go to the High School. Well, I took her



"GOING IT ALONE."

BY COLEMAN SELLERS, 3D, AGE 17.
(SILVER BADGE.)

BY RUTH MAC C. PETERS, AGE 16.
(SILVER BADGE.)

BY JOHN M. HARTMAN,
AGE 17.

BY ANNETTE PRITCHARTT,
AGE 15.

face and rag body, for, if you will believe it, Betty was almost as old as her mother, and was her constant companion; then there were Bo-Peep, Trilby, Julia, Tom Reed,

advice and went to the High School, but I certainly was sorry after I had done so.

Everything, mainly Latin, seemed very difficult for the

first few weeks of the term. The studies seemed gradually to get easier; but the Latin kept getting harder every day, and I constantly worried about it. I begged Mother to allow me to leave; but she told me since I had had my choice and wished to go to the High School, I must continue my course.

After two months had passed, I gradually got to like all my studies, even the Latin that I had so much difficulty with.

As the term progressed, my marks seemed to get better, and when it came time for promotion I had passed in everything. I am now in the second class and have no trouble with any of my studies.



"A KINGFISHER." BY FRANCES CAREY, AGE 10. (PRIZE, CLASS "C," WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

I am now very glad that Mother refused to let me leave, because I enjoy going to the High School very much.

I often hear of girls, after they have been in the High School but one week, leaving and going to some business school. I am very glad for the choice I made.

MY CHOICE—GOING VISITING

BY BERYL H. MARGETSON (AGE 11)

THE nicest place, I think, that I have ever been to is in Merionethshire, North Wales. My sister and I went there with some friends. We stayed for a month in the last house of a village which had been washed away by the sea. There is an island near where we were that is called "Machorus," or Shell Island; on it are the ruins of a house, and on the mainland, up a little bank from the beach, stand a ruined church and a lot of old tombstones. Some have moss which wonderfully preserves the lettering. I scraped the moss off of one and found it was dated 1660.

Several miles from Llandanwg—the name of the house—is the town of Halech, celebrated for the ancient Halech castle, built by James I, I think. The ghost of a lady is supposed to haunt it. At seven o'clock it looks out toward Ireland, for the lady expected help from France, and that is why she used to look out over the sea in the direction which the ships would come.

Llandanwg beach, as we call it, is, I think, the best beach for playing that there is. It is curiously divided into parts. One part is clear sand and nothing else, the next is a little sand and some stones, and then comes a long stretch of rocks and rock pools, containing sea-anemones, starfish,

prawns, winkles, and crabs. Every now and then there are little patches of sand through which you can dig channels and connect the pools. After the rock pools comes another stretch of sand, and up from the beach is a golf links, over which Halech castle watches, and away beyond Halech and the plain, which was once covered with the sea, is Snowden, the highest mountain in England, and Wales, which is visible on clear days.

WAITING

BY HELEN FINLAY DUN (AGE 14)

MY own experience of this I really cannot tell,
For, queer though 't is, I've never had to, for the shortest
spell;

But others of the family, they know it all too well—
For me, they're waiting!

For instance, in the morning when I slowly dress with
care,

When I'm putting on my blouse or am tying up my hair,
A voice is often apt to come floating up the stair—
"Your breakfast's waiting!"

And say, just when
we're taking notes
(in history
p'r'aps) at school,
When I cannot find my
pencil, and a line
I want to rule,
Our teacher then in-
forms me, in ac-
cents—slightly
cool
That she "is
waiting!"

Now this is really
shocking, and dis-
credit it, you may,
But if I'm getting
ready to go out to
tea one day,
I'm not at all surprised
if a message
comes to say
That tea is waiting!

That these are merely
"tales," now, I
really won't
pretend,

For Mother says
they're true, that
my habits I must
mend,

But now I'll bid "Adieu," for I must quickly end—
The postman's waiting!!



"GOING IT ALONE." BY ASA S. BUSHNELL, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE)

HAVING VISITORS

BY JOSEPHINE MC ALLASTER (AGE 15)

I WAS looking forward with great excitement for the coming of the noon train, which was to bring four entire strangers to our house. They were between the ages of twelve and sixteen, and were to arrive here directly from Germany. While I was helping our maid put the finishing touches on the room, I was called down-stairs and found the guests already assembled, as they came on an earlier train than I expected. Father and Mother were

both out driving, and none of my guests could speak English, nor I German, so I made a motion for them to take off their coats and hats and escorted them to their rooms. My parents arrived soon after and both being able to speak German, we had no more trouble in that direction. The German friends remained with me for four months and

enjoy her outing, and since then I have never seen any one so happy for any length of time as was that little girl during most of her stay. When she went away I felt well satisfied with the decision I had made.

"To-day Miss Chapman is a useful Christian woman who does a great deal for the people of the slums. I saw her not long ago, and she told me that she regards the weeks spent with me in the country as the turning-point of her life."

WAITING

BY BEATRICE PYNCHON (AGE 12)

O SUMMER, sunny summer,
Thou time of all the year!
I've waited, and I've waited,
For thy beauty to draw near.

I long to see your twitt'ring birds,
I long to hear them sing.
I've waited through the winter
For the gladness you will bring.

When first the robin's red I see,
When first the flowers blow,
I know that in a little while
Old winter has to go.

And then the world rejoices,
For it knows that it is spring;
For it's waited just as I have
To hear the robins sing.



"A JULY HEADING." BY ROBERT GIFFORD, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

in that time we had all sorts of fun, all of which was new to my friends. They soon learned my language enough to understand me and I learned theirs. When the time came that they must depart, I felt very sorry, but I have heard from them a great deal, as Papa translates the letters; and in most of them they remind me of how I greeted them when they first arrived.

MY CHOICE — MAKING A VISIT OR RECEIVING A VISITOR

BY GRACIA MOULE (AGE 17)

It was the story-hour and Mrs. Jones was about to tell her daughter of a choice she had made, long before, between going visiting and receiving a visitor.

"Once when I was your age," she began, "and we were spending the summer at our country home, Mother told me about the sufferings of children in the slums, and suggested that we have a little fresh-air girl come to spend a few weeks with us. I was pleased, and anxious to send for her at once, but unforeseen occurrences interfered, and it was only two weeks before we were to be back in the city that Mother said she would write at once asking that the little girl come.

"However, the same day a letter from my aunt arrived inviting me to her home. As I considered her the most charming woman in the world, with the exception, of course, of my own mother, the invitation made me almost wild with joy.

"But suddenly I remembered that if I accepted there would be no time left for entertaining the guest I had planned to have. Mother told me I must decide what I would do myself. That night I thought for a long time before going to sleep. It was a hard struggle, but the next day I had made my choice between being a visitor and having one. I would decline my aunt's invitation.

"A few days later a pale, wistful-looking child named Mary Chapman came to our home. Soon she began to

And when sweet spring is here,
I know that summer's nigh;
For I've waited, and I've waited,
To hear Jack Frost's "Good-by."

O Summer, when you really come,
How happy I shall be;
For winter will have really gone
When you come back to me.

WAITING

BY DORIS HUESTIS (AGE 15)

I've waited long and
patiently
A silver badge to gain,
Have strived my very
hardest,
But, seemingly, in vain.

I've tried my skill at draw-
ing,
But, naturally, that failed;
Did many a little bit of prose
On which my hopes were
nailed.

But the prose seemed worse than
drawing,
And at last, quite in despair,
I settled down to poetry,
An occasion for me most rare!

But there's lots of fun in trying,
That's a simple thing to do;
And I'll keep on waiting, waiting,
Others have to do that, too.



"A LITTLE PATRIOT."
BY CECILIA A. L. KELLY,
AGE 17. (SILVER
BADGE.)



"A PATRIOTIC SUBJECT." BY VIRGINIA S. BROWN, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

NEW LEAGUE CHAPTERS

No. 1128. President, Annabel Wood; Vice-President, Ethelwyn Sites; Secretary, Carol Chase; Assistant Secretary, Esther Patterson; Chairman, Edna Zirkle; twenty-three members.

No. 1129. "The Princeton Juniors." President, Albert Shanes; Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer, Max Halpern; Captain and Athletic Manager, Charles Lipkin; ten members.

No. 1130. "Garrick Club." President, Dorothy Rankin; Vice-President, Marjory Boyns; Secretary, Sarah Wright; five members.

No. 1131. President, Max Browner; Secretary, Benjamin Browner; eight members.

No. 1132. "The Hand of Justice." President, Medler Williams; Secretary, Eugene Lombard; twelve members.

No. 1133. President, Israel Weissman; Vice-President, Samuel Bernhard; Secretary and Treasurer, Charles Sarna; nine members.

No. 1134. President, Ethel Kee; Vice-President, Ellen Smith; Secretary, Ethel Bare; thirteen members.

No. 1135. President, Esther Keehn; Secretary, Ernest Hiser; Treasurer, Bessie Burkholder; seventy-two members.

No. 1136. President, Laura Hofer; Vice-President, Marion Platt; Secretary, Anna Grand; eight members.

No. 1137. "Athenian Club." President, Grace Burke; Secretary, Estelle A. Randall; seven members.

No. 1138. "The Bookworms." Secretary, Susan Shaffer; eight members.

No. 1139. President, I. Weissman; Vice-President, J. Rosengard; Secretary, B. Weiss; Treasurer, Henry H. Nussbaum; Literary Chairman, B. Ferber; eleven members.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

L. Adrienne Evans
Winona Jenkins
Esther W. Thomson
Allene Bower
R. Louise Cone
Harriet Ruth Tedford
Irene Rueger
Jenny Agnes Heyne
Mary Lee Thurman
Eleanor Copeland
Marian Baker
Margaret E. Beakes
Alice F. Griffin
Anna Dorothy Bruns
Manuel Mowra
Marian L. Sharpe
Grace Baldwin
Dorothy Southam
Burwell Brown
Rosamond Crawford
Florence Hildechan
Rogers
L. Elizabeth Barbour
Helen Gantz

Lilian Palmer
Madeleine Thayer
Helene Birgel
Elizabeth McAllister
Gwendoline E. Keene
Edith M. Levy
Thelma G. Williams
Elizabeth Whynman
Helen Poulder
Sanford Campbell
Winifred Sackville
Stoner
Adeline MacTier
Ralph W. Peters
Stella Green
Laura Paris
Mary Daboll

PROSE, 2

Margaret Barker
Mildred Roberts
Lilian E. Deghuae
Mittie Clark
C. Ruth Brown
Beryl Varnell

Phyllis H. Perlman
Marie F. Maurer
Dorothy M. Borrowes
Charles H. McCauley
Lucile Kepler
Anna Laura Porter
F. Isabel Collins
Dorothy O. Graves
Kathleen C. Brough
Dorothy H. Hoskins
Fritz Korb
Elsie Daubert
Rupert Gast
Clune Walsh
Beatrice Wineland
Dorothy Tilton
Katherine C. Mills
Ralph W. Lieber
Frances McConlogue
Ethel Warren Kiddier
Ethel Feuerlicht
Rachel Olmstead
Fannie E. Ruby
Isobel Maxwell
Margaret Billingham
Elizabeth Clay

Vivian Smith
Angela Healy
Beatrice E. Maule
Beatrice B. Sawyer
Edith May Maurer
Marion Cheney
Billy Stoughton
Ruth K. Gaylord
Violet A. Babcock
Ida May Syfrit
Ruth Bosley
Estella Johnson
Ennis Bryan
Vera V. Cole
Marie Melzer
Hannah Ruley
Jennie Spindler
Joseph Lautner
Mildred Gray Hucker
Roberta Yates
Nathaniel Howard
Florence Gallagher
Hortense Barten
Bertha R. Titus
Beryl M. Siegbert
Lillian A. Cole
Mamie Urie
Marjorie Dee Marks
Norman Stabler
Helen Page
Loudenslager
Margaret Levi
Gertrude Wood
Ethel Hopkins

VERSE, 1

Grace N. Sherburne
Eleanor Johnson
Isabella Rea
Hattie Anundsen
Bertha Walker
William McBride
Rose Norton
Anne Page
Josephine H. Edwards
Mary Curry
Katharine R. Welles
Ruth H. Bugbee
Gertrude Ragle
Hilda Sizer
Banny Stewart
McLean
May Bowers
Dorothy Kerr Floyd

Katharine Norton
Lillie Garmany
Menary
Nora McIntosh
Norah Culhane
Carolyn C. Wilson
Lucie Marucchi
Ruth Leipziger
Bruce T. Simonds
Beulah Henry
Marjorie G. Smith
Jeanne Jacoby
Ruth Lewinson
Elizabeth S. Allen
Lenore Guinzburg
Portia Bell
Temple Burling

VERSE, 2

Winnifred Ward
Helmi Niemi
Roberta Tener
Sarah Fuchs
Marian Thanouser
Laura E. Hill
Stanley McHatton
Louis Tanner
Alice Morgan
Frances Dorothea Tompkins
Rachel H. Lockner
Catharine Rebecca Mack
Helen A. Babbitt
Mary Frances Tranter
Helen Weiser
Ruth Starr
Mildred G. Wheeler
Stella F. Todd
Isabel Claire Blum
Mary Jaquelin Smith
Margaret Harms
Mary Virginia Doyle
Ruth S. Coleman
Della M. Houston
Virginia Ivey
Margaret Rayon
Vera Nikol
Helen Totten
Alice Phelps Rider
Edna Lillian Clay
Linzee Warburton
King
Hattie Tuckerman
Marjorie Davis

Charles Eckstein
Eugenia A. Lee
Ruth S. Mann
Beatrice Adler
Annie Radoff
George R. Spangler

DRAWINGS, 1

Audrey G. Hargraves
Margaret Brate
Herbert Wagner
Lily King Westervelt
Mary Christine Culhane
Alice Bothwell
Beryl Morse
Ethel V. Marten
John B. Hopkins
Harry Fill
Grace Wardwell
Austin S. Roche
Helen F. Morgan
Melville P. Cummin
Christine Rowley Baker
Margaret A. Foster
Prunella Wood
Pauline F. D'Arcy
Olive Garrison
Pauline Ehrich
Dora Guy
Isabelle K. Nicol
Eric William Passmore
Willis Keen
L. William Quanchi
Dorothy Clement
Alvah L. Warner
Minna H. Besser

DRAWINGS, 2

Ruth Kinkad
Marian S. Bradley
Helen Stevenson
Robert Whitford
Katharine Price
Eleanor Pollock
Elsie Butcher
Edward Godfrey
Emily Case
Henry C. Holt
Margaret N. Waite
Kathleen Culhane
Georgine Dismukes
Donald Harris



"PATRIOTS." BY HELEN A. SEYMOUR, AGE 15.

Theresa R. Robbins
Louise H. Seaman
Helen Rembert
Carlross
Phoebe Schreiber
Lambe
Thérèse N. McDonnell
Dorothy G. Stewart
Beulah E. Amidon
Lucile Shepard
Frances G. Ward

Dorothy Stockbridge
Frances Wiles
Philip Joseph
Cheitman
Margaret E. Cobb
Laura D. Northrop
Albert J. Considine
Josephine S. Wilson
Kathleen M. Flanagan
Vera Nagel

Grace H. Meeker
J. V. Newlin
Needham Tyndale
Jean Lucile Little
Virginia Ellingwood
Ruth Garrigues
Eleanor Gottheil
Merrill de Maris
Louisa Pauline Bancroft
Jennie E. Everden

THE work of examining the thousands of contributions received will be greatly facilitated if each contributor will observe the League rules and have his or her name, address, parent's endorsement, etc., on the contribution itself, and if a drawing or photograph, on the front margin or anywhere on the back, instead of in a separate letter. We must insist upon this rule.

J. Donnell Tilghman
Dwain Cheney
Rutherford White
Lily A. Lewis
Marie Kaan
Hardy Luther
Harriet L. Aiken
Katherine Smith
Frank Simpson
Ethel Rowe
Katharine Chroab
Lester Parker
Augusta L. Burke
Florence Huestis
Vivienne Collister
Muriel Colgate
Charles Bryan Bailey
Kathryn R.
MacMahan
Clarence Jackson
Leonora Howarth
Velma Dorothy
Hooper
Marshall Williamson
Edith M. Reynaud
Mildred Graham
David McDougal
Sibyl Ellen Carson
Frances M. Southard
Margery Ragle
Eloise Koch
Louise Marshall
James B. Ganly
Marian Bettman
Grace Clemente
Jean Dorchester
Charles Baskerville
Agnes I. Prizer
Dorothy A. Brown
John Schlesselman
George T. Flagg
Christine J. Wagner
Dorothy Hughes
Shirley May Bruce
Esther C. Lanman
Genevieve K. Hamlin
Fernando Faucher
Louise Cross
Marjorie Gibbons
Alison Kingsbury
Lillian Freeman
M. Alline Weeks
Virginia Duncan
Helen Otis
Friedenberg
Emily R. Kurtz
A. Frances Lamb
Catharine F. Playle
Stella Grier
Ida M. Packard
William Billinghamer
Dorothy Annable
Kate W. Griffin
Doris L. Glover
Emma Stuyvesant
Josephine
Witherspoon
Shirley Gill Pettus
Helen Rand
Olive N. Deane
Frances Hale Burt
Clara Butcher
Julia M. Herget
Martha E. Whittemore
Elva D. Staples
D. Rutherford Collins
John C. Farrar
Jean Hopkins

Charles W. Meyers
George Loring Porter, Jr.
Ethel King
Edgar Marburg, Jr.
Maithol H.
Woolcombe
Gladys Stephenson
Alexander Nussbaum
Theodora Martin
Charles H. Bell
S. Hutton Wendover
Frances Kostal
Florence L. Bentz
Vernet Lee
Margaret B.
Richardson
Elizabeth H. Coley
Mary Horne
Alice Whelan
Harold Thornton
Bodil Hornemann
Estelle Spivey
Dorothy Greene
Ralph Linn
James Gore King, Jr.
Martha Mary Seeley
Webster Nicoll
Carl E. Ohlsson
Kathryn Johnstone
Helen Underwood
Pearl Tweeden
Mary H. Pope
Joyce Armstrong
Robert Maclean
Fanny Tomlin
Burg
Ruth Streatfield
Dorothy Belasco
Katharine H.
Seligman
Charlotte J. Tougas

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Julia I. Ramsey
Fritz V. Hartman
Chester H. Menke
Margaret Phillips
Anna Halstead
de Lancy
Hubert K. Gronlun
Clara H. Grover
Esther Huger
Dorothy Mayer
Faith S. Harrington
Julia C. Ball
Harriet Anna
de Lancy
Ethel Knowlson Caster
Elizabeth A. Kearney
Landis Barton
Elise De Ronde
Marian L. Flavel
Marian G. Howard
Margaret Lindabury
Emily P. Welsh

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

William Kalkily
Helene M. L. Grant
Anne Abbott
Catharine C. Taussig
Eleanor Willis
Amy H. Requa
Emerson H. Virden

Tudie Mellichampe
Henry Jameson
Isabella Moore
Sarah Stiles
Priscilla W. Smith
Von McConnell
Florence Mars
Florence Speyers
Mary Bell Higgins
Herbert Weidenthal
W. Robert Reud
Margaret Southam
Edward D. Wines
C. P. Reynolds
F. Reeves Rutledge
Wentworth Williams
Constance G. Wilcox
Katharine W. V. R.
Arnold
Sarah E. Elmer
Ernest Thiele
Elizabeth Bowersock
Raymond Ford
Katherine Thomas
Jim Wyse
Helen F. Batchelder
Max S. Muench
Katharine Kitchey
Dorothy L.
Dockstader
Arthur Bateman
Winnifred Campbell
Wessie M. Shippen

PUZZLES, 1

Valerie Raas
Susan Adger
Williams
Harriet Henry
Julia F. Brice
J. S. Harlow, Jr.
N. Tiffany
Cassius M. Clay, Jr.
Emily P. Eaton
Duncan Scarborough
Stanley Daggett
Joseph Trombetti
Margaret L. Sayward
Ewart Judson
Harriette H. Shields
Mary Green Mack
Dorothy B. Leake
Alfred W. Swan
Helen Dirks
Hazel Jurgensen
Dolores Ingres
Arthur Blue
Susie M. Williams
Marie Frey

PUZZLES, 2

Brayton Blake
Ruth M. Carter
Harry Collins
Elly Martens
Wallace L. Cassell
Rebecca S. Janney
George D. Stout
Dorothy Wilcox
Oliver D. Wells
Cornelia M. Stabler
John L. Baxter
Bessie Blocker
Eleanora May Bell
Eloise Hazard
Ruth Kohlmetz

Donaldson, Emile Kostal, Louis Akerstrom, John W. Mantz, Hope Thomas Gravely, Dorothy Nes, Margaret Edmonds, Hugh McKay.

INCOMPLETE OR NO ADDRESS. Jacques Wolfe, Dorothy C. Snyder, Adeline Hatch, Thelma N. Sanborn, Anne Abbott, Margaret Borland, Louise Collins, Helen Miller, Mary Clark, Christian Weyand, Dean B. Lynam, Jr., Wilton N. Eddy, J. O'Grady, William H. de Lancy.

WRITTEN ON BOTH SIDES. Herbert B. Pawson.

PENCIL. Earl Richard Dickson, Lois C. Myers, William Albert McManus, Elizabeth Clarke Kieffer, Sherwood Lanigan, Ruth Elizabeth Dewsbury, Margaret Hannay, Arthur Hannay, Virginia Rudolph.

WRONG SUBJECT. Lauren Wright, Joseph Glasgow.

COLOR. Lydia Gardner.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 129

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to a gold-badge winner who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 129 will close **July 10** (for foreign members **July 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in **ST. NICHOLAS** for **November**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Water."

Prose. Story or article of not more than three hundred and fifty words. Subject, "Water."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Water."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Water," or a Heading or a Tail-piece for **November**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **ST. NICHOLAS**. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

RULES

ANY reader of **ST. NICHOLAS**, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

ROLL OF THE CARELESS

A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be entered for the competition:

LATE. Sara E. Armstrong, Alice D. Laughlin, Irene Myers, John Barbey Lewis, Helen E. Himmelsbach, Marjorie Brown, Dorothy A. Brown, Elizabeth Smith, Dorothy Helen Allen, Caroline Parker, Helen F. Dunn, A. De Bourg Fees, Loretta Smith.

NO AGE. Minerva Lewis, Ethel du Pont Barksdale, Helen A. Brault, Anne E. Wilson, Francis M. Farish, Elsie Jarvis, Doris S. Patee, Henrietta H. B. Sturgis, John S. Jenkins, Louise M. Rose, Deane H. Uptegrove, John S. Jenkins, Roger L. Rothwell.

NOT INDORSED. Anna Clarke, Esther Wendt, Marion McLeod Thompson, Irma François Sarot, Morris Romonafsky, Robert

THE EMERGENCY CORNER

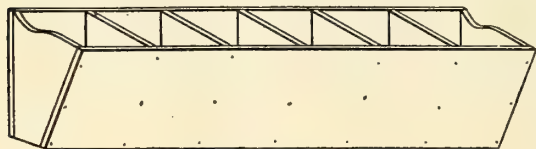
CONDUCTED BY CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN

HAVE not many of you boys and girls at some time in your lives been confronted by an emergency which you have met successfully, either because you remembered reading of the way some one else met a similar difficulty, or because you invented some little short cut which helped out? Perhaps you may have contrived some ingenious toy or home-made device that has proved a time- or labor-saver with the camera, in camp or in the home circle, or perhaps you have discovered original ways of earning money, or of gift-giving.

In any case, here are a few suggestions of this sort from young folks or their parents that may interest many boys and girls, and perhaps set their wits to working in some emergency to devise for themselves a satisfactory solution to the problem, whatever it may be.

TO KEEP THE FAMILY RUBBERS FROM GETTING MIXED

WE boys never had a satisfactory place for our muddy rubbers until my brother brought home the following idea from boarding-school. We took two boards about three feet long and ten inches wide, and put them together with six partitions,



THE RUBBER BOX.

as shown in the sketch. This made pockets about six inches long, two inches wide at the bottom and five inches at the top. This shoe-rack may be placed on the wall of the clothes-closet, but is better in the shed or on the back porch, where the dirt can fall through to the floor and be easily swept up. It beats dirty cloth shoe-bags, and pawing around the floor of dark closets, all to pieces.

R. R.

RAFFIA FOR TYING UP PRESENTS

INSTEAD of buying yards of narrow ribbon for tying Christmas packages we have found a much more satisfactory substitute. We buy ten cents' worth each of scarlet and green raffia. We take a strand of each color and put them together as one string to tie a package. It is light and strong

enough to go safely through the mails and gives a very Christmasy effect. All our large family draw on the general supply, but, like the widow's cruse of oil, it seems to outlast every emergency. It is also pretty for tying gifts to the Christmas tree, the bright colors increasing the festive appearance.

C. G.

TO MAKE LONG-STEMMED FLOWERS STAND UP

WHEN thick-stemmed flowers, such as daffodils, tulips, or iris, refuse to stand upright, try putting a napkin-ring in the bottom of the vase. This will center the flowers nicely, make them stand erect as though growing, and make a much more artistic, Japanese-y arrangement.

F. L. M.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING ON A HOT DAY

THE emergency came, and alas! I was not mistress of the situation. Company was on the way, and the mayonnaise, for which I hitherto had had such a reputation, took this occasion to curdle hopelessly. Worst of all, there were no more eggs, so I could not "begin again with a fresh egg," as the cook-book so blandly advised. Then Grandma came to the rescue with a lump of ice as large as her dear fist. Through my tears I saw her rub the ice quickly through the mayonnaise, take it out at the end of two or three minutes, then stir the dressing very briskly, and lo! it had become as stiff, smooth, and golden as one could wish.

B. F.

HOME-MADE DOG FOOD

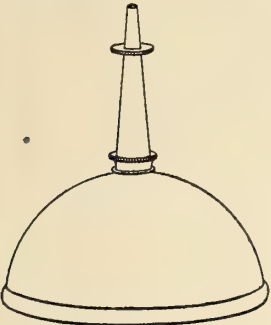
My thoroughbred dog is not allowed to have meat often, yet he turns up his aristocratic nose at 'most everything else. So now we keep on hand a food suggested by our kind "vet," and made as follows: we get a soup-bone and boil it as for soup. When slow cooking has extracted all the juices from it, we take the bone from the broth, remove the meat, chop it fine, and return to the soup. We then stir in enough corn-meal to make a thick mush, and set it aside to cool. When cold, we cut in slices, and feed it as required. If Laddie won't eat it, then we know that he is n't really very hungry.

G. K.

TO KEEP THE SEWING-MACHINE CLEAN

SOMETIMES after oiling the sewing-machine we are dismayed to find grease-spots on our fine

work. At first we could not account for it, because we knew that we had carefully wiped off every oiled place. One day I happened to notice the oil-can of a machinist who was repairing our lawn-mower. His can had an ordinary washer, as in the sketch, on the spout to prevent any oil running down outside the can on to the table or bench wherever it happened to be put. As our mysterious spots had probably come from the drop-leaf of the machine, where we had always placed the can while cleaning off the holes, I promptly decorated our can with a small washer, and have had no trouble since.



THE "SAFETY" OIL-CAN.

V. S.

GETTING RID OF A STUMP

I WONDER if some of the country or suburban devotees of St. NICHOLAS would not be interested in our simple method of getting rid of a stubborn stump. First we bore a large hole, about one inch, in the soft wood stump in a downward direction, to a depth of sixteen or twenty inches. We then fill this hole with kerosene, and as the oil penetrates the wood, fill the hole again. After each filling we cork the hole with a rough wooden plug, and at the end of a month or two apply fire to the oil in the hole, which entirely consumes the stump.

A. N. R.

A NOVEL KNITTING-BALL HOLDER

GRANDMA'S ball of knitting-yarn kept tumbling out of her lap and rolling to far-away places. After I had picked it up five or six times, I got the best of that ball in this way: I found a paper bag in the kitchen, and turned the top back to form a sort of smooth-edged collar. Then, after Grandma had dropped her ball inside, I pinned the bag to her dress, and now we both find it a most convenient arrangement. Kitty, however, misses a plaything for which she was always on the lookout.

H. R.

A WILD-FLOWER CENTERPIECE

Do you know what a beautiful table centerpiece may oftentimes be made of wild flowers? The prettiest ones that we had last summer were made of that dainty variety of carrot known as queen's-lace, and the roadside snapdragon which we chil-

dren called butter-and-eggs. Sometimes we varied it by substituting the feathery green top of garden asparagus or some belated daisies, blue ragged-robins, or scarlet fireweed. The wild carrot harmonized with everything, would stay lovely a week at a time, and was always a dainty delight.

S. L.

HOW TO DRAW A CIRCLE

HERE 's my way of making a circle; it beats the old lead-pencil-and-string way, all to pieces: I use a pin as a pivot and substitute for the string a strip of smooth, heavy paper which will not stretch as string does,—and the result is a quickly made, really-truly circle.

J. E. M.

LEAKY GAS-JETS

WHEN the gas-jet leaks so badly that professional aid is needed to repair it, rub the soft part of common hard soap vigorously into the leaky crack, and the emergency will be tided over until the fixture man comes.

H. G. L.

EASIER THAN TYING

WHEN very little children visit our bibless household, we tie a knot in one corner of their napkin, tuck it inside the little neck-band, and find that it always holds the improvised bib in place. Sometimes it is a little difficult to get the knot inside, but once there, it is there to stay.

C.

DRYING THE HAIR

WHEN bathing in the ocean last summer my hair always got wet. As I did n't like to have the wet ends blowing around my face while drying, I met the emergency by first rubbing my head as dry as I could, and then tying on a bathing-hat which had lost its crown. Then I just pulled my long, wet hair through the place where the crown ought to have been, letting it hang till dry. I confess



HOW I DRIED MY HAIR.

to not being a very charming-looking maid in that guise, so I made drying-time letter-writing time, and managed to keep pretty well up with my correspondence while sitting by a sunny, breezy window in my room.

J. B. N.

THE LETTER-BOX

TORONTO, ONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the third year that I have taken you. I have taken a greater interest in the stories by Ralph Henry Barbour, the "Betty" Stories, and the "Young Railroaders" than any others.

At Christmas I was given a story called "Lady Jane" that used to be in ST. NICHOLAS a number of years ago, which I enjoyed very much.

A few months ago the play called "The Little Pilgrim's Progress," from ST. NICHOLAS, was given at our church anniversary; although we did not have the scenery or wear the costumes, still it was very pretty. The little girl who was to take the part of the Little Pilgrim was ill, so another girl had to take her place, although she only had one day to learn the part, but she did it very well. I remain,

Your loving reader,

DORIS WALKER (age 12).

HERE is a charming little elephant story taken from the "London Times." What a splendid example of fidelity that may well inspire even human beings!

ONE OF THE FINEST ELEPHANT STORIES

OF the docility of the elephant there is no need to multiply examples. It is said that in India native women sometimes, when called away, intrust their babies to the care of "The Handed One," confident that they will be safe and tenderly handled. But of all elephant stories, surely the finest is that which tells how the standard-bearing elephant of the Peishwa won a great victory for its Mahratta lord. At the moment when the elephant had been told to halt, its mahout was killed. The shock of battle closed around it, and the Mahratta forces were borne back; but still the elephant stood, and the standard which it carried still flew, so that the Peishwa's soldiers could not believe that they were indeed being overcome, and, rallying in their turn, drove the enemy backward till the tide swept past the rooted elephant and left it towering colossal among the slain. The fight was over and won, and then they would have had the elephant move from the battle-field, but it waited still for the dead man's voice.

For three days and nights it waited where it had been told to remain, and neither bribe nor threat would move it, till they sent to the village on the Nerbudda, a hundred miles away, and fetched the mahout's little son, a round-eyed lisping child, and then at last the hero of that day, remembering how its master had often in brief absence delegated authority to the child, confessed its allegiance, and, with the shattered battle-harness clanging at each stately stride, swung slowly along the road behind the boy.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just come back from a trip to Europe, and I am sure it would interest your readers to hear about it. First I went to Rome, Italy, and I stayed there about ten days; I liked Rome very much on account of its lovely old ruins. The day after I arrived I went to see the Colosseum, which is the largest theater in the world, and then to the Forum Romanum, which was very interesting, there was such a lot of old ruins; but the thing I liked best was the catacombs. From Rome I went to Florence, but there was not much to see there but the picture-galleries, which I enjoyed very much. And then I went to Venice, and that was the place I liked best of all

my journey. When I arrived it was very late at night, and so I got into a gondola and went to the hotel, which was a very long way from the station, and I enjoyed it immensely. I went to see the Doge's Palace, which was very interesting. On my way to Lucerne, Switzerland, I stopped the night in Milan to see the lovely cathedral. When I arrived in Lucerne it was a beautiful day, and the hotel I stayed at was just on the Lake of Lucerne, so it was very nice. From Lucerne I stopped at Paris on my way back to England, where I intend to stay in school until the end of July, then I am going back to Montreal again.

I am your devoted reader,

ALICE ROSS (age 16).

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for nearly two years, and have enjoyed you thoroughly.

In the country we have eight pigeons. We intend to tame them, I don't quite know how yet.

We have bunnies, too. They eat out of our hands. Last autumn Mother gave us two foreign bunnies, one for each. This winter the two bunnies had children.

I should have said before that these bunnies have black ears, noses, paws, and tails. When their children were young they had white ears, noses, paws, and tails. Afterward they grew black. Is n't that queer?

Whenever you come I am very happy; you are so interesting that I wish you came oftener.

From your faithful and devoted reader,

KATHERINE MACKAY (age 10).

TORONTO, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: No mere letter can express my delight, astonishment, and pride, on receiving your notice and later the never-to-be-forgotten honor of the silver badge; and my delight was much increased by the fact that it was only my second composition on entering the League. I am twelve now. My sister Marjorie was so tickled with my ear-to-ear grin all day after I received your notice, that she actually photographed me! Of course I had dreamed dreams, but had no more idea of their coming true than the small boy had of his soaring ideas, in the shape of being told he was credited with a million dollars, or that he had been made heir to a throne, but I can assure you that the proverbial small boy's dreams, even if they had come true, could not give him as much delight as the silver badge has given me.

I thought it might interest you to know that I got my name from the ST. NICHOLAS. When Mother was small, there was a serial running in the magazine called "Donald and Dorothy," and she was so much delighted with the story and the names that she never forgot them; and when she grew up and was married, she named my brother Donald and myself Dorothy, as it is in the story. I wonder if many other League members got their names from ST. NICHOLAS.

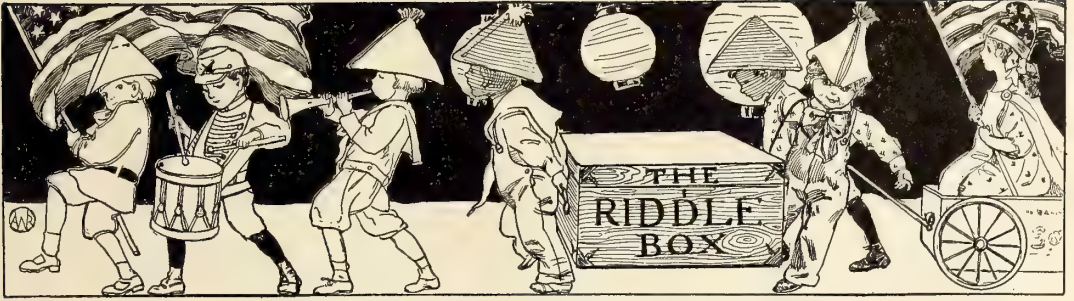
When Mother was small there was no League, and I am sure it has made a big difference for the better in the magazine, and I enjoy it thoroughly and much more so now that I am a "badget" as Don calls me.

With many thanks, and all good wishes for the other members, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

DOROTHY H. HOSKINS.

P.S. I shall always wear your beautiful badge.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER

DIAGONAL. Shakespeare. 1. Susquehanna. 2. Physiognomy. 3. Hyacinthine. 4. Workmanship. 5. Imprecation. 6. Diversities. 7. Biographies. 8. Disrespects. 9. Counterpart. 10. Wilkesbarre. 11. Disseminate.

DOUBLE CURTAILINGS. 1. Ida-ho. 2. Den-se. 3. And-es.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "The quality of mercy is not strained."

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Let not your sail be bigger than your boat."

CHARADE. Hu-mil-i-ate.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, Napoleon; Third row, Waterloo. Cross-words: 1. News. 2. Alas. 3. Pets. 4. Omen. 5. Lore. 6. Eels. 7. Odor. 8. Nook.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received before April 10 from "Just Two"—Frank M. Rukamp—Frances C. Hamlet—Frank Black—Elsie, Lacy, and Tillie—Agnes L. Thomson—Frances McIver—Judith Ames Marsland—Hamilton Brinsley Bush—Marian Shaw—Arnold F. Muhlig—Will Lyman Lloyd, Jr.—"Queenscourt."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received before April 10 from M. H. Meader, 2—Edna Meyle, 7—F. Van Horne, 6—M. C. Timpson, 3—Edith Baumann, 5—"The Quartette," 9—Horace Rublee, 4.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from P. Brooks—R. Bosley—H. T. C. Taylor—I. Derickson—M. Kleinecke—D. Dewar—E. Hingman—S. S. Burdett—M. Williams.

WORD-SQUARE

1. HEAT and light caused by burning.
2. A useful metal.
3. An open way.
4. Finishes.

FREDERIC BREITENFELD (age 8).

CHARADE

My first is so stupid and slow;
My last, an assortment complete;
In my last some are eager to go,
And my whole is melodious, sweet.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

My primals name a famous author, and my finals, one of his works.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. To scatter. 2. An island of the West Indies. 3. Once more. 4. A kind of whip formerly used for flogging criminals. 5. To follow. 6. Pertaining to the sun. 7. A famous city. 8. A happening. 9. Odor. 10. To keep back. 11. To prevaricate.

MARJORIE K. GIBBONS (League Member).

ADDITIONS

EXAMPLE: To an effort add a dish and make a closet. Answer, pan-try.

1. To a line add skins of certain animals, and make a trench.
2. To devoured add a tavern, and make inborn.
3. To a pole add to batter, and make part of a gun.
4. To a masculine nickname add part of the head, and make acquired by service.
5. To endeavor add to conquer, and make stormy.
6. To a rule add not in, and make a robber.
7. To a color add a rodent, and make a kind of cane.
- 8.

KING'S MOVE PUZZLE. Begin at J in the lowest line: J. Fenimore Cooper; The Last of the Mohegans; The Deerslayer; The Pathfinder; The Pioneers; The Pilot; The Wept of Wish-ton-wish.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. "Caesar's Gallic Wars." 1. Dis-cove-red. 2. Sen-at-ors. 3. Att-end-ant. 4. Con-solid-ate. 5. Par-all-els. 6. Int-rod-uce. 7. Per-sever-ing. 8. Dia-go-nal. 9. Eng-all-ant. 10. Coa-lit-ion. 11. Gal-lap-ing. 12. Reg-is-ter. 13. Pre-cur-sor. 14. Way-war-dly. 15. Adv-ant-age. 16. Sur-render-ing. 17. Sen-sat-ion.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Apres. 2. Prune. 3. Rupee. 4. Eneid. 5. Seeds. II. 1. Parts. 2. Azure. 3. Rupee. 4. Tread. 5. Seeds. III. 1. Seeds. 2. Endow. 3. Edile. 4. Dolce. 5. Sweep. IV. 1. Sweep. 2. Whale. 3. Eager. 4. Elemi. 5. Peril. V. 1. Sweep. 2. Weave. 3. Easel. 4. Event. 5. Pelts.

To a short sleep add a young goat, and make to steal. 9. To a period of time add a great planet, and make a day of the week.

The initials of the new words will spell certain things seen on the Fourth of July.

HARRIET HENRY (League Member).

A PRESIDENTIAL PUZZLE

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

*	9	8	21	19
*	6	.	20	14
*	18	22	15	.
*	7	13	1	10 16
24	*	12	.	.
*	.	.	.	17 28
*	4	25	26	23
3	*	.	.	.
.	5	*	2	11 27

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A president who was previously governor of Tennessee. 2. A vice-president who was previously governor of Indiana. 3. A president who appointed Daniel Webster secretary of state. 4. A recent vice-president. 5. A vice-president under Madison. 6. A recent president. 7. The present vice-president. 8. A vice-president under Grant. 9. A president who was born at Kinderhook.

Star-path, reading downward, a president who was born in April; from 1 to 8, another president who was born in April; from 9 to 16, a president for one month; from 17 to 23, a president who died in April, and from 24 to 28, a president who was born in April.

INGLE WHINERY.

PEARS

MATCHLESS FOR THE COMPLEXION

"All rights secured."

Specially drawn for Messrs. Pears' by Mr. Walter Crane.



Try a Kingsford custard with tart berries, served cold. Or, with summer fruits, a delicate sauce or cream—easy to make and hard to surpass.

KINGSFORD'S CORN STARCH

makes ideal summer desserts—light, cooling and easily digested. Kingsford's will help your juicy fruit pies, such as rhubarb and cherry. Used in the pastry, it keeps the under crust dry and tender.

All these things in Cook Book "H.H." "What a Cook Ought to Know About Corn Starch"—168 of the best recipes you ever tried. *The book is free.* Send for it. Your name on a post card will bring it.

T. KINGSFORD & SON
Oswego, N. Y.
National Starch Co., Successors



MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM

TOILET POWDER



One Touch of Mennen's Soothes the Whole World's Skin

Positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn; deodorizes perspiration. For over a quarter of a century it has been the standard toilet preparation. Remember to ask for Mennen's, and accept no substitute.

Sample box for 2c stamp
GERHARD MENNEN CO. Orange Street, Newark, N. J.
The Pioneer Makers of Talcum Powder

**A Helpful Friend
In Country House or Camp**

THE CENTURY COOK BOOK

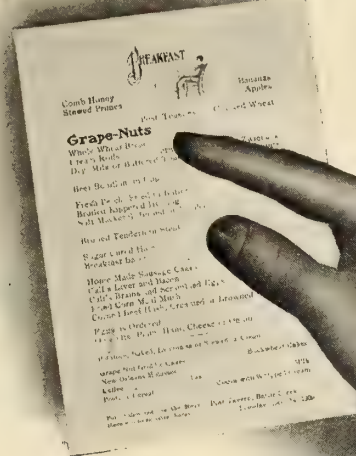
New Edition

By Mary Ronald

It tells everything that every housewife wants to know—how to market economically and well, the prime principles of cooking, receipts for simple and inexpensive as well as elaborate dishes, invaluable and minute instructions for the inexperienced as well as the expert cook.

The new edition has 100 new and novel receipts of special excellence.
Over 150 illustrations, \$2.00 postpaid.

The Century Co., New York



Begin the Day
Well—

Grape-Nuts

with Cream

is a scientific, partially predigested food, containing the vital elements of wheat and barley for rebuilding body and brain.

It is easily and quickly assimilated, and does not detract from the morning's energy as do many other foods which are hard to digest.

Grape-Nuts sustains body and brain in fine fettle for any activity the day's business or pleasure may present.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A.



For the Picnic Basket
—take Karo along—
Eat it with biscuit or spread
on bread.

Use it for a tea punch—hot or iced
coffee. Cooling drinks are delicious sweet-
ened with Karo (See the Book, *pages*
26 to 28). Karo agrees with everybody.

Karo
CORN SYRUP

Eat it on

Griddle cakes
Hot biscuit
Waffles

Use it for

Ginger bread
Cookies
Candy

Karo Cook Book—fifty pages, including
thirty perfect recipes for home candy
making—Free. Send your name on a post-
card, today, to

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY

Dept. H.H.

NEW YORK

P. O. Box 161

Velvet Grip
RUBBER BUTTON

Hose Supporter

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

is easy, safe and economical;
allows the utmost free-
dom of movement
and is readily
attached.

It interests
children in
dressing
them-
selves.



All
genuine have
the Moulded
Rubber Button,
and Velvet Grip
is stamped on
the loops.

GEORGE FROST COMPANY,
Boston, U.S.A.

Sample pair,
children's size
(give age),
mailed on
receipt of
16 cents.

A Rest



is likely what you
need most right
now. Take a real
rest—and relieve
all stomach, kid-
ney and liver
troubles and indi-
gestion—at

French Lick
West Baden Springs

Don't suffer from rheumatism either, when you can drink
the waters at this "America's greatest watering place"—
unsurpassed by even the most famous Spa in Europe for
curative qualities. Take a pleasant trip, meet delightful
people, enjoy ideal, healthful recreation at one of these
noted resorts.

Located in Southern Indiana on the Monon. For in-
formation about rates, etc., address

FRANK J. REED, General Passenger Agent
Republic Building, Chicago

MONON ROUTE

COX'S INSTANT POWDERED GELATINE

RASPBERRY MERINGUE PUDDING, 9 to 10 Persons

1½ OZS. (3 HEAPING TABLE-SPONFULS) COX'S INSTANT POWDERED GELATINE, ½ PINT (1 CUP) MILK, ½ LB. (1 CUP) SUGAR, 1 TABLESPOONFUL LEMON-JUICE, 1 PINT (2 CUPS) WHIPPING CREAM, RIPE RASPBERRIES, A FEW MERINGUES FILLED WITH WHIPPED CREAM.

Rub enough ripe raspberries through a sieve to make one pint of pulp, then dissolve the Gelatine in the milk, add it with the sugar, lemon-juice, and whipped cream to raspberry mixture. Mix and pour into a wet mold, turn out when set. Decorate with raspberries and meringues filled with whipped cream.



The Boy

This Highland Laddie has been presenting Cox's Gelatine to the world for more than 80 years.

Your mother probably knew Cox's Gelatine by the red, white and blue Checkerboard Box when she was a little girl. Neither its dress nor that of the Boy has changed, although its contents have been improved and the Refined Sparkling Gelatine of former years has become Cox's Instant Powdered Gelatine. This form is the most convenient in which Gelatine can be prepared. Dissolves instantly in boiling water—no soaking, no waiting. Perfectly smooth, not grainy or lumpy.

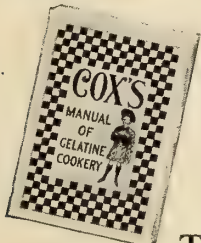


The Box

Cox's Manual of Gelatine Cookery, prepared by an American cooking expert, contains more than 200 recipes.

Cox's Manual of Gelatine Cookery, prepared by an American cooking expert, contains more than 200 recipes.

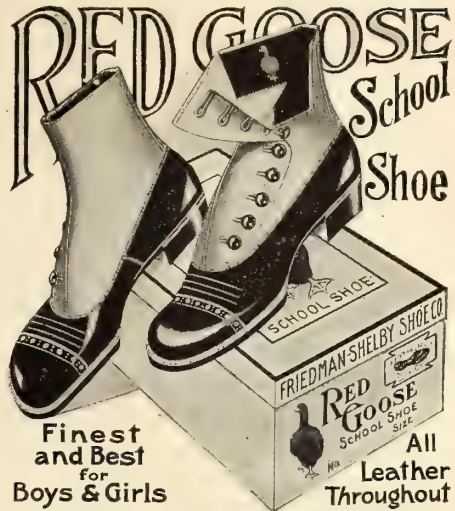
Send us your address for a Complimentary Copy. Cox's Instant Powdered Gelatine is sold by all dealers.



The Book

The Cox Gelatine Co.,

Dept. "F" 100 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.
U. S. Distributors for J. & G. Cox, Ltd.
Edinburgh, Scotland.



Finest and Best for Boys & Girls

All Leather Throughout

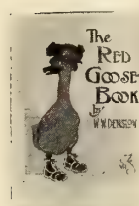
\$400.00 IN CASH PRIZES

Will Be Given This Year to the Boys and Girls Who Make the Best Drawings of the Famous RED GOOSE.

This will be divided into 135 prizes, as follows: 1st prize, \$100; 2d, \$50; 3d, \$25; 4th, \$15; 5th, \$10; 10 prizes each, \$5; 20 prizes each, \$2.50; 100 prizes each, \$1.00, making 135 in all. Any boy or girl under 16 years of age can enter. Contest begins at once and ends December 1, 1910. Awards to be made by a committee of five, including a famous artist, a magazine publisher, a noted advertising man, a shoe man, and the editor of a national trade paper. Costs absolutely nothing to enter. The only requirement is that you make your drawing, take it to a retail merchant in your town, have him certify to your age, then send to us.

This drawing contest is conducted in order to acquaint every boy and girl in America with the famous Red Goose School Shoe, "the Finest and Best for Boys and Girls."

Enter the RED GOOSE Drawing Contest and try for one of the 135 prizes. Costs you nothing. Send for details.



Send 5 cents in coin or stamps for a copy of "The RED GOOSE BOOK," lithographed in seven colors, with sixteen poems and many pictures, by W. W. Denslow.

Friedman-Shelby Shoe Co.

All Leather Shoe Makers

901 St. Charles St., St. Louis, U.S.A.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

UNOFFICIAL PERFORATIONS

A BRIGHT-EYED laddie from Illinois writes that he has "found a stamp, perforated with queer oblong spaces along the sides, and no perforation whatever at either top or bottom of the stamp." This is one of the perforations applied, unofficially, by the makers of what are known as "mailing-machines." Within the past few years there have come upon the market two kinds of machines which require stamps perforated differently to the ordinary. One kind of these machines is for vending stamps — a machine of the penny-in-the-slot variety. The other kind, of which there are several prominent makes, is for the rapid stamping, sealing, counting, and handling of mail, for use by firms with a large correspondence. For the use and convenience of these several machines, the Post-office has issued stamps in three novel ways: in part-perforated rolls, either sideways or lengthwise; in imperforated rolls, also either sideways or lengthwise; and in entire imperforated sheets of four hundred stamps each. The part-perforated rolls have, of course, the regular governmental perforation, either at sides or ends, as the case may be. To the other two styles, however, there have been applied various unofficial varieties of perforation to meet the needs of the various machines. One make of machine uses stamps imperforated at top and bottom, but with various types of perforation between the stamps: such as seven small punctures close together and half-way between top and bottom. Later, this same machine perforated with six holes, somewhat larger and farther apart than those first used. It now perforates with two long, deep, oblong cuts. Another machine used at first a perforation consisting of six very large holes near the middle of the stamp — the space between these holes has now been widened so that they take up nearly the entire side of the stamp. Other makes of machines use stamps rolled lengthwise, and these show unofficial perforations, or separating devices, at top and bottom, instead of size. These top and bottom perforations may consist of cuts or holes, and sometimes of both. Probably other machines will follow with still different methods of perforations unofficially applied. Such stamps are a very interesting side line of collecting and are well worth saving and studying. The only values noted as having been used on such machines are the one-, two-, three-, four-, five-, and ten-cent. The issues represented are the 1902 and 1908 issues, together with the Lincoln and Alaska issues of 1909.

THE USE OF STAMP "HINGES"

ALL stamps should be placed in one's album only with specially prepared "stickers" or "hinges." These can be bought from any of our advertisers and are to be had in several sizes and of different qualities. A good grade of "peelable" hinge is best. As usual the higher the price the better the goods. The usual way of using these is to bend or crease the hinge into two unequal sections, representing roughly one third and two thirds of its length. The shorter section is moistened and attached to the stamp — the other end to the album. The hinge is made peelable usually by having two coats of mucilage, therefore moisten only slightly so as to soften only the first coat. Attach the hinge close up to the top of the stamp so that the stamp can

be easily and readily turned up, either for the purpose of inspection or for reading such notations as it may seem advisable to the individual collector to make on the album space covered by it. Many collectors use this concealed space underneath the stamp for noting the date purchased, price paid, from whom purchased, watermark, perforation, and other interesting data. These notes are both interesting and valuable.

Of late there has been a growing tendency among collectors to hinge the stamp, not at the top, but at the left side. In this case the hinge is creased in the middle. A stamp can be turned up more easily if hinged on the long side or axis than if on the short end.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

FROM your description the ten-cent 1847 United States is canceled in the usual way with a "bar" cancellation, somewhat circular in shape. Stamps of this issue are found with three types of cancellation, valued in the following order: pen-marked, bar-type, and town cancellation. This latter is the name of a town and city in a circle with a date. The bar cancellation was in general and wide-spread use, and can be found in black, red, and green ink. The first two are about equally common, while the green is really scarce and commands a much higher price than either of the others. There was a four-cent stamp issued by the United States in 1902, orange-brown in color, bearing the head of Grant, and inscribed "series of 1902." The last seven-cent stamp was of the issue of 1873. It has been reprinted twice, however, once in 1875, and again in 1880. There is a stamp catalogue called the "Standard" which would give you a vast deal of information and which can be bought from any of our advertisers. Columbian stamps which have been hand stamped "T" and "Colon" in a circle are somewhat similar to our own postage due stamps. Many letters are received at the Post-office in Colon upon which the postage is not prepaid. Upon such double rates are charged. The stamps representing this charge are placed upon the letter and struck with an ordinary rubber stamp. It is not really a surcharge, but a form of cancellation. It is for this reason also that the catalogues do not list these stamps. They are mentioned in one of the foreign catalogues. Precanceled stamps are stamps upon which the cancellation is printed before the stamps are affixed. They are used upon what the department calls second-, third-, and fourth-class matter, and can be used only upon special application. The name of the city and state must be printed on the stamp between two heavy black lines with regulation canceling-ink. The theory of their use is to facilitate the work of the Post-office. Permits are taken out mainly by large advertisers. The advantage to the Post-office is a saving of time in canceling a large number of circulars. The advantage to the advertiser is that a large number of circulars addressed to any city may be safely and securely packed, going to their destination in an unbroken package and arriving in better condition than if each circular were stamped in the receiving office and made the journey by itself. The collecting of current United States stamps, both used and unused, in as many different shades as possible, is indeed an interesting and inexpensive pastime. The current two-cent especially can easily be found in a wide variety of shades.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS AT OLD ADDRESS
SCOTT'S has REMOVED
 to the fine new store, 127 Madison Ave., New York.
Scott's Catalogue, 800 pages, paper covers, 60c.; cloth, 75c.; post free.
Albums, 30c. to \$55 each. Send for illustrated price-list.



STAMPS—108 different, including new Panama, old Chile, Japan, curious Turkey, scarce Paraguay, Philippines, Costa Rica, West Australia. several unused, some picture stamps, etc., all for 10c. Big list and copy of monthly paper free. Approval sheets, 50% commission.
SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO., 127 Madison Ave., New York

POSTAGE STAMP LESSONS

Something entirely new that will interest every stamp collector, both old and young. Write to-day for a *free Sample Stamp Lesson*, and find out how to become a *philatelist*.

New England Stamp Co., 43 Washington Bldg., Boston, Mass.

BARCAINS Each set 5 cts.—to Luxemburg 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 15 Russia; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 8 Dutch Indies; 5 Crete. Lists of 5000 low-priced stamps free.

CHAMBERS STAMP CO.
 111 & Nassau Street, New York City.



STAMPS FREE. 15 all different Canadians, 10 India, and catalogue free. Postage 2 cents, and, when possible, send us names, addresses of two stamp collectors. **Special Offers**, no two alike. 50 Spain 11c, 40 Japan 5c, 100 U. S. 20c, 50 Australia 9c, 10 Paraguay 7c, 10 Uruguay 7c, 17 Mexico 10c, 20 Turkey 7c, 7 Persia 4c. Agents Wanted 50% discount. 50 Page List Free.
MARNS STAMP COMPANY. Dept. N. Toronto, Canada.



STAMPS 108 all different, Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cape G. H., Mexico, Natal, Java, etc., and **Album, 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 20c.** 65 different U. S. 25c, 100 hinges, 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. **List Free.** I buy stamps.
C. Stegman, 5941 Cote Brillante av., St. Louis, Mo.

Stamps! 100 diff. scarce Shanghai, Honduras, etc., only 5c. 100 diff. U. S., only 1/4c., big bargain! 1000 finely mixed, 15c. Hundreds of bargains! Agts. wtd. 50%. List free. **L. B. Dover, St. Louis, Mo.**

Stamps Free! 3 Tunis, 3 Persia, 3 China, 4 Dutch Indies. One of these sets free if you send for approvals. Big bargain lists, price lists, etc., free. We have an immense stock.
W. C. PHILLIPS & CO., GLASTONBURY, CONN.



Stamp Album with 538 genuine Stamps, incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., only 10c. 100 diff. Japan, India, N. Zld., etc., 5c. Agts. wtd. 50%. **Big bargain list, coupons, etc., all Free!** **We Buy Stamps.**
C. E. Housman Stamp Co., Dep. I, St. Louis, Mo.

5 Varieties PERU Free WITH TRIAL APPROVAL SHEETS.
F. E. THORP, Norwich, N. Y.

STAMPS: 105 China, Egypt, etc., stamp dictionary and list 3000 bargains 2c. Agents, 50%. **A. Bullard & Co., Sta. A., Boston.**

DANDY PACKET STAMPS free, for names two honest collectors; 2c postage. Send to-day. **U. T. K. STAMP CO., Utica, N. Y.**

KING'S HEADS in largest variety, also **Queen's Heads**. Send for illustrated catalog British Colonials. 7 Malta 10c, 7 Mauritius 10c, 3 So. Nigeria 10c, 5 Malay 10c, 9 Trinidad 10c, 8 W. Australia 10c, 10 Cape 10c, 7 Ceylon 10c, 27 India 30c, 12 Straits 20c, 6 Lagos 22c. **Colonial Stamp Co., 350 53d St., Chicago.**

Stamps Free 100 all different for the names of two collectors and 2c postage. 20 different foreign coins, 25c.
TOLEDO STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio, U.S.A.

Stamps 100 VARIETIES FOREIGN, FREE. Postage 2c. Mention ST. NICHOLAS. **QUAKER STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.**

HONOLULU AND BACK (1st Class) \$110

5 1-2 days from San Francisco

The splendid twin-screw steamer *Sierra* (10,000 tons displacement) sails from San Francisco July 9, July 31, and every 21 days. Round trip tickets good for 4 mos. **Honolulu**, the most attractive spot on entire world tour. Volcano Kilauea now unusually active. **Line to Tahiti and New Zealand.** S. S. *Mariposa*, connecting with Union Line, sails August 6, etc. Tahiti and back (24 days) \$125. New Zealand (Wellington) \$246.25, 1st class, round trip, 6 mos. Book Now.

Oceanic S. S. Co., 673 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

THIS RACING AIRSHIP
complete for ascension is only 30 cents

The novelty of the day, sails like a real one. Easy to operate with our simple directions. Affords amusement for young and old. Send for one. 5 1/2 ft. 30c; 8 ft. 60c, postpaid; 12 ft. by express, \$1.00.

BRAZEL NOVELTY CO.
 1739 Ella St. Cinti, Ohio



A CHARMING NOVELTY

Which Will Spare Your Purse While Pleasing Your Friends



A Miniature Monkey Wrench of Perfect Design and Workmanship.
Price 25 cents each, postpaid.

Do not send coin. It is liable to loss in the mails. Send stamps, postal note or check

MINIATURE NOVELTY CO.
 130 East 20th Street New York

1847 ROGERS BROS.



X S TRIPLE

"Silver Plate that Wears"



The famous trade mark "1847 ROGERS BROS." on spoons, forks, knives, etc., guarantees the heaviest triple plate. Send for catalogue "U 5."

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
 (International Silver Co., Successor)

Chicago MERIDEN, CONN. San Francisco



A "MODEL DRAWING-ROOM"

Report on Competition No. 101, which is number three in the "Model House" Advertising Competition, the first being announced last October and the second one last February.

The work in this competition was as a whole very clever, but the judges wish to say a word of remonstrance to those of you who made a frieze around the top of the drawing-room, and did not hesitate at putting in it spoons, cats, Quakers' heads, and sewing-machines, to swell the total of the clippings.

Several of you forgot to send lists of the articles used in your rooms or sent them separately, so that they were lost. The above picture would have won first prize but the list was not fastened to it and was probably lost in the mail. It seemed a great pity when so much faithful work had been expended, to lose the reward, but the judges had no alternative.

The prizes were as a rule awarded to those who had the most articles well arranged in good perspective. Several little things were very clever, as, in one instance, a tipped chair had been pasted into a man's hand in such a way that he seemed to be dragging it across the floor of a most attractive corner filled with young ladies. It was wonderful that in some of the pictures so large a number of advertisements could have been placed in so small a space without confusion, and you deserve great credit for the time and pains which you must have spent. The rules of the competition were more closely followed than usual as to names, ages, addresses, etc.,

(See also pages 13 and 14.)



MADE FROM ADVERTISEMENTS

etc., and altogether, the judges state that Competition No. 101 was most interesting and satisfactory.

PRIZE-WINNERS

1st Prize.	Louise Arbogast	Arkansas	Age 8	180 Articles
2d Prize.	Margaret Storrs	Massachusetts	" 9	139 "
" "	Magel Wilder	Rhode Island	" 12	162 "
3d Prize.	Hope Day	Massachusetts	" 9	113 "
" "	Dorothy Bulkley	Michigan	" 15	125 "
" "	Bernice H. Cota	Illinois	" 18	91 "
4th Prize.	Trenchard More	Arkansas	" 10	170 "
" "	Helen K. McHarg	New York	" 9	90 "
" "	Perry Schofield	New Jersey	" 10	100 "
" "	Jeannette Kletzing	Illinois	" 14	81 "
" "	Elizabeth Weld	Michigan	" 12	50 "
" "	Valeria D. Foot	New York	" 10	80 "
" "	Clara V. Bushnell	Massachusetts	" 17	150 "
" "	R. Davis	Illinois	" 18	174 "
" "	Louise E. de Gangue	New York	" 12	100 "
" "	Sybil Emerson	Ohio	" 18	69 "

(See also pages 12 and 14.)

COMPETITION No. 103 is a training for young writers and artists. The object of it is to write a story and illustrate it by characters or pictures cut from magazine advertisements. We shall limit the story to 1500 words, but it need not be so long if you prefer a shorter story and more pictures. We shall ask you to make *one* main picture, *three* smaller pictures (which should be simpler than the main illustration), and there may be also a pictorial *initial* and a pictorial *tail-piece*. Please note that in this case there is no advantage gained by including many advertisements in your work. The idea is to make pictures that are striking, either because they are artistic in combination or strikingly amusing. The story may also be varied in this same way; it may be what you like—one of adventure, of romance, of humor, or of fancy.

Two or more of you may work together if you choose, but of course there can be but one prize given if such a story deserves one.

For the sake of the little girl who was thinking of something else, we will repeat, that you are to write a story of 1500 words or less, and to illustrate it with four pictures, one initial, and one tail-piece, these to be made by cutting

up advertisements. You need not submit a list of the advertisements or magazines, but the pictures must be made entirely from advertisement illustrations. Anybody may help you provided they are not older than 100 years or younger than 2.

Now, all who understand, hold up your hands! That will do, put them down again,—and go to work.

The prizes and conditions are as follows:

- One First Prize, \$5.00.
- Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each.
- Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each.
- Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each.

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (103). Judges prefer that the sheet be not larger than $7\frac{1}{2}$ x 10 inches.

3. Submit answers by July 10, 1910. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 103, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York, N. Y.



Advertising Editor.

(See also pages 12 and 13.)

Keep the Children in Pretty Dresses With the Aid of Diamond Dyes

**Children's Dresses from Faded
Materials Dyed Attractive
Shades by Using
Diamond Dyes**

You can keep the children in pretty dresses with the aid of Diamond Dyes.

If the little one's dress has become soiled or faded you can restore its color and freshness with a bath in Diamond Dyes. Or you can change its color just as easily.

A ten-cent package of just the right shade will dye old, faded, soiled clothes so they'll look just like new.

And not only look new, but the chemical action of the dyes will add life to the material and give it longer wear.

You may have tried dyeing some old material before and were not satisfied. But it was n't Diamond Dyes you used. Diamond Dyes are far superior to any in the world and give perfectly splendid results.

After trying them once, you'll use them with pleasure on many things you have in the home that seem too good to throw away.

There are a thousand uses for Diamond Dyes—and each one will save you money.

You Take No Risk With Diamond Dyes

You can use Diamond Dyes and be sure of the results. You can use them with safety on the most expensive piece of goods—and there is no danger of the goods becoming spotted or streaked or harmed in any way.

There is no other dye made that will do the work of Diamond Dyes. There is no other dye that you can use with safety to the material.

Diamond Dyes are "The Standard of the World," and the only dyes perfect in formula, positive in action, certain in result.



The Truth About the Use of Dyes

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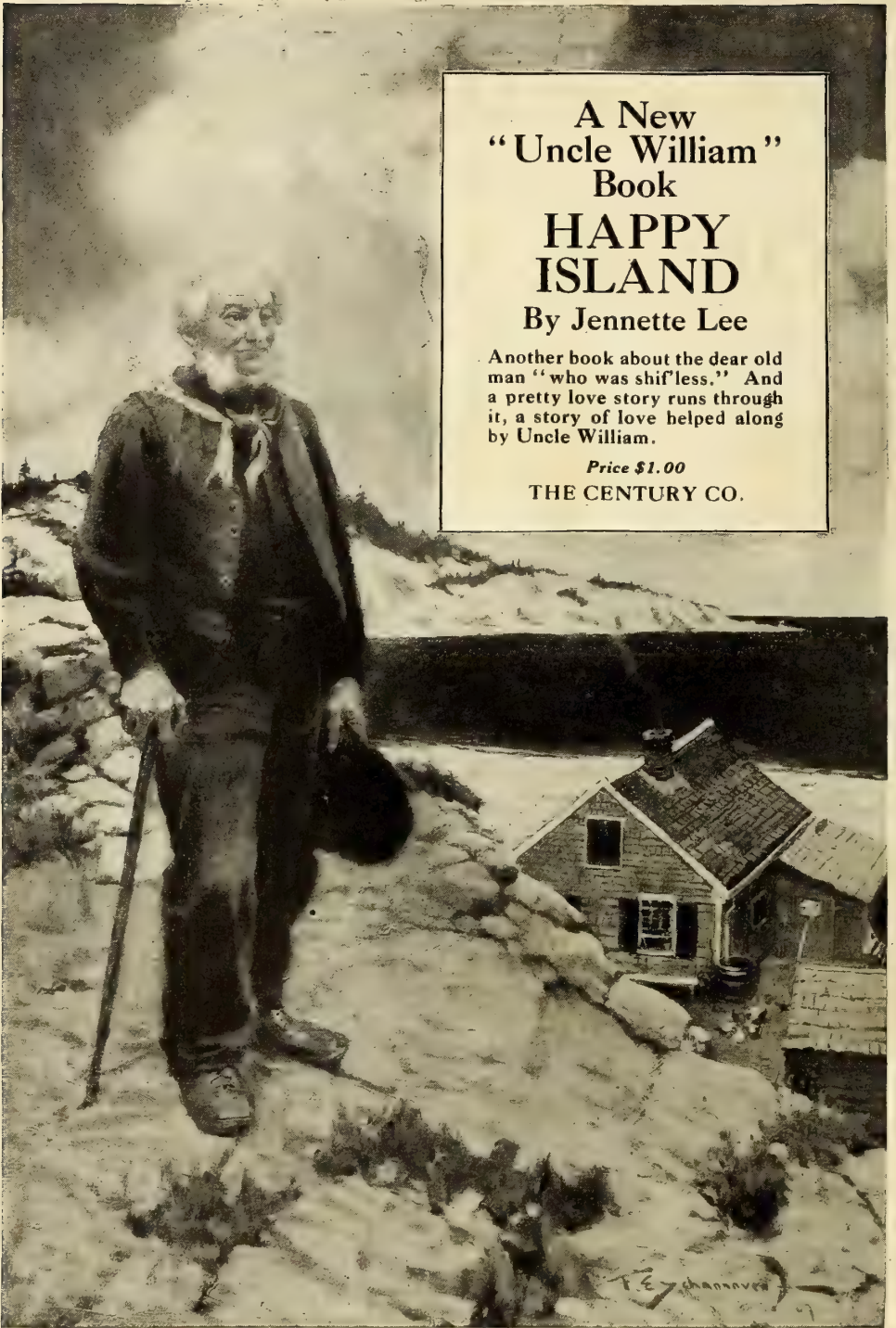
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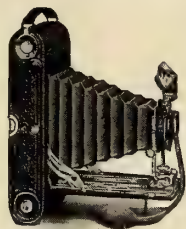
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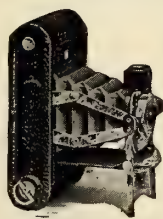
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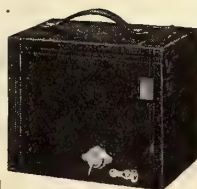
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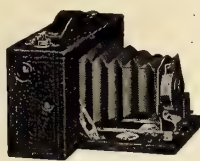
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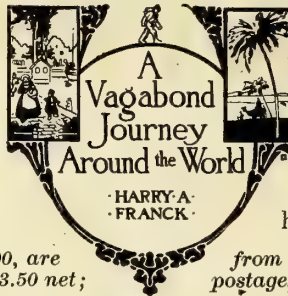
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MOTHER: "Because he likes the pleasant, soothing feeling of it, dearie."





SUMMER AND SEVENTEEN.

FROM THE PAINTING BY H. R. BUTLER.

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXVII

AUGUST, 1910

No. 10

THE NONSENSE BOY

BY CHARLOTTE CANTY

CHAPTER I

GETTING ACQUAINTED

THE privet hedge climbed a gentle slope, ran down on the other side, and leaped across the little singing brook before again continuing its upward way that led it to some barrier, deep hid in the woodsy heights. Donald could only gaze and yearn in the big invalid's chair that had so long been his prison. He had made Williams wheel him this far, anyhow, that he might see for himself the meeting of stream and hedge that marked the boundary line of his explorations.

With sweet reasonableness he had accepted the suggestion that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to get the big wheeled chair up the hill, and had been content to rest here, under the broad-branching laurels. Giving up things was no longer new to him, but the lump would catch in his throat as he peered ahead into wonderful vistas opening among close-growing trees, combining their beauties to make the charm of this wooded slope. If only he might leap from his chair and run up the hill in time to see that blue jay before it could fly away beyond his vision! If only— His helpless little legs seemed suddenly to become an unbearable weight, and he wearily closed his eyes.

"You need n't wait, Williams," he said. "I 'm going to stay here all afternoon, I think."

"But I 'm nurse to-day," the man smilingly returned.

"Oh, I often send nurse away for the whole afternoon. I think—I 'd rather—be alone. If I want you, I have this." He swung a silver whistle from a long ribbon that tied it to his chair. "I can make you hear this anywhere about the grounds," he said, "but I won't use it for quite a little while."

Again the tired blue eyes closed, and the languid head drooped on the pillows. Williams still hesitated, but there was something final in the little lad's manner, and the man went up a graveled path that led through wide lawns to the house.

When the sound of his footsteps ceased, the little boy's eyes opened again, and he looked up at the sky, a marvelous blue, seen through the swaying branches above him. Then suddenly there was a curious crunching beyond the privet hedge, a scraping, a panting, a half-swallowed exclamation, and two low-cut tan shoes and a pair of rather slender ankles made their appearance above the dull green of the hedge. Donald watched them, fascinated, as they swung, parted, clicked together, and finally balanced steadily. Then they disappeared in a swift curve, and a very tousled blond head took their place.

The boy behind the hedge looked down at Donald in his chair.

"Glory! but that 's warm work!" remarked the

owner of the tousled head. "And I did n't do a thing but get my hair full of dirt, did I?" he went on, turning a perspiring face toward Donald, while he mopped his head and neck and face with his handkerchief.

"But—but what were you doing?" inquired Donald.

"Walking on my ear. Ever try it?" The boy was still brushing dust from his collar.

"No," Donald soberly answered. "I can't walk at all."

Instantly the big boy wheeled about, his face soft with regret and sympathy. "Why, you poor little kiddie!" he said, and placing one hand on a heavy privet stalk, he vaulted over the hedge, landing lightly on his tan-colored shoes.

Donald gave a little cry of delight. "My, but you did that wonderfully!" he exclaimed. "Do you do things like that in school?"

The sunshine vanished from the big boy's smiling face. His lips hardened and parted in a bitter smile.

"No, not now," he answered. "With the 440 record within my reach, I can't run. With as much science and grit as any fellow on the eleven, I can't play foot-ball. And just because I was n't there, we lost three points in the track meet at—"

"And don't you want to go?"

"Don't I *want* to? Oh! kid, if you only knew—"

"Then why don't you go?"

"For the reason that they've closed the doors in my face, and they refuse to open them again until I apologize for something that I did n't do. I've been sent down here to meditate on wickedness that is n't mine at all. And meditating on wickedness is not—"

"But why don't you tell your father?"

Again the hard, resentful look swept across the boy's face. "Because my father is— Come, now, let's change the subject. I say, youngster, what's wrong with you?"

"My hip." Unconsciously his voice took up the plaint of years. "I have n't walked for three years and—"

"And you've been sick all that time?"

"Not sick; oh, no, not sick. But I'm tired; tired of everything. The doctor found us this place because I was so tired of town. We've been here almost a month, and I've liked it. But if Dr. Burchard can't make me well down here—"

"Dr. Burchard?"

"Do you know Dr. Burchard?"

"Well, rather." But the flash of prideful interest died in the boy's face, and he went on with assumed indifference: "Lives in the city, I believe. He has to, because of his hospital work. He has a country home in this neighborhood, but there's

no one there at present; no one worth considering, I mean."

"Oh, you know a lot about my doctor. Well, he says that he thinks he can make me walk, but if I get as tired walking as I do just sitting in this chair—I'm so tired of the chair!"

"Do they often leave you alone like this?"

"I like it. I'm tired of nurses and people to wheel me about."

"But your mother?"

The blue eyes filled with tears, but the little chap bravely forced them back. "That's just it," he said. "I can't have my mother, because Dr. Burchard said that she simply *must* get off her feet. She's been gone for a month and twenty days."

"Father with her?"

"With her sometimes, and sometimes with me. I keep sending him to her, and she sends him to me. Poor Daddy!"

"Then you don't always have people to read to you, and tell you stories, and—"

"I'm very tired of reading. I'm even tired of stories."

"Tired of stories!" exclaimed the boy, and quite unexpectedly he added: "I know why. Do you?" The question was flung so suddenly that the little fellow started.

"No; why?"

"Because they all begin at the beginning. Don't they?"

"Why, yes; but where should they begin?"

"Anywhere else, my boy. Middle, middle-end, middle-beginning, end—any old place but the beginning."

Donald looked up with a half-incredulous smile.

"You talk a lot of nonsense—for a big boy, don't you?"

"Nonsense? I? Never! In fact, so serious is my talk that I'm privately known as Solomon Solemncholy."

"But how in the world would you tell a story that did n't begin at the beginning?" Donald's eyes were round with inquiry.

"Easy enough. It's the most foolish thing in the world to begin a story at the beginning. Take, for instance, the story of 'The Little Fishes that Lived on Moon Street.' Now where would you start that?"

"I don't know that story," began Donald.

"Of course you don't. But if you did, how would you tell it? 'Once upon a time there were some little fishes that lived on Moon Street—'"

"Yes. That's the way most stories begin."

"Well, it's all wrong. The thing to do is to get away from the beginning. Tell it somewhat like this: 'And so, having dragged the ferocious



"THE BOY BEHIND THE HEDGE LOOKED DOWN AT DONALD IN HIS CHAIR."

whale to the North Pole and locked him securely in an iceberg, the kind, fat old seal returned, blew the signal "All 's well," and the little fishes came out again to dance all night on Moon Street."

"But where is Moon Street? And what did the whale do to them? And how did the seal know—"

"You know where Moon Street is. It 's a long, long avenue of light that stretches across the water as far as you can see. Only the very happiest, goodest little fishes are allowed to live on Moon Street, and there they dance the whole night long. You can see them, if you look closely enough, splashing their silver tails in the two-step."

"But what about the whale and the seal and—"

"Well, the seal is the sea policeman. He 's very big and very fat and very important, and he simply was n't going to stand for any such thing."

"Any what thing?" There was unwonted color in the eager little face.

"Why, the whale. He came along, you know, knocked over three mermaids who were n't doing a thing but practising some new songs, and marched straight down to where the little fishes were dancing. There was a terrible to-do. The little fishes squealed, the mermaids were crying, and the periwinkle whistled and whistled for the sea policeman."

"And would the whale go with Policeman Seal?"

"Oh, of course he was sulky; but no matter how big people are, they have to respect the law, and so—and so—"

The boy was balancing on the privet hedge.

"You don't have to go, do you?" Donald's voice was sharp with appeal.

"Yes, and so do you," answered the boy. "Here 's some one coming for you."

"But, Boy, won't you come back to-morrow?"

"Want me?"

"Oh, very much. And won't you tell me your name?"

"I told you one name," said the boy, with a grin.

"But not Solomon—what was it?"

"Solomon Solemncholy," and the boy bowed gravely.

"That 's not a bit like you are."

"No?"

"No. I 'd rather call you just the Nonsense Boy."

The Boy laughed.

"The Nonsense Boy, eh! Well, at least, I 'd get that title on my merits," he observed. "But, say, don't tell anybody about me. I 'm a secret."

"Honest?"

"Honest." And Donald heard the crunching of the Boy's heels on the other side of the hedge as Williams came sauntering down the walk.

CHAPTER II

THE TALE OF A TAIL

"SAME corner of the garden that I chose yesterday," said the little boy. "Just over there by the hedge near the brook. And please run away fast just as soon as we get there."

"Run away? But you were alone all yesterday afternoon, Williams tells me," and the nurse looked her protest.

The red color came up into Donald's delicate cheeks.

"No, I was n't," he said honestly. "I found a—a secret; or maybe the secret found me. I don't quite know which."

"And is that the reason why you 've been so impatient to have the morning go by? Well, whatever your secret is, it has given you the first good night's rest that you 've had in some time, so I will 'run fast,' and the nurse good-humoredly started off on a trot up the slope, turning at the summit to wave her hand to him.

The afternoon was very warm, but a little breeze ran down the hill, bringing sweet odors from distant nooks that Donald had never seen. Faint, earthy smells blended with the wood perfumes when Donald leaned far out to trace the course of the rippling water, for the brook darted away from the sunlight just a few feet beyond him. Delicate blossoms and frail, ferny greens were revealed when the breeze stirred the low branches, and Donald breathed the enchantment of the woodland world.

A deep, sweet silence was over the place until a yellow-jacket buzzed out into the sunlight, spun round, surveying the various paths open to him, and darted up the hill, where Donald so often had longed to go. The longing came back with a rush, and the pain and weariness were with him again. Sighing, he leaned back, but swiftly rose with a start of joyful anticipation. A faint, scratchy sound at the hedge suggested the coming of his friend, but there were no feet in sight, nor a head, nor anything, in fact, belonging to a boy. Puzzled, the little lad looked down, and there, waving violently below the privet hedge, was a long, bushy tail.

Donald had often watched the squirrels, when, after an interval of quiet, the busy little fellows had come down from the woods, but never had he beheld a tail so full of life, so wildly energetic in its gyrations. And as he watched, mystified, a voice came from behind the hedge:

"If I were a schoolmaster squirrel,
My pupils should play at their peril;
For I'd wear a black frown,
Or, more likely, dark brown,
And I'd whip them all day with a ferrule."

"Oh, Boy! It is you! I just knew it would be!" The little lad's voice was shrill with eagerness. "Come on in where I can see you."

Light as any squirrel, the Boy swung over the hedge and leaned against a tree-trunk, holding the squirrel-tail between his thumb and forefinger, and sending it whizzing in rapid revolutions.

"How 'd you guess that it was I?" he asked.

"Oh, I just knew. Please say that again about the squirrel. I did n't quite hear it."

The Boy shook his head.

"No. I never say anything twice. Why, that 's worse than starting a story at the beginning. And, anyhow, I don't believe I could. I think if I should try, I 'd say something like this:

"If I were a cottontail rabbit,
When I saw an acorn I'd grab it;
For out in the woods
There 's a dearth of rich foods,
And eating 's the cottontail's habit."

"But that 's just as funny. Say that one again."

The Nonsense Boy looked reproach.

"No," he said, shaking his head; "no. Once is quite enough. But, do you know, there 's a tale attached to this tail. Oh, no, goosie. I don't mean that it 's a double tail. T-a-l-e. T-a-i-l. Can't you spell?"

"Not every word. But I don't make many mistakes. My mother taught me lots about reading and things when I was quite little."

"Well, the tale which attaches to this tail is a somewhat sorrowful one. Honest, I mean that. It bothers me. You see, one day I did n't have much to do; and I found an old trap in the cellar and got fooling with it here on the hillside, and then I went away and forgot it, leaving it set. I did n't remember it for three or four days, and when I came back to it I found this tail. Some poor old squirrel had been caught in it, and had to leave this much of himself so that the rest of him could get away."

"Oo-o, the poor fellow! Do you think it hurt much?"

"Mm-m—I 'm afraid it did. Animals are keenly sensitive to pain. Vivisection was the first thing that my father and I ever disagreed—What rot I 'm talking!"

"No, no, you 're not. Go on. Who is your father? And what did you say about vivi—What was that long word?"

"I think—were n't we talking about this squir-

rel's tail? I was about to say that I 'd like to meet the little owner and apologize, and tell him that I 'm dead sorry about it, and that I 'd put it back if I could. Think of all the joshing that he must get when he goes bobtailing around here among these trees. I 'll wager he backs into a corner and tries to hide, don't you?"

The little boy's face had grown very grave.

"Yes," he said. "I suppose he does if he 's different from other squirrels. Any one that 's different wants to get away. I 'm different, so I don't care much about meeting children—or mothers."

"Oh, never mind that, youngster. You 're not so silly about it as that, are you?"

"Is that being silly?"

"Silly? Well, I should say. You ought to have a crowd of kids around you all the time, and then you would n't have so much to learn after my—after Dr. Burchard gets that hip of yours untwisted. Just think of it. How old are you?"

"Seven and a half. Nearly eight."

"My! And I think you must have almost as much sense as I have. Maybe you have more. It 's— Hold up, Don. There 's a ladybug on your shoulder. How would you like to be a ladybug, kid?"

"How could a boy be a ladybug?" The suggestion had brought forth one of Donald's slow, unconvinced smiles.

"Well," retorted the Boy, "don't you suppose that ladybugs have boy children?"

"I 've never heard of a boy bug."

"Neither have I. But can't you imagine the ladybugs sitting around on their piazzas, talking about what a trial their little boys are? No wonder they worry. Think of what the little boy children grow to be—ladybugs! Ugh! Fancy being Master Donald Ladybug. Would n't that look funny on a calling-card?"

"Ladybugs don't have calling-cards!"

"Well, they ought to, if they 're the real lady kind. But I 'd rather be Robert Harrison Yellow-jacket. I would n't be a lady anything."

Donald was looking away, his soft eyes wistful.

"Would you mind saying the end of that moon-fish story over again?" he asked.

"Can't. I never say things twice."

"And never tell a story frontward?"

"Never." The Boy stretched himself, preparing to depart. Donald suddenly remembered something and giggled.

"You did tell me one story that way," he said.

The Boy turned, with his hand on the hedge.

"Which one did I tell you that way?" he demanded.

"The one about the squirrel," said Donald.

"I did n't start that one at the beginning," asserted the Boy, as he leaped the hedge.

"Oh, but you did!"

"No." The Boy turned back with a grin. "I started it with the tail; and the tail's the end of the squirrel, is n't it?"

CHAPTER III

THE CATERPILLAR WITCH

THE little chap was so still that the Boy, looking over the hedge, thought him asleep. He lay with his eyes closed, a crumpled letter clasped tight in his hands, but the Boy, watching, saw a tear glisten where the leaf-filtered sunlight touched the thin little cheek. Another followed it, and another, a little stream flowing out from between the closed eyelids.

The Boy hesitated uneasily; then his confident smile came back. He tiptoed up the hillside before scaling the hedge, came down cautiously, and without noise dropped upon his crossed legs on the farther bank of the brook. Very softly he began to whistle; a marvelous whistle that came out through his hands in bird-notes, trills, and tremulous strains of flute-like melody. Donald lifted himself.

"Don't stop! Oh, don't stop!" he begged, when the Boy's glance, long detached, came back to him. "You knew I was here, did n't you?" he pursued, for the Boy's eyes had opened wide in simulated surprise.

For answer the Boy sprang to his feet, danced a few grotesque steps, and gaily sang:

I whistle when I am alone,
For that's a pleasure all mine own;
You see, I fear some jealous thistle
Might snatch and tear my precious whistle,
And that instead of *C* to *C*
I might be piping *X Y Z*."

He finished his absurd little song with a hand-spring, a caper, and a leap across the brook.

"You're late, are n't you?" said Donald.

"Little bit. I'm keeping up with my lessons, you know, so that when—if—of course I'll get back!" The last words came fiercely, and Donald felt himself shrink in his chair.

"I wanted you very much to-day," he said plaintively. "My mother writes that she cannot come—yet. But when she does come, she's going to bring me a surprise."

"Well, surprises are all right. I like 'em; don't you?"

The little boy hardly heard. "It's such a trembly letter," he said. "Here, read it."

The Boy dropped the letter as though it burned him.

"No!" he cried. "Nobody's letter for me, thank you. There, don't be afraid, kid. I scared you, did n't I? You see, my present troubles are due to a letter that they said I— But never mind my troubles; let's think about yours."

"It is n't really a trouble." The little fellow was trying to speak bravely. "Give me the letter, and I'll show you. It's not a sorry letter, but it makes me want to cry."

The Boy picked it up, and together they went over the sweet mother message. It was, as Donald had said, a "trembly" letter, full of little words that caressed and clung, and went straight into a boy's heart.

The Boy threw himself on his back on the ground, keeping his face turned away from the little fellow in the chair. Suddenly he hunched up his knees, and throwing one foot over the other, balanced the right one in mid-air. Clinging to the tan-colored leather toe a little body writhed and wriggled.

"Oh, let me see it!" cried Donald, all attention. "Is n't it a pretty caterpillar?"

"Call that a caterpillar?"

"Well—well, what is it?"

"Too small for a caterpillar."

"But it is a caterpillar, just the same."

"That is n't what I call it."

"Well, what do you call it?"

"A cat's a cat, is n't it?" said the Boy. "And a baby cat is—"

"Oh, a baby cat's a kitten."

"Exactly. Now when this chap is bigger, he will be a caterpillar. Just at present he's a kitten-pillar."

"Oh, Boy, there could n't be any such thing."

"Could n't there? Well, there he is; look at him for yourself. He is n't a quarter as big as the one in the story of the Caterpillar Witch."

"What about the Caterpillar Witch?"

"Don't you know? She's the one the little boy found when he went back to the glass where he had put the caterpillar."

"What caterpillar?"

"One that he found when he was raking the lawn. He was always finding caterpillars and putting them into bottles and saving them up. Loved them almost as much as he did red ants."

"Ugh, but nobody could love red ants!"

"Well, he could. He was a funny little chap, and he liked lots of things that his uncles and aunts and sisters and brothers could n't stand. His Uncle Fritz especially hated caterpillars. That's the reason he pitched her over the fence."

"Pitched who?"

"The Caterpillar Witch."

"Oh, Boy, I'm getting awfully mixed. Could n't

we come somewhere near the beginning or the end or near some place that is n't so—so wobbly?"

"What 's the matter with you, kiddie? I 'm telling the story from the middle, don't you see? He found this caterpillar, a great, big, fat one in a fur coat, and he did n't have time to play with

"Yes; I—I went to lunch,' Frank said, and felt like apologizing.

"You did n't care whether I had any or not,' remarked the witch. 'Just like a boy!'

"Oh, I 'll take you right up and feed you now,' Frank said. 'It 's nearly dinner-time.' The witch's little black eyes were snapping.

"Take me! Feed me!"

She was so indignant that she rose up on her tiny toes, and Frank squealed with delight.

"Oh! he said, 'you 're the nicest thing I ever owned!' And at that the little witch nearly choked with rage.

"Owned!" she screamed, in her small, high voice. 'Do you mean to say that you think you own me—me?"

"He did n't dare answer, and she went on:

"Do you know that I am a thousand times as old as you can ever hope to be? And do you think I have lived just to be a toy for an impertinent little boy?"

"The poor kid could n't say a word, so she quieted down.

"Now let me explain,' she said, when she began to cool off. 'I have often seen you playing very gently with the caterpillars in your garden, and that is the reason why I adopted the disguise in which you found me. You see, I was unfortunately separated from my party last night, and had to remain over. It was Hallowe'en, as you know, and all of us had come down to dance in the moonlight and weave spells. I very foolishly waited to creep into a house and whisper a happy secret to a pretty girl who had received sad answers all the evening. When I came out the moon had gone down, my people had vanished, and my broomstick was nowhere to be found.'

"Frank was dancing up and down with delight.

"Oh, but can't you stay, witch, now that you 're here?"

"The witch gave him another fierce little frown.

"Certainly not!" she answered. 'I shall go back as soon as the moon rises. Run along now. Tip the glass a little, and I 'll get out when it 's time. Oh, some one 's coming! I must change!'

"Quick as 'scat!' she was a caterpillar again,



"THE MEAN OLD WHALE PLAGUED THEM SO MUCH THAT THEY ALL CAME ASHORE AND COMPLAINED TO THE POLICEMAN."

it just then, so he ran into the cellar, got an old tumbler, and put the caterpillar under it for safe-keeping. When he came back, there she was!"

"Who?"

"The Caterpillar Witch. She was a tiny creature in a red cloak, with a thin little brown face and tiny black eyes; she wore a white cap and an apron, like any other witch, only she was n't more than two inches high in all. You see, she had been fooling; had changed herself into a caterpillar just for fun or some other reason. I forgot to tell you," went on the Boy, "that all this happened the day after Hallowe'en. Now you know on Hallowe'en all the witches come whizzing round on their broomsticks, and they tell you your true-love's name and a lot of important things like that. They command a good deal of respect, but, for all that, some of them are tiny little witches, like fairies, you know, and when this one rapped with her knuckles on the glass, Frank—that was the little boy—was mighty quick to lift it and take off his hat.

"How do you do, Frank?" she said. 'Dear me, but you were a long time coming back.'

before Frank could see that it was his Uncle Fritz who was coming.

"'Oh, witch!' he whispered. 'Change back! He hates caterpillars!' But it was too late. Uncle Fritz grabbed Frank's collar in that rude way that some men have.

"'Ugh!' he said. 'Another caterpillar!' And before Frank could say a word he pitched glass and caterpillar and all over the fence."

"Did he hurt her?" gasped Donald.

"Just her knee. She changed as she went whizzing through the air, and when she landed she came, whack! up against a sharp stone. Frank found her sitting on a little knoll rubbing her knee, and oh, but she was hopping mad at Uncle Fritz! But he paid for it all right."

"How?" asked Donald.

"Well, you see, witches like to get even, folks say, and if they're hurt they want revenge. So she and about a hundred other little witches—it must have taken a hundred her size—picked up that same sharp stone and put it in the road where Uncle Fritz went down to the station every morning on his bicycle. Then they got hold of the wheel—of course he could n't see them—and they steered it neatly up to the rock. *He* got a tumble

and a rap on *his* knee that laid him up for a week."

"And could n't he walk?" Donald's face clouded with anxiety.

"Oh, yes, yes," the Boy quickly rejoined; "but of course he had to carry a cane."

"I'd be glad enough to carry a cane or anything that would help me walk," said Donald.

The Boy sat up hastily. "Now see here, old chap, don't you fret," he admonished. "You'll walk when my—when Dr. Burchard gets through with you, and you won't have to carry a cane—or— Hello, where did our caterpillar go? Do you suppose he fell off my toe while I was talking? He'd break his neck if he did."

"A caterpillar has n't any neck," protested Donald.

"Has n't, eh? Looks to me as if a caterpillar is all neck and nothing else; just a neck with legs on it. Is n't that right? Or is he all body? Which? You think that over, kid, and let me know next time I see you."

And the Boy was gone, his wonderful whistle making music among the trees on the other side before Donald could turn to see him leap the privet hedge.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MENAGERIE VAUDEVILLE

BY FREDERICK MOXON

THE Lions gave a roaring farce:
"The Lama: in Three Yaks."
The Zebras grinned till broad Ha! Ha's!
Went rippling down their backs.

A Tiger-cat (at so much purr)
Danced with a sinuous glide.
Big Hippo, famous conjurer,
Hid things beneath his hide.

Three Elephants, in green trunk-hose,
A trumpet trio played;
Miss Ostrich twirled upon her toes,
In fluffy skirts arrayed.

A Camel sang, "Sahara Jane,
I'm sitting on the sand";
Professor Wolfski joined the strain
And howled to "beat the band."

A Moose gave an amusing skit:
"Wild Hunters I Have Met";
And Baby Bruin made a hit
As "Cub, the Teddiette."

Signor Giraffe, with twirl and twist,
Made the Hyenas laugh,
When as "The Dwarf Contortionist"
He tied his neck in half.

An empty cage displayed a card
(Some joker's trick, methinks):
"One hundred guinea-pigs reward
Paid for the missing Lynx!"

But how the Beavers waved their hats,
And Crocodiles cracked their scales,
To watch the Monkey Acro-Bats
Jump skip-rope through their tails!

AN HONORABLE SURRENDER

BY M. B. GOOKIN

STEVE WINSTON stood beside his cherished cat-boat, the *Sandpiper*, as she lay drawn up on the beach, and looked indignantly at her scratched paint and the deep dent in her side.

"That 's what happens where girls try to be sports!" he exclaimed for the twentieth time since the accident, and stirring the white paint angrily in the pot, he set to work to remedy matters as well as he could.

Sandpiper out on the beach anyhow to-day to clean her underbody for to-morrow's race, or I 'd have charged the loss of the whole day's sailing to Miss Katharine Fenwick's account, too!"

"Hush!" cautioned Joe, peering around the bow of the beached *Sandpiper*. "Here she comes now!"

"Oh, Steve!" exclaimed the new-comer, as she caught sight of the two boys; "I 'm so sorry the



• ILLUSTRATION BY F. BAYHA • 1910 •

"'OH, STEVE!' SAID KATHARINE, 'I 'M SO SORRY THE LOBSTER BUMPED INTO YOUR BOAT LAST NIGHT!'"

His friend Joe Harrison laughed protestingly. "But I don't think it was her fault, really, Steve. She told old Captain Si not to put her boat on that old mooring until the rope was changed, but he did as he pleased, as usual, so of course she broke loose when it blew hard last night; it 's a wonder she did n't do more damage before she finally drifted ashore!"

"I think the old tub did quite enough damage for one night!" returned the owner of the injured boat. "It 's lucky I was going to pull the

Lobster bumped into your boat last night when she broke away from her mooring!"

She was a pretty girl with tight curly yellow hair so bleached by the sun and wind that it was lighter than her tanned cheeks. Joe looked at her with very evident approval, but Steve, after lifting his flapping hat-brim an inch in salute, and uttering the shortest reply compatible with ordinary politeness, resumed his painting.

"I told Captain Si particularly not to use that mooring yesterday," went on Katharine, sitting

down sociably beside Joe on an overturned canoe. "It's a wonder the *Lobster* was n't all smashed up when she went ashore; Captain Si has just got her off again, and he says she's all right, though. How badly did she hit the *Sandpiper*, Steve?"

He silently indicated the extent of the damage with the end of his brush.

"Well, I *am* sorry!" she cried sympathetically, putting a finger in the dent, and then hastily wiping the adhering paint on her white linen skirt. "But I'm glad that it happened before you hauled her out. You could n't have sailed to-day anyhow, could you?"

"No," admitted Steve, still unmollified.

"Well, I must be going," remarked Katharine, after a slight pause. "I think I'll sail out through the 'Neck' in the *Lobster* this afternoon. There's a fair wind both ways and a fair tide coming back as things are now. The tide does n't turn to run out before six, does it, Steve?"

"Guess not," he returned shortly, wishing that she and her imperturbable good humor would leave him in peace. "Great afternoon for a sail."

"I don't know about the clouds in the north, but I don't believe they mean anything. Hope you'll have good luck in the race to-morrow, Steve. Good-by!"

She strolled away along the beach with her hands thrust boyishly in the pockets of her skirt.

"Thought she was here for the afternoon," remarked Steve, ungallantly, as soon as she was out of hearing. "Now I'll put a little varnish on the cockpit seats while that first coat is drying."

"I wish she had been!" replied Joe, indignantly. "Or at least had asked me to go out sailing with her! You don't know a nice girl when you see one, and you make it pretty evident to her, too!"

"Oh, I have n't anything against her," said Steve, in a milder tone. "Only she and her boat make me rather tired. She thinks she's such a fine skipper, you know."

"Well, is n't she?" asked Joe.

"No, of course not. No girls are any good in a boat."

"But Kate goes out alone, and sails that old tub of hers mighty well, every one around here thinks," persisted Katharine's champion.

"Of course she can sail a boat in good weather if everything is going all right! But I should n't like to depend on her if anything came up, you know. I'd never think of asking her to be my crew in a race, for instance."

"Well, I don't know much about boats, so I can't contradict you," said Joe, preparing to leave his friend. "I'm going to play tennis now. Oh, who did you get to race with you to-morrow?"

"I have n't got any one yet," replied Steve, with an anxious frown. "Billy Curtis has got to go away, and Ned Appleton is going to race with Dave. I'll have to hustle around this evening and see who there is left that's any good. I can always fall back on Father if worst comes to worst, though. Good-by; see you later!"

After Joe left him, Steve devoted himself to the task of getting his boat in condition for the next day's race. He scraped and scrubbed her underbody till she was as smooth as glass, then applied a liberal coat of pot-lead.

"There," he said to himself, with a long breath of satisfaction, drawing away a little to survey his work, "I call that a good job. If she does n't slip through the water like a fish, it is n't my fault!"

He sat down on the canoe, glad to rest the cramped muscles of his arms and shoulders, and looked out across the tranquil surface of the long, lake-like harbor.

To his left was the Neck, the difficult entrance to the harbor. The long, winding channel, marked by black and red spar-buoys, lay a good half-mile from either shore, between sandy flats bristling with jagged rocks, and through the channel and over the flats alike the tides ran with the swiftness of a river. It was ticklish sailing through the Neck even under favorable conditions, and those who sailed for pleasure usually preferred the wide upper end of the harbor, where there were few obstructions to navigation and very little tide.

"I don't see why Kate wanted to go down through the Neck this afternoon," he grumbled to himself. "I wonder if she had sense enough to realize that that cloud up in the northwest means a squall? Yes" (looking out over the harbor), "she's turned for home. Lucky the tide is with her, for there's mighty little wind!"

He busied himself for a few minutes collecting his pots of paint and brushes, then looked again for the well-mildewed jib and mainsail of the little *Lobster*. She was in the same place as before, nearly a mile away from the safe waters of the upper harbor.

"That's funny," muttered Steve, with a puzzled look. "The tide must be with her—it's only five o'clock!"

Then he glanced at the nearest spar-buoy, and the puzzled look gave way to a frown. It was pointing down instead of up the harbor.

"Whew! I was off in my calculations—the tide has turned against her!"

Just then the end of the squall-cloud reached the sun, and in an instant the shining blue waters of the harbor faded to a dull, sullen gray.

"She can never beat back against that squall when it strikes her!" was his next thought.

A hasty, sweeping glance showed Steve that there were no boats near enough to the *Lobster* to offer assistance in case of necessity, and in an instant he had decided on a plan of action.

Righting the canoe and seizing the single paddle hidden under it, he ran the former to the water's edge, got in, and paddled in the direction of the tide-bowed boat with long, vigorous strokes.

A few minutes later he stepped on board the

tiller. There was very little wind, not enough to keep the boat from drifting backward, but she managed to keep some slight control over her, and at least prevent her turning sidewise in the relentless ebb-tide that boiled by her like a mill-race.

"I was just thinking of anchoring myself," she remarked casually. "I did n't care for the idea of being blown out to sea by this squall that 's coming, especially as the boat 's leaking a little and there 's something that gives in the rudder



"THE BOAT KEELER OVER IN THE RAPIDLY RISING WIND."

Lobster, and tied the painter of the canoe to her traveler.

"I was wrong about the tide," said Steve, with characteristic directness, "and I 'm going to get you out of the fix I helped put you in. Got any oars?"

"No," said Katharine, flushing a little. She was indignant over Steve's curt manner to her on the beach, and his mistake in the matter of the tide, and resented his lordly manner now. "Captain Si must have forgotten to put them back after he got the boat off the beach this morning; I did n't notice they were gone till just now."

"We 'll have to anchor, then," replied Steve, already on his hands and knees in the act of extracting the anchor and its big coil of line from the diminutive cuddy. "Get down the jib."

Katharine obeyed promptly and returned to the

whenever I move it. It 's just as well you came aboard, Steve."

Steve, who had by this time extricated the anchor and stocked it to his satisfaction, felt a warm thrill of something like pleasure at her words. But he permitted no hint of it to show in his gruff, somewhat dictatorial tones:

"I 'll drop this overboard now, and pay out all the line I can."

The sky and water had both taken on a blacker tint in the last minute, and the first puff of wind from the squall-cloud was seen flying toward them, directly ahead. They were anchoring none too soon.

Suddenly the unforeseen happened. As Steve paid out the last coils of the anchor line between his loosely closed hands, there was an abrupt kinking, then a fruitless dash for the disappear-

ing end of the rope, and the anchor was irretrievably lost.

The first flaw struck the *Lobster*; she turned broadside to the current, then went astern first into a rock at the side of the channel with an ugly, grinding crash.

"Get the canoe-paddle," shouted Steve, springing for the main halyards and letting the flapping sail down with a rush. "Try to keep her off the rocks while I reef this! We 've got to get out of this place now!"

"Steve," said Katharine, in a quiet voice, "the rudder-post has broken, look!"

Steve looked and saw that the rudder was useless. He was a brave lad, but for an instant he faltered. The realization that he had put Katharine in a position of extreme peril came over him with paralyzing force, and he had no idea what to do next. The helpless boat swung away from the disastrous rock, and began to drift rapidly down the channel toward the open sea.

Then it was that Katharine took command.

"Get up the jib!" she cried, in a ringing tone of authority, seizing a jib-sheet in either hand.

Steve hoisted the jib, too surprised to question the order.

"Now the mainsail, *quick!*" she went on, holding the jib to windward with one sheet till the *Lobster's* bow swung around and pointed for the flats. "It 's no use trying to beat up the channel against this squall; we 'll have to take our chances on the flats!" "No!" shouted Steve.

"I say yes!" shouted Katharine, louder and more emphatic still. "How do you think we are going to manage a boat in this tide with only a jib? See how she 's being taken down sidewise! Do you want to be carried out to sea in a leaky eighteen-foot tub with no rudder? Hurry! Then stand by the sheet!"

Quite dazed, by Katharine's sudden flow of words, he did as he was told.

The boat keeled over in the rapidly rising wind, and gathered headway; when she rounded up into the wind, Katharine gave a quick pull on the windward jib-sheet, which brought the little sail to windward and caused the boat's head to swing off again; the disposition to fall off too far she met by letting both sheets loose and allowing free play to the natural tendency of the mainsail alone to send her up into the wind.

Steve, standing with the main-sheet in his hand, ready to let it out when a dangerous flaw should strike them, marveled at her skill in steering the crippled boat, but set his jaw grimly in anticipation of their perilous crossing of the rock-strewn flats, where even under the best conditions it was difficult to steer a boat safely.

And now they left the channel and were among the hidden rocks, over which the tide boiled and eddied in long white foamy streaks. The wind, growing stronger every minute, laid the *Lobster* well over on her side, and sent her ahead at a rate that called for quick judgment in avoiding rocks and sand-bars; the current swept her side-wise so fast that they had to make allowance for obstacles beside them as well as ahead.

But Katharine never flinched at her undertaking. Now and then the keel grated on some unavoidable ledge, and for one dreadful instant the boat's headway would be checked, while the wind laid her over on her side till the water came pouring into the cockpit.

But the shore grew steadily nearer, and at last they felt the tide slacken and knew they were safe.

Close to a little sandy beach they let down the sails, and Steve jumped overboard up to his waist in water, and gently beached the *Lobster* just as torrents of rain descended on them, blotting out everything more than a few feet away.

He tied the painter to a heavy piece of wreckage near the water's edge, and helped Katharine ashore.

"There 's a farm-house near here somewhere," said he, shakily.

"I don't care," said Katharine, sitting down on the sand and hiding her face in her blistered hands. "I 'll be all right in a minute."

Steve patted her shoulder awkwardly, then put his hand through her arm and drew her gently to her feet. They walked a little way in silence, and then the boy burst out, no longer able to restrain himself:

"Katharine, I deserve to be thrashed for getting you into this mess, and you deserve—well—I don't know what for getting us out of it!"

Katharine smiled feebly.

"Oh, never mind all that," she protested, in a voice barely audible above the sound of the falling rain. "It was silly of me to sail down the Neck, anyhow."

"But I do mind," insisted Steve, firmly. "Listen. Will you be my crew on the *Sandpiper* in the race to-morrow?"

She burst into a natural, hearty laugh at his question. Then looking at his sober face turned anxiously toward her, she suddenly appreciated that he was offering her the fullest reparation in his power.

"Yes, I believe I will, Steve," she replied, still smiling at him. "That is—if I can get dried off in time!"

And with peace thus established between them, the two skippers trudged up a long, muddy road and rapped on the door of the farm-house.



THE PLAYING CHILD TO THE READER

COME, play with me!
Under the boughs of the chestnut-tree,
Here and there and all about,
And we can shout
And run
In the yellow sun;
And you can say,
"When I was eight years old
I used to play this way."
And there 'll be flowers of gold
And silver-buckled bees,
And very tall green-armored trees
Like knights,
And oh! such lovely sights!
The sky all satin blue,
And clouds that hang in rows
Like children's little clothes;
All fluffy white they blow!
And then we 'll play some more,
The sunny spots are open sea,
And you with me will sail and sail;
And if there comes a windy gale,
We 'll step upon the shore,
And that will be
The shadows on the grass!
And we shall watch the kinds of boat
That in the sea of sunshine float;
Now there will be the daisy craft

With linen sails all white,
And on the right
The dandelion raft,
What fun to see them pass!
Come out this happy day!
Come out with me and play!

Yes, do come out!
And we will wander all about,
And you shall see
How nice a place this world can be!
For there are brooks,
And fairy books,
And every kind
Of odd and funny tree,
And we shall find
By the ocean, up and down,
Or in the street, or in the town,
So many things to see and do,
Where there are ships and lights,
And, too,
Things that look quite good to eat;
Just lots of pretty sights!
And you shall play some games of mine.
Ah! out of doors it 's fine, just fine.
Oh, come, do come away
This happy day, and play!

Emily Rose Burt.

A NEW SPORT FOR BOYS

HOW TO MAKE AND FLY MODEL AÉROPLANES

IN THREE PARTS—PART I

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS

EVERY boy who has played the thrilling game of "tickly-benders" on particularly thin ice has applied the principle of the aéroplane or heavier-than-air machine. As long as one fairly flies



THE FIRST GLIDER WEIGHTED AT THE FRONT.

along, the ice will bear one's weight, although it may sag or threaten. Let the speed slacken for an instant, or the skater come to a standstill, and the experiment will be at an end for that day at least.

Now an aéroplane may be kept aloft on exactly the same principle. Let these broad planes stand still for a moment, and they will begin to flutter downward or turn on edge and plunge swiftly to the ground. By keeping them moving, however, they gain the very slight supporting power of the air. The greater the speed the more level is the flight, and the less the chance of falling. An aéroplane flight therefore is a glorious game of tickly-benders high up among the birds.

The simplest form of heavier-than-air machine is the stiff card or letter which you may spin across the room. If you give it just the right twirl it will glide on a level for many feet. There are many ways besides of folding a sheet of stiff paper which will convert it into a surprisingly clever little airship. With a little practice these gliders may be made to fly ten or twenty times their own length, which would be relatively a very creditable flight for the best aéroplane models.

There is no better way to begin the construction of a model aéroplane than by study and experiment with these paper ships. The most famous aeronauts of the day, the Wright brothers,

Curtiss, Herring, and many others, have spent years working with gliders before attempting to build or fly an aéroplane. It is in this way that they discovered what form of wing would support the greatest weight, whether the passenger should stand up or lie down, how to place the propeller and the rudder, and hundreds of other details which have made possible the actual conquest of the air.

Following in their footsteps, or rather their flights, the amateur aëronaut should first build and fly only gliders or aëroplanes without means of self-propulsion. The simplest form of glider may be made by cutting a broad oval from a sheet of stiff letter-paper and creasing it down the middle. The experiment may be made more interesting by cutting out a plane like the outstretched wings of a bird, as shown in the illustration opposite. Try as you may, this sheet will not fly. Now add a trifling weight to the front of the plane. This may be done by fastening one or



SPLITTING A BAMBOO FISH-POLE.

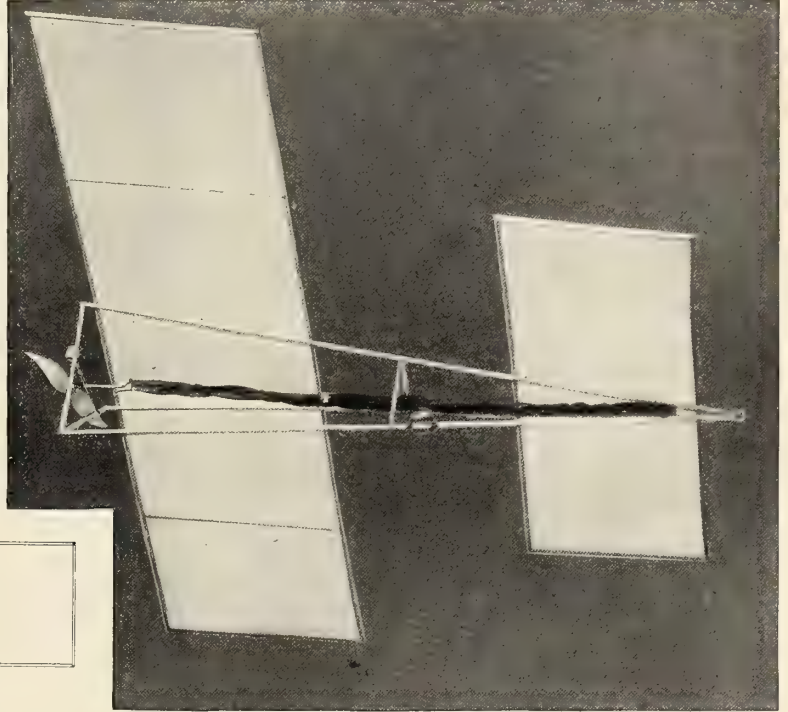
more paper clips to the edge, pasting a match or a toothpick, or by dropping a little tallow or sealing-wax.

At first you will underestimate the weight your little airship will carry. Add more weight in the same way, and test its gliding powers until the

little airship will glide gracefully across the floor. Keep the length of these models under six inches. If you increase it beyond this, the model loses steadiness and flutters about ineffectively.

We are now ready to begin the construction of the frames of *aéroplane* models. The first model will be merely a glider. The frame and wings or planes of an *aéroplane* are built much the same as a kite. The idea in all such work is to combine the greatest possible strength or stability with extreme lightness. Remember, however, that the *aéroplane* during its flights is racked and shaken by its motor, and is likely to land with a bump. The materials used must be stronger than in the case of an ordinary kite, the joints more securely formed, and the entire structure braced in every possible way

Some boys find that the reed or cane suits their purpose better than the dowel-sticks, since it is more flexible and a trifle lighter. The cane is easy to work when you wish to build planes with curved lines. It can be readily shaped to any desired form by first wetting it and allowing it to



A SIMPLE BUT EXCELLENT FORM DESCRIBED ON PAGES 882 AND 883.

The length of this *aéroplane* model is 34 inches and the extreme spread of the larger plane $36\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The small plane is at the front.

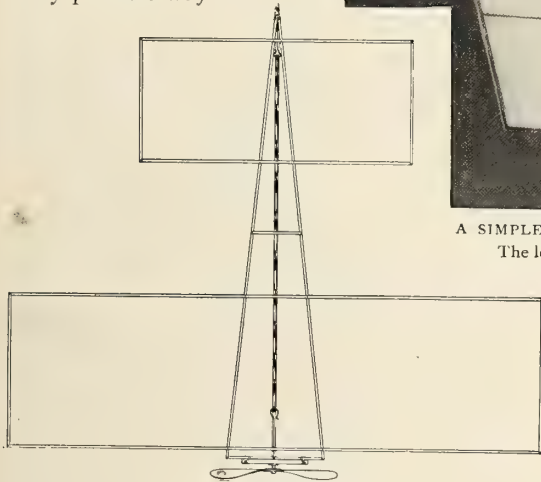
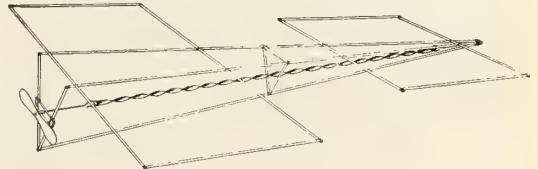


DIAGRAM FOR THE ABOVE AÉROPLANE PLAN.



DIAGRAM—SHOWN IN PERSPECTIVE.

The best materials for constructing these gliders or *aéroplanes* are very cheap and easily obtained. At almost any hardware store you will find a variety of "dowel-sticks," which seem especially made for this work. They are smooth, round sticks a yard in length and of a variety of diameters. The sticks three sixteenths of an inch in diameter will be found most serviceable, while the larger sticks are just the thing for the backbones of your *aéroplane*. These sticks will not split at the ends and may be readily worked. They cost one cent apiece.

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dry after working. Care must be taken in using it, since the ends are likely to split. Bundles of this cane may be bought at most hardware stores or in department stores. Enough material for constructing a model may be bought for a few cents.

The lightest of all available materials is bamboo. It is difficult to procure, however, and requires more working up than the others. The best plan is to buy a stick of bamboo, not too dry, and split it into strips of the desired length and thickness. The grain is so straight that there is

practically no waste material as in ordinary wood. The strips may be readily planed or sandpapered. The wood is extremely light and strong enough for all practical purposes of the model *aéroplane* builder. An old bamboo fishing-pole may answer your purpose.

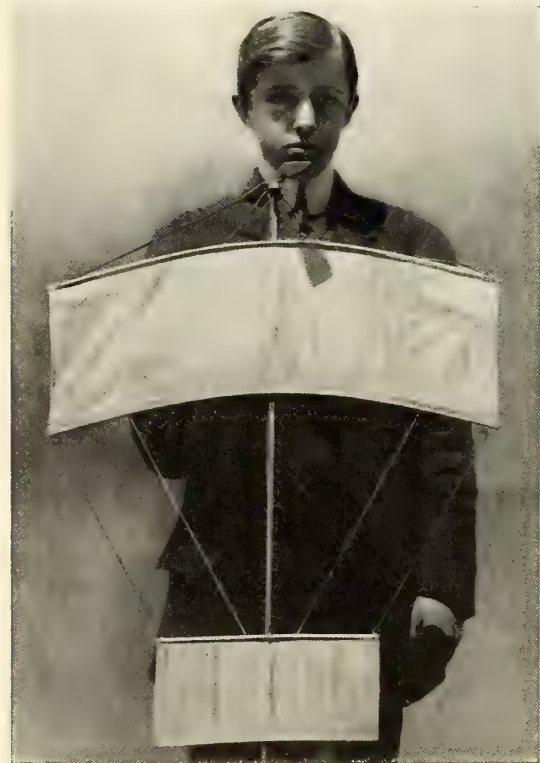
The first gliders constructed should be of the monoplane form, that is, with a single surface. The biplane or multiplane models come later. Meanwhile, one is not losing time in working only on these simple models, for the experience is valuable and nothing is lost, since when the frame is properly constructed the motor and propeller may be added. The work throughout is extremely simple, and there are no problems of which the average ingenious American boy need be afraid.

To construct the model shown on page 881 first make two frames of dowel-sticks, bamboo, or reed, or, if these be lacking, of light lath, the smaller frame $8\frac{1}{2}$ by $19\frac{1}{2}$ and the

and then wrap the joint tightly with thin but strong linen thread. Over this brush a coat of thin glue. Never drive a brad, no matter how thin, without first boring a hole for it with a fine awl or drill.



A SMALL AND SIMPLE READY-MADE MONOPLANE.



A MODEL *AÉROPLANE* WORTH IMITATING.

larger one $10\frac{1}{2}$ by $36\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Care must be taken to have the sides of the rectangle exactly the same length and the joints closely and neatly finished. Some boys prefer to lay one stick over another, drive a *very* thin brad through them,

The *aéroplane*, it must be remembered, travels edgewise, and, having no guiding string, is at the mercy of every gust of wind. If the frames are carelessly proportioned it will not travel true, but is likely to be deflected. Imagine a boat whose sides are not exactly uniform trying to travel in a straight line. It would be lopsided, and would roll and pitch under the most favorable conditions. Now an *aéroplane*, since it travels in so thin a medium as air, is far more sensitive than a boat, and it becomes lopsided if its proportions be in the least inaccurate. Only the greatest care in construction will produce an air craft which will fly true and straight.

It makes little or no difference in a kite if the ends project a little and the joints be carelessly made. Not only must your *aéroplane* be perfectly proportioned, but it must be finished like a piece of fine furniture. The question of friction is a very important one in the heavier-than-air machine. You cannot be too careful to round off every corner and smooth every exposed surface. If you have opportunity to see a regular *aéroplane*, a Wright or Curtiss model, you will find that every part of the machine has been sandpapered and varnished with the greatest care. This is not done for the sake of appearances, but because it has been found that the wind striking against the rough piece of wood meets an appreciable amount of resistance, whereas it slips past a polished surface with little or no friction. Your *aéroplane* should be finished like a violin.

In building these planes be careful to compare the lengths of the corresponding sides through-

out. When the wooden rods have been cut to size, fasten them with glue and brads. The dowel-stick and bamboo will take the brads with little danger of splitting. When thoroughly dry, cut away the glue which has squeezed out, round off the ends, and sandpaper with fine sand- or emery-paper. If you use brads it will not be necessary to place the joints in a vise while drying. Should your strips split, bore the holes with a fine awl. Some boys after drilling the holes merely tie and glue the sticks together, using no nails whatever; some also slightly mortise two sticks that cross, drive a brad through them, and wrap with thin, strong thread.

Now cut three dowel-strips 34 inches long, and slightly sharpen their ends, so that when brought together they will form a prism whose base is about one fourth their length. Next bend a strong piece of wire into a hook—a hair-pin will answer for small models—and fasten it in the apex of the prism, with the hook inside. The projecting end of wire should then be bent over, and the three dowel-sticks glued and tied tightly together, and the thread brushed with thin glue.

At the open end of the prism next fasten two strips from end to end, leaving the third side of the triangle open. Now fasten your two planes

braced will be found as strong as a heavy central stick, besides being much lighter and providing an excellent base for the propeller. A strong stick about half an inch square should be tied and



THE SAME MODEL SHOWING THE UNDER SIDE.



A WELL-PROPORTIONED MODEL.

on the open side of the prism, slightly mortising the sticks and gluing and nailing them securely in position. To further strengthen the prism, join the three sides at the middle with three sticks, forming a complete triangle. The prism thus

glued across the middle of the triangle at the base of the prism to support the motor and to stiffen the frame.

The frame once complete, sandpapered and varnished, it is ready to be covered. At first this may be done with some smooth paper. Almost any thin material, muslin or linen, will answer for the purpose, although white silk makes the most finished-looking model. Such scraps as may be found in the family piece-bag will answer every purpose. In sewing the cloth over the frame the advice of some big sister, aunt, or the mother may well be taken. The idea is to fasten the cloth smoothly and neatly over the frame, keeping the surface free from creases or wrinkles of any kind. Boys are likely to be awkward with the needle. The cloth may also be glued over the frame. When complete cover the planes with a thin solution of paraffin.

In attaching the planes or wings to the central axis of the model, the larger stick or backbone may be mortised neatly, so that the sides of the frame will be sunk in flush with the upper surface. A fairly good glider may be made, however, by merely nailing down the frames against this backbone. The distance between the two planes is a complicated problem, but the beginner had

better at first imitate the simple but good model shown on page 881. If the two supporting planes be too far apart or too near together, the glider will fall. The amateur must experiment by changing their position on the central axis until he hits the right proportion. He will be able later to carry this proportion in his eye, and the experience will prove invaluable. Until you have hit upon the proper position, fasten them to the backbone with rubber bands. These permit you to slide the planes back and forth without the trouble of nailing.

Aëroplanes, unlike kites, fly best in a perfectly quiet atmosphere. If you make your trial flights out of doors, select a quiet day. A room, a barn, or any large interior will be found better. In launching your glider, hold it from beneath, so that it balances, and throw it forward with a swift, steady movement of the arm. A little practice will make you very expert.

You will now find yourself fitted to reproduce any of the simpler forms of monoplane models, several of which are here illustrated. An inter-

esting model is made with U-shaped wings on a central axis (page 882). In making these curved planes the reed will be found useful. Other effective gliders are made with triangular wings fixed at a variety of angles. Remember that the model must be absolutely symmetrical. In attaching the frames to the central axis, always make the joints as smooth and rigid as possible.

The weighting of the glider will be found to be a very important detail. As a rule the gliders require a considerable weight at the front. The exact position of the weight can only be determined by experiment. The simplest way is to wire a nail or a piece of metal to the edge of the frame. If your glider does not balance perfectly, which is likely to be the case, this fault can be largely remedied by weighting it. The tendency of the glider is likely to be upward, and the weight serves to keep it on an even keel. When your model glides steadily through the air, without rolling or pitching, you will know that you have constructed a well-balanced frame. Next month we will take up the problem of propulsion.



THE "FAIRY" AIRSHIP.

THE LEAGUE OF THE SIGNET-RING

BY MARY CONSTANCE DU BOIS

CHAPTER IX

THE CULPRIT

COURT and Jack were out sailing in the Hamiltons' cat-boat, *Unda*, and with them was Douglas, who was spending the summer with Jean's father and mother at Camp Rest-a-bit, next door

"He 's only teasing you," said Cecily. "Wait till they get to shore."

"Well, how many pickerel *did n't* you catch?" asked Douglas, as the *Unda* was putting in to the dock.

"Never mind how many we did or did n't," returned Jean. "We caught a glove with an



"WHEN THE *UNDA* CAME GLIDING INTO THE BROOKS' COVE, HER CREW BEHELD A SOLID PHALANX OF BATTLE MAIDS DRAWN UP ON THE DOCK."

to Huairarwee. When the *Unda* came gliding into the Brooks' cove, her crew beheld a solid phalanx of battle maids drawn up on the dock.

"My signet-ring has been stolen, and you 've got the thief on board!" Jean called.

"Did you say we 've got *beef-tea* on board?" Court shouted back.

"Tell them we subpoena them to a trial for grand larceny," said Carol, and Jean megaphoned the summons.

"What did you say? Peanuts or a diet of canned arsenic?"

amethyst ring on its finger, sailing in the Wizard's Wash-bowl! And now we 're going to catch the thief! Who stole my royal signet?"

Carol fixed Jack sternly with her eye and said: "Which of you three is guilty?"

"There are *four* of us here," replied Jack. And so there were, for at that moment, as the sail came rattling down, a tawny head appeared, and the fourth member of the ship's company stood revealed. At sight of him Carol nearly stepped into the lake in her astonishment.

"Why, Eric Armstrong!" she cried, and the

tawny-headed seaman responded: "Hello, Sister! Did n't expect to see *me* here, did you?"

If Eric had just returned from a voyage around the world his sister could not have given him a gladder welcome.

"Don't say we 're not good members of the league *now*," said Jack aside to Jean. The Hamiltons had, it turned out, invited Eric to spend a month at Hurricane, and he had arrived the day before. And now the loyal brothers of the league found themselves amply rewarded by the joy shining in Carol's face.

"We knew you liked surprises," explained Court. "I 'm sorry we could n't get him up here before you started for Pickerel Island."

"Please tell me who thought Carol would like *this* kind of a surprise," put in Cecily, suddenly confronting Jack with the glove which she had been guarding. "Who spoiled Carol's nice white glove? And who stole our signet-ring?"

"Yes, who did?" said Jack.

"I did n't," Douglas assured her.

"Whoever stole it, stole it from *me*," said Court.

"Why, did n't I send down my visiting-card?" Eric inquired.

"No, unfortunately you did n't, as you 're not venerable enough to have any," replied his sister. "But we don't need your card to convict you. If you 've been in this place twenty-four hours, that 's proof positive you 've been up to some trick!"

"Well, then, I 'll own up. Mrs. Hamilton found your gloves in the chapel this morning and asked me to take 'em to you. Here 's the other one." Eric presented the mate. "And then I found the ring lying around loose in Court's tent, and I thought the quickest thing was to take 'em both up to Pickerel Island. So I swope Jack's canoe—"

"You seem to know the geography of Halcyon by heart, if you did only arrive yesterday," Carol interrupted.

"Oh, Jack took me out sailing as soon as I got here," Eric explained, "and we went up past the island. Well, so to-day I took his canoe and followed you up. I heard you talking inside the cave, and I climbed up on top and looked down through a split in the roof, and there you all were. Of course I could n't interrupt ladies, so I just let the ring down to you the politest way I could. I saw there was water in the cave, so I thought I 'd make it swim. I took a glove and made the ring fast on its wedding-finger, blew up the glove, tied it up good and tight, and let it down. As soon as I heard you yelling I knew you 'd got 'em all right, so I cut."

"It 's a miracle that precious ring is n't gone forever!" declared Carol, employing the maltreated glove to box her brother's ears.

"He ought to have sent it through the *cellar door*," said Jack. "Did you know the grotto had a basement entrance at the bottom of the lake? I was trolling over by the island the other day, and a pickerel swallowed my spoon-hook and bit the line off; and the next time I was in the grotto I found him floating in the Wash-bowl, dead, with the spoon stuck in his mouth. I knew there must be a sizable opening to let a six-pounder through, so I dived down and found the place. There 's a wide crack in the rock there. But I was n't a party to the glove crime, honest! He did that stunt himself."

"I 'm going to dive down there myself, sometime, and see if it 's wide enough to let *me* through," said Eric. "See if I don't!"

"No, you won't, sir!" replied Carol. "You will kindly preserve yourself intact this summer—you 've risked enough valuable things already. Young man, you deserve a hot, spiced slice of my mind,—and you 'd have one, too, if I was n't so insanely glad to see you that I believe I 'd forgive you if you played sail-boat with my best hat!"

"You leave him to me," said Court. "I 'm going to deal with him myself, for stealing that ring out of my tent. He 's to be hanged at the yard-arm of the *Unda* at sundown!"

Thus the youngest scion of the house of Armstrong won himself notoriety, and thus Veronica's ring added a new chapter to its varied history.

A day or two later Court went to New York to see about a fine business position which in the fall was to be open to the young engineer; and the ring traveled with him to the city, to visit the jeweler and have its stone set firm. But it had yet a further part to play in the annals of the league.

CHAPTER X

ERIC VANISHES

Two happy weeks went by. Eric grew as brown as an Indian; Carol's pupils progressed admirably; and Jean, with Hiawatha, completed her lessons in horsemanship. Douglas was proud of her indeed, when, one morning, they went out for a ride together, she on her bay and he on Court's black Cyclone, and Jean took a fence—low one, to be sure—almost as gallantly as Carol herself.

"Douglas, let 's get up a riding-party next week," she proposed, as after that memorable gallop they dismounted at the Lennox camp. "If Jack rides Cyclone you can hire another."

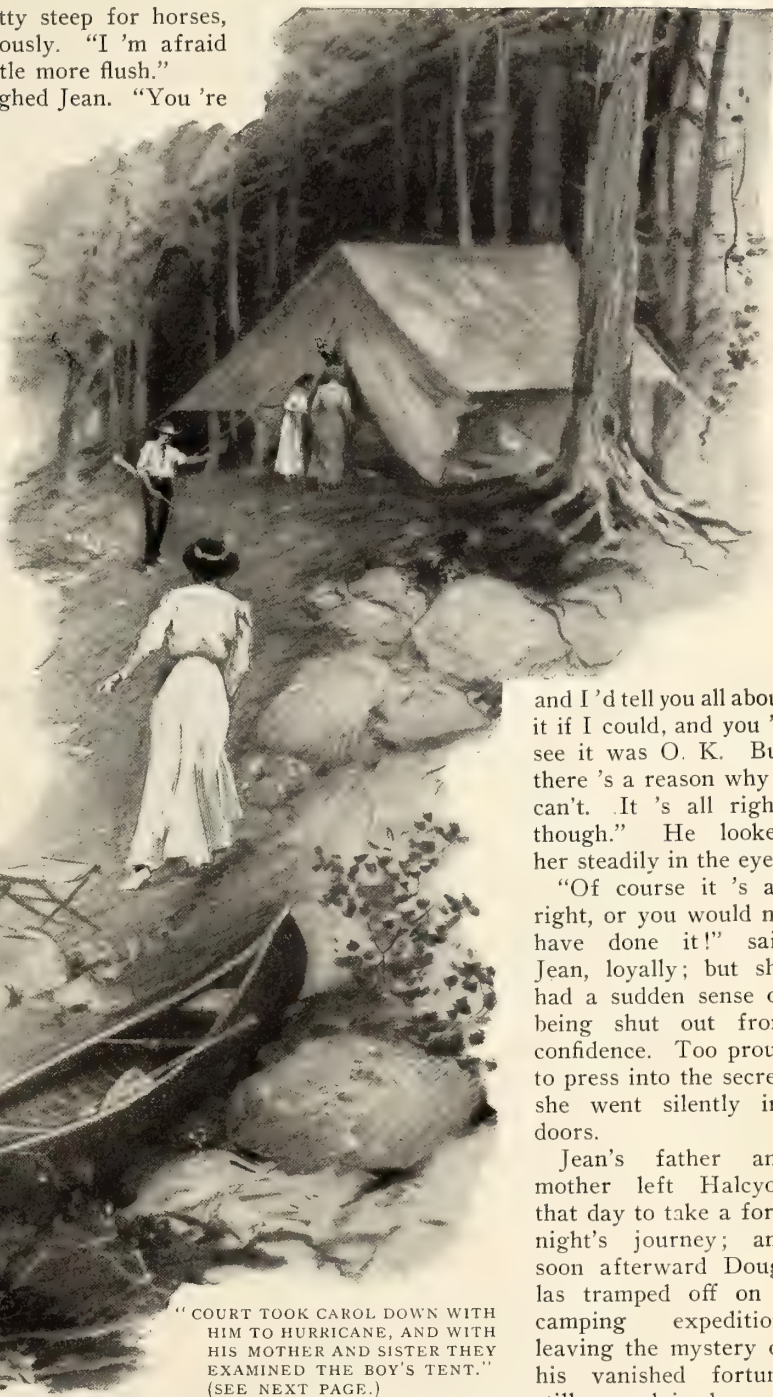
"Good! They charge pretty steep for horses, though," said Douglas, dubiously. "I'm afraid I'd better wait till I'm a little more flush."

"Why, you old miser!" laughed Jean. "You're as rich as Cræsus! Look at all the money you have, tucked away in the bank!" For, with his earnings of the summer before, together with what he had made at school by tutoring younger boys, and the generous allowance given him by Mr. Lennox, the lad had contrived to place a tidy little fortune in the savings-bank. "Two hundred dollars, is n't it?" she asked.

"I'm afraid my bank-account does n't make much of a show now!" replied Douglas, with an embarrassed laugh.

"You extravagant boy! Have you used it up already?"

"Why, yes," he admitted. "I'm dead broke! I had to draw it all out at



"COURT TOOK CAROL DOWN WITH HIM TO HURRICANE, AND WITH HIS MOTHER AND SISTER THEY EXAMINED THE BOY'S TENT."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

and I'd tell you all about it if I could, and you'd see it was O. K. But there's a reason why I can't. It's all right, though." He looked her steadily in the eyes.

"Of course it's all right, or you would n't have done it!" said Jean, loyally; but she had a sudden sense of being shut out from confidence. Too proud to press into the secret, she went silently indoors.

Jean's father and mother left Halcyon that day to take a fortnight's journey; and soon afterward Douglas tramped off on a camping expedition, leaving the mystery of his vanished fortune still unexplained.

once. Something came up that I had to use it for suddenly."

"Oh, Douglas, what?"

He colored. "Why—Jean—I really can't explain, but it's all right. I know it sounds queer,

The morning after his departure Carol was giving two of the campers a paddling lesson in her canoe, the *Hist-o-Hist*. Gliding out of Huairar-wee Bay, they met another canoeist, Court, who had returned from New York the night before.

"I was just coming to see you," he said.

"And I was going to Hurricane as soon as I'd finished this lesson," she returned. "I have a message for Eric from Mother. Shall I find him there as late as this?"

"No; he made an early start this morning. He was off before Jack was awake. We thought he might have dropped in to breakfast with you."

Carol looked troubled. "What a strange thing for him to do!" she exclaimed. "And he did n't come back to breakfast! Oh, dear! I hope nothing's happened to him!"

"Don't worry about him, Carol. He knows how to take care of himself. I'll look him up, though, and then you'll feel easy."

"Mercy! I hope he has n't gone to the Wizard's Grotto!" cried Carol. "He declared again the other day that he meant to dive down sometime and see if he could work his way up through the opening under water that Jack told us about. And he may have been caught down there among the rocks!" She shuddered, and the color left her face.

"Don't think of such a thing!" said Court. "He was only teasing you! And, anyhow, he would n't get stuck."

"But he might have struck his head against a rock in diving!"

"No, no; he's too good a diver to hurt himself," Court assured her. "I'll go there myself, though, and dive down and explore the opening thoroughly, and then you'll feel satisfied."

Away went Court up the lake at racing speed, and there was nothing for Carol to do but return to her duty and finish the lesson. It was a hard task to keep her attention fixed on oars and paddles while her eyes were turning every other minute in the direction from which Court's canoe must come.

"There he is! There!" called Jean at last. "He's waving his handkerchief to show you it's good news!"

A blessed relief it was to see that signal and to hear Court shout, "It's all right!"

When both canoes had reached the dock they talked the mystery over. "Maybe he's homesick and gone back to Wyndgarth," Court suggested.

"It's not a bit like him to be homesick," said Carol. "But I know what he may have done. He may have gone back to the city to join Alan or Howard and try to get some work. He's been crazy to work ever since he found Howard and Alan and I were all taking positions. And he was dreadfully cut up because Father told him he was too young and must finish school first."

"Well, I'll go home and see if he's taken his clothes," said Court. "If he has, we'll know there's been no accident, anyway."

He took Carol down with him to Hurricane, and with his mother and sister they examined the boy's tent. Eric's suitcase was still there; his overcoat was hanging on a peg; his trunk was locked and the key gone. But his tennis shoes and boots were both missing.

"His canvas camping-bag!" Carol suddenly exclaimed. "Perhaps he's taken that!" A thorough hunt showed that the bag had disappeared; and when Court forced open the trunk, they found that its contents were tumbled and that the lad's wardrobe was suspiciously limited. Then surely Eric had gone to Wyndgarth, or to join his brothers, unless—

"There's just one other thing I've thought of that he might have done," said Carol. "He might have started for Michigan. He has a school friend out there—Frank Anderson. He had a letter from him just before he came here, inviting him to visit him at Cold Harbor on Lake Superior. Of course Eric was wild to go, but such an expensive trip was out of the question. Then he won a ten-dollar prize getting subscriptions to 'Russell's Weekly,' and he had a fine scheme for using that to help pay his way, and then finding work out there. He talked on at a great rate about the West being the place for a fellow to make money, and he was quite broken-hearted that Mother would n't hear of it. He must have taken that ten dollars now. But he's always been such an obedient boy. Still, with the Western craze in his brain!"

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Carol," said Court. "I'm going over to the Junction now to ask if he's been seen at the station. And if we don't find him before night I'll go to New York by the midnight train."

"Oh, Court, how good of you! But don't let Father or Mother know he's run away. Father's so weak from his illness still, and it would just kill Mother! Go and see Howard and Alan."

"If Eric has n't gone home, and we don't get any other clue, I'll go out to Michigan myself and head him off," said Court. "And we'll have him back again before your mother hears a word."

"Oh, Court, I don't know how to thank you!" exclaimed Carol.

"Don't try. I'm only too glad of the chance to see Lake Superior, and Howard and Alan can't go without risking their positions. Ten to one, though, he's only gone to New York."

Only to New York! To that hope Carol clung all through that anxious day, while fruitless inquiries were made in every direction. Night came at last, but no Eric, and so Court started for New York. The next morning a telegram was received saying that Eric's brothers knew nothing

of his whereabouts, and that Court would start that evening for Cold Harbor.

The day after Court's departure Douglas returned. He had just set down his guide-basket on the porch of Rest-a-bit, when up came Jean on the run and breathless. Without pausing for a greeting, she burst out with the startling news, "Eric's run away!"

"Eric! Run away! Thunder! What do you mean?" Jean told how the boy had disappeared and how Court had set out in pursuit.

"Run away!" Douglas repeated. "Great Scott! And they think he's gone to Michigan! And he never let on where he was going? Poor Carol, I suppose she's awfully knocked up!"

"She's as brave as ten lions!" said Jean. "But is n't it dreadful, when they've had such heaps of trouble already!"

Douglas fell into a brown study, from which he suddenly woke to announce: "I think he's gone to New Orleans."

"New Orleans!" cried Jean.

"Yes, there's a fellow at school comes from there—Stanton Rossiter. He's a kind of popular hero with the kids. Eric's regularly gone on him."

"But why is Eric any more likely to have gone to see him than to see Frank Anderson, who invited him?" asked Jean.

"Well, it's just what he would do if he's wanting to make money," answered Douglas. "Anyhow, I bet that's where he's gone. I tell you what—if I was n't cleaned out of cash, all but five dollars, I'd start for New Orleans myself. I could borrow, though! I'll ask Dr. Hamilton to lend me some."

"Oh, splendid!" cried Jean. "Douglas, you go right straight off to New Orleans. I'll give you all my money, too. I've saved up my allowance for nearly three months, so I could use it for Carol. I've forty dollars."

"Good for you! It'll take about a hundred and fifty, counting coming back with Eric, but I'll borrow the rest from the doctor. I hate to take yours, but I guess I'll have to. I'll get a job when I come home and pay you both back."

"No, you won't!" declared Jean. "Father'll pay for everything, of course. And I tell you I mean my money for Carol anyhow. It's L. S. R. money, don't you see?"

"And I'm the boss of the L. S. R., so it's up to me to hustle," said Douglas. "I'll surely pay it back, though. It would n't be a bad idea to look at a time-table," he added. Accordingly they hunted one up and studied the trains.

"Five-fifteen. That's the first," said the boy. "And maybe I can get a morning train south.

You see, Eric'll have to work his way down, and hook rides, and it'll take him a good long while to get there. If I can start off quick, there's a fighting chance I might run across him pretty near home. If I get to New Orleans, I'll just have to hunt up the Rossiters and hang around till he shows up."

"Oh, Douglas, I'm so excited! Just think of starting for New Orleans at a minute's notice!"

"Don't let Carol onto it, till I've gone," said Douglas. "I want to get off without any fuss!"

"But she'll want to say good-by to you!"

"Oh, she won't care! And she might get an idea I ought n't to bolt off like this. Don't tell any one till I'm off."

"All right, I'll keep dark. Oh, Douglas, it's more exciting than ever—going off in secret! I know just how Veronica felt when she had to get the major out of the secret room! Oh, that reminds me—the signet-ring's gone again!"

"Hello! Did Court have a hole in his pocket?"

"I hope not! He brought it back from the jeweler's all safe, Jack says, but then the fright came about Eric, and he forgot to give it to us. And now he's carried it away again!"

"It'll be dropped into Lake Superior next," Douglas prophesied.

While he was having his dinner Jean ran back to Huairarwee for her money. When he was ready to leave, she helped him harness Hiawatha to the dog-cart. "I'll drive you to the station," said she.

Jean took her place in the driver's seat, with Douglas at her side, and away they went, stopping at Camp Hurricane, where Dr. Hamilton supplied the boy generously with funds. Then they drove on to the Junction, ten miles away, and there was just time for Douglas to buy his ticket when they heard the whistle.

"Train's coming! Good-by, Jean. Take care of yourself. You're a brick, the way you help a fellow along!"

"Good-by, Douglas! Good luck! I know you'll find him!" A hasty hand-shake; Douglas dashed off to catch his train; and Jean turned Hiawatha back on the homeward road.

"Dear old Hiawatha! If you had n't trotted so beautifully fast we would n't have been in time," said Jean. "We'll have to make you a member of the league, too. You've been working for Carol this afternoon—do you know that? You're nodding your head just as if you were saying, 'Of course I do!' I'm going to propose your name at the next meeting of the league!"

It was nearly seven when Jean reached the road that led through the woods to Huairarwee, and she saw coming toward her a girl and a dog.

"Jean, is that you?" called a clear voice, and she recognized Carol with Cecily's collie, Rodger Dhu. She pulled up to take her in.

"The coolness of your Majesty going off to drive without a word to anybody!" exclaimed Carol. "But what have you done with Douglas? Did n't he go with you?"

"Douglas is on his way to New Orleans," announced Jean.

"What!" gasped Carol, and she dropped into the seat like one thunderstruck. Jean laughed in high glee.

"He 's gone after Eric! He 's sure he 'll find him in New Orleans."

"New Orleans!" cried Carol. "What do you mean? Has he a clue?"

Jean told her of Douglas's theory.

"Stanton Rossiter!" Carol exclaimed. "I did n't know Eric had anything to do with *him*! He 's so much older. He 's in the class with Alan."

"Douglas says they were very thick about something or other last spring," explained Jean.

"And Douglas has gone after him—shot off without a word!" said Carol. "He knew I 'd stop him. He ought not to have done it, the dear old boy! I 'd have told him to wait till we could hear from Court. But, bless his heart, I 'm precious glad I did n't know! I can't think of anything but finding that small brother of mine! But his expenses!" she added suddenly.

"He has a hundred dollars," answered Jean. "I gave him some and Dr. Hamilton gave him the rest. We 'll send more if he needs it."

"I 'll pay you both back again as soon as I can earn enough," declared Carol.

"Pay back again! not much!" Jean contradicted; but Carol insisted: "I *will*. Douglas is going out to find my brother, and you 're giving your money to help, and I *will* pay it back."

"We 'll see what Daddy says to that," remarked Jean. Carol's arm went around her friend's neck, and she kissed her impulsively.

"Little Sister, I hate to think of all the bother these Armstrongs are giving," she said. "But I tell you it 's worth while going through troubles, just to learn what true friends one has! I 'd do very wrong to lose heart now, with two such knights as Court and Douglas going out to find my poor little brother!"

CHAPTER XI

ON THE TRAIL

"CAROL, here 's news from Eric at last!" It was nearly a week since the runaway had disappeared, and now Jean burst into Carol's tent, flourishing a letter and a postal-card. With a cry of joy

Carol seized them and recognized Court's handwriting on the envelop and Eric's downhill scrawl on the card.

DEAR SISTER [she read]: I 'm going out West to get work. Big chance for me. Things are booming. Don't let anybody start to hunt me up, for I won't come home till I 've made some money. It 's not square for H. and A. and you all to be working, and me to be doing nothing. I 'll write Mother when I 'm settled. Tell her I 'm all right and not to worry.

Your aff. brother,

E. L. ARMSTRONG.

Carol kissed the smudgy card with a passionate tenderness, and eagerly looked at the postmark. "Chicago!" she exclaimed. "And it 's dated Wednesday! Then Court 's on the right track, after all. Eric has stopped in Chicago on his way to Cold Harbor! Oh, Jean, I 'm so thankful! I almost feel as if we had him back already! A 'big chance!' What can he have heard of? Frank probably wrote to him about some scheme."

On the back of Court's envelop was a flaring red seal stamped "V. C."

"I saw that the first thing," said Jean, "and it shows he has the ring safe."

The letter was posted from Buffalo.

DEAR CAROL: The seal on my envelop will show the S. S. that its property has not gone to the pawnbroker's. Instead it is traveling out to Lake Superior on my watch-chain. I won't promise to give it back again. I 'm getting too much attached to it, and it 's certainly *attached to me*! I 've always felt that it belonged by rights to me, anyhow, having my initials on it. *V. C.* stands for Van Courtlandt as well as for *Caritas et Veritas*. The letters are prophetic, too. They stand also for *Vigorous Chase* and *Very-sure Capture*. Eric is being chased at the rate of forty miles an hour, and I sure will catch him before long!

I get to Marquette Friday night, and have to spend the night there and take a branch line in the morning for Cold Harbor. Maybe I 'll take a short run out to Baraga County to have a look at your property there before I come back.

"Your property!" Jean interrupted. "What does he mean?"

"My father owns 500 acres in Baraga County, Michigan. But it 's good-for-nothing land, and he 's going to sell it for a song." And Carol continued reading:

Good-by, and it will be "How d' ye do?" over the wire from Eric before you know it! No need to tell you to keep up your pluck, for I know you 're doing that anyhow.

Your Vigilance Committee of One,

V. C. HAMILTON.

The letter which Carol despatched in reply that day began:

DEAR COURT: *V. C.* stands for *Via Chicago*, too, and I think you are on the right track.

She reminded him that the famous initials signified also "*Valiant Champions*," and that, with two such valiant champions as himself and Douglas, Eric must surely be brought back soon.

If Carol could only have been blessed with second sight and have peeped into the office of a small hotel in Marquette on Friday night, she would have seen a row of travelers enjoying their newspapers as they lounged in the chairs before the windows, and she would have observed a tall young fellow enter and follow their example. Court found a vacant chair near two men who were deep in earnest conversation. Suddenly he heard the name "Armstrong," and then the words "Baraga County." If the speaker had turned his head at that instant he would have found a pair of keen eyes fixed upon him, and noticed that the wide-awake-looking young man three chairs away was an interested listener. The keen eyes were quickly lowered to the paper once more, but Court's ears were pricked up and ready to take in the rest of the conversation.

In a new section of Baraga County, the man said, a rich vein of the finest iron ore had recently been discovered. It ran through the property of a number of landholders whose names he repeated, among them that of Armstrong. So then the barren bit of soil held a precious secret deep down in its heart! But the speculators in whose interest the two scheming men were working clearly did not wish to share that secret with the owners. To buy up at the lowest possible figure the whole of the tract, with its promise of wealth—th's was their plan. They had offered Mr. Armstrong a small sum for his part of the land, and he was on the point of selling it, little dreaming of its true value.

Never was a man more absorbed in the politics of the day than was Court, to all appearances, while the scheme was being unfolded in his hearing; but instead of columns of printed matter he saw a vision of a sick and ruined man lifted suddenly out of despair, and of a girl struggling bravely to earn her daily bread restored as by magic to comfort once more. And how was this miracle to be wrought? The first step was to send a warning to the Armstrong home. A few minutes later the words went flashing eastward over the telegraph wires:

Don't sell Baraga property. Wait for letter.

The letter was written that night. It told the secret of the rich vein of iron and urged Mr. Armstrong to hold his land for a high price. Court had played his part well as a member of the league.

It was a pity that Jean could not have had a glimpse of the second valiant champion, when, just arrived in New Orleans, he stood in the St. Charles Hotel, entering himself in the register. Having written his name, Douglas happened to glance at the opposite page. Instantly his face grew as eager as Court's had done when he learned of the iron ore. For at the head of the page he read: "D. H. Rossiter, Cincinnati." A Rossiter here in the hotel! Surely, then, he must be kinsman to Stanton, for the name was none too common! The boy inquired, found that the traveler from Ohio was in, and was soon in conversation with him. But D. H. Rossiter's blank expression when Stanton was spoken of proved Douglas not to be the prime favorite of fortune that he had begun to suppose. No; the man knew only of a Dr. Rossiter, a distant-connection of his, who might or might not have a son. Better try the doctor, anyhow, he advised; so Douglas sought out the address and hastened to the physician's residence.

Dr. Rossiter *did* possess a son, but unfortunately the boy was a *Charlie*. Yet the youthful detective was on the right track, after all. The doctor directed him to the home of a *Judge* Rossiter, and Stanton, he said, was the name of the judge's son. Through the tropic heat Douglas pushed his quest to the door of a Spanish-looking house near Tulane University. Shades down; no answer to his repeated ring; family clearly out of town! Dame Fortune was evidently a tease! The lad next hurried to the judge's law office, which he found being closed for the night.

The judge? Called out to Nevada two days ago, said the clerk. The rest of the family? Away for the summer; he did not know where. But wait! There was the judge's *brother*, the young man remembered. He had a plantation out near Pickettsville. Why not go there for particulars? It was but a two hours' trip.

That evening Douglas vainly watched the Rossiter's deserted house for the possible appearance of Eric. Next morning he was on the railroad again, speeding toward the plantation.

(To be continued.)



THE LITTLE HARE OF OKI

(A Japanese Fairy Tale)

RETOLD BY B. M. BURRELL

ALICE lived in New York, but she still had the nurse who had taken care of her when she was a tiny baby in far-away Japan. Nurse wore the picturesque kimono and obi of her native land, and looked so different from other people that friends often wondered how Alice could feel at home with her. Love, however, is the same the world over, and no one loved Alice better than did her little Japanese nurse.

When Papa and Mama were at dinner, and Alice and Nurse had the library all to themselves till bedtime, the little girl would often pull two chairs up to the fire and say coaxingly:

"There is just time for a story!" And Nurse would smile her funny Japanese smile and begin: "Long, long ago, when the great Japanese gods ruled from high heaven,—"

This was the beginning Alice liked best, for it meant that a fairy tale would follow. And Nurse would perhaps continue:

"—a little hare lived on the island of Oki. It was a beautiful island, but the hare was not satisfied: he wished to get to the mainland. He did not know how to manage this; but one day he thought of a plan. Hopping down to the shore, he waited till a crocodile came out to sun himself, then opened a conversation with him.

"There are, I suppose, many crocodiles in the sea," he began.

"Many, many!" the crocodile answered.

"Not so many, however, as there are hares on the island of Oki," returned the little hare.

"The crocodiles in the sea outnumber the hares of Oki as the drops in the sea outnumber the trees of the island," declared the crocodile, in his deepest voice.

"It does not seem right for a little bit of a creature like myself to differ with your lordship,"

said the hare, politely, "but I should like to see a proof of your statement."

"How can we prove it?" the crocodile questioned.

"You can call all your friends and place them from here to the mainland, each with his nose on the tail of the neighbor before him; then I can easily jump from one to the other, counting as I go."

"The crocodile agreed to this plan, thinking it a good one. 'But how can we count the hares?' he asked.

"That we will decide after I have numbered the crocodiles," the hare suggested.

"The crocodile was satisfied, and bade the hare come to the same place next morning to do the counting. Of course the little animal was on hand bright and early.

"There stretched an unbroken line of crocodiles, a floating bridge to the mainland!

"The little hare lost no time hopping across it, you may be sure. As he reached the last crocodile and prepared to jump to shore, his heart was so full of pride at the success of his ruse that he could not resist crying aloud:

"How I have fooled you big creatures! I wished for a bridge to the mainland, and you have served my need!" Then he jumped.

"The last crocodile opened his wide jaws and closed them again with a snap. The hare was too quick to be caught, but the monster's teeth touched him and tore off most of his fur! As the poor thing limped away, a crocodile called after him:

"You see what happens when you trifle with creatures stronger than yourself!"

"The little hare did not know much, but he felt that he was learning. He had no heart to explore

the beauties of the mainland now, but crawled under a bush by the roadside and wished that some one would tell him how to cure his wounds.

"After some time he heard the noise of many people on the road. He crept out to see what was coming, and beheld a crowd of young men, carrying burdens as if they were on a journey. They were all tall and handsome, and wore beautiful clothes fit for princes.

"One of them spied the little hare and cried: 'Well, friend, why do you look so sad?'

"The hare, proud of being called 'friend' by this fine gentleman, told how he had deceived the crocodiles. The men laughed loudly, and one of them said: 'Since you are so clever, it is strange that you do not know the best way to cure your wounds. You should bathe in the salt sea, and then climb a hill so that the Wind Goddess can blow upon you with her cool breath.'

dom was too much for her; so she had given notice that she desired to marry a wise and noble prince whom she could trust to rule for her.

"So wealth and power do not always bring content?" the hare questioned.

"They would content us!" the eighty princes answered. (The eighty-first was not present. He was of a kindly and gentle disposition, which caused his brothers to laugh at and impose upon him. To-day they had given him most of the luggage to carry, so he could not walk as fast as they.) As they started on the way, one of the princes called to the hare: 'Good-by! And don't forget to bathe your wounds in the salt sea!' And with loud laughter they continued their journey.

"The little hare did not give himself time to forget. He hurried to the shore and let the waves roll over him, but instead of making him feel



THE PRINCESS AND THE HARE.

"The little hare thanked the strangers for their advice, and then asked them where they were journeying. They replied that they were eighty-one princes, all wishing to marry the princess of that country. She was very rich, and the responsibility of managing her wealth and king-

better, the biting salt water only increased his pain.

"I must hurry to the Wind Goddess," the poor hare thought.

"He climbed the high hill with difficulty and lay down on the top, hoping for relief from his suf-

fering. But the stiff grass pricked his wounds, and the biting wind caused them to throb more painfully. At last he realized that the cruel princes had deceived him, and he crawled back to his bush by the roadside, where he lay with closed eyes.

"A gentle voice roused him. 'Who has wounded you, little hare?' it asked.

"The little hare looked up and saw a beautiful youth standing beside him. His experience with men made him think that it would be best to fly from the stranger; but the young man's kind glance conquered his fear, and he answered: 'I left the island of Oki to see the wonders of the

friend. May good luck attend you!' And he walked quietly away, bending beneath the large burden he carried.

"The little hare knew that the stranger was the eighty-first of the princes, and so for a time he feared to follow his advice. But he was in such pain that he decided to go to the river, which flowed like a silver ribbon through the fields toward the ocean. Into the cool water he plunged and immediately felt better, as the sand and bitter salt of the sea were washed from his wounds. Then he took a nap on the soft rushes.

"When he awoke he no longer was in pain, so he was filled with gratitude toward the young



THE GOOD-NATURED PRINCE AND THE PRINCESS.

mainland, and I have fared badly from the exchange.' Then he told once more how he had left the island, and also about the bad advice the eighty princes had given him.

"The young man sighed. 'They used you ill, little creature,' he said. 'You learned that it is foolish to meddle with beings stronger than yourself; now you see how wicked it is to torment those weaker. My brother princes should have told you to bathe in the fresh water of the river and to lie on the soft rushes. Now, good-by, little

prince who had given him such kind and wise advice. He sat up, feeling quite strong again, and tried to think of a way in which he could repay his benefactor. In the distance he saw the roofs of the princess's palace rising among the trees which surrounded it. This gave him an idea, and he lost no time in carrying it out.

"Across the fields he hopped toward the palace, never stopping till he reached the garden wall. He crept in under the high gate, and there stood the princess under a cherry-tree covered with

blossoms. The little hare went up to her and said respectfully:

"'Gracious Princess, I bring to you advice, if you will accept it from so insignificant a person as I.'

"'Speak, little hare,' the beautiful princess answered, for she knew that the best things are often found in unexpected places, and things are not always what they seem to be.

"'Eighty princes are coming to-day as suitors for your hand. They are dressed in rich and beautiful robes, and their faces are gay and smiling; but all that is only to hide the cruelty of their hearts. Following them is a young man who is as wise as he is kind and gentle. Turn the eighty from your gate, but honor the youngest suitor as greater than they.'

"'How do you know all this?' the princess questioned.

"So the little hare told his story for the third time, speaking so earnestly that the princess could not fail to be impressed by it. She thanked him for his advice, and after giving him some tender leaves to eat, prepared to receive the eighty-one brothers. They came a few minutes later, resplendent in the magnificent clothes they had put on in the princess's honor. Indeed, they all looked so handsome that she found it hard to believe the story of their cruelty. While they

were talking of their journey to her kingdom, however, one of the princes told how they had made sport of a little hare too stupid to know that salt was not the best thing for open wounds, and she noticed that the youngest brother was the only one who did not enjoy the story. At this, rage filled her gentle heart.

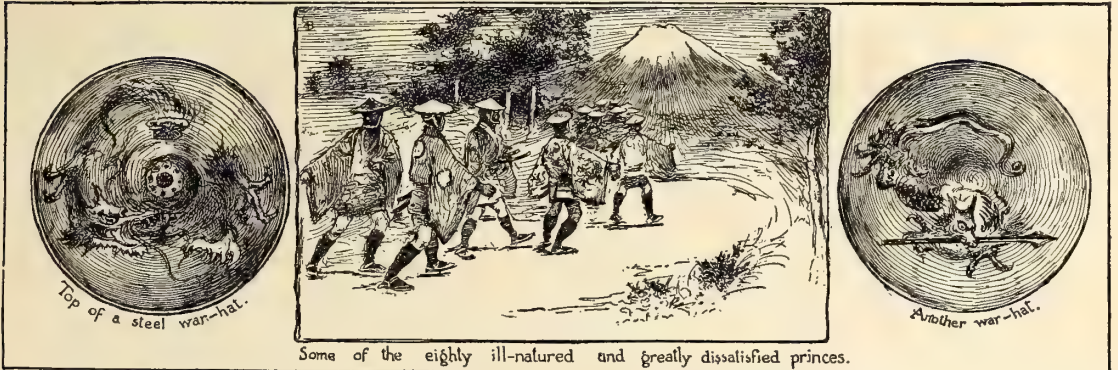
"'Turn out the eighty princes!' she cried to her attendants; 'no one who is cruel to so small a creature as a little hare is fit to rule over a kingdom. But with you,' she added, turning to the youngest prince, 'will I share my throne, for you are a wise and merciful man.'

"You may be sure the youngest prince was happy to hear that, for, after once seeing the beautiful princess, the thought of parting from her was like lead in his breast.

"So the cruel brothers were drummed out of the palace with shouts of scorn; but the gentle prince and princess went into the garden to thank the little hare. They could not find him, however, search as they would; for as soon as he learned of the success of his plan, he had hopped away to see the world, wiser for his day's experiences."

"Is that all?" Alice asked.

"That is all," Nurse answered. "And now it is time for you to go to bed."



EVIL WORDS

(A Jingle)

BY DEBORAH EGE OLDS

EVIL words are like the thistles,
Flying on their downy wings;
Small they are, yet, when they 're planted,
Grow to ugly, hurtful things.

IN A TIGHT FIX AND OUT

"THE YOUNG RAILROADERS" SERIES. TALES OF ADVENTURE AND INGENUITY

BY F. LOVELL COOMBS

"Good evening, young man!"

With a start Jack Orr turned toward the quietly opened door of the telegraph-room, to discover a short, dark, bearded man, a cap low over his eyes.

"I suppose you don't have many visitors at the station this time of night," said the stranger, entering.

"No; but have a chair, sir," said Jack, courteously.

To the young operator's surprise, the stranger first drew the chair immediately before him, and seating himself, leaned forward secretively. "Now, my name is Watts," he began, "and I've come on business, for you are the lad who worked out that 'ghost' mystery here, and captured the freight-robber, are n't you?"

"Yes," said Jack, in further wonder.

"I thought so. I know a clever boy when I see one. And that was the cleverest thing of the kind I ever heard of. If the railroad detectives had done their work as well, the whole gang would have been captured. As it was, none of the rest were caught, were they?"

The man's flattery and ingratiating manner ruffled Jack, and he answered briefly: "No, sir."

"No. I knew that already. I was one of the gang myself. Leader, in fact."

At this startling statement Jack stared blankly, and exclaimed: "I beg your pardon, sir?"

"I was the leader of the gang," repeated Mr. Watts, smiling broadly.

Instinctively Jack turned to cast a glance toward the door. At once the smile disappeared, and the self-confessed law-breaker opened his coat and significantly tapped the butt of a revolver. "No; you just sit still and listen," he said sharply, but immediately again smiling, added, "though there need n't be anything of this kind between friends."

"Listen. What I called for was this: we want another clever man in the gang in place of Joe Correy—that is the man you landed."

"And I have decided to invite you."

Jack fairly caught his breath. "Why, you must be joking!" he gasped.

"I was never more serious in my life. Listen: after your spoiling our game here at Midway they would never look for us starting in again soon—never in the world. And likewise, after your capturing Correy they would never in the

world suspect you of working with us. Don't you see?"

"And all you would have to do would be to keep your ears closed, and not hear any noises in the freight-room at night."

"And for doing that," concluded the freight-robber, "we will give you a regular salary of twenty-five dollars a month."

"What do you say?"

Jack drew back indignantly. "Most certainly not," he began. Then suddenly he hesitated.

As the chief of the freight-thieves had said, the authorities had been unable to obtain a single clue to the identity of Correy's confederates. "And should I accept," thought Jack, "sooner or later I'd surely be able to bring about the capture of every one of them."

But immediately there recurred to him one of his mother's warnings—"that even the appearance of evil is dangerous, as well as wrong."

This would be quite different, though, Jack argued to himself—to effect the capture of criminals. And what possible danger could there be? For no one would believe he would go into such a thing seriously.

"All right," he said aloud; "I'll do it."

"Good! It's a go," exclaimed Mr. Watts, rising and grasping Jack's hand. "I knew you would do it."

"Well, that's all there is to it, and I must go," he added, glancing at the clock. "So I'll say good night."

"And remember, you are dumb. That's all. So long."

Jack's sense of honor was not long in convincing him that he had made a mistake in entering into such a bargain, even with a criminal, and a dozen times during the days that immediately followed he would give anything to have withdrawn from it.

Unhappily, this dissatisfaction with himself was to be the least result of the misstep. Shortly after he had reported at the station one night a week later he was surprised by the appearance of one of the road detectives and a stranger.

"Good evening, Orr," said the detective, in a peculiar tone. "Let me introduce Sheriff Bates."

Jack started, and glanced sharply from one to the other. "Is there anything wrong?" he asked.

"Slightly. Your little game is up, that's all. Your older partner has given the thing away,

and we have just found the watch in your room," responded the detective, "just as Watts said."

A moment Jack stared, then suddenly it all came to him. Watts's offer had been a trap! A mere trap to get him into trouble, probably in revenge for the capture of Correy!

"It's false! It's false!" he cried, springing to his feet. "Whatever it is, it's false! I did see Watts, and he asked me to go in with them, but I only agreed so as to learn who they were, so we could capture them!"

To his utter dismay, the officers only laughed.

down to the station about the time the Eastfield freight came in! That was all true and Jack had to confess that it looked bad for him.

The boy dropped back into his chair, crushed. He knew he was innocent, but how prove it!

"And if you were not in with them, how do you explain the watch?" demanded the sheriff, enjoying Jack's embarrassment.

"I don't know. Some one must have put it there."

"And I suppose you will claim also that you did not see Watts on the night of the party, despite the fact that he could not otherwise have known the unusual hour you came down to the station that night?"

"I never saw him after the night he called here," declared Jack, earnestly, but hopelessly.

"Well, you will have to prove it," said the sheriff. And then, to Jack's unspeakable horror, he was informed he must be taken into custody.

NEEDLESS to say, the news of Jack's arrest, and of his early trial at Eastfield, the county-seat, came as a tremendous shock to Alex Ward at Exeter.

Of course Alex thoroughly disbelieved in Jack's guilt, despite the net of circumstantial evidence which, according to the newspapers, had been woven about him;

and morning and afternoon he read and re-read the papers, in the hope of something more favorable developing.

And thus was it that finally Alex came on the discovery that was to draw him into the case himself, and to have so important a bearing on the outcome of the trial.

Early in the evening before the day of the trial, before starting work on his wire, Alex was reading the paper as usual, and for the second time was reading the letter written by the man Watts that had had such serious results for Jack. Suddenly as he read he uttered an exclamation, again read a portion of the letter, a moment thought quickly, and with a cry sprang to his feet and ran to the chief dispatcher's desk.

"Mr. Allen," he exclaimed excitedly, "in this letter Watts says he reached Midway Junction that Friday night by the Eastfield freight, and



"'I WAS ONE OF THE GANG MYSELF,' SAID THE MAN, 'THE LEADER, IN FACT.'"

"No, no. That's too thin," said the detective. "Read this."

Blankly Jack took the letter, and read:

Chief Detective,

Middle Western R. R.

DEAR SIR: The young night operator at Midway Junction has joined the freight-stealing gang that Correy belonged to, and if you will look under the mattress in his room at the boarding-house you will find a watch and chain of the lot we stole at Claxton. I gave it to him last Friday night. I came to Midway by the Eastfield freight, and when I saw another operator in the station office, I started toward the boarding-house, and met Orr coming down. I mention this to show my story is straight.

I heard Orr was going to give us away as soon as he had enough loot himself, and claim he only went in with us to get us. That is why I am showing him up.

W. WATTS.

And the day operator *had* worked for him Friday evening, while he was at the landlady's daughter's birthday party! And he *had* come

that he met and gave Jack Orr the watch after that.

"Now I remember distinctly that it was Jack who reported the coming of the Eastfield freight that night. She was twenty minutes late, and I recall asking if she was n't in sight yet, and his reply that she had just whistled.

"Now that means he was back at the station before the time at which Watts claims he met him!"

The chief gazed at him, startled, for a moment, then exclaimed: "Ward, why in the world did n't you think of this before? It is the most important piece of evidence your friend could have!"

"Call Eastfield right away on the long-distance 'phone, and get Orr's lawyer, Brown, at once, and tell him."

Hastily Alex did so, and a few minutes after he heard the lawyer's voice from the distant town, and quickly told his story.

But, to his surprise, the lawyer for a moment remained silent, then said slowly: "Of course I should like to believe that. In fact, it would make the most valuable piece of evidence we could have.

"But really, now, how could you be sure it was Orr you heard? What difference can there be between the ticks made over a telegraph wire by one operator and those made by another?"

"Why, all the difference in the world, sometimes, sir. Any operator would tell you that. And I would recognize Jack Orr's sending anywhere I heard it."

But the lawyer was still incredulous. "Well," he said at last, "if the jury was made up of operators perhaps your claim might go, but as it is—"

"Say, I have it," cried Alex. "Let me give a demonstration right there in court of my ability to identify the sending of as many different operators as we can get together, including Jack Orr. Could you arrange that?"

The lawyer was interested at last. "But could you really do it? Are you really that sure?" he exclaimed.

"I am absolutely positive," declared Alex.

"Then come right ahead. Come down here by the first train in the morning, and bring two or three other operators and the necessary instruments.

"And if you can prove what you claim, your friend is clear."

"Hurrah! Then he is clear!" cried Alex, joyously.

Accompanied by three other operators from the Exeter office, and with a set of telegraph instruments and a convenient dry battery, Alex

reached the court-room at Eastfield at ten o'clock the following morning.

The trial, which had attracted a crowd that packed the building to the doors, already had neared its conclusion; and Jack's demeanor and that of his father, who was beside him, quickly told Alex that matters were looking serious for his chum. But confidently he waited, and at last the court clerk arose and called his name.

The preliminary questions were quickly passed, and Jack's attorney at once proceeded. "Now, Alex," he said, "this letter here which has been put in evidence, declares that the writer, Watts, went to Midway Junction by the Eastfield freight on the Friday night in question, and that he then met the defendant coming down to the station from his boarding-house, and gave him the watch.

"Have you anything to say to this?"

"Yes, sir. Jack Orr was at the telegraph instruments at the Midway Junction station several minutes before the Eastfield freight reached there that night. It was he who reported her coming over the wire to me at Exeter."

The lawyer for the prosecution looked up with surprise, then smiled in amusement, while Jack and his father started, and exchanged glances of new hope.

"You are positive it was the defendant you heard over the wire?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Positive!"

"If necessary, could you give a demonstration here in court of your ability to identify the defendant's sending on a telegraph instrument?"

"Yes, sir, I could."

When the lawyer for the prosecution arose to cross-examine Alex, he smiled somewhat derisively.

"You are a friend of the defendant, are you not?" he asked, significantly.

"Yes, sir; and so know his sending over the wire unusually well," responded Alex, cleverly turning the point of the question.

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders, and put the next question with sarcasm: "And now, do you mean to stand there and tell this court that the clicks—the purely electrical-mechanical clicks—made over a telegraph wire by one operator miles away will sound different from the clicks made by any other operator?"

"I do," said Alex, quietly. "And I am ready to demonstrate it."

"Oh, you are, are you? And how, pray?"

"Three other operators from the Exeter office are in the court-room, with a set of instruments and a battery. Let them place the instruments on the table down there, blindfold me, then have them and Jack Orr by turns write something on

the key, and I'll identify every one of them before he sends a half-dozen words."

A wave of surprise, then smiles of incredulity passed over the crowded room.

"All right," said the lawyer, readily. "Set up the instruments."

The three Exeter operators at once came forward, and the prosecutor, producing a handkerchief, himself stepped up into the witness-box and proceeded to bind Alex's eyes, and that done, to make doubly sure, turned Alex's face to the wall.

When the prosecutor returned to the counsel-table the proceedings were momentarily inter-

All eyes turned toward Alex. Without a moment's hesitation he answered, "Johnson."

The operator nodded, smiling, and a flutter passed over the court-room.

"Huh! A guess," said the prosecutor, audibly, and, still confident, he touched another of the Exeter operators. The instruments repeated the question.

"Bradley," said Alex, promptly.

The flutter of surprise was repeated. Quickly the prosecutor made as though to touch the third Exeter man, then abruptly again touched Bradley.

"Bradley again," said Alex.

A ripple like applause swept over the crowded



ALEX, BLINDFOLDED, GIVING EXPERT TESTIMONY AT THE TRIAL.

rupted by a whispered consultation with his assistant, at the end of which, while the spectators wondered, the latter arose and hastened from the room.

Curiosity as to the assistant's mission was quickly forgotten, however, as the prosecutor then called Jack Orr to the table beside the telegraph instruments, and stood Jack and the three Exeter operators in a row before him.

"Now," said he, in a low voice, "each of you, as I touch you, step quietly to the instruments and send these words: 'Do you know who this is?'"

A moment he paused, while spectators, judge, and jury waited expectantly, then reaching out, he lightly touched one of the Exeter men.

"Do you know who this is?" clicked the sounder.

With tightening lips the prosecutor turned again toward the third Exeter operator. At the moment, however, the door opened, and he paused as his assistant reappeared, and with him two young ladies.

The new-comers were operators from the local commercial telegraph office.

At once Jack's lawyer, recognizing the prosecution's purpose, sprang to his feet in protest. For of course the young women were utter strangers to the blindfolded boy in the witness-box.

But the judge promptly motioned him down, and, with a smile of expected triumph, the prosecutor greeted them, and immediately whispering his instructions to one of them, led her to the telegraph-key.

Amid profound silence the sounder once more rattled out its inquiry, "Do you know who this is?"

Alex started, hesitated, made as though to speak, again paused, then suddenly cried: "That's a stranger!"

"And it's awfully like the light sending of a girl!"

A spontaneous cheer broke from the excited spectators. "Silence! Silence!" shouted the judge, rapping on the desk with his knuckles.

It was not necessary to repeat the order. The disconcerted prosecutor, whirling about, grasped Jack Orr by the arm and thrust him toward the key, and in an instant the court-room was quiet with a silence that was intense.

The final test had come!

Jack himself realized the significance of the moment, and for an instant hesitated, trembling, lest he do something to injure Alex's testimony. Then determinedly gripping himself, he reached forward, grasped the key, and sent:

"Do you know—"

"Orr! Orr! That's he!" cried Alex. "I'm certain it is Jack Orr."

The scene that followed was beyond description. Everywhere in the court-room men and

women sprang to their feet, clapping, waving their handkerchiefs, and cheering enthusiastically, notwithstanding this was quite contrary to court etiquette.

Alex tore the cloth from his eyes, and leaping down beside Jack, fell to shaking his hand as though he would never let go, while Jack vainly sought to express himself, and to keep back the tears that came to his eyes.

Ten minutes later, with order restored, Jack was formally declared "Not guilty," and, after being congratulated by several of the jurymen who could not conceal their pleasure, with Alex on one side and his father on the other, left the room, free and vindicated.

"Well, good-by, lad," said Mr. Orr, as he and Alex that evening dropped Jack off their returning train at Midway Junction. "And I suppose it's unnecessary to warn you against understandings with such men as Watts in the future, no matter for what purpose."

"Hardly, Dad! No more agreements of any kind for me unless they are on the levellest kind of level, no matter who they are with."

JACK still had one more experience with the freight-stealers in store for him, however.

VACATION-TIME POSERS

BY GEORGE B. KING

HERE are some things I'd like to know
That books don't tell and maps don't show,
And I have asked our teacher, too.
But she can't answer them. Can you?

Is the SPRUCE-tree always neat and trim?
Does the DOGwood ever bark?
Will the PEACH-tree ever tell on him
Who keeps his misdeeds dark?

Does the LOCUST chirp, or does it hum?
Does the WILLOW pay its debts?
Does the PALM possess a wrist or thumb?
Do PEAR-trees come in sets?

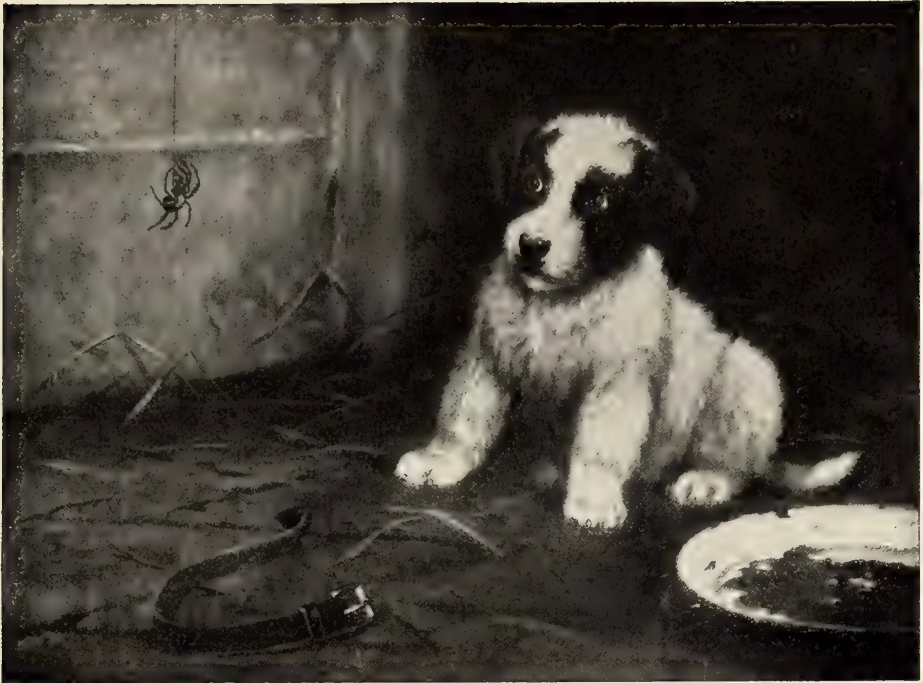
Do BEECHES grow down by the sea?
Is the CHESTNUT a worn-out joke?
Must the PLANE-tree's limbs quite level be?
Are charts from the "CHARTER Oak"?

Do HOGfish eat from the trough of the sea?
Who makes up the river's BED?
Do SEA-DOGS sail over bays in barks?
Are MAROONERS always red?

Are thirty-six inches a LUMBER-YARD?
Can a mile "tie" a sailor's KNOT?
Do they measure fish by POLE or PERCH?
Are WEB-feet the spider's lot?

Is ice ever weighed on a SLIDING scale?
Are canes swung by WALKING-BEAMS?
Does a postman wear a coat of MAIL?
Are slippers used by SPANKING TEAMS?

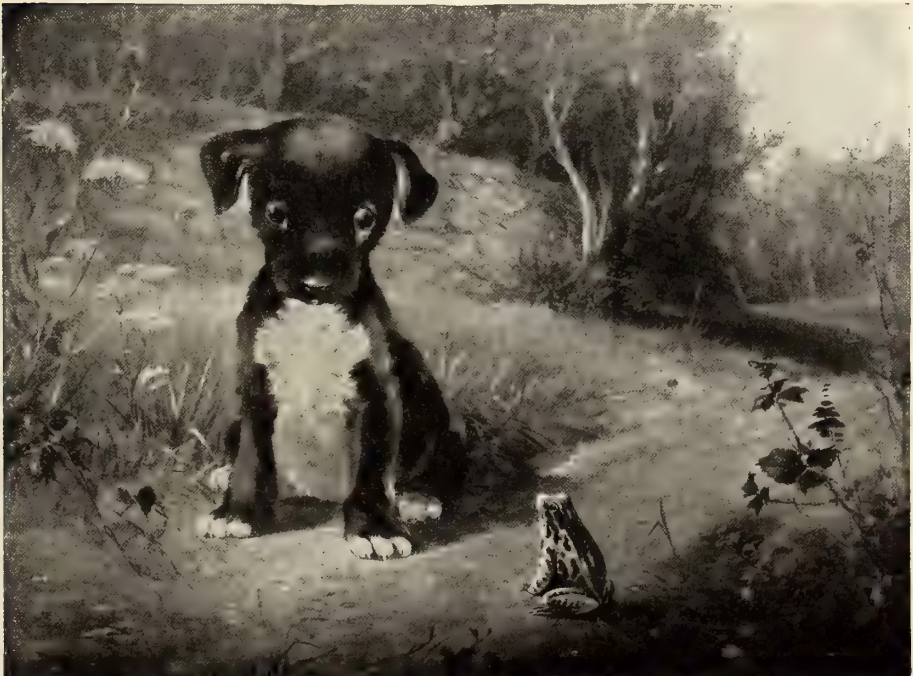
And, last of all, this bothers me:
What kind of blossom, nut, or fruit
(Or kind of "Nursery Blocks," maybe)
Would grow from planting a SQUARE
ROOT?



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"BRUCE AND THE SPIDER."

PAINTED BY B. COBBE.



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"YOU DO LOOK FUNNY."

PAINTED BY T. R. KENNEDY.

AT THE BEACH

BY CLARA ODELL LYON

Down on the beach where the water is curling,
Babies and children at play,
Down on the beach where the water is foaming—
Who are so happy as they?
Watching the waves as they roll from the ocean,
Picking up pebbles and shells,
Sailing their boats, and fishing for minnows,
Digging their miniature wells.

Here comes a wave, oh, see it come rolling,
Now it is wetting their toes;
Back again, back again, back again flowing,
Out to the ocean it goes;
Out where the gay little whitecaps are dancing,
Out where the sky stretches down,
Out where you see but the sky and the water,
And never a sign of a town.

Down on the beach where the water is tumbling,
Wading as far as they dare,
Splashed upon, dashed upon, by the waves' breaking,
Never a bit do they care.
Down on the beach where the water is bubbling,
Happy and careless and free,
What is so good as to spend a vacation
Close to the edge of the sea!



"FISHING FOR MINNOWS."
BY CHARLES C. CURRAN.

By permission of The Buffalo Fine Arts Academy.

THE YOUNG WIZARD OF MOROCCO

BY BRADLEY GILMAN

Author of "A Son of the Desert"

CHAPTER XV

A BLOW IN THE DARKNESS

ACHMED's opinion—that they ought to set forth that very night from Wezzan—was a sound opinion. Moorish wills are fickle, and Moorish pledges are not always kept. So our friends felt relieved when, in about two hours, the announcement was made that a guard of honor awaited them outside the gate of the kasbah.

They gathered together their few possessions, Mall'y took up his position on the back of Mo-leeto, the patient, plodding donkey, and forth they went.

The guard of honor was composed of six armed men, three on camels and three on foot. The sherif himself came out to see them start; he was mounted upon a snow-white horse, was dressed in white, and wore a scarlet fez with a white turban. He seemed especially proud of a fine pair of riding-boots (called *temag*) which he wore—probably a present from some devoted subject; the boots opened at the back, were buttoned up by green silk buttons, and were embroidered down the sides with silk and silver thread.

Out through the sōk went our friends and their guards, the various people of the various races all standing respectfully aside to let them pass.

"I am rather glad of our guard to-day," remarked Achmed as they entered the sōk, and he pointed across that crowded, noisy tract of ground, toward a group of men on the hillside who were shouting and waving their arms.

One glance was enough for Ted to know who they were. "Hamdouchis?" he remarked.

"Yes," replied Achmed. "A fierce people. They and the Aissouis are the two most fanatical sects in Morocco; they cut and gash themselves when in a frenzy, and are liable to attack Jews or Christians. We shall pass them nearer than I wish; but our guards will protect us."

"These Hamdouchis have the queer custom," remarked Ted, scanning the frenzied group, "of tossing stones in the air and letting them fall on their bare heads. See! There, one did it then." And in a few moments another man did the same. Each man staggered under the blow, and the wonder was that they were not killed.

"They are allied to the dancing and howling dervishes of Egypt and Turkey," said Achmed.

"I have seen the dancing dervishes at Cairo,"

replied Ted, "and they seemed a really honest and respectable—though very excitable—class of persons. But I suppose they and these fellows all are alike in that they get their brains and minds into a misty or inflamed state, and think they are thus under some mysterious divine influence."

Our little company passed out of the farther border of the sōk unmolested. Ted and Achmed at first thought that the Hamdouchis had not noticed them; but, just as they glanced back for a last look, they saw a man on horseback coming from the gate of the kasbah. He rode rapidly across the sōk to the leaping and shouting fanatics. Ted whipped out his field-glass and focused it on the man. Achmed's keen desert-trained eyes were extremely efficient, and he understood perfectly as Ted exclaimed: "What is that gorgeous official doing? He is the khalifa, the same chap who summoned us to the sherif's presence. Why, he is talking to the leader of that wild crowd. See! He is pointing toward us! What do you suppose he means?"

Ted glanced at Achmed, who was looking intently at the singular scene a mile back on the hillside. "Here, take the glass!" suggested Ted. But Achmed waved it away and stood gazing and frowning.

"I like not the action of the khalifa," he said. "Why should he direct that fanatic's attention to us? Only Allah knows." Then the two lads turned and hurried after their little company, who had gotten ahead a hundred yards.

Once or twice during the remainder of the day, and again after they had camped that night, the two friends spoke with surprise and suspicion of the peculiar conduct of the khalifa. But no harm seemed to have come of it, and they turned their thoughts more and more toward the city of Fez, whither they were directing their steps, that city being now about sixty miles distant.

Their guards that night, like all official guards in Morocco, kept up a loud and annoying conversation until nearly midnight; but they seemed to be well-disposed fellows and to feel the responsibility which the sherif had put upon them; and at last they were all asleep; their camels, hobbled, moved noiselessly about on their great cushioned feet; and even wakeful little Mall'y, under a corner of Ted's haik, sighed and slept, as if glad to get away from the grasp of the sherif of Wezzan, and to be again out in the free, open country.

At dawn the cavalcade was promptly on its way across the desert, which was a bare tract of sand and loose stones, and with many dry beds of streams to cross.

Precisely at that hour in the afternoon upon which, the day before, they had started from Wezzan, the leader of their guard halted his camel and prepared to lead his men back to the sacred city. He said that he had done exactly what he had been instructed to do, and he asked Achmed to sign and seal a paper—a sort of affidavit or safe-conduct—which he could show to the sherif as proof of his faithfulness.

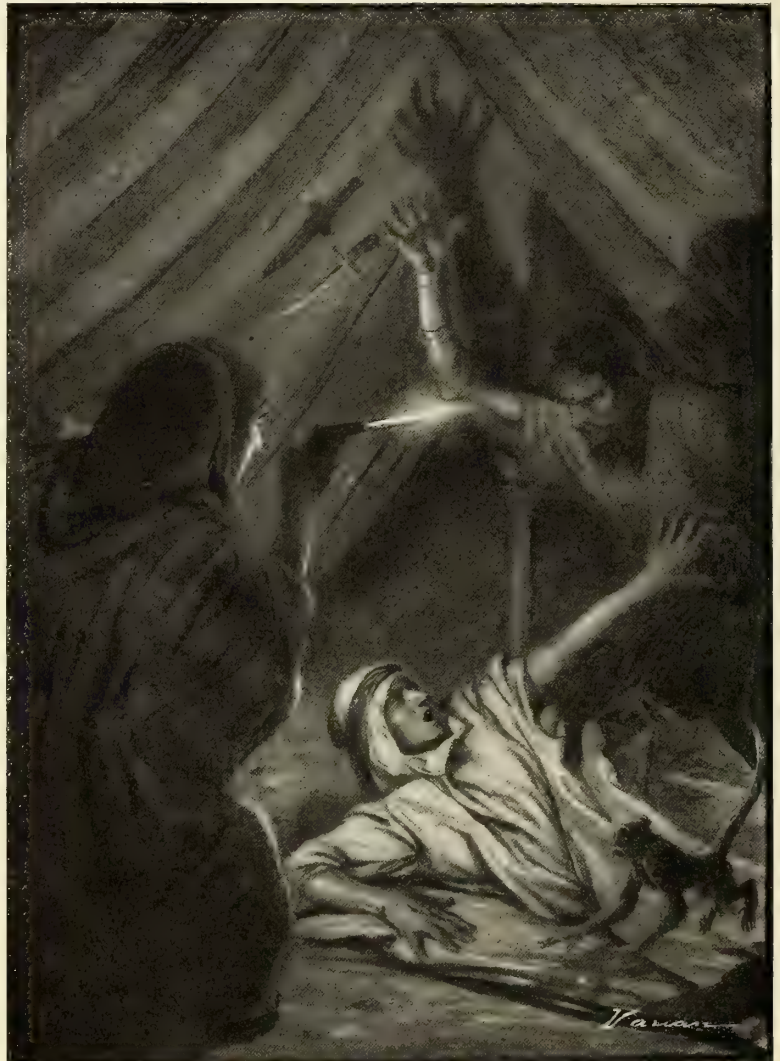
This being done, and a little mouna (gift-money) being pressed into his half-open and expectant brown hand, he poured out farewells, invoked Allah's protection upon our friends, and took himself off with his men and camels, leaving them once more alone in the midst of the desert.

They were not unwilling to be thus alone and free from the constraints of the last few days. They therefore marched forward with relief and confidence, and both Ted and Achmed expressed the hope that the Russian Petrovsky would become entangled in difficulties either at Fez or at Wezzan—whither he certainly would need to go, or to send a messenger—and thus leave their path clear. Their spirits rose as they proceeded. Achmed's face expressed confidence, and Ted whistled vigorously and played with Mall'y.

The only animal life which they saw was a jackal, barking, in the distance, and a vulture which hung high in air over them, doubtless hoping, as Ted grimly remarked, that somebody would die. Once a flock of English robins flew past them, going north, probably to Tangier and Cape Spartel, and possibly even to England itself. Now and then a pair of crested larks flew up, and

these extremely tame little creatures showed hardly any fear of human beings.

Only one incident occurred that day to mar the calm, pleasant current of their journey and revive their distrust of the sherif of Wezzan. It was a moving object which came into sight, sev-



"TED FELT A SHARP PAIN IN HIS SHOULDER, AND THEN HEARD A LOUD NOISE, SUDDEN AND SHARP, LIKE A PISTOL-SHOT FIRED CLOSE BY HIM."

eral miles back of them, just before sunset. Ted could not clearly make it out, because of the glare of the setting sun. "I think it is a human being," affirmed the American lad; and he handed the field-glass to Achmed.

"Yes, I think so," was the Bedouin's comment. "It seems to be a man; one only. What is he doing out here alone?"

"Perhaps he is a rekkah [a courier]," suggested Ted. "You know we thought it likely that the Russian might send one to Wezzan instead of going himself."

Achmed gazed and gazed. "No, I think he is not a rekkah. He does not move rapidly. In fact, he remains in about the same place. And I think he sees us; but he makes no signal; he cannot be in distress or need."

Then the increasing darkness prevented his seeing more, and the lads addressed themselves to their frugal evening meal, Mall'y sharing with his young master, and Moleeto eating some of the grass which he had borne from Wezzan.

Moleeto had also carried a small light-weight tent which Achmed had purchased in a Wezzan bazaar; and beneath this, presently, he and Ted and Mall'y stretched themselves, Achmed lying near the back of the tent, and Ted, with Mall'y, near the entrance.

The night was without a moon, but the stars shone through the clear air, giving some light. A light, shifting breeze flapped the edges of the tent at intervals. As Ted listened to it the wind seemed like a homeless wanderer, seeking—over desert and plain and hill—something which it never could find.

Whatever anxiety our two lads may have felt, they expressed none to each other; and both of them soon fell fast asleep, being much fatigued.

How long Ted slept he knew not; although afterward he knew, by the stars, that it must have been about three o'clock in the morning when he was awakened. He was dreaming about his home in Lexington, Massachusetts—as he often did—and about his friend Bob Lawrie; he seemed to be, with Bob, taking a tramp through the woods to Concord, a few miles farther west. Then they seemed to be standing and looking at the famous statue, "The Minute-Man." Then "The Minute-Man" seemed to turn into Mall'y, the little monkey, and to chatter a danger-signal. Then a gurgling sound broke in, and Ted thought—in his dream—that it must be the Assabet River, flowing noiselessly among the piers of the bridge close by the statue. Then "The Minute-Man" (now become Mall'y) seemed to seize him by the arm; and then—then he half awoke, opened his eyes, felt a sharp pain in his shoulder, and, last of all, he heard a loud noise, sudden and sharp, like a pistol-shot fired close by him.

CHAPTER XVI

A DANGEROUS REGION

THE crash, the pistol-report, together with the sharp pain in his shoulder, brought Ted Leslie

to full alert consciousness. He half sprang up; but a human body falling across him at that same instant knocked him back to the ground. Again he sprang up, throwing off the man who had fallen across him, and grasping the man's wrist as he did so; for he perceived, in the dim light, a sharp knife on the ground, and he knew the cause of the sharp pain in his own shoulder.

All this action took barely three seconds; and then Achmed's lithe body and steel-like muscles were thrown into the struggle; he hurled himself upon the combatants, and in a few seconds he and Ted had the murderous invader pinioned. Then they dragged him—threatening them violently in Arabic—forth into the open, and scanned his face and figure.

One glance told them all. They understood now what the sherif's khalifa was saying when they saw him talking to the Hamdouchis in the sōk; they fathomed, therefore, the depths of the sherif's duplicity and ingratitude. "Perfectly clear," exclaimed Ted, feeling his injured shoulder with his other hand. "The sherif told his khalifa to inform those fanatics about my race and religion; and one of them has followed us, hoping to kill us. This must be the fellow whom we saw last evening back on that slope of land."

Ted and Achmed now bound the Hamdouchi zealot with strips of cloth torn from his own clothing. Then a silence fell upon both of them. They were separately deliberating on what was their best course of action. The ferocious Hamdouchi's right arm hung helpless; the bullet from Achmed's revolver—even with so sudden an aim, amid the darkness of the tent—had been skilfully aimed, and it had shattered the bone of the man's upper arm. As Ted scanned the brutal face narrowly, he now noticed blood on the man's cheek; and, looking closely, he made out what he was sure must be the marks of brave little Mall'y's teeth. That impulsive but prudent animal had now retreated to the inner end of the tent, where he could be heard talking to himself with much excitement.

"See there!" said Ted to Achmed, and pointing to the man's cheek. "That is what made him hit my shoulder instead of my throat." And Ted Leslie knew that again his faithful little monkey pet had saved his master's life. He recalled, too, his strange dream, and saw how it had been merged in awful reality, as the murderer crept upon him, and Mall'y tried to arouse his master.

Achmed sat, buried in profound reflection. At length Ted broke the silence. "What is to be done? We must not treat him as he would treat us; but we cannot set him free, either; he might follow us and try again to do us harm; he is

now unarmed, but he might try to strangle us some night in our sleep."

"Yes, he certainly would try it," affirmed the Bedouin lad; "these fellows would sacrifice their own lives to bring death to one whom they had vowed to kill." Then he relapsed into silence.

Ted cudged his brain for a solution of the difficulty. He was not sure, knowing Achmed's Bedouin nature and the law of the desert, that his companion, if alone, would not have put this man to death; but that must not be.

Then an idea struck him. "We can do this, anyhow," he exclaimed. "We can hobble him, as your people hobble a camel; for we must not set him free, we must not put him to death, and we must not leave him bound and helpless, for the jackals and hyenas to devour alive."

The plan seemed to satisfy Achmed, although he looked at the Hamdouchi with stern eyes. And the boys at once put their idea into action; so that the man was soon standing with his feet tied so as to give him a little room for walking in very short steps, and his hands were bound tightly behind his back.

Their captive at once saw what they were doing, and his face relaxed a little its ferocity; he knew that he had given up his claim to life, as the savage customs of Morocco interpreted justice; but these lads were going to spare him; and he seemed relieved, yet hardly grateful.

Achmed and Ted now struck camp; and Achmed silently turned the Hamdouchi's face toward Wezzan, and pointed him sternly to his path. Then the boys left him there in the night, and moved away through the half-darkness toward Fez.

It seemed a long time before the new day dawned. The boys might have gone forward a mile or two, and again encamped; but both of them were much stirred up by the exciting scene through which they had passed; so they plodded on and on, slowly indeed, yet always forward; and at last the eastern sky grew lighter, and the sun soon rose.

They felt easier after light came, and made a long wait for breakfast, and after that took a short nap, which they both needed. Their savage enemy was not to be seen anywhere behind them; without doubt he was making good use of his time and his hobbled feet to reach Wezzan before hunger and thirst grew too pressing.

Again the march was resumed, and the boys became even more watchful.

"We are coming more and more," remarked Achmed, "into the region where Bou Hamara, the pretender to the Sultan's throne, has been most active. He is gaining in strength, they say.

He is plotting to drive the Sultan from his throne, and his claims to miraculous powers have gained him many followers among these ignorant tribes. It is possible that he may actually become the Sultan of Morocco; stranger things have happened in this wild country."

"If he does, how will that affect our mission?" asked Ted.

Achmed reflected a few moments, and replied: "In this way, my brother. We are under orders to negotiate with the Sultan of Morocco, whoever he may be; if Bou Hamara gains the throne, our mission will be to him; but in that case we should have greater difficulties to overcome, for he might not keep the Kaid McKenzie in his cabinet as counselor and general-in-chief; and our line of approach to the Sultan is easiest through that shrewd, powerful Scotsman, who is the personal friend of Lord Cecil Seymour."

Thus the two lads conversed, weighing the chances for and against the success of their daring exploit. And at this moment a cloud of smoke, rising above a ridge of hills before them, caught their attention. They at once halted, and were preparing to approach the place cautiously, when Ted perceived what at first looked like a heap of fluttering rags in a hollow a hundred yards away on their left.

This object proved to be a Moor, who now approached them timidly, making the usual signs of peace, and reciting the usual peaceful salutations.

From him they learned that the smoke in front of them arose from a burnt and now smoldering dchar, or Moorish village, which had taken sides for the Sultan and against Bou Hamara; and that vengeful soldier of fortune had attacked it, with a band of his soldiers, and laid it waste, slaughtering as many of the inhabitants as he could easily reach.

This news was not at all calming and encouraging to our two friends. They felt more than ever the cruel nature of this claimant to the throne, and hoped they might not meet him. "He has some knowledge of sleight-of-hand, I am told," remarked Ted. "I heard that in Tangier. He learned a few tricks in Algiers, it is thought." Then his sense of humor prevailed, and he added, with a laugh: "I wonder which is the more powerful *arraf* [wizard], he or I?"

"I hope we shall have no occasion to decide that," remarked Achmed. "But even if he can perform a few magical tricks, probably he is at heart superstitious, and quite as afraid of jinns as is the most ignorant of his followers. These Moors are all much alike; I have observed them closely."

Our friends now made a detour in order to

avoid a sight of the devastated village with its horrible scenes, which they would be unable to alleviate; and they made as much speed as possible on their journey. The remainder of the day was uneventful, and their sleep that night was unbroken by any noteworthy incident.

"The Holy City of Moulai Idris' it is called," commented Ted. "But I wager that it will be found to contain filthier streets and viler smells than Tangier. Still, at this distance, we can't see the filth or smell the vile odors; and certainly it is a pretty sight, half hidden in its veil of mist,

with Mount Thagot rising close beside it. In its old days of prosperity and glory it must have been a marvelous sight to the tribesmen who came in off the vast sandy deserts at the south."

The two lads surveyed the historic old city for several minutes. With the naked eye, and more plainly with Ted's field-glass, the houses and gardens could be made out, as also scores of white-garbed Moorish figures near the walls or in the gateway which lay nearest our young travelers. Ted was about to suggest that they now go forward, when Achmed, who had remained more than usually silent for several minutes, broke his silence. "I believe, my brother," he said slowly, "that it would be best for me to go forward alone, and learn what I can about the Sultan and Kaid McKenzie, and especially about Petrovsky the Russian and his Moorish ally."

Ted's face grew gloomy at once; but he said nothing, and Achmed continued, now laying his hand, in his expressive Bedouin way, affectionately on Ted's arm: "I know my brother's thoughts; he does not wish to have me encounter perils alone; but I think that my

plan is best. The donkey is a little lame from those hills we climbed; also, I can pass among these Moors as one of themselves; and I can thus more speedily gather the information which I seek. Remain here, therefore, my brother, among these safe rocky heights, and rest. I will make all haste possible; and I will return on the morrow, ere the sun is in mid-heaven, knowing then how we may best act."



ACHMED AND TED WITH THEIR ESCORT.

At length, as the day was waning, the city of Fez became discernible far down in the plain; its location, between two branches of the river Sebu, gives it a fertile region for its suburbs, and supplies it with what is extremely needed in so tropical a country—an abundance of water; but it also gives it dampness at night, and—as now when our young friends first saw it—spreads, frequently, a thick mist over it.

This plan was by no means to Ted's liking; but he admitted that caution was necessary; and he knew that although he could now wear easily the garb and act the part of a Moor in most respects, yet in speech he could not trust himself to say very much. So he reluctantly yielded to Achmed's suggestion, and set about arranging a camp for the night. And the resolute, self-reliant young Bedouin strode swiftly away, down toward the broad plain of the Sebu, and was soon lost to sight among the rough, rocky ridges of the hillside.

"Well, old chap," said Ted, addressing his pet, "you and I must keep house alone. There's no other way." And he gave a finger to that lively little quadruped, who made great show of biting it, while Ted gently stroked Moleeto's nose with his other hand.

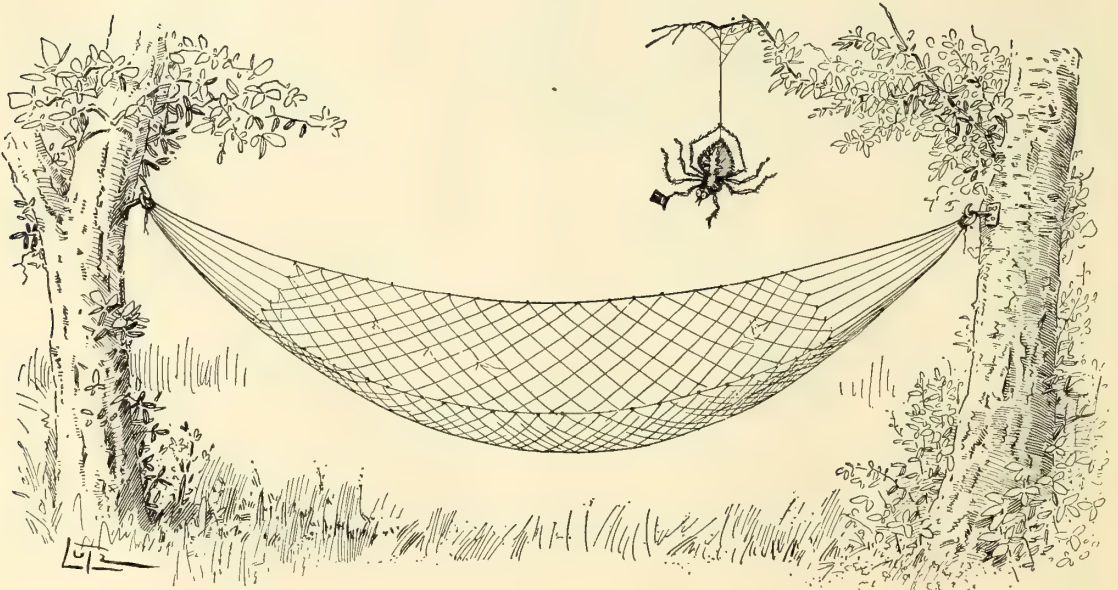
Night settled down on the camp, and the stars came out, and Ted lay down to sleep. The great world of Europe and the United States seemed far, far away from him. He seemed almost as remote from Boston and Lexington and his father and Bob Lawrie as if on some other planet. But

he was in vigorous health—"hard as nails," he often said to himself, with an athletic young man's pardonable pride in his health and vigor—and he was not homesick; but, rather, he was eager to carry out to a successful issue the bold enterprise upon which he and Achmed had entered.

The morning dawned, and Ted awoke refreshed. He did not know but he might find Achmed already back in the camp and asleep; but he had not returned. Ted gazed down at the white city, some four miles away, and wondered where Achmed was, and if he was successful in his investigations.

Noon came and passed. Still Achmed returned not. Surely he had intended to be back at least by noon. Ted walked and walked back and forth across the little plot of level ground where he had pitched his camp, and stared hard and anxiously at the white-walled city, the sacred city of Moulaï Idris. The conviction was taking deep, firm hold upon him that something had gone wrong with Achmed; and, if so, he himself must act, wisely yet promptly and boldly.

(To be continued.)



SPIDER: "WHAT A MONSTROUS WEB! I TAKE MY HAT OFF TO THE GIANT SPIDER THAT SPUN IT! I WONDER WHAT KIND OF BEINGS GET CAUGHT IN IT, ANYHOW!"



BY FREDERICK MOXON

By the old wooden wharf, where the fishermen's
shanties

Roll higgledy-piggledy back from the bay,
With fish-nets and anchors and lobster-pots
littered,

What sport to go there on a warm
summer day!

The boys with their tackle, the girls with
their buckets,

Barefooted, and careless of collar and hat,—
But best of the fun is to listen to stories

Of two Ancient Mariners, jovial and fat.

"Now ain't *that* a good 'un?" asks old Cap'n Tim.

"I 'll tell 'em a *better*," says old Cap'n Jim.

And both laugh "Ho ho!" good and hearty.

Now these two Ancient Mariners, rugged
and ruddy,

Are *twins*, and as like as two halves of
a ball.

They grow the same shade of gray whiskers
and eyebrows,

And wear the same outfit, boots, jersey,
and all.

Their blue eyes go twinkle in just the same
fashion,

Their voices are pitched on the same
jolly note;

And nothing so suits them as having the
children

Crowd round where they sit on the
overturned boat.

"Now ain't *that* a *good* 'un?" winks old
Cap'n Jim.

"I 'll tell 'em a *better*," blinks old Cap'n Tim.

And both laugh "Ha ha!" good and hearty.

Says old Cap'n Tim: "Now when *I* were a
youngster,

I makes up my mind on a whaler to ship,
An' soon we stan's out from the port where they
fit 'em

(Or used to do then) for the antarkik trip.

There were *two* vessels started, the *Ann* an' the
Annie:

We yoked 'em together an' plowed o'er the
main.

We sails 'em, an' *sails* 'em, an' SAILS 'em, an'
SAILS 'em,

Clear roun' the Eequator to Salem again!
Now *ain't* that a good 'un?" smiles old Cap'n
Tim.

"I 'll tell 'em a *better*," grins old Cap'n Jim.

And both laugh "Ho ho!" good and hearty.

Says old Cap'n Jim: "Now when *I* were a
kiddie,

I runs off from Ma, an' I hires as a cook
Aboard of a *bark* that is boun' for the *Dogger*,—
Ye 'll find where it lays from yer joggerfry
book.

The cap' were the mostest *perticiler* skipper,
He made us clean ship till the season were
o'er;

We glossed her, an' *glossed* her, an' GLOSSED her,
an' GLOSSED her,

Until we drops anchor at Gloucester once
more!

Now ain't *that* a good 'un?" crows old Cap'n
Jim.

"Let 's tell 'em the *best* 'un," shouts old Cap'n
Tim.

And both laugh "Ha ha!" good and hearty.

Then, chuckling and winking, they speak up
together:

"We once takes a cruise to the kingdom
o' Nep."

("That 's Neptune, o' course.") "An' we sees
the most wonders!"

"Fish-hornets that flew,"—"An' crab-apples
that crep'."

"The porpoise were poising,"—"And starfish
were shootin',"—

"An' mermaids druv sea-hosses, slick as
could be."

"The Submarine Circus' they calls it,"—"An'
circus

Were spelled on the bills wi' a great, big
Red Sea!"

"Now ain't *that* a *dandy*?" says old Cap'n Jim.

"Now ain't *that* a *winner*?" asks old Cap'n
Tim.

And all of them laugh good and hearty.

BETTY CRUSOE

(More "Betty" Stories)*

BY CAROLYN WELLS

It happened most conveniently that when Betty was invited to spend a day and a night at Lena Carey's, her mother was also just about to go for a short visit to a friend who lived only a few stations beyond, on the same railroad.

"So we can start together," said Betty, gleefully, "and then I can get off at Pleasant Hill, and you can go on to Mapleton."

"You're sure they'll meet you at the station?" said Mrs. McGuire.

"Oh, yes, indeed. Lena wrote that they would meet me in their new motor-car. I shall take only a suitcase,—that will hold enough clothes for such a short stay."

So Betty packed a pretty organdie afternoon dress, a dainty chiffon evening frock, and her night things, and the two travelers started on an early morning train.

The Careys were in their summer home at Pleasant Hill, and, after spending the night there, Betty was to go on next day and join her mother at Mapleton.

The arrangement was satisfactory, as Betty would have to travel alone only the few miles that separated the two places.

It was a lovely day, and in her neat blue traveling-suit and straw hat Betty was a very pretty and contented-looking little tourist. She chattered to her mother all the way, and when the train stopped at Pleasant Hill, she kissed Mrs. McGuire good-by, and followed the porter, who carried her suitcase from the car.

Betty watched the cars round the curve, and then turned to look for the Carey motor. She did n't see it at first, but, as the railroad station was set rather high, and there were steps near by, she assumed the street was below the railroad-level and she must go down the stairs.

But it did seem as if Lena might have come up to welcome her, for a strange railroad station is always a bit confusing to a new-comer.

Not seeing a porter, or indeed any one, about, Betty picked up her suitcase and started down the stairs.

At the bottom she saw a pleasant, shaded road, but very few signs of civilization. However, Lena had told her that Pleasant Hill was merely a "jumping-off place," but that their own cottage there was delightful.

Betty did n't mind the lack of people or buildings in general, but she did mind the absence of the Careys. She could n't understand it, for she knew she was expected; but she concluded they must have been delayed for some reason, and she had nothing to do but wait.

Just at that moment, she saw a man driving by in an old farm-wagon.

"Wait a minute!" she called, for he was nearly past.

"Hey! what do you want?" the man called back, but he stopped his team, and waited as Betty came down the steps.

"Excuse me," she said politely, "but have you seen a motor-car around the station?"

The man ruminated.

"No, miss, I hev n't. Leastwise, not to-day."

"But I mean to-day—just now. I'm expecting the Careys to meet me. I just came on the train."

"Ye did, hey? Well, that 'ere train was a good half-hour late. So, if so be 's them Careys was here, like as not they got tired o' waitin' an' went away again."

"Where is the Carey place, do you know?"

"Wal, yes 'm, I do know. It's a matter o' three miles along the hill road. I'll take you out thar myself if ye like. It'll cost you a quarter, though—and I'm not very busy."

So she climbed up on the wagon-seat, and the old farmer turned his horse and off they went.

It was mostly uphill, and therefore slow going, but at last they came in sight of a white house nestling in a tangle of green shrubbery and bright flowers.

"How pretty!" exclaimed Betty; "is that the Carey place?"

"It be," vouchsafed the taciturn one, and Betty asked no further questions.

They drove in at the green, arched entrance,

A CONDENSED OUTLINE OF "THE STORY OF BETTY" AS ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN ST. NICHOLAS.

* Betty McGuire, a waif from an orphan-asylum, is an under-servant in a boarding-house. Suddenly she comes into a large fortune, which she inherits from her grandfather who died in Australia. Somewhat bewildered by her good luck, but quite sure of what she wants, Betty buys a home, and then proceeds to "buy a family," as she expresses it.

She engages a lovely old lady as housekeeper, but adopts her as a grandma, and calls her so. She takes Jack, a newsboy, for her brother, and she selects a dear little child from an infant orphan-asylum for her baby sister.

With this "family," and with some good, though lowly, friends who were kind to her when she was poor, for servants, Betty lives at her new home, Denniston Hall.

By reason of several circumstances Betty feels sure her relatives may be found, if she searches for them. Her search results in finding her own mother, who is overjoyed at finding again the daughter who, she supposed, had died in infancy.

and up a winding road to the house. It was a truly summery dwelling, with large windows, wide verandas, screens, and awnings.

The farmer climbed slowly down from his seat, slowly took Betty's suitcase and set it on the porch.

Leaving her suitcase on the steps, she went up on the porch and rang the door-bell.

While awaiting an answer she let her gaze stray over the surrounding landscape.

It was wonderfully beautiful, and, as Betty had a passion for pure color, the clear cobalt sky, the various bright and deep greens of the trees, the smooth gray of a little lake, and the purple of the distant hills thrilled her color-loving soul.

"They could n't have found a lovelier spot," thought Betty, "and," she added to herself, "if ever I find them, I'll tell them so."

Her ring at the bell had not been answered, and she turned back to the front door to find it as tightly closed as ever.

"Well, I like the Careys' notions of hospitality," she said grimly, as she rang the bell again, this time somewhat more forcibly.

Still the door did not open, and Betty felt decidedly puzzled.

Again she rang the bell, and could hear for herself its long, buzzing ring. But nobody answered it, and though she felt sure everything would soon be all right, yet she began to feel a little queer.

"I know it's the right house," she thought, "for here's Lena's fan in the hammock. That's the fan I gave her, so she must have left the house lately."

Greatly puzzled, Betty went around to the back part of the house.

She knocked and banged on the kitchen door, but received no response of any sort. She tried the door, but it was evidently locked and would not open.

She peered in at a window, but all she could see was some dishes piled on the kitchen table.

"Well, I do declare!" she said aloud, "if this is n't a lovely way to receive an invited guest!"

Though unwilling to admit it, even to herself, Betty was feeling decidedly disturbed. There was a mistake somewhere, that was quite evident. She knew the mistake was not hers, for Lena had written careful directions about her journey, and had said the motor would meet the train.

Resolving to ring the bell again, Betty went slowly back to the front door.

The landscape did not appear quite so attractive as it had at first, and Betty was conscious of a queer depression about her heart.

"I'm not scared!" she assured herself; "I won't

be scared! They *must* be in the house. Perhaps they're—perhaps they're cleaning the attic!" Though not very probable, this seemed a possibility, and Betty pushed the bell with force enough to summon even people busily absorbed in work. But nobody came, and in despair Betty gave up the attic theory.

Half involuntarily, for she had no thought of its being unlocked, she turned the knob of the front door. To her surprise, it opened readily, and she stepped inside.

"Well, for goodness' sake!" she exclaimed. "Now, they must be at home, or they would have locked the front door."

Then she called: "Lena! Lena, where are you?"

But no one answered, and her voice reverberated in what was unmistakably an empty house.

Betty gave a little shiver. There is something uncanny in being the only occupant of a strange house.

An undefined sense of fear took possession of her, and she stood hesitating in the hall, almost determined to go no farther.

Had it been a dull, cloudy day, or nearing dusk, she would have scurried out, but in the bright, cheerful sunlight it seemed absurd to feel afraid.

Still, it was with a loudly beating heart that she stepped into a large room opening off the hall.

It was evidently the family living-room, and the familiar things about reassured her somewhat.

Several books which she looked into bore Lena's name on the fly-leaf, and a light shawl, which she recognized as Mrs. Carey's, was flung carelessly over a chair-back. Somehow these homelike touches comforted Betty, and she ventured further explorations.

The dining-room was in order, and Betty could not tell whether any one had eaten recently or not. But in the kitchen pantry she noted remnants of breakfast, which were fresh enough to denote having been placed there that morning. The ice-box showed fresh milk and various cold viands, and when Betty discovered that the kitchen clock was ticking, she concluded that all was well.

"For it's one of those little tin clocks," she observed, "that have to be wound every day. So the Careys have just stepped out since breakfast, but why they took all the servants with them, I don't know. Family picnic, I suppose, with no thought of their arriving guest!"

Wandering back to the front rooms, Betty started to go up-stairs, and then stopped. Suppose something awful had happened!

She paused with her foot on the lowest stair.

"Lena!" she called again; "Lena!"

But there was no answer, and, with a sudden impulse of bravery, Betty ran up-stairs and peeped into the first bedroom she came to. It was, without doubt, Lena's own room.

She recognized her kimono flung on the bed, and her little Japanese slippers, which had evidently been kicked off across the room. Surely Lena had dressed in a hurry.

Cheered by these visible signs of her friend's recent presence here, Betty went on through the other rooms.

She found nothing unusual, merely the sleeping-rooms of the Carey family, fairly tidy, but by no means in spick-and-span order.

In fact, they looked as if the whole family had gone away in haste.

"To meet me at the station, I suppose," cogitated Betty. "Well, I 'm here, and I can't help it, so I may as well make myself at home. I think I 'll bring my suitcase up, and select a room, and put on a cooler dress."

She went down-stairs more blithely than she had gone up. It was all very mysterious, to be sure, but there had been no tragedy, and the Careys must come back soon, wherever they might have gone.

She paused again in the living-room, and sitting down at the open piano, she sang a few lively little songs.

Then, feeling quite merry over her strange experience, she went out to the front porch for her suitcase.

It was just where she had left it. Nobody was in sight. She gazed again over the lovely, serene landscape, and, taking the suitcase, she went, singing, up-stairs.

The guest-room was easily recognized, and Betty felt at liberty to appropriate it for her own use. She was an invited guest, and if no hostess or servant was present to conduct her to her room, she must look after her own rights.

"I 'm just like Robinson Crusoe," she chuckled to herself. "I 'm stranded on a desert island, with not a human being near. But, luckily, there 's food in the pantry, for really, with all these exciting experiences, I 'm getting hungry."

She opened her suitcase and shook out her pretty dresses. Then she changed her traveling-frock for the light organdie, and having bathed, and brushed her hair, she felt rather better.

"Well, it 's nearly noon," she said, looking at her watch, "and, as I 've no one to consult but myself, I may as well have an early luncheon. If the Careys come in while I 'm eating, I 'll invite them to lunch with me."

So down-stairs Betty went, smiling to think of herself as Betty Crusoe.

But as she passed the door of the living-room and glanced inside, her smile faded.

Her eyes grew big with amazement, her cheeks turned pale, and a shiver of fear shook her.

On the table lay a man's hat!

"It *could n't* have been there when I was in here before," she thought, "for I looked into those books, and now the hat 's on top of them!"

It was a forlorn old hat, of light-gray felt, but soiled and torn, and Betty's frightened heart told her that it was the hat of some marauder, and not of any member of the Carey family.

With a sudden scream, which she could not repress, she ran and hid behind a large Japanese screen in the corner of the room.

"Who 's there?" called a man's voice from the hall. It was a loud, gruff voice, and poor Betty shook and shivered as she crouched behind the screen.

"Who 's there?" repeated the voice, and Betty heard heavy footsteps coming in at the living-room door.

Then there was silence. The man was apparently awaiting Betty's next move. Then he said again: "Who screamed just now? Where are you?" and somehow this time his voice did not sound quite so ferocious. But Betty had no intention of answering, and she squeezed into her corner, hoping that he would go away.

Then suddenly the whimsical idea came to her that, as she was personating Robinson Crusoe, this was probably the Man Friday who had arrived. This amused her so much that she giggled in spite of her fear. The man heard the smothered sound, and going straight to the screen, he pulled it suddenly away.

Betty, who was sitting on the floor, looked up to see a stalwart young man of a college type staring down at her. His costume of summer outing clothes was informal, but at once betokened he was no marauder. Also, his handsome, sunburnt face and frank blue eyes showed a kindly though surprised expression.

Betty was reassured at once, and, truly glad to see a human being of her own walk in life, her face broke into merry dimples, as she said:

"Hello, Man Friday!"

"Who are you?" was his bewildered response, and then remembering himself, he added: "I beg your pardon; may I assist you to rise?"

He took Betty's hand, and in a moment she had jumped up from her crouching position, and stood facing him.

"I 'm Betty Crusoe," she said; "I 'm stranded on a desert island, and if you 're Man Friday, I hope you 'll protect me from cannibals or bears or whatever wild beasts abound here."

"Oh, I know you," said the young man, smiling. "You 're Miss Betty McGuire."

"I am. I 'm a guest of the Careys—only—the Careys don't seem to be here!"

"No, they 're not. I 'm Hal Pennington, at your service. I 'm called Pen or Penny for short,—sometimes Bad Penny."

"But why did n't they come to the station for me, as they arranged?"

"Oh, they telegraphed you last night not to come till next week."

"And I did n't get the telegram!"

"Thus that explains all! How did you get here if I may be so bold as to ask?"



"HE STOPPED HIS TEAM AS BETTY CAME DOWN THE STEPS."

"I 'm sure that 's a libel," said Betty, smiling at his kind, honest face.

"It is, I assure you, for I 'm good as gold. Well, I, too, am a guest of the Careys, and, as you so cleverly observe, they don't seem to be here!"

"Where are they?"

"Well, you see it was this way: all the servants took it into their foolish heads to leave at once. They decamped last night. So this morning the Careys started off in the motor-car to bring home a lot of new ones."

"In a rumibly old wagon of a kind farmer. The front door was n't locked, so I walked in and made myself at home. Are you staying here?"

"Yes, for a week. I 'm sketching some bits of woodland, and I stayed at home to-day rather than go with them to stalk servants. Now, let me see,—this is rather a complicated situation. Shall I, by virtue of prior residence, be host and welcome you as my visitor, or would you rather appropriate the house as your own, and let me be your guest? It is for you to choose."

His jolly, boyish face seemed to show that he thought the whole affair a great joke, and Betty fell into the spirit of it.

"When do the Careys return?" she asked.

"Mrs. Carey said they 'd surely be home by three o'clock, and I could forage in the pantry to keep myself from starving."

"All right," said Betty; "I 'll be hostess, then, until she comes. You 've heard Lena speak of me?"

"Gracious, yes! I 've heard you so highly lauded that I doubt if you can live up to the angelic reputation she gives you!"

"Oh, yes, I can," said Betty, laughing. "Now I 'll be Betty Crusoe, and this house is my desert island. You 're Man Friday, and you must do exactly as I say."

"I live but to obey your decrees," said young Pennington, with a deep bow.

"Good! Now, first of all, I 'm starving. Are you?"

"I even starve at your command. I am famished."

"I believe you are, really. Let 's see what we can find."

Together they went to the pantry, and found cold chicken and peach-pie, a bowl of custard, and various odds and ends of tempting-looking dishes.

"Let 's set the table first," cried Betty, gleefully. "Do you know where the dishes are?"

"I 've never really set the table," Pennington said, "but I 'm quite sure the dishes are in the sideboard or the glass cupboard."

"How clever you are!" said Betty, laughingly; "I do believe you 're right!"

They easily found linen, silver, and glass, and Betty set the table daintily for two.

"Now," she said, "I 'll get the luncheon. A man 's only a bother in the kitchen. You go and do your sketching until I call you."

But Hal Pennington was not so easily disposed of.

"No," he said; "I 'll gather some flowers, and then I 'll arrange them as a table decoration."

"Do," said Betty, "that will be lovely!"

Hal went out to the garden, and returned with gay blossoms, which he arranged deftly and with good taste on the table.

"What are you doing?" he said a little later, as he drifted into the kitchen, where Betty, with her sleeves rolled back, was whisking away at something in a bowl.

"Making a salad; don't you like it?"

"Love it! Let me help."

"You can't help, I tell you. Go away, Man Friday, until I call you."

"No, please let me help," coaxed Hal. "I just love to cook. Pooh, maybe you think I don't know how! See here, I 'll make an omelet!"

Before Betty knew what he was about he had broken several eggs into a bowl.

"Oh, don't!" she cried, laughing at his misdirected energy. "We don't want an omelet! We 've bushels of things to eat already!"

"Then I 'll make coffee," said Hal, quite unabashed. "These eggs will do for coffee just as well."

"Not six of them, goose!" cried Betty.

"Why, yes, you always put eggs in coffee."

"Oh, just one, or part of one, to clear it!"

"Well, if one 's good, more 's better; anyway, I 'm going to make coffee."

Taking a white apron from a nail, Hal tied it round himself, and proceeded to make what turned out to be really good coffee, though he used only a small portion of the eggs in it.

"You are a good cook," said Betty, as she watched his experienced movements.

"Sure! I learned how in camp. All our fellows know how to cook."

The luncheon was daintily served. Betty had garnished the salad with nasturtium leaves and red blossoms, and edged the platter of cold chicken with a wreath of parsley.

They had taken out the Careys' best china and cut glass, and the table looked lovely indeed.

"My! What a spread!" said Hal, looking admiringly at it. "I did n't suppose you could do things like that."

"Why not?" said Betty, turning wondering eyes on him. "What made you think I could n't?"

Hal reddened a little, but said honestly:

"'Cause Lena said you 're such a fearfully rich girl, and I sort of thought you 'd be—oh, you know—above fussing in the kitchen."

Betty laughed merrily.

"I love fussing in the kitchen," she said, "and I think every girl ought to know how to cook. At least she ought to have sense enough to get together a cold luncheon like this when everything 's provided."

"Yes, I know; but you 've made everything look so pretty. I want to eat dishes and all!"

Betty dimpled with pleasure at his praise, and they sat down to the pretty feast, to which they did full justice.

"I wonder when the Careys will come," Betty remarked, as they lingered over the coffee.

"I wish they 'd never come," said Hal. "I think it would be fine if we were really castaways, and nobody ever came to rescue us. Just like Robinson Crusoe and his Man Friday."

"But we have n't any goat," said Betty, laugh-

ing. "The goat was one of the principal characters, you know."

"Well, likely a goat would wander in some day. I say, can you sing?"

"Yes," said Betty, smiling as she thought of how she had sung when she first entered the house; "I sing some songs pretty well."

untidy to leave it. But you need n't do it; I hate to see a boy doing girl's work."

"Oh, pshaw, it is n't girl's work exactly, if you play you 're camping or picnicking or something like that. I 'm going to help, and you can't stop me!"

Hal had begun already to take out the dishes, and Betty gave him a mock sigh, as she said:

"I don't think my Man Friday obeys me as well as he promised to."

"'Cause I only obey when I want to," he responded, and in a short time the table was cleared and the food put away.

"We won't wash the dishes," said Betty, as she piled them neatly on the kitchen table. "If Mrs. Carey's going to bring a lot of servants at three o'clock, they'll want something to do."

So they went to the piano, and soon discovered that they knew a number of the same songs.

Hal had a good voice, and they sang away with all their youthful enthusiasm, making such a volume of sound that it could be heard above the chug-chugging of the approaching motor-car.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Lena, as they whizzed up toward the house. "That 's surely Betty McGuire's voice! No one else sings like that."

"And that 's Hal singing with her," said Mrs. Carey, as a masculine voice blended with Betty's soprano.

Then Lena sprang from the car, and rushed to greet Betty, and all sorts of apol-



"'WHAT ARE YOU DOING?' HE SAID TO BETTY."

"I wager you do. Let 's go in by the piano and sing duets."

"Did n't you hear me singing this morning? I sat down at the piano when I first arrived."

"No; I was out sketching. I only came in the house a few minutes before I found you."

"Let me see your pictures, won't you?"

"Sometime, yes. Let 's go and sing now."

"No, we must clear the table first. It 's so

ogies and explanations of the matter followed.

"I 'm not a bit sorry!" said Hal, as Mrs. Carey reiterated her regret at the misunderstanding; "I 've had a jolly time, and now Lena 's come I don't suppose I 'll be able to get a word in edgewise with Betty Crusoe, all the evening!"

"You will if I have anything to say about it," said Betty, in a burst of good fellowship, flashing one of her brightest smiles at her Man Friday.



OLE DADDY DO-FUNNY'S WISDOM JINGLES

BY RUTH MCENERY STUART

DE 'POSSUM

Br'er POSSUM makes pertend he 's dead
Whilst shots goes whizzin' over 'is head,
But time de hounds is out o' sight,
He 's up an' "hungry for a fight!"
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat!

DE GIRAFFE

Br'er GY-RAFFE don't make no pertense
O' not seein' over 'is neighbor's fence,
An' ef he 'd listen close-t, I 'spec'
He 'd hear somebody say: "Rubber-neck!!!"
But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
But he ain't by 'isself in dat!

SIS' PORCUPINE

Sis' PORCUPINE, wid 'er bristles all set
In a pompado' style, is waitin' yet,
An' she can't understan', whilst she puckers 'er
mug,
De sca'city o' kisses an' de frien'ly hug.
But she ain't by 'erself in dat, in dat—
But she ain't by 'erself in dat!

DE BLIND MOLE

De blind mole tunnels straight ahead,
An' he gits whar he gwine wid a trustful tread,
But he nuver has yit got nowhere else,
An' he 'll never view de skies where glory melts.
But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
But he ain't by 'isself in dat!

FOX AND TARRAPIN

Br'er FOX he takes de road so spry
Dat he gits all de bets whilst he dashes by;
But he mighty soon flops to match 'is pace,
So stiddy ole stick-in-de-mud wins de race.
But dey ain't by deyselves in dat, in dat—
But dey ain't by deyselves in dat!

MR. ALLIGATOR

MISTER ALLIGATOR kin grin a mile,
But dey ain't no inducemint in his smile;
Whilst he ain't no race-horse, yit dey say
A little alligator goes a mighty long way!
But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
But he ain't by 'isself in dat!

DE CHIPMUNK

De chipmunk flits in a vanishin' whirl,
An' befo' you can say, "Was dat a squir'l?"
You see a little muss of leaves an' sticks—
An' 'is own head 's turned wid 'is chipmunky tricks.
But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
But he ain't by 'isself in dat!

DE PERSIMMON

Is you little gals, growin' into women,
Ever tasted a snappy young persimmin?
It takes a hard frost to make it sweet,
An' it 's old an' swiveled 'fo' it 's fit to eat!
But it ain't by itself in dat, in dat—
But it ain't by itself in dat!

DE FIG

De fig dat 's "sweet enough to eat"
Is *sweet enough*, but *not too sweet*;
But de honey-lip fig in de blazin' light
Is a battle-ground whar de varmints fight!
An' it ain't by itself in dat, in dat—
An' it ain't by itself in dat!

DE GUINEA-HEN

Sis' GUINEA, in proud week-day clo'es,
Forgits how she was hatched outdo's;
Wid 'er red-boot chicks, she cuts a dash,
An' calls 'er neighbors "*Po' trash! Po' trash!*"¹
But she ain't by 'erself in dat!
But she ain't by 'erself in dat!

¹ The guinea-fowl strays away from home and makes her nest in the fields. The newly hatched guinea-chicks are beautiful, dainty things, with coral-colored feet which look very fine. The guinea's cry, loud and harsh, sounds like "Potterack!" or "Poor trash!"

THE REFUGEE

THE STRANGE STORY OF NETHER HALL

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES GILSON

Author of "The Lost Column," "The Lost Empire," etc.

CHAPTER XIX

THE CUP AND THE LIP

THEY explored the place from attic to cellar; they ransacked the cupboards, and rummaged the drawers. They found several furnished rooms, and food and ale and bottles of wine—some full

dashed through the opening in the wall. They found themselves in a small room, furnished as a bedroom. The bed was very much ruffled, and had evidently been slept in. Upon a table, in the center, were some dirty plates and glasses, and the remnants of a meal. They looked everywhere, under the bed, behind the chest of drawers; but



"ANTHONY FOLLOWED THEM TO THE DOOR."

and some emptied—but no single living soul was anywhere to be found.

Finally, they came back again to the passage, and were about to leave the house, when a panel slid softly open in the wall; and a hideous old man, bent very low with age, and with only one eye and a very crooked face, suddenly appeared in the flaming light of the torch.

The five of them were in the passage. The Austrian made a motion as if to run the old man through with his sword. Anthony and Roland

there was no one there. Evidently the old man with the crooked face had been the only occupant.

They returned to the passage, where one of the constables held the old man by the throat.

"Empty?" asked the constable.

"Not a soul," said Anthony. At that the old man laughed—a squeaky kind of a laugh.

"If you catch Jerry Abershaw ye 'll not let him get away again?" the old man croaked.

"Not if we get him," said the constable.

"If Jerry gets away from prison," piped the old man, "he 'll flay me alive—sure he will. But he cheated me to-day, and he shall pay for it."

The Austrian drew near to the old man, and, unobserved by the others, whispered in his ear.

"Betray him at your peril!" he said.

Tinsell turned sharply, with a look of alarm.

"Silence!" came from the black beard in a gentle hiss. "Silence! or, *mon Dieu!* you die."

"Let me go a minute," the man said.

The constable did as he bade him. The old man's crooked face was yellow in the torchlight; and a look of the most malicious hatred had come to his only eye. Without a word, with but a toothless grin, he shot back the panel in the opposite wall. And there, in a corner of the room beyond, with a bundle of straw at his feet and a pistol in either hand, stood Jerry Abershaw, the highwayman, caught like a rat in a trap.

The next few seconds were such as Anthony Packe was never likely to forget, and yet of which he could afterward give no adequate account. It seems that Anthony and the two constables, shoulder to shoulder, came upon the highwayman in a rush; while old Tinsell, from the opening in the wall, the foot of which was some short distance from the level of the floor, held the flaming torch above his head.

Four pistol-shots rang out in quick succession, filling the place with the smoke of the powder, and waking the neighbors in the street. Anthony fired, and one of the constables fired; but, it appears, they discharged their weapons as they dashed forward, and in consequence missed, the bullets splitting the wood on either side of the highwayman's head. Jerry for an instant held his ground, to all appearances perfectly calm and cool, firing first one pistol and then the other. The tall constable pitched heavily forward from a wound in the arm; the other went back with a cry of pain, carrying his right hand across to his left shoulder.

Anthony's attack was now unimpeded, and he seized the murderer by the throat. But in an instant he was shaken off and hurled against the wall, while Jerry Abershaw snatched up the wooden chair and dashed across the room to the door that was guarded by Roland and the Austrian, and Tinsell, with terror stamped on his face and the torch trembling in his hand. Anthony saw the old man crouch low and quickly dodge as Jerry Abershaw hurled the chair at his betrayer's head. He heard the snapping of the wood against the wall, and then the light went out, and once again they were in darkness.

It could only have been a few seconds before the torch again flamed forth, showing Tinsell's

white face, with its hollow, haggard cheek, gazing at Roland Hood—wounded, on the passage floor. For it was in that minute during which they stood in utter darkness that Louis des Ormeaux committed with cold deliberation a cowardly crime.

As Jerry bore down upon the unhappy Tinsell, with vengeance in his eye, and the chair swung high by the legs, Captain Hood, leveling his pistol fair at the robber, took quick, but certain, aim.

These things passed as lightning flashes. Roland fired, and the black-bearded Austrian struck the muzzle upward with his fist: the bullet was buried deep in an oaken beam above. Almost simultaneously, the chair crashed against the wall, and then the light went out.

Less in anger than astonishment, Roland had turned for an instant to the man who had thus saved the highwayman's life. Seeing that the Austrian, of his own free will, was there to capture Jerry Abershaw, Roland at first thought that there was some mistake. One glance, however, was enough to banish this. The man had drawn back into the passage: his white teeth were showing in his beard; and his eyes were filled with hate.

Roland had no time to draw his sword and defend himself. The Austrian's blade flashed, and the thrust came straight and sure. But it was just then that the light went out. The young officer, on a sudden, struck desperately before him; and Providence in that dark passage guided the smoking barrel of his pistol. Steel rang out on steel; the sword was beaten down, and the blade passed through his thigh.

At that, with a cry of pain, Roland threw himself forward, and seized his would-be murderer by the throat. They came down to the ground together, struggling for life, the Austrian uppermost.

When Tinsell rekindled his torch, Anthony and the constable hastened to the scene. Abershaw, who had reached the street door, turned back, and, as he had now no weapon left, pressed his knee upon Roland's chest and forced him to let go his hold.

As the Austrian rose, Roland grasped his beard, which came off there and then, disclosing the features of their old enemy, the *Vicomte Louis des Ormeaux*.

Roland was, at first, unable to rise.

"You villain!" he cried, the red blood flowing from his wound, and a feeling of weakness creeping over him. "*You villain!*" He could say no more. He fell back, as if he fainted, his head striking dully on the floor.

The constables were coming, and des Ormeaux



"'BUT FIRST,' THE MAN ADDED ARCHLY, 'HE HAS TO BE CAUGHT!'"

dared not stay. He laughed, and then, with Jerry Abershaw, made off into the night.

Anthony followed them to the door-step, where he stood and listened to their footsteps growing fainter in the street. Then he turned back to tend to Roland Hood.

CHAPTER XX

MR. BLATHERWICK'S MISTAKE

ON the night that Abershaw escaped, Anthony Packe was more than a little alarmed lest his friend should faint from loss of blood; for no sooner had Roland got to his feet than the wound opened afresh, and so strong a feeling of dizziness took hold upon him that he was obliged to lean for support against the wall.

Fortunately, however, by this time the gentleman who had been stationed with the third constable at the back of the house had come round to the front by way of the passage, in all haste to learn the conclusion of so much shouting and noise. He looked hugely alarmed when he saw the havoc that had been done: the tall constable lay wounded upon the ground, with his face buried in the straw; the other had buttoned his forearm inside his coat, for the collar-bone was broken and the limb was thereby useless; and the young officer of marines, with a blood-stained bandage round his thigh, was deathly white in the face.

"Egad!" he exclaimed, "and he has got away!"

He never guessed that the Austrian with the black beard had changed sides at the eleventh hour and struck a coward's blow.

He was soon told of these things, however, which made him wonder none the less; and then, being a kind-hearted man as well as a brave one, he offered such assistance as lay within his power.

They helped Roland to the street. In that quarter of the town, and at so late an hour, there was small hope of finding a hackney-coach. But, as luck had it, a hawker chanced to pass; and for the sum of a shilling they got the use of his barrow. This served very well to convey the young man to Long Acre, to the house of a surgeon of noted skill, who, after dressing the wound, assured them that the patient would be well again in a week.

Nor was the surgeon wrong, for in six days Roland Hood was the same man who had strolled into Slaughter's Coffee-House with the little girl he had met on the coach—save for a red scar on his leg and a stronger desire than ever to even his score with Louis des Ormeaux.

By this time Anthony was both comfortably

settled in his chambers in Lincoln's Inn and embarked upon his studies, which, by the same token, were not overmuch to his taste. He found frequent opportunity to call round upon the invalid, who had taken up his abode at a hotel in Covent Garden, very much patronized by the country gentlemen of the time.

It was upon the day that Roland was first able to walk without the aid of a stick, and he and Anthony were seated in the coffee-room upon the first floor of the hotel, that a porter entered, and said that a gentleman waited upon them below.

The visitor was shown up; and he entered with his hat under one arm and a leather satchel, such as is used for papers, under the other. A great seal dangled at his fob. He was a pale man, clean shaved, and on the better side of thirty, though stooping and dilatory both in his manner of walking and his speech.

"Mr. Blatherwick," said he, "at your service, gentlemen"; and he bowed.

Our friends rose from their chairs, not entirely at their ease, Roland muttering something to the effect that he knew the name very well.

"Indeed, you should, sir," said the gentleman, quietly; "for I am the Prime Minister's agent, and am here on my master's concerns."

"You come from Mr. Pitt!" they both exclaimed of a breath.

"The same. And when I say my master's concerns, I mean of course the nation's. I hope you will not think I take too much upon myself by saying so. With your permission, I 'll take a chair."

He seated himself, and laid his satchel before him upon the table. Anthony was too taken aback to speak. He had his father's letter of introduction to the Prime Minister in his pocket; he had been six days in London, and had not yet plucked up sufficient courage to knock on the great man's door. He felt, in a way, in disgrace; but Mr. Blatherwick put him at once at his ease.

"You, sir, I take it, are Mr. Anthony Packe. I've heard of your father, sir; in his time, an ardent politician, forcible and fearless. To Captain Hood," he went on, turning to Roland, "I need no introduction. I have had the privilege of overlooking Admiral Hotham's despatches. I congratulate you, sir, from my heart, and, without any more preamble, get straightway to business. But first, I think, I 'll close the door."

He did so, and locked it, taking the preliminary precaution of seeing that there was no one in the passage without. That done, he came forward, rubbing his hands. "Gentlemen," said he, "we are alone. That which I have to say is not for the public ear."

He opened the satchel, and covered the table with papers, with which for some time he busied himself, picking them up and putting them down again, with almost tender care, and rubbing his hands the while. When he had placed them all to his satisfaction, he lay back, and opened his hands before him.

"There," said he, "we have evidence enough to hang a certain gentleman. I refer to a French so-called Vicomte, a refugee and a rascal, who landed in our country in the year '92, being put ashore by smugglers on the Essex flats, at a place called Judas Gap—a very appropriate name, for a Judas, in truth, he is. In consequence of the discovery of a signaling-station on Ramsey Height, established by this man during his term of residence at Dedham, certain investigations have been made that have led to most alarming disclosures. It is perhaps needless for me to add that the conduct of this inquiry has been intrusted to your very humble and obedient servant; such, if I may mention it, is the nature of my special duties. It appears that in his own country, in the days of the Monarchy, the man's reputation was none of the best. At the outbreak of the Revolution, the Jacobins thirsted for his blood; and, 'pon my honor, that they never got it, is much to be deplored. Well, then, he flies to England for safety, and, while under the protection of an Englishman's roof, seeks to lend a hand to those who contemplate the invasion of our shores. I will not dwell upon the perfidy of such behavior. It has now come to light that this man is the most active spy in the country. You are well aware that invasion threatens us on every hand. Mr. Pitt finds the weight of office heavy upon him; yet, I assure you, gentlemen, he is not the man to flinch. This fellow must be caught; he has become a national danger in himself."

At that Mr. Blatherwick lay back in his chair and vigorously rubbed his hands.

"He shall get his deserts," he repeated, as if he relished the project. "But first," he added archly, "he has to be caught."

"The other night," growled Roland, "I might have had him, had I known."

"So I have heard," said the agent. "The constable has put me in complete possession of the facts. That is why I am here. It is necessary, in the public interest, to arrest these rogues. For five days those whom I employ have been scouring London, from Hyde Park to London Wall—without success. I have obtained permission from the Admiralty, Mr. Hood, to enlist your services on my behalf."

"Mine!"

"Precisely. You know Abershaw by sight, and

you know the Vicomte exceedingly well. You are resolute and daring; and also, if I am to believe everything I hear, you have some private cause for animosity."

"Indeed, I have," said the other, the blood rising to his face. "And I think, sir, if I may venture to say so, you have shown a nice discrimination in your choice. I'll not rest till I've put that villain where he will nevermore do harm," he cried with vehemence; and he banged his fist upon the table.

"Just as it should be," drawled the agent. "Just—just as it should be!"

"I want only good horses and good men," said Roland.

"You shall have both. Abershaw and the Frenchman are probably together. If the watch get news of either, they have instructions to communicate with you at this address. You will then be free to take your own course. And now I must go. I wait upon the Prime Minister at six o'clock."

He got to his feet, gathered his papers together, and put them back into the satchel. With this under his arm, he bowed to each in turn, and then strolled lazily on his way, seeming in no haste to keep his appointment with Mr. Pitt.

It was about an hour after this, when Roland had dressed for dinner, and sat waiting for Anthony, who was coming to dine with him, that a waiter approached with a piece of folded paper in his hand.

"I think, sir," said the waiter, giving the paper to Roland, "I think, sir, this is yours or your friend's."

Roland looked at it, and was about to protest that it was not his, when it fluttered to the ground from the waiter's hand. And Roland's eye became fixed upon the printed words:

THE BALD-FACED STAG, ROEHAMPTON.

"If it is not yours," said the waiter, "it must belong to the gentleman who called, sir, for I found it under the table."

Roland picked up the paper there and then; thanked the man, and told him he could go. Then, in his dress-clothes and a white cravat, he sat and thought it out. Anthony found him seemingly immersed in thought.

"Do you know that name?" asked Roland, pointing a forefinger to the letters that spelled THE BALD-FACED STAG.

"Why, yes. It's the notorious inn where Jerry Abershaw is said to go!"

"Precisely," calmly answered the other. "And

I have a shrewd suspicion that this is one of Jerry Abershaw's accounts—unpaid, you will observe."

"How came it here?" asked Anthony; and the answer completely deprived him of breath.

"Mr. Blatherwick brought it," said Roland. "this afternoon."

"You're joking!"

"Not at all. Do you remember I once struck the table with my fist? Well, it was then that this must have fallen to the floor. When the man who called himself 'Mr. Pitt's agent' departed, he left it behind. The waiter brought it to me; he thought it was mine."

But Anthony could not as yet piece this evidence together. Roland had the advantage of him by a quarter of an hour, during which time he had thought the matter completely out, and was now arrived at a very definite conclusion.

"But those papers," exclaimed Anthony, "were state documents!"

"How do you know?" asked Roland. "Did he show you one?"

And now the truth was dawning. Roland went on: "He made a great show of spreading his papers all over the table, but he took very good care that neither you nor I saw what they were. They were all probably old bills, and rubbish, such as this."

"It's a trap!" cried Anthony, drawing back.

"I think so, too," said Roland, who never moved. "This man had such accurate information—indeed, he knew more than we ourselves—that if he did not come from Pitt, he came from only one other man—Louis des Ormeaux himself. This paper strengthens my suspicion that the latter is certainly the case. However, I may be wrong; and you must go by hackney-coach at once to the Prime Minister's house. Present your letter of introduction, and find out whether the Mr. Blatherwick who called here this afternoon is a fraud or not."

Anthony waited not a moment to hear more. So certain was he that they had been duped, that they had stumbled upon an underhand conspiracy, that he was all impatience to put it to the proof. He found a hackney-coach in Bedford Street, and a minute afterward was trundling down the Strand.

As for Roland, he waited twenty minutes, and then going down to the coffee-room, ordered dinner. He saw no need to wait for Anthony. Mr. Pitt's father, the great Earl of Chatham, had been an intimate friend of Sir Michael Packe; and there was no knowing how long the Prime Minister would keep the boy.

The young marine officer was about half-way

through with his meal, and was thinking that, if Anthony did not return, he would slip round to White's Club in St. James's Street, of which he had just been elected a member, when the same porter who had announced the arrival of Mr. Blatherwick entered and approached.

The coffee-room was crowded. Gentlemen were seated at every table.

The porter, as he crossed the room, had a most important face. He bent down and whispered in Roland's ear:

"There is a constable below, sir, who says he must see you without delay."

There was no need for so much secrecy, however; for hardly had the words left his mouth than the constable himself entered, hat in hand, and stepped briskly across to Captain Hood.

"Captain Hood, sir?" he asked.

"The same," said Roland, signing to the porter to go.

The constable put his hand to his mouth.

"We've news," he whispered.

"Of whom?"

"Of the highwayman. And the other is with him. They lodge to-night at a house in Southwark, and can be taken in their beds."

Roland remained in his seat.

"Good!" said he. "We'll move on as soon as it is dark. What about men?"

"There's my mate below, sir, and another man in Southwark, watching the house. I understood you had a friend?" he added, looking around.

"I have," said Roland. "He will be here in a few minutes."

"Very well, sir. If he comes too, that will make five of us. Both my mates are the same size as myself."

Roland looked at the man. He was dressed as a constable. He was about six feet three in height, and proportionately broad—a Hercules of a man.

By this, Roland did more than suspect. The man's inquiry after Anthony, his suggestion that five men were enough to capture Abershaw and the Frenchman, the very mention of Southwark, the most benighted quarter of London—all confirmed him in his belief that this was a further trap to lead Anthony and himself to their destruction.

For all that, he had a mind to test the man.

"I think," said he, drumming his fingers upon the table, "I think—just to be on the safe side—I'll get some friends of mine, notable pistol-shots."

"I would not do that, sir," said the constable, quickly.

"And why?"

"Well, you see, sir," he jerked out awkwardly, "me and my mates know the game. Ah, many 's the time," he cried, raising his hands in deprecation, "many 's the time I 've seen a hardened criminal escape—because we had called in outside aid."

There was now no room for doubt. He and his "mates," as he called them, were in the employ of Louis des Ormeaux, whose object it was to decoy Roland and Anthony into the dark region of Southwark, and there to put an end to them. If there was need of any further proof, he who was best able to supply it at that moment entered: Anthony Packe, hot in the face and out of breath, came brushing past the waiters down the room.

He was about to speak; but Roland, still seated calmly at the table, held him silent with a look.

"Here is my friend," said he, with a wave of the hand.

The pretended constable clumsily shifted upon his feet.

Roland turned to Anthony, and, unobserved by the constable, raised his forefinger for an instant to his lips.

"Well," said he, casually, "did you see your tailor about the coat?"

Anthony thought for a moment. Roland evidently wanted to know the result of his interview with the Prime Minister, and had made it perfectly plain that the gigantic constable who stood at the table was to be kept in the dark. He had seen Mr. Pitt; had brought him from his dinner, in fact—and, *to the Minister's knowledge, no such man as Blatherwick existed.*

"Yes," said Anthony. "But it does not fit. It will not do at all. It was made for another man."

This was all that Roland wanted to know.

"Have you got your pistols?" he asked.

"No," said Anthony. "I left them in my rooms."

"Ah," said the other, "that is unfortunate, for you will have to go back and get them." He then turned to the constable. "You are well armed, of course?"

The constable produced a brace of pistols from under his coat.

"Loaded?"

"Loaded—both."

"May I see them?" asked Roland.

He could not very well refuse, but handed them over to Captain Hood. At which, that officer sprang suddenly to his feet, and pressing the muzzles upon the big man's chest, called upon him to hold up both his hands.

Every gentleman in the coffee-room got from his chair and gathered around. The tall man stood with his knees knocking together, his arms

stretched out above his head, and his face gone ashen white.

"Gentlemen," said Roland, perfectly calm, "I must ask your kind assistance. This ruffian is no officer of the law, as I will very soon prove to you, but one of a gang of thieves. At any rate, give me the chance to prove it."

The verdict was written on the man's face, and his words proved him a coward and nothing more.

"Put down those pistols!" he let out. "I 'll turn King's evidence, or anything else."

They bound him hand and foot.

"Gentlemen," said Roland, "it will oblige me if no one leaves the room." He then turned to a waiter. "Go down-stairs," said he; "and in the hall you will find another man dressed as a constable. Ask him to be so good as to step up here. Tell him that Captain Hood wishes a word in his ear."

The waiter departed, napkin on arm, though a trifle nervous at heart. The gentlemen clustered on either side of the doorway, chuckling in merriment, rather like boys playing a practical joke.

At that moment the man entered. He stood about six feet five—a desperate-looking blade. And before he knew what had happened, he lay full length upon the floor, with half a dozen country squires seated upon his chest. In little longer time than it takes to write it down, they had him securely bound.

This man was of more stubborn demeanor. He said not a word of King's evidence, though he had been taken equally by surprise. When he was told that his comrade had already owned to being a bogus constable, he growled out that "Jack Pierce always was a chicken-hearted rogue."

A short time afterward two genuine constables came in from the market. They identified the men as notorious ruffians; but when they heard that Jerry Abershaw himself was in the hollow of their hands, they looked seriously at one another; and the surly fellow caught their look.

"Yes," he sneered, "Jerry 's in Southwark, and you can go and take him, if you 've got the pluck."

There was no question as to this; though, by reason of Abershaw's reputation, the constables deemed it advisable to get some further assistance.

In consequence of this delay, nine o'clock had been called by the watch when Captain Hood, with Anthony Packe and six constables, left the hotel in Covent Garden, taking with them the man called Pierce, who had been forced or persuaded to act as guide.

A FLORAL ARRANGEMENT

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

THIS is the house the "Jack" rose built,
These are the roots that lie 'neath the house
the "Jack" rose built.

This is the *Mouse-ear*, so pink and shy,
That nibbled the succulent roots that lie
'Neath the house that the "Jack" rose built.

This is the *Cat-kin*, furry and sly,
That fell on the *Mouse-ear*, so pink and shy,
That nibbled the succulent roots that lie
'Neath the house that the "Jack" rose built.

This is the *Dog-wood*, whose bark, so nigh,
Frightened the *Cat-kin*, furry and sly,
That fell on the *Mouse-ear*, so pink and shy,
That nibbled the succulent roots that lie
'Neath the house that the "Jack" rose built.

This is the *Cow-slip*, beside the thorn,
That tossed the *Dog-wood*, one early morn,
That frightened the *Cat-kin*, furry and sly,
That fell on the *Mouse-ear*, so pink and shy,
That nibbled the succulent roots that lie
'Neath the house that the "Jack" rose built.

This is the *Maiden-hair fern*, forlorn,
Who milked the *Cow-slip*, beside the thorn,
That tossed the *Dog-wood*, one early morn,
That frightened the *Cat-kin*, furry and sly,
That fell on the *Mouse-ear*, so pink and shy,

That nibbled the succulent roots that lie
'Neath the house that the "Jack" rose built.

This is *Ragged Robin*, all tattered and torn,
Who kissed the *Maiden-hair fern*, forlorn,
Who milked the *Cow-slip*, beside the thorn,
That tossed the *Dog-wood*, one early morn,
That tossed the *Dog-wood*, one early morn,
That frightened the *Cat-kin*, furry and sly,
That fell on the *Mouse-ear*, so pink and shy,
That nibbled the succulent roots that lie
'Neath the house that the "Jack" rose built.

This is the *Cock*, whose early "Hey!"
Woke *Ragged Robin*, at break of day,
Who kissed the *Maiden-hair fern*, forlorn,
Who milked the *Cow-slip*, beside the thorn,
That tossed the *Dog-wood*, one early morn,
That frightened the *Cat-kin*, furry and sly,
That fell on the *Mouse-ear*, so pink and shy,
That nibbled the succulent roots that lie
'Neath the house that the "Jack" rose built.

This is the *Monk's-hood*, all shaven and shorn,
Who joined *Ragged Robin*, all tattered and torn,
To the *Maiden-hair fern*, who was so forlorn,
Who milked the *Cow-slip*, beside the thorn,
That tossed the *Dog-wood*, one early morn,
That frightened the *Cat-kin*, furry and sly,
That fell on the *Mouse-ear*, so pink and shy,
That nibbled the succulent roots that lie
'Neath the house that the "Jack" rose built.

THE WILD-FLOWER TAMER

BY CAROLYN WELLS



"WILD-FLOWER TAMER 's come to town!"
All the posies cried.
"See him stalking up and down!
Let us run and hide!"

So the wild flowers hid away,—
All of them but one;
Wild Rose said: "I 'm going to stay,
Just to see the fun!"

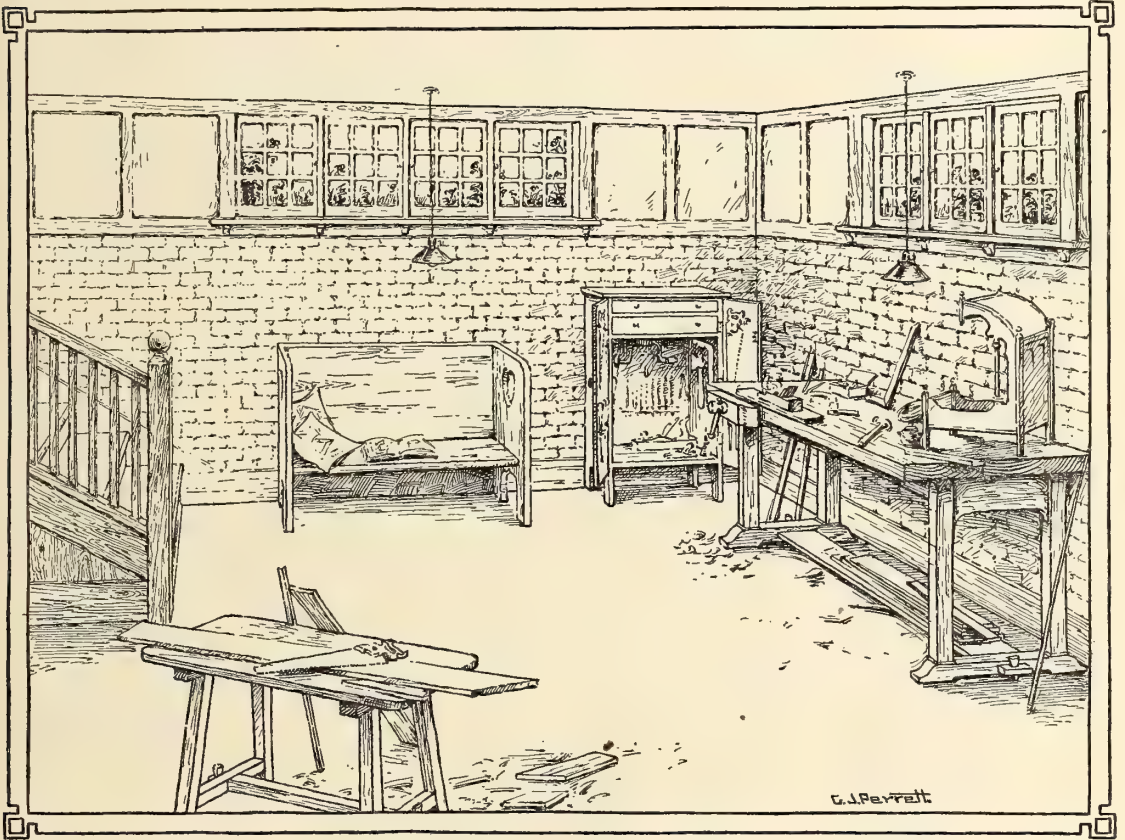
Wild-Flower Tamer came to her,
With his wondrous powers;
And a Primrose she became,
Tamest of the flowers!

BOYS' ROOMS

BY ANTOINETTE REHMANN PERRETT

A BOY'S room has every chance of being one of the most interesting rooms in the house. It may be a workshop in the basement or in the rear extension, an improvised corner in the open attic, or a small study, but if it enters into the spirit of a boy's activities, it is sure to be a good-looking

tern-work and color the richness of the Oriental rug, but the simplest brick wall in a basement has opportunities all its own. It need not be unfriendly or dingy. It can be companionable and full of warmth. The more you learn about brick, the more you can make it express. We are a race



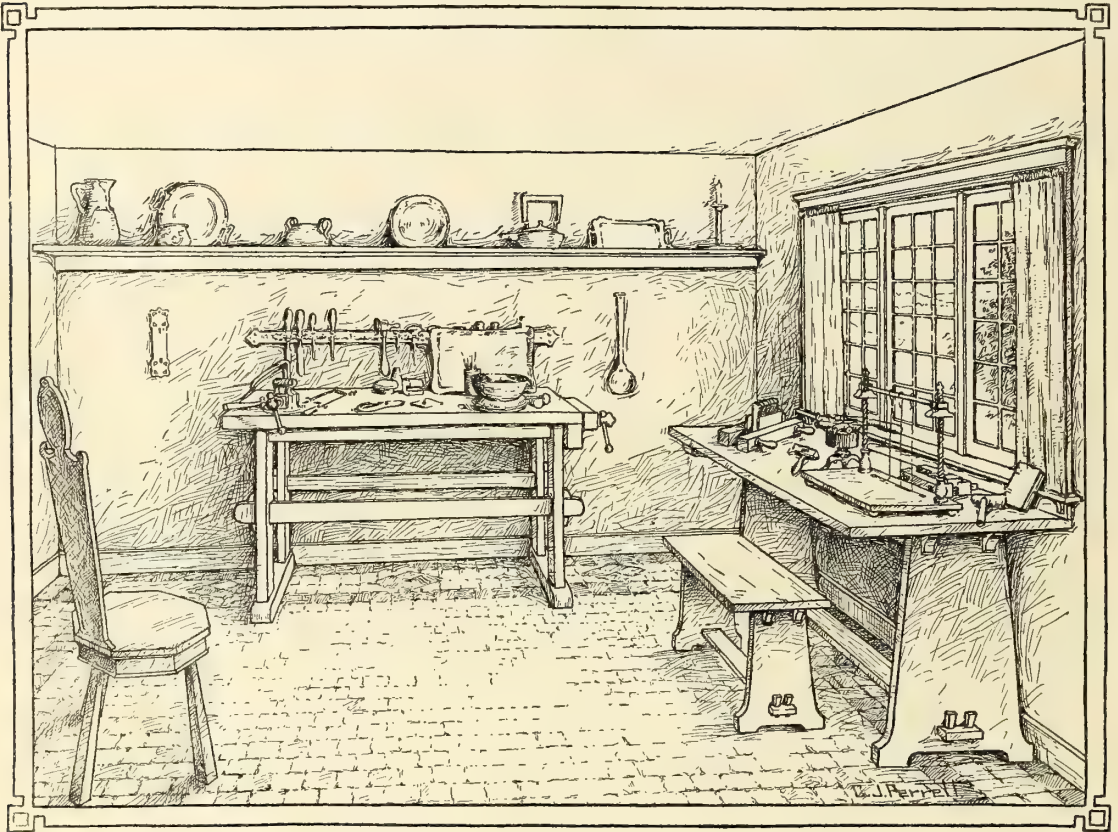
THE CARPENTER SHOP IN THE LAUNDRY.

and well-furnished room. The mind is all-powerful in the debasement or elevation of a material, and a boy should early realize this power over his surroundings. There is no material so humble but it can be ennobled through thought. Brick, for instance, is a very humble material, an insignificant unit of baked clay, the oldest of manufactured products, commonly used for street pavements and foundation walls, and yet through all the ages it has responded to the call for beauty, to the longing for art. There is brickwork in Persian mosques and palaces that rivals in pat-

of clay-workers, and we have inherited a feeling for the brick's quality and color and for its laying and jointing. In Philadelphia and Wilmington the brick with its marble sills and door-steps has a Quaker look. And you will find that the brickwork of every town and country that you visit can tell you much about its personality. In the carpenter workshop the brickwork has been laid with large joints to give it a robust quality, and in red mortar to make it a one-color surface to contrast with the panels of cement. The horizontal line of the window-apron, which is the techni-

cal name of the strip of wood beneath the window-sill, has been continued around the walls to form a horizontal line division. The brick-work above is covered with a smooth coat of cement plastering and then paneled off to correspond with the window-sashes. In this way the high windows do not look as lonesome as cellar windows so often do, for they are made a vital part of the decorative wall treatment.

material and your feeling for lines; how you can make your furniture strong not only in construction, but in those imaginative qualities which will make it a bond between you and past ages and distant lands. A piece of furniture is more than an article of utility. The seat in the carpenter shop, for instance, was suggested by a child's Gothic chair of the early fifteenth century, which is now in Dr. Figdor's collection at Vienna. The



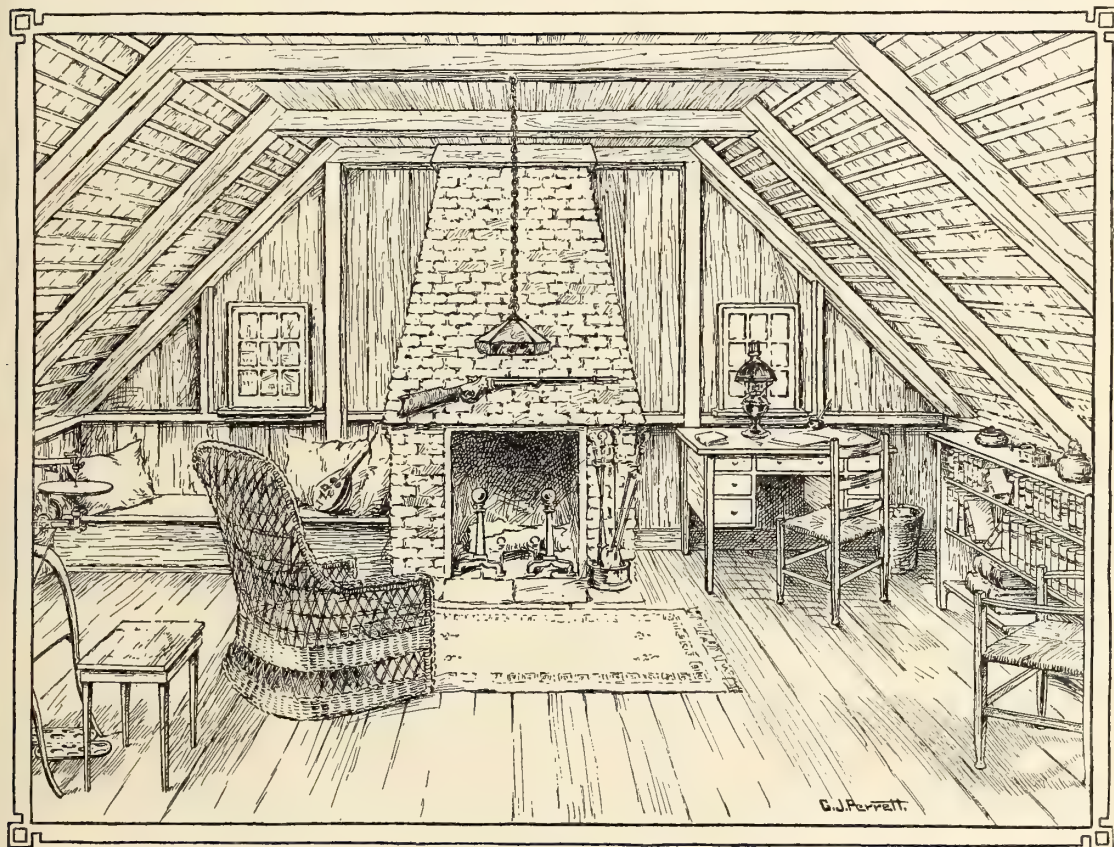
ANOTHER WORKSHOP.

In these illustrations we have taken every-day rooms and furnished them with every-day practical furniture. The carpenter shop is, for instance, our own home laundry fitted up with a work-bench, a stool for sawing, a small tool cabinet, and a seat for the comfortable study of plans and directions. But our purpose is not only to show you a practical every-day workshop. It is to show you how you can make this practical every-day workshop beautiful through an emphasis on all that makes it a workshop and through an understanding of the fundamental laws of beauty. It is to show you how you can make walls rich in meaning through your knowledge of

early fifteenth century was marked by the growing importance of cities rich in industry and commerce. The guilds of craftsmen formed not only the very backbone of this prosperity, but they laid the foundation of the new culture as well. It was the time when the most famous Gothic guild-halls, patrician city houses, and town halls in Europe were built. The half-timbered houses were rich with carving. Sculpture was lavished upon the churches and the market-places. The carpenter and cabinet-maker were masters of their craft. It was not for nothing that a boy served seven years as apprentice and seven more years as a journeyman before he became a master.

The Gothic tables of oak were made for all time, so strong were they. The examples that are left to us have grown more beautiful with age both in color and in the softened quality of their carving. In the Tyrol, Styria, Salzburg, and other parts of Austria, tables are still made in the same fashion. Built of strong wood, without ornamentation of any kind, they are splendid forms for workbenches. We have not directly copied the designs

the sternest of all the famous Florence street fronts of rusticated stone. It was only the street fronts of these palaces that were stern as a defense against medieval street broils and faction fights. In the interior there were courtyards and rooms made splendid through the work of many artists. This chair from the Strozzi Palace was probably designed by its architect. The architects of that time were not only designers of buildings,



A BOY'S ROOM IN THE ATTIC.

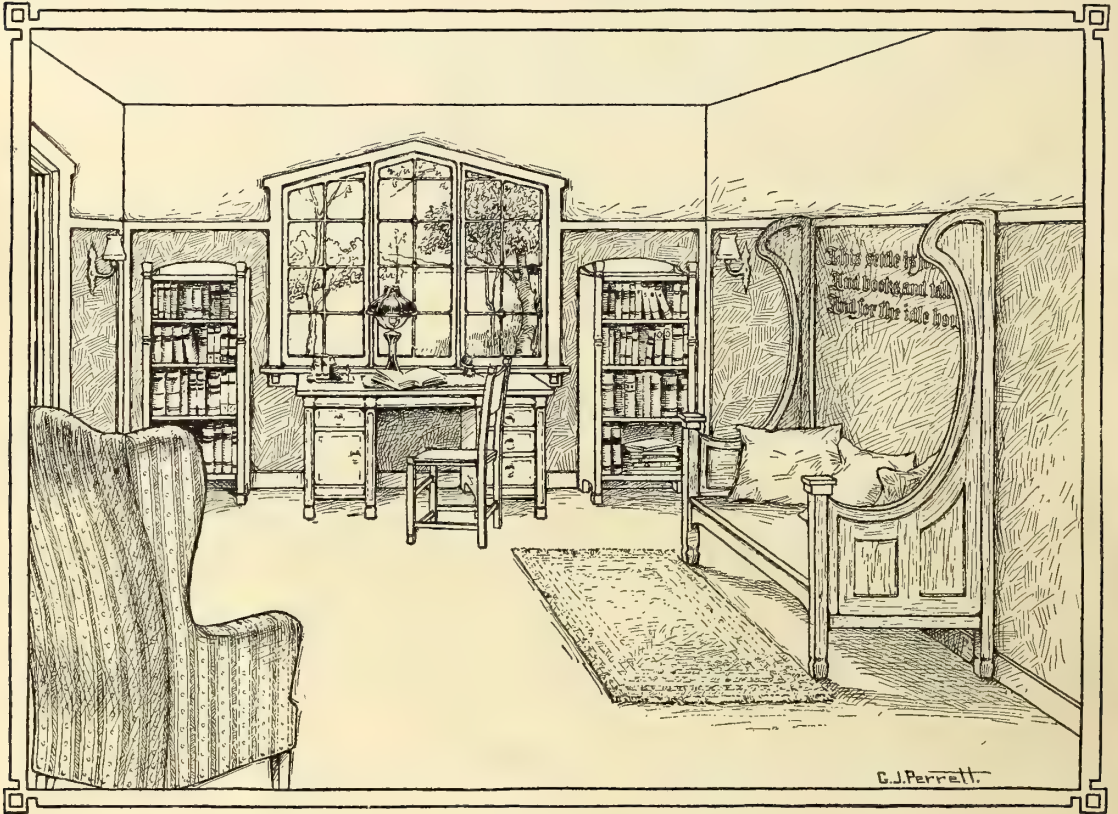
of the work-benches, but we have tried to learn from these old tables how to make framework picturesque as well as strong, and how to get into the spirit of the mortise and tenon joints and the wooden pegs.

A three-legged stool would have, perhaps, served all necessary requirements in the second workshop, but a chair-back adds a not unwarranted bit of comfort. The medallion-shaped top is for a monogram or seal. It can be worked in color, or in carving, or on an inserted copper-plate, and can give your workshop a pleasant decorative touch. It was suggested by a fifteenth-century chair from the Strozzi Palace, which is

but artists and craftsmen as well. In Florence there were no art schools and no schools of architecture. The boy was brought up in the workshop and learned to be an artist and an artisan at the same time. Ghirlandajo, one of the greatest of early Florentine painters, used to paint hoops for women's baskets; Brunelleschi, the builder of giant domes, chased rings and set jewels; and Michelangelo is as well known as the painter of the Sistine Chapel ceiling and for his sculpture as for his work as an architect of St. Peter's and the Farnese Palace at Rome. Each artist did the work that came his way and made daily life beautiful in small things as well as in large public

commissions. A workshop should not only give a boy a mechanical readiness and skill in the use of tools. It should give him a means actively to express his growing ideas through the work of his hands. It should teach him that art serves the needs of daily life. There is art in the hammering of a copperplate, in the shape of a bowl, in the coloring of a candlestick, in enameling and repoussé; and there is a pleasure in knowing how to appreciate this art.

It is made of the osier willow, the Latin *Salix viminalis*, after which ancient Rome was proud to call one of its seven hills. The Collis Viminalis is a sister hill of the Quirinalis and has shared Rome's fortunes since the time of Servius Tullius. The osier twigs are small and pliant. They are so useful in the weaving of basketry that the Germans call the tree the basket willow. The willow takes you to wet places. It loves the streams and the life of the banks and meadows.



A BOY'S STUDY.

There is pleasure in many things and often where we least expect to find it. Take the willow chair before the attic fireplace. It was put there to let you read under the light of the hanging dome or to let you dream by the firelight. It is a creature of your comfort, a vassal of your ease; but some day you must make friends with it. You must become interested in it, not because it serves you, but because it has a personality of its own. Do not think that its life is hemmed in by the slanting roof-lines or that its vision is bounded by the casings of the small attic windows. It is made of the osier willows immortalized by Shakspeare:

The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream.

It loves the swaying and breeze-dancing of the flags and rushes. For that reason we gave the attic willow chair the congenial society of the rush bottoms. The soft, slender stems of the aquatic and marsh-growing rushes are excellent for bottoming chairs and plaiting mats, and so are the sword-shaped leaves of the flags.

So you see on cold winter nights, when the wind whistles without and you have finished your evening lessons, the willow chair and the rush bottoms can talk to you just as the tea-kettle and the cricket on the hearth used to talk, and they can tell you about the warm summer life of the streams and marshes.

Bamboo, also, belongs to the grasses, but it grows in tropical countries and as high as forty feet. Its old stalks are five or six inches in diameter, and are so hard and durable that they are used not only for furniture, but for buildings, water-pipes, and for poles to support the palanquin, a conveyance used in India and China and carried on the shoulders of men.

Cane is also good for chair bottoms. You must weave a seat of it on hickory stretchers to know what fun it is. The word *cane* is probably of Semitic origin and from the same derivation as the Hebrew word *qāneh*, meaning reed. It is the name given to several palms with long, smooth, flexible stems.

In our colonial times chair bottoms were woven of the inner fibrous bark of the bast- or linden-tree and sometimes of the elm.

The study-room in the illustration is meant for perfect quiet, for concentration of thought. Its walls are a gray-green, and its furniture a nut-brown. There is a scholastic window suggestive of Oxford, of the cloister windows of the quadrangle of Magdalen College. The bookcases are made tall and narrow to suit the wall-spaces, and

stand like sentinels of knowledge on either side of the desk. Seated on a straight chair in such surroundings and with such heavy tomes to guard him, can a boy help studying? But Stevenson says—and we want to be followers of Stevenson—that “It is surely beyond a doubt that people should be a good deal idle in youth.”

There is such a thing as being too busy studying to find time to think. To guard against such a calamity, we have surreptitiously introduced a winged chair, flagrantly soft in its upholstering, and a settle that flaunts its lines in carving:

This settle is for friends,
And books, and talk,
And for the idle hour.

A room, like a boy, should be well balanced; and a room that can persuade you to think will not make you dull with study. That is what a room should do: it should make you think, and it should make you think about your surroundings. It is the ideas you have about the things around you, the ideas you put into these things, that make the opportunities of your room.



THE BLACKBERRY PATCH.

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ERASMUS SMALL, SURFMAN*

BY C. H. CLAUDY

SINCE he was a little chap of five, left fatherless by the cutting of the "Saw-Teeth of Hatteras," those terrible cross-wave formations off the Diamond Shoals, Erasmus Small had known he was to be a surfman. His father had died a heroic death, with several other seamen, in a futile but brave effort to save the lives of a shipwrecked crew lost in the terrible storm of 1887. He grew up toward manhood with the single ambition to become a life-saver, a member of a United States life-saving crew, and so far as in his power lay he educated himself to that end. There was nothing about the sea that eighteen years could learn which 'Rasmus did n't know; there was nothing about managing a boat, which his strength could compass, that 'Rasmus had n't mastered. And his strength, fostered by his outdoor life, fed with the coarse but nourishing food of the sand-hills, was great, not for a boy, but for a man. And 'Rasmus could n't understand why he was n't a member of the Gull Shoal station crew, nearest his home, in fact as well as in fancy. Time and again had he made application, from the time when he was fifteen years old; time and again had he been refused. Had he

known that only time was needed to bring him to the years of discretion deemed essential by the inspector, he might have been more contented, but the inspector never said why. At last, on his eighteenth birthday, 'Rasmus took what little money he could save, and when he had the opportunity, went to Washington to present his case in person. There, and at last, he learned that the service did not consider that a boy of eighteen, no matter how good a surfman he might be, or how skilled in boat and wave lore, had the

necessary discretion, the calmness under excitement, the poise needed by the men whose work is playing with danger, whose every thought in a case of wreck is, not "How safe is it?" but "Is it a possibility?"

Back to the narrow strip of land which separates Pamlico Sound from the Atlantic came 'Rasmus, tired, discouraged, disheartened. Not



" 'NOW, 'RASMUS, DON'T YE FRET AG'IN' THE SERVICE.' "

only did he want the place for the work, which he loved, but for the money. An old grandmother, a mother, and a little sister needed help, all he could give, and nothing which he could get to do would bring in so much wealth as this life-saving position, with its sixty dollars a month.

"They would n't take me, Cap'n," he said, when his friend and idol, Captain (or Keeper) Randolph of the Gull Shoal station, bade him welcome to the station. "Said I was too young."

"Sho!" said the captain. "Time 'll cure that

* The rescue credited to the hero of the above tale was actually performed, at the place, at the time, and under the circumstances described, by Surfman Erasmus S. Midgett of the Gull Shoal station, justly regarded as one of the heroes of the service and the recipient of the United States gold medal from the Secretary of the Treasury. It reads like an impossibility, but the records of the service show the facts exactly as stated.

ill, boy. We 'll have you for Number Seven yet, ef ye 'll jest keep a-growin'! No," as 'Rasmus started to speak, "don't ye fret ag'in' the service regulations. Fust thing ye has to know, even in Seven, is to do as ye 're told!" And 'Rasmus, silenced, went out. To be a member of the crew, even in the future, was some comfort. "And I won't stay Seven long, either!" he thought. "I 'll work up from Seven till I 'm One, and then, maybe, keeper!" 'Rasmus had the dreams of youth as well as the health and strength.

It was but a little after when the big storm of 1900 caused so many wrecks, and brought to 'Rasmus a chance which comes rarely to any man—not often even to a life-saver. It was 'Rasmus's custom to walk a patrol every day, even as the members of the crew did—five miles up or five miles down the beach, where they met similar patrolmen from other stations, exchanged the brass checks which officially recorded the meeting, and returned. All day in bad weather, all night every night, no matter what the weather, these patrols go on, all over the country. Then, if there is a wreck, a ship in danger, a life to be saved, those whose business it is to know it, learn of it. And 'Rasmus, partly from love of it, partly to identify himself with the service unofficially, as he longed to actually, walked his patrol with the best of them, but always alone. Three times he had carried back to the station news of a wreck; twice he had been mentioned in a government report; a dozen times he had helped the crew in a launching, begging to be taken along, only to be sternly ordered ashore at the last moment. It was 'Rasmus's hope that some day, on these lonely, unofficial, unnecessary patrols of his, he would sight a wreck, and have a hand in the work of rescue, before his comrades of the station had a chance to do it all. The chance came, as chances do, not unexpectedly, since in any storm a wreck is looked for, but suddenly, with the shock and violence which is characteristic of anything marine associated with Cape Hatteras, with the Saw-Teeth of the Cape, or the deadly, terrible Diamond Shoals, the graveyard of the Atlantic, where more ships and more lives have been lost than in any other three localities in the world.

On the 15th of August the wind began to blow. On the 16th it was whistling at fifty miles an hour, and on the 17th the gale was tearing along at seventy, eighty, and at times at one hundred and twenty miles an hour. This was a time of anxiety for every one in the station. Fires were lighted, despite the season of the year, for possible wreck victims; apparatus was made ready for instant use; a lookout peered vainly into the

spume and flying spray from a telescope on the station top, and the patrol went double all day long. 'Rasmus patrolled alone. The keeper had no time to worry over the boy, and 'Rasmus himself was only too anxious to escape observation. For in a storm of this character, he knew, lay a possible chance, where any hands are needed hands, and any help a help indeed.

At three o'clock 'Rasmus, oilskinned and rubber-booted from top to toe, started south. A mile from the station he found timber and boxes coming in. "Wreck somewhere," he said to himself. "Question is, *where?*" He could see nothing. A hundred yards out the sea and sky came together in one wall of white foam, flying water, and rent and torn clouds, ripped apart almost before they formed. The sea was breaking entirely over the narrow neck of land separating ocean from sound; at times it reached 'Rasmus's knees, and he had to throw himself flat and hold tight, or grasp at shrubbery or a very occasional sand-stunted tree for support. The roar of the water was deafening and continuous; the light but a gloomy suggestion of a sun; the sand and water cut the face like a knife. Leaning at a decided angle backward, 'Rasmus had no difficulty in going ahead, "resting on the wind," but "Won't it be work gettin' back!" he thought.

The surfman's ear is trained to the sounds of the sea as the engineer's is to his engine's noises. As the one can talk in the roar and clank of machinery, and hear every rod and valve working, to know when one goes wrong from the altered sound, so can the surfman tell of the sounds of the sea, what is wind, what is wave, what is usual, what abnormal, and, most important, what emanates from ships and men. It could not have been a sound that 'Rasmus heard, as we think of an individual sound, rather a change in the roar, a heavier *timbre* to the note. "Two hundred yards ahead I 'll see her," he muttered, and ran, leaning backward, down the wind. Sure enough, there she was, part of a vessel only, hard ashore, but surrounded with angry water, tearing at her vitals, and wrenching away timber by the handful at every attack. 'Rasmus made out figures on what was left of her deck—pitiful little specks that raised appealing hands as they saw him. Sound there was none that could be heard fifty feet, though 'Rasmus knew they were shouting.

'Rasmus wanted a chance, and here it was. Yet 'Rasmus wanted lives saved first, his own chance after, and here he had a difficult question to face. Should he return to the station and get help, trusting that the remnant of the ship would last out the time? Or should he do what he could, alone and unaided? If he went, the lives

were as good as saved, if the ship lasted, since the rescue with apparatus at so short a distance would be easy. *If the ship lasted!* It would take three hours, 'Rasmus knew, to bring help. As he thought, a big comber curled in and around the doomed fragment of the wreck, and took off twenty feet. The hull sagged perceptibly as the wave returned, grinding and chewing the wreckage with a sullen, swishing snarl.

'Rasmus wasted no time in decisions; nor in thoughts either. He went to work. First he removed his oilskins and his boots, and threw them

he saw an opportunity. Right into the hardly finished breaker of an unusually big wave he plunged, being carried out with the water and regaining his feet with difficulty as the water left him. The beach was steep here, the water ten feet deep about the hull one moment, shallow the next. Every ounce of his strength was needed, every intuition of balance in his body responded to the wind and wave pressure, and somehow, somehow, the boy kept his feet. "Jump, jump!" he yelled, as he came to the boat, and down, almost in his arms, came a nearly naked



"LEANING AT A DECIDED ANGLE BACKWARD, 'RASMUS HAD NO DIFFICULTY IN GOING AHEAD."

as high up the beach as he could. Then he took off most of his outer clothes. Watching his chance, he raced down the beach after a retreating wave, close to the broken hull.

"Watch your chance," he shouted to the men above him. "One of you jump when I call—only one." Just in time, 'Rasmus ran back up the beach, having a terrific struggle with the wave which swiftly caught him, and being immersed for almost a minute before the water let him go. Breathing hard, and now excited beyond thought of fear or consequence, 'Rasmus waited. Soon

figure. "Now!" cried 'Rasmus, and together they struggled up the beach, the water boiling and hissing around them—the strong, lithe young figure, splendid in its strength and health, and the nearly nude, entirely exhausted body of the seaman, bloody and bruised, hindering far more than he helped.

"One," counted 'Rasmus; and, scarce stopping to take breath, dived back again for the next man. What use to repeat? Seven times 'Rasmus went into the jaws of death; seven times he brought back human freight, all alive and none

fatally wounded. Still there were three left. These three could not do as the others had done; they were wounded, broken-limbed from falling wreckage. But 'Rasmus never faltered. Back he went, although almost exhausted himself, and catching a dangling rope, hoisted himself to the deck. Stopping only for a breath, he raised the first injured man to his back. His plan was desperate, but it was a desperate case. Waiting until the comb of a wave passed under the ship,

motionless and utterly wearied, on the sand. 'Rasmus rested, too, for a few minutes, then trudged bravely into the teeth of the gale to bring his companions to the rescue, now that the rescue was done. Hardly believing his amazing story, the keeper sent men with horses and cart, and made ready beds and food and medical care. All ten rescued men lived.

There had been thirteen on the barkentine. Three were swept away before the ship got



"TOGETHER THEY STRUGGLED UP THE BEACH."

'Rasmus, human freight and all, jumped, riding in on the back of the wave.

Then the terrible undertow took grip on his legs, and sucked, sucked, sucked, with the steady, lifelike pull that saps a man's strength with the terror of it. But 'Rasmus was cool, and 'Rasmus knew the sand and the sea. Perhaps a Hand was stretched out to help him, but, at any rate, he gained the bank. Not only gained it once, but three times, each time with a wounded man. Then there were none left. And almost with his leaving the broken mass of timbers once a noble ship, the hungry Saw-Teeth bit into it, and when 'Rasmus looked again, there was no boat there.

Naked, broken, bloody, bruised, wounded with wreckage and torn with wind and sea, the ten survivors of the barkentine *Priscilla* sat or lay,

ashore. And, in accordance with the law, an inspector came down to investigate. The keeper had no difficulty in showing that his man had just finished a patrol and was starting back when 'Rasmus came up—he was in no way to blame. A hundred men can't cover ten miles of territory, let alone seven.

"But, Mr. Inspector," said Captain Randolph, "don't it look to you that a *boy* that can pull in seven whole an' three wounded men all alone—a *boy* that has sense enough and nerve enough and grit enough ter do alone, because he had n't time ter get help, what th' oldest and strongest amongst us might hesertate ter do—is th' kind o' *boy* we need for the vacant Number Seven?"

The inspector thought it "looked just that way." And that is how 'Rasmus became a surfman.

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

BESIDES OURSELVES—

It is probable that the most interesting thing on earth is we ourselves, with the thoughts and feelings and fancies that have kept us busy these many hundred years, together with the manifold results we have accomplished all over the world. But in spite of our deep and natural curiosity about ourselves, we like also to know about lives and customs that are not related to our own: the lives of birds and animals and plants, the habits of the great green earth, the reasons why it behaves as it does and what its secrets are. Of course it is not quite the case that these so different lives and ways are not at all related to our own, for they resemble us in many particulars and at some points they are identical. Nevertheless, they are not we, and we have no direct communication with them. What we know of them we know by observation only. Many people have been more interested in this life of the earth and its wild things than in anything else, and have spent their lives in its study. They have studied and written of it from a scientific point of view at times, and at others from pure love of its beauty and strangeness. Books so written are peculiarly charming, while they also contain much information of the kind one wants to know as one walks through the woods and fields, or lives awhile among the solitary places.

There is one author in especial whom I want to ask you to read when you feel like turning to accounts of nature's wilder life, and he is Mr. John Burroughs, of whom most of you have probably heard if you have not already read some, at least, of his books. He writes with an exquisite art and can draw a scene or an action for you so clearly and truly that you are not likely ever to forget it, while you are sure to enjoy the beautiful words in which he does it as much as you would the thing he describes, though in a slightly different way, since one is art and the other fact. But all Mr. Burroughs's art is inspired by fact, and his observation is so keen and his patience so untiring that you can trust to him as you would to your own eyes—possibly more, for one has to be trained to see as well as to do other things that seem simple enough after you learn them.

At this season of the year you are, or you ought to be, out of doors every blessed moment when you are not eating or sleeping—and then

too, if it were possible. The outdoors is the important thing now. And you will find it worth while to have some books on hand that will make this outdoors more intelligible and even more beautiful to you. For it is certain that the more you learn of it, and the better you come to see and understand it and the marvelous things that occur in it, the more beautiful you will discover it to be.

THE TRAVELS OF A VINE

THERE is one little story Mr. Burroughs tells of a creeper that is as wonderful as any fairy story. All of you have noticed that vines planted near a trellis or pole will climb these without assistance from you or any one else. Probably you have not thought much about this. But Mr. Burroughs was interested in finding out just how the vine would behave. So he tried some experiments. And he tells how the vine would crawl toward a pole he had set for it several feet away until it had almost reached it. Then he would move the pole to another place, and presently the patient vine would start in the new direction, trying to reach that pole and fulfil its desire to climb.

Lately I have been re-reading Mr. Burroughs's "Pepacton," which contains eight delightful chapters on the out-of-doors. It is a truly fascinating book. The first chapter tells of a summer journey made in a flat-bottomed boat built by the author himself, down a branch of the Delaware called the Pepacton, an old Indian name. Mr. Burroughs made the trip quite alone, although he greatly desired a boy or a dog for companion. For he says there is none better, unless it were a person who is like them, who has "transparency, good nature, curiosity, open sense, and a nameless quality that is akin to trees and growths and the inarticulate forces of nature."

I dare say any boy who reads the account of that fifty-mile journey, with the nights spent sleeping in the boat or else on a pile of hemlock boughs, and the days in all sorts of odd adventures and interesting events, will wish he might have been that desired companion. But, at any rate, we can all share in the trip now by reading the delightful pages that recount it. We can listen to the surprised comments of the country folk on seeing a pleasure-boat passing where no white man had gone before, unless it were with rafts of hemlock and pine sent down in the spring

freshets. And we are free to accompany Mr. Burroughs as he goes to some house for milk, and tells the farmer's wife that he has no objection to "the yellow scum that is supposed to rise on a fresh article of that kind." For earlier in the journey he had been much depressed by getting very blue skim-milk for his supper.

"What kind of milk do you want?" he was asked by this particular woman.

"The best you have. Give me two quarts."

"What do you want of it?" in an anxious tone, as if I might want to blow up something or burn her barns with it.

"Oh, drink it," I answered, as though I often put milk to that use."

Two very boyish boys do turn up for part of the trip, and one wishes there were more of them, they are such nice youngsters. They are only ten and twelve years of age, but they run a raft of their own.

In two other chapters, especially one called "The Idyl of the Honey-Bee," there is a lot of information about bees, with plenty of excitement when we go out after wild honey, and Mr. Burroughs sticks his hand down the hollow tree where he has found a hive, without minding the bees a bit. He says that they will not bother you if you are firm and bold, and even if you are stung, why, the honey itself is an antidote, and when your hands are covered with it, the sting hurts no more than a pin-prick.

THE WATERS UNDER THE EARTH

Is there anything in nature that seems more miraculous than a clear spring welling up out of the ground and setting forth on distant journeys that end one knows not where, in brook and river and mighty ocean, or in the clouds of heaven? In a chapter on springs we are told a lot about them. One wonderful spring Mr. Burroughs went to see in Warren County, New Jersey, that flows about a thousand gallons a minute, and always, winter and summer, at the same temperature, some fifty degrees. He tells us that it was worth walking many miles just to see such a volume of water issue from the ground. "The water does not bubble up, but comes straight out with great speed, like a courier with important news." A large oak leans over it, making a dense shade, and the spot is singularly lovely.

The earth is not alone in having springs, however, for we find that the ocean has them too—"copious ones, in many places the fresh water rising up through the heavier salt as through a rock, and affording supplies to vessels at the surface." Think of being able to draw a bucket of sweet spring-water right out of the sea!

There is in this same lovely book a chapter on "Nature and the Poets" that is alone worth getting the book to read. This chapter is full of exquisite things about bird and flower and season, with countless quotations as exquisite as their topics, and it reveals an extraordinary amount of intimate knowledge of nature.

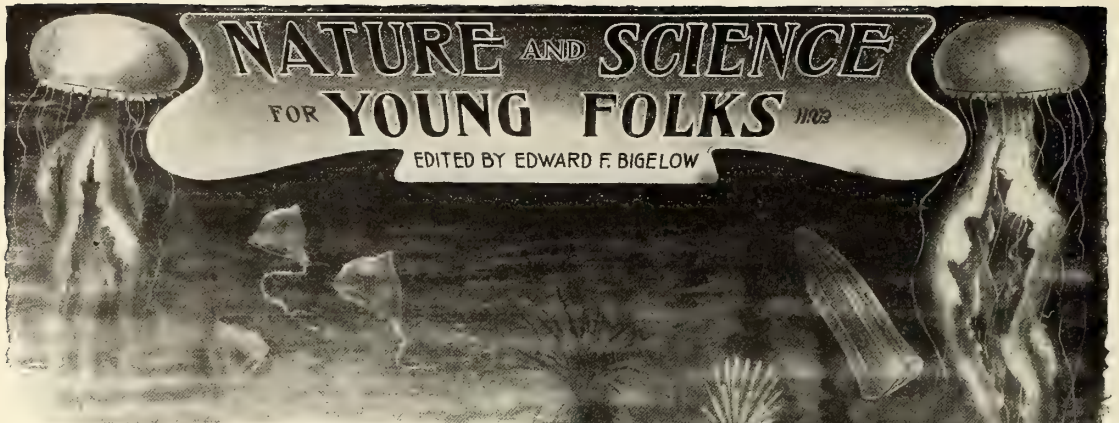
This intimate acquaintance is never to be got entirely through books, but also by a vast amount of personal observation. The country-bred boy or girl who looks for and studies plant and animal learns much that the city child may never know. None the less, books like these of Mr. Burroughs will please both and teach both. For boyhood's "wild and curious lore" is greatly helped by learning what others have discovered, and finding how and why things occur. And when these things are written of as they are by Mr. Burroughs, in language as clear and flowing as the water of a mountain brook, when he keeps you constantly delighted with his humor and his unexpected remarks on human nature, you get so much pleasure from such a book as this one I have been talking of, or from "Wake-Robin" or another, that a whole summer will not suffice to hold it. Read his essay on the Apple, for instance, and see if he does not actually make you smell the delicious fruit.

GIVE ME A BOOK

His books will also help you to find out that reading is a thing that ought to be mixed in with all your life, as salt is mixed with your food. To love reading is to have a safe and sure delight always at hand. The boy or girl who loves to read, and who therefore grows up into the man or woman who loves it, is a lucky person. If, when you take some lovely tramp through the woods, or a trip in a canoe, or a voyage in far lands, you are reminded on your way of charming pages written by great writers, you have a double delight. And then there are so many books that have been written on the simplest things, and that reveal to you how beautiful these simple things are, and get you into the habit of caring for them, as well as for true and lovely literature in all its countless forms. And when you care for these, you are not going to be bored or lonely, or have to be in the middle of a crowd to keep you from being miserable.

There are a number of other writers who have given us splendid books on nature. Thoreau is one. But Mr. Burroughs will do for this month. He seems to belong with this midmost summer season, when the fresh and fine life of the open is calling to us on every side.

Read him now, and the golden summer will be better than ever before to you.



THE PLANT-ANIMALS

PERHAPS nowhere else has nature brought together so vast a collection of puzzles and paradoxes as along the sands or in the tiny tidal pools

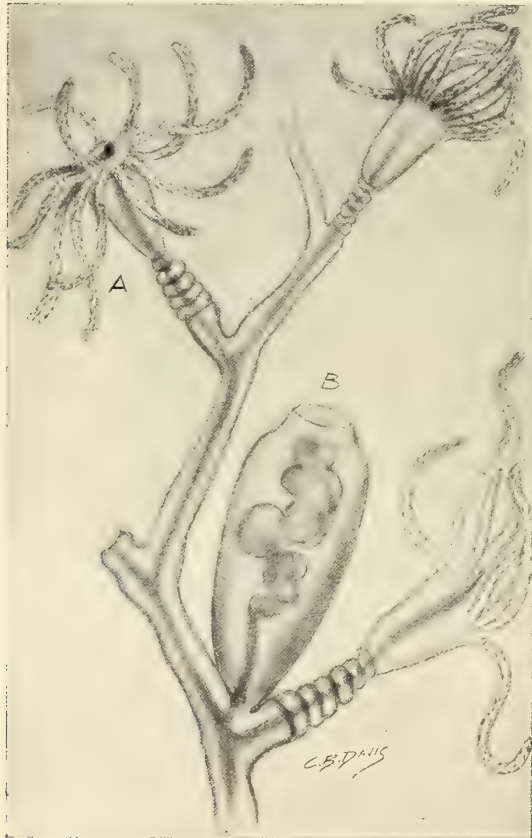


FIG. I. A SPRAY OF PLANT-ANIMAL.

A is the nutritive polyp, while B is the polyp from which the tiny living animals are discharged as are seed from a pod.

A VARIETY OF PLANT-ANIMALS FOUND IN THE OCEAN.

of the sea-shore. This narrow strip of beach is indeed "a magic zone" where the inexperienced visitor is as likely to gather a bouquet of animals as he is of plants. Many of the so-called "seaweeds" that return with one from a trip to the sea-shore do not belong to the vegetable kingdom, but are the empty homes of animals. You may be surprised when told that it is not always easy to distinguish a plant from an animal, but such is a fact. Any one can distinguish a cow from a cabbage or separate a boiled shrimp from a radish, though both are red, because plants and animals so high in the scale of development as these are so dissimilar in appearance as to leave no chance for error.

As we go lower in the scale of life the differences become less, until at last plants and animals appear to merge together, and plants seem to grow from animal eggs, while the buds that tip the branches of certain of these "seaweeds" detach themselves and swim away as independent animals.

Nearly at the bottom of the scale of animal life have these lowly animals been placed by natural-



FIG. 2. TWO PLANT-ANIMALS THAT LIVE IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

Corymorpha is the one with the head like a dandelion blossom. Several tiny jellyfish are swimming about near the parent stem. The one in the panel is the giant, being more than six feet tall.

ists, who at one time called them *zoöphytes*, a Greek word meaning "animal-plants." This was when the creatures were thought to be plants with extraordinary animal characteristics, but on further investigation the biologists changed their belief and decided that these zoöphytes are animals. They then changed the old name zoöphyte into *phytozoan*, meaning "plant-like animal," and so it now stands.

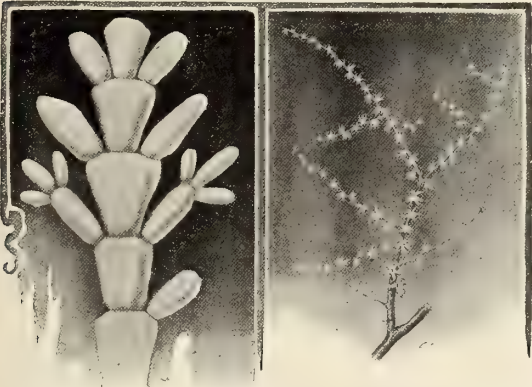


FIG. 4. THE STONE SKELETON OF THE REAL PLANT TO THE LEFT.

The spray that resembles a sprig of forsythia is an animal—one of the horn corals. The "blossoms" along the stems are the individual polyps.

In the natural histories you will find these placed under the branch of the animal kingdom called *Cælenterata*, among which are the jelly-

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fish, sea-mats, corals, sea-anemones. You may be inclined to disbelieve that any jellyfish can develop into a growth even remotely resembling a plant, and indeed all do not, but many do. A typical history of such is about as follows: the eggs dropped by one of these matured animals hatch into active, free-swimming larvæ which soon settle down and attach themselves to rocks, shells, bits of wood, or even to the sand. Buds grow

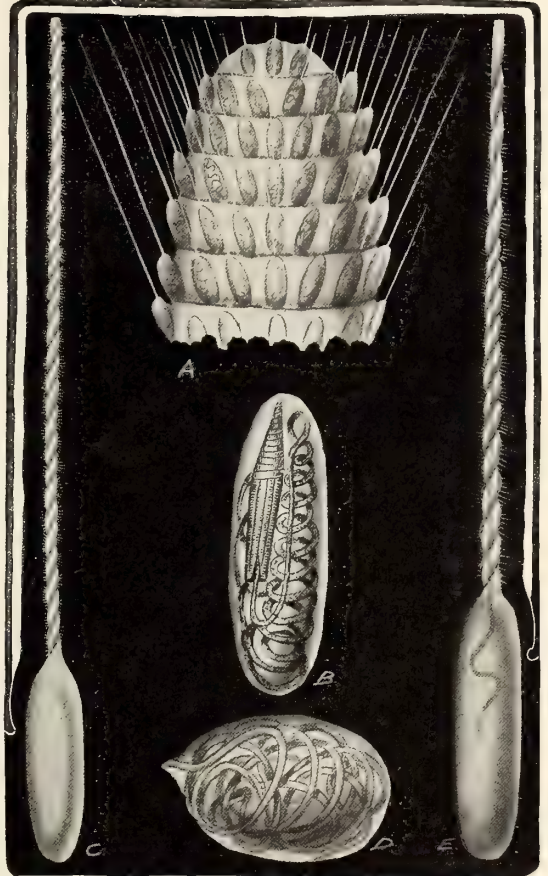


FIG. 3. THE STINGING ORGANS OF THE ZOÖPHYTES.

A is an enlarged tentacle showing the stinging hairs extended. C and E are the stinging organs, cnidæ, enlarged, showing armament of the stinging hairs. B and D are hairs coiled up.

from them, finally developing into branches with similar buds, until at last a plant-like growth has been formed from an animal's egg. These changes occur among the real seaweeds on the floor of the ocean, and the result so closely resembles true algæ that the uninformed observer may easily be led astray in his identification. These terminal buds are called polyps and somewhat resemble carnation pinks, as shown in Fig. 1. They are not all alike, for some, like the upper one (A), supply nourishment to the whole growth, while

others, like the lower, vase-like one (*B*), are the receptacles in which the tiny medusæ develop like so many seeds in a pod.

These medusæ are mere specks when first liberated, measuring only about one sixtieth of an inch in diameter. Each has about twenty slender tentacles that radiate under the transparent swimming-membrane like the ribs of an umbrella. This membrane is practically invisible, and only the tentacles are seen as the little creature swims with a lazy, flapping motion.

The different kinds vary in form, as you may readily see by comparing the figures here shown (Figs. 1 and 2). *Corymorpha* (Fig. 2) fastens itself to the sand and sends out slender, anchoring filaments, in appearance somewhat like the roots of a plant. A single tall stem rises and is terminated by what seems to be a large blossom somewhat like a dandelion. The mouth is surrounded by a circle of slender tentacles, and lower down, apparently at the base of the blossom, is another row of larger tentacles. At the bases of these the tiny medusæ are produced and are thence finally carried away by the ocean currents. During the summer these may be seen in all stages of development from a tiny, pimple-like projection to the fully developed medusa flapping its bell in the endeavor to break away.

forest of these are terribly stung, and the pain lasts for several hours. In the northern Pacific is found a species which is a veritable giant. It is related to the little *Corymorpha* and sometimes exceeds six feet in height.

The stinging organs are in the tentacles and are marvelous weapons. When a tiny creature comes within their deadly reach it is instantly paralyzed and drawn into the mouth, around which the tentacles are usually situated. Sometimes, however, the stinging organs are for the protection of the immature offspring, as seen in the larger tentacles of *Corymorpha*, at the bases of which the young ones develop.

The sea-anemone, being larger, will furnish a good example of the structure of these stinging organs. A highly magnified tentacle tip is shown in Fig. 3. The little bean-like processes contain weapons and are called *cnidæ*. Within each capsule, which is about one two-hundredth of an inch long and one two-thousandth of an inch in diameter, is a coiled thread about twenty times the length of the capsule and at its base armed with sharp spines, as shown in Fig. 3. When a tentacle is touched the threads are shot forth, and it is believed that a poison is at the same time injected into the wound.

Among these little plant-animals are the coral polyps which form their dwellings of carbonate of lime. To the confusion of the observer, certain seaweeds also produce a similar stony growth (Fig. 4). To still further complicate matters, a

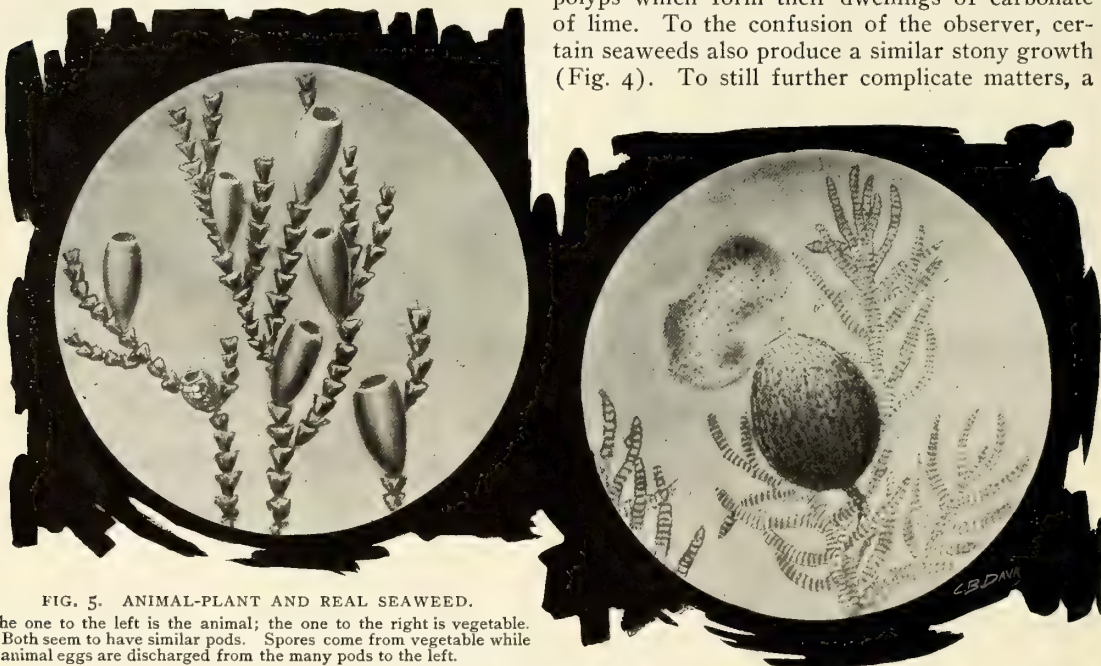


FIG. 5. ANIMAL-PLANT AND REAL SEAWEED.

The one to the left is the animal; the one to the right is vegetable. Both seem to have similar pods. Spores come from vegetable while animal eggs are discharged from the many pods to the left.

As a rule, these colonies are tiny things, but among the reefs of the Pelew Islands some species grow as tall as a man. Bathers who get into a

polyp colony will sometimes grow around the stony stem of one of these real seaweeds (Fig. 6) —so there is confusion worse confounded, guar-



FIG. 6. THE COMBINATION OF PLANT AND ANIMAL.

The large, smooth stem is the real plant skeleton of lime carbonate. Around this stem you see the tiny animals like a number of minute cups.

anted to worry the brain of the most enthusiastic amateur biologist.

By all means go to the sea-shore and collect your bouquets of seaweed, but be not too sure that you have not some of these lowly creatures in your collection. Be not discouraged if you cannot distinguish an animal from a plant. To do that has troubled much wiser and more experienced heads than yours.

CLEMENT B. DAVIS.

COUNTING THE SANDS OF THE SEA-SHORE

DID you ever try to count the sands of the sea-shore? Really it is not such a formidable task if you go about it in the right way.

Choose a smooth, dry spot some sunny day this summer, and, with ample paper and pencil and a botanist's magnifying-glass, get down to work. Stretch yourself out at length and level off smoothly a space about an inch square. Lay two pins, black sand grains, or other small objects exactly an eighth of an inch apart, then apply your

glass with great precision and care. Count the number of grains that lie in a straight line between the two objects. This is the most difficult as well as the most important part of the proceedings, and too much pains cannot be taken. A difference of one grain will make a difference of millions in the later calculations. It would be more accurate to count the grains in a quarter- or half-inch, but there is danger of losing one's place and omitting or duplicating some.

Having obtained the count of grains in a line one eighth of an inch long, the rest of the work is multiplication. Let us say in the present instance that 20 grains were found in the eighth of an inch. Of course sand varies greatly, but this number represents good fine sand. Multiplying by 8 gives 160, the number of grains in a line a whole inch long; and squaring this (that is, 160 multiplied by 160), we have 15,600 in a single layer one inch square. In order to get an inch cube we must again multiply by 160, and this gives 2,496,000. Just think! a very small quan-



A MAGNIFIED VIEW OF SAND.

Placed on cardboard ruled in squares, each one eighth of an inch. The sand is a little coarser than that used by the author of the accompanying article.

tity in the hollow of the hand contains nearly two and a half million grains. One's admiration for the wonders of nature grows tremendously, yet we have made but the beginning!

A cubic foot contains 1728 cubic inches, so this is the next multiplier, and the product gives the astounding figures 4,313,088,000. Four billion in less than a peck. Let us now imagine a stretch

of sandy beach a mile long and a foot wide and deep. In this rod of sand not much larger than a sewer-pipe we find there are no less than 22,773,104,640,000 grains. But our beach has width, let us say, a quarter-mile, and depth, say, fifty feet, and we find in this chance stretch a total of 1,503,024,906,240,000,000 particles. Over one and a half quintillion grains! The mind has ceased to comprehend such figures, and were we to add a dozen or two ciphers they would mean no more to us than this tremendous sum.

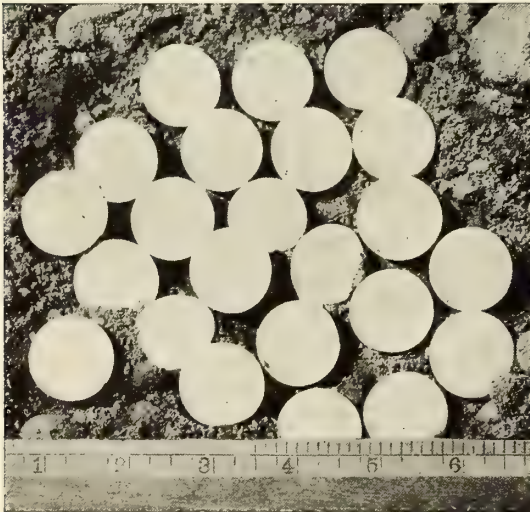
Any one with a calculating bent may expand these figures as he pleases. One might compute the sandy coasts of the United States, the North American continent, and so on, or might compute the number of grains in the Desert of Sahara. There is really no limit when once a basic number has been determined.

Never was a truer statement made than the one in the Bible where it says that the sands of the sea-shore would never be numbered. They never will be counted by man, but the probable number in certain limits may be roughly determined by the method outlined above.

FITCH C. BRYANT.

SNAPPING-TURTLE EGGS

A SNAPPING-TURTLE lays about two dozen eggs. These are placed in damp sand in a hollow scooped out by the turtle. The mother turtle almost or wholly buries herself in the sand. Then in crawling out she lets the sand over her shell

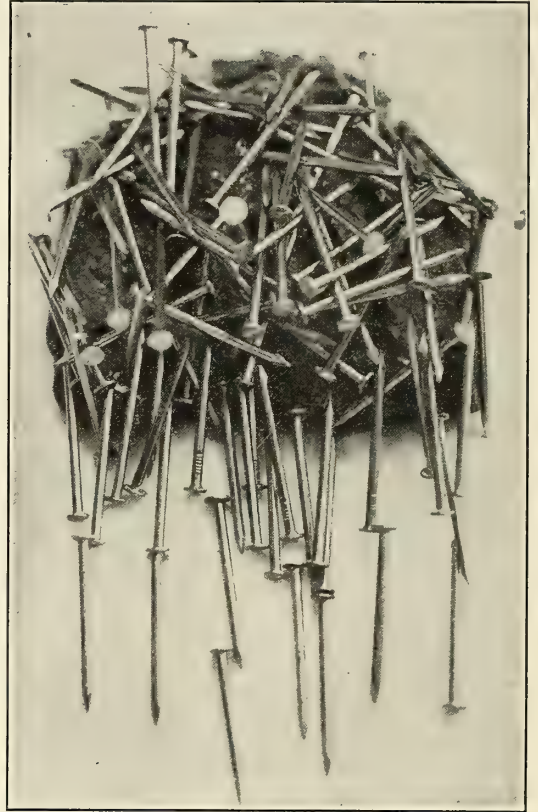


SNAPPING-TURTLE EGGS.

fall upon the eggs, thus covering them. The eggs are white and almost perfectly round, and have a very thin, hard shell.

MAGNETITE

MAGNETITE is one of the varieties of iron ore, while the name of "lodestone" is given to that species of magnetite which readily attracts any iron substance. Magnetite is quite common, and



A PIECE OF MAGNETITE.

Attracting to itself, by its magnetism, several wire nails.

all varieties are attracted by a magnet, but the lodestone form, which itself is a magnet, is quite rare. No doubt most of you have found pleasure in the possession of one of those red horseshoe magnets which are sold in many toy-stores. But the picture here given represents a natural iron ore found in Magnet Cove, Arkansas, which is far more powerful than the artificial magnets with which you have played, as can be seen by a glance at the number of nails that are attracted to it by its natural magnetism. It is found in great abundance in the above-named locality, where it is mined for the iron it contains.

Very strong natural magnets are also found in the Ural and other mountains of the Old World.

ARTHUR CHAMBERLAIN.

AN ELEPHANT'S HEAD OF GREAT SIZE

THE elephant head here pictured with a group of school children underneath is of exceptional zoölogical interest, being considered possibly the record-breaking specimen in size so far brought into civilization. This great trophy is now at the Museum of Natural History, New York, and was obtained in British East Africa by the Tjader Expedition, recently sent out under the auspices of the museum. The enormous animal in life was larger than the famous "Jumbo," being nearly 12 feet high and 25 feet long. Five hours were spent in removing the thick skin of the head, which took fourteen porters to carry. The splendid ivory tusks are 7 feet long, and weigh 186 pounds each, and are worth \$1000. The head is 10 feet 6 inches long and 9 feet wide from ear to ear. The immense ears are 4 feet 2 inches long and 3 feet wide. The locality where the gigantic animal was shot is the region north of Nakuru, off the



A LARGE NUMBER OF YOUNG FOLKS CAN EASILY STAND UNDER THE HEAD.

line of the Uganda Railway. This giant of the forest, one of the mightiest beasts of creation, was killed in an instant with a single shot in the forehead, a little above the eye.

CURIOUS POTATOES

UNDER certain conditions potatoes which have been kept over late into the next summer after they are grown, give up their attempts to reproduce themselves by sprouting and growing in the ordinary manner, and form small new potatoes directly from their own stores of plant food. The ones shown in the picture were found in the cellar under a bin, where they had been overlooked until late in the season. Some of these miniature potatoes are upon sprouts from the

parent potato, while others grow in cracks which open in the old potato under these conditions.



NEW POTATOES GROWING ON THE OLD.
Photograph by Verne Morton, Groton, New York.

The larger of these little potatoes look much like the small ones found when digging unripe "new potatoes" early in the season.—NEIL MORTON.

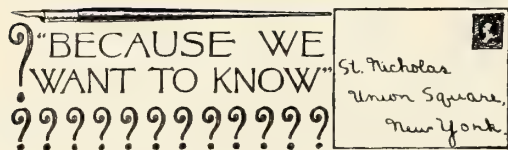
OSTRICH EGGS AND CHICKS

HERE is an illustration of three ostrich chicks and two ostrich eggs; the one at the left is entire, and the one at the right is broken. Just at the right of the unbroken ostrich egg is a hen's egg to show the comparative sizes of the two. The chicks are very attractive creatures, covered with a soft down and having brown spots on their necks. They soon lose this pretty appearance and become ungraceful, for they grow very rapidly for the first six months. A single ostrich



OSTRICH EGGS AND CHICKS.
With a hen's egg for comparison of size.

egg will make an excellent omelet for several people, but it is, of course, too costly to use for merely culinary purposes.



THE LENGTH OF LIFE OF CATS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to know how old the average cat lives to be.

Yours truly,

RUTH W. WEEKS.

The ordinary length of a cat's life is from eight to ten years, although many well-cared-for specimens reach the age of fourteen or sixteen years. As a rule, it is kinder to have them destroyed before they reach such a great age, as they usually become partially deaf, blind, or otherwise out of condition. . . . A cat is in its prime at three years of age, and commences to show signs of age at about seven, when the teeth should be watched, as, should any become loose, your pet is liable to starve to death from sheer nervousness.—DOROTHY BEVILL CHAMPION in "Everybody's Cat Book."

A STONE-LIKE BALL OF CLAY

BROOKLINE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One of my pupils brought this to me to know what it is. It was found on a small tree about ten feet from the ground. I have kept it for some weeks, hoping something would come out of it. I hated to dig into it and spoil it if anything was going to hatch.



THE STONE-LIKE MASS OF CLAY.

I have all sorts of cocoons ready to hatch, and this was brought in to be added to the collection, supposing it is a cocoon. Do you know what it is?

Yours sincerely,

LIZZIE E. MORSE.

This is not a cocoon, but is the work of one of the species of *Odynerus*, or mason-wasps, which construct a nest of hardened clay about the size

of a hen's egg. The clay is so hard as to be stone-like. The mass is attached to the twig of a bush, and contains many cells.

WHY PEOPLE YAWN

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me why people yawn? Mother says her teacher said it was when our system called for more oxygen that we yawn. If so, why do we yawn when we are sleepy, or when we come from a close room into the fresh air, or when we come from fresh air into a close room?

Your affectionate reader,

DORIS TAYLOR (age 12).

Your correspondent is probably right in thinking that we do not yawn because we need oxygen. But really no one has yet found out just why we yawn. About all that we know is this: the muscles of the mouth and of the chest and shoulders contract and make the movements of a yawn because stimulations come to these muscles along their nerves. These nerves run from what we call nervous centers in the spinal cord. The brain manages these centers by means of another set of nerve-fibers which run down from the brain. The will in the brain controls the spinal centers and thus makes the muscles contract, that is, makes them pull, whenever we want to move. It is very much like the way in which one may play upon the keys of a piano, and the keys in turn make the strings in the piano vibrate. But every now and then, for some reason or other, the spinal centers become active of their own accord. So to speak, they set up business for themselves and cause the muscles which they control to act without any order from the brain. This happens in a yawn and perhaps also in a hiccup. But why it is that the spinal centers do this when we are sleepy, or sit for a long time in a close room, is not well known. Perhaps the reason is that the influence of the brain at these times is less than when we are wide awake.—YANDELL HENDERSON, Assistant Professor of Physiology in the Yale Medical School.

A GOOD SUGGESTION

(From an older Nature and Science reader)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I noticed in the May number, on page 649, an answer to a letter asking why the moon looks larger when near the horizon. The answer is, of course, correct, and I now only write to suggest that the proof is within reach of any one by looking through a pipe or tube long enough to exclude other objects, and so not having anything in sight for comparison.

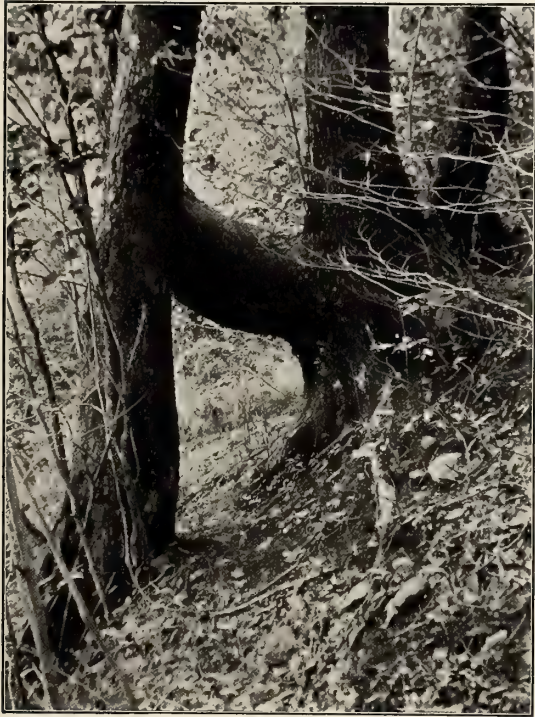
Very truly yours,

A. O. GRANGER.

A TREE IN THE FORM OF AN H

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The accompanying photograph was taken on a mountain-side in the Catskills—two elm-trees



THE TWO ELM-TREES IN THE FORM OF THE LETTER H. The puzzle is how these trees started growing in this way. When very young they were separate. Who can suggest an explanation?

growing in such a way as to form a perfect letter H. A path led under the trees to the forest beyond. I thought you would like to have it for "Nature and Science."

Very truly yours,

JANE F. MILLER.

WHERE ARE A CANARY'S EARS?

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a little canary, and I am often puzzled about where his ears are. I know he must be able to hear, for if any loud noise should happen to be near him, he would fly around in great excitement. If you will please tell me where his ears are, I will be very well satisfied.

Your little reader,

HOWARD R. SHERMAN.

A canary's ears are back of and a little below its eyes. They are not hard to find when one has learned where to look. There is no outer ear, such as animals have, but simply a small opening which is covered by feathers. It is quite surprising that birds should possess the very acute hearing which they do, while lacking the fleshy flap which enables the animals to catch sounds.—L. S. CRANDALL.

WHY WE CANNOT SEE THE WIND

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often wondered why you cannot see the wind. It does such a lot of mischief, but still you cannot see it. Can you tell me why?

I am ten years of age. I got you for my birthday.

Your little reader,

LILLIAN ROSS.

Air is invisible; air in motion is called wind; so, you see, wind is invisible.—FRANK L. BRYANT.

A LONG POTATO-VINE GROWN IN DARKNESS

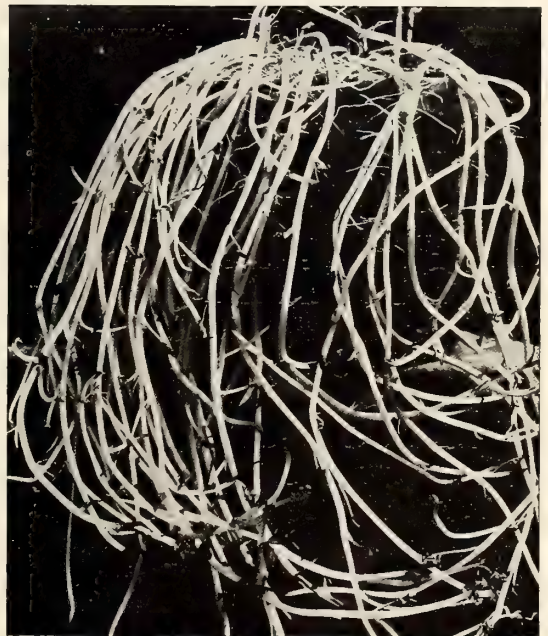
NORTH ABINGTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In our cellar a potato which had rolled on the ground near the furnace started to sprout. My father placed a pole near it. The plant grew all winter, and by springtime it was eight feet high. Its stalk was almost white, while the leaves were of a delicate pale green. The leaves on this potato were farther apart than usual. You would hardly have known it to be the same kind of a plant. It bore one potato, an inch across, and the potato from which it had grown was hollow inside and had become one half the size it was first.

Your loving reader,

EDITH BENEDICT (age 14).

It is very interesting to experiment with potatoes and other plants grown in darkness. In many laboratories there is a dark room for just this kind of experimenting. Any of our young folks



A MASS OF POTATO-VINES GROWN IN DARKNESS.

This experiment is easily performed by planting the potatoes in earth in a flower-pot or box and covering all by a large box.

can easily do such experimenting with plants in a dark part of the cellar or under a box or in a closet.

MORE LEAVES FROM THE JOURNEY BOOK



ENGLAND

THE FIRST PLACE WE ARRIVE AT IS
ENGLAND

IT IS ON AN ISLAND ON WHICH
ARE ALSO SCOTLAND AND WALES,
WHILE THE ISLAND OF IRELAND
IS CLOSE BY.

COUNTRIES
FORM A
KINGDOM
IS RULED



ALL THESE
TOGETHER
GREAT
WHICH
OVER

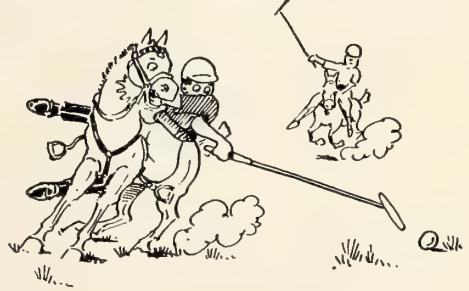
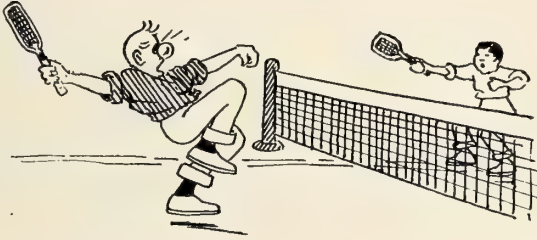
BY A KING WHO LIVES IN THE
CAPITAL CITY OF
LONDON.

When you are traveling through the countries
you are sure to see some scenes like these.



Can you tell what they are? If you do not
know ask your father or mother or teacher
to tell you what they are.

The English are very fond of outdoor games and sports. Let us have a little fun with them!



"LIVE TO LEARN AND LEARN TO LIVE"



THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

WHAT a jolly lot of photographs the subject "Keeping Cool" brought forth! It is a pity we had no room to print more of them! How refreshingly these pictures will recall to many past summers, and how happy the League member who has opportunities for taking such fascinating photographs! May his or her name be legion this summer!

"Growing Things" gave abundant opportunity to the poets, and the response was abundant. The surprise in the prose competition was in the great number of members who preferred walking to motoring or driving.

This month we reproduce some excellent drawings, but, as a whole, the artists fell rather below the usual high standard. One of the best drawings we have received for many months is the one on page 951 by Robert Gifford, an honor member, who this month received a cash prize.

From time to time it becomes necessary to print a notice emphasizing to new members or their parents just what we mean by "original" in our rules governing the League competition. In the case of the drawing competition, for instance, some members are under the impression that if they do the actual drawing on the piece of paper sent in that it is "original," even though they have copied it from another picture. This, of course, is not the case, for the merit of many—indeed, of most—of the drawings is in

the "idea" or in the "composition," to which the actual pen or brush work may be quite secondary.

An incident of recent happening is a case in point. A number of members after receiving the May ST. NICHOLAS wrote us that the lower left-hand picture on page 666 of that number, which was marked "silver badge," was not original, as they had seen the picture in a nursery drawing-book. As badges are not sent out until ten days after the issue of the magazine (which appears on the 15th), the member who submitted the drawing was written to and advised that, under the circumstances, of course no badge could be given. The contributor replied, and the matter proved to be exactly as we had presumed. There was not the slightest intention of deception. The little girl—only ten years of age, and a new member—frankly acknowledged that the picture was copied, and said that she thought as she had drawn the picture herself (free-hand, and had not traced it) that the requirements of "originality" had been fulfilled. The father and mother wrote that this was also their understanding of the term when they indorsed the contribution. Of course the little girl was disappointed, but she would promptly and gladly have returned the unearned prize had it already been sent to her, which it had not. Photographs of photographs or pictures are occasionally received under somewhat similar misunderstandings.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 126

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Silver badges, **Roy W. Benton** (age 14), New Bedford, Mass.; **Ida F. Parfitt** (age 15), Lansdowne, Eng.; **Dorothy Buell** (age 16), Sheridan, Wyo.; **Ralph Perry** (age 15), Hackensack, N. J.

VERSE. Silver badges, **Katharine T. Sharpless** (age 13), Haverford College, Pa.; **Alice M. MacRae** (age 16), Grand Pré, N. S.

DRAWINGS. Cash prize, **Robert Gifford** (age 16), W. Medford, Mass.

Silver badges, **Marian Walter** (age 16), San Francisco, Cal.; **Jeanette R. Reid** (age 16), Wausau, Wis.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver badges, **Charlotte V. Huber** (age 15), Fond du Lac, Wis.; **Zerelda Rogers** (age 13), Indianapolis, Ind.; **William Hyde Payne** (age 14), Webster Grove, Mo.; **Harriet H. Burns** (age 13), Hartford, Conn.; **Norman A. Aldrich** (age 14), Fall River, Mass.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Cash prize, **Cassius M. Clay, Jr.** (age 15), Paris, Ky.

Gold badge, **John R. Schmertz** (age 14), Pittsburg, Pa.; **Emile Kostal** (age 13), Elmsford, N. Y.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badges, **Sydney v. K. Fairbanks** (age 14), London, England; **Mason E. Thomson** (age 14), Whiteman Creek, B. C.

WHICH I LIKE BEST—WALKING, DRIVING,
OR MOTORING?

BY ROY W. BENTON (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

THE ability to enjoy Nature depends almost wholly on getting away from the city. Perhaps the best way to see Nature is by walking in the country. We may go where we please; we are not dependent on any mechanical device or any animal which may fail us.

We may visit that nook in the woods, climb this large rock, and follow the sparkling brook which sings to itself as it journeys along. With good legs, one need never fear "tire troubles" or a breakdown.

Aside from the enjoyment this mode of locomotion affords, walking is one of the best exercises a person can take. It



"MORNING WORK." BY MARJORIE ACKER, AGE 15.

induces deep breathing, which all physicians urge; it arouses the circulation and helps keep one in good health. If a workingman whose business keeps him indoors should ride in a car or be driven to his work every day, his health would probably be poor. On the other hand, should he walk, he would get some good fresh air into his lungs before he enters the shop. All will notice that he who walks a distance every day is better able to combat with diseases than he who drives or motors.

No one is so poor that he cannot afford a walk in his leisure time. Walking costs but little money, but motoring or driving often costs a fortune. A sober pedestrian rarely runs into a train or is injured by colliding with a post or stone wall. One is far safer on his own feet than in a carriage or an automobile.

GROWTH

BY LOUISE BURNHAM DUNBAR (AGE 15)

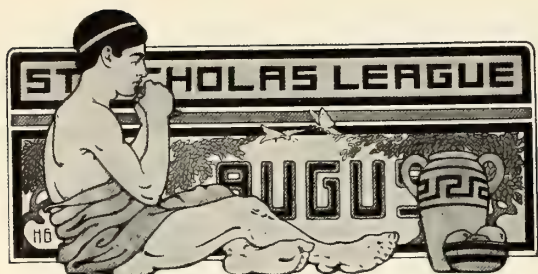
Wise Mother Nature long ago decreed
That things should grow;
Yet in the winter every little seed
Sleeps 'neath the snow.

"KEEPING COOL." BY CHARLOTTE V. HUBER, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

Soon cometh verdant spring with smiles and tears
Of sun and rain;
And then before our wondering eyes appears
The miracle again.

"KEEPING COOL." BY ZERELDA ROGERS, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

However crushed and lifeless Hope may seem,
Buried and low;
Time comes when failure is a bygone dream,
And Hope will grow.



"AN AUGUST HEADING." BY HUGO GREENBAUM, AGE 17.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

GROWING THINGS

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 12)

(Honor Member)

THERE 's a hush thro' the air in the
graveyard,
In the garden of the dead;
And the trees with their moss-hung
branches,
Stand as guardians overhead.

But all of the flowers are blooming;
The violets creep over the sod;
The birds are all twittering and
chirping,
They grew in the garden of God.

And even tho' death here surrounds us,
Still life echoes forth thro' the trees,
In the hum of birds in the branches,
In the lilt of the gentle breeze.

In the wafted perfume of roses,
In the fragrances of the spring,
Life holds forth a beautiful medley,
Each beauty, — a growing thing.

MY CHOICE — MOTORING, DRIVING, OR WALKING?

BY IDA F. PARFITT (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

I REALLY don't know how I shall choose between these three subjects. "Why?" you ask. I will tell you.

With the exception of taxi rides which I have enjoyed several times in London, I have only been in a motor-car once, and that was only for a short ride round the square; I don't know very much about driving, as we don't keep a carriage; and I am not very fond of walking. I see you are going to ask another question: "How do you get about?" Well, my dearest possession is a bicycle. I am always on that bicycle — I go to school on it; I go everywhere on it.

Now I am going to make my choice, though I don't know much about the things I am choosing; but every one must have a choice though one know nothing about the subjects, even as the three suitors of *Portia* in Shakspeare's play, "The Merchant of Venice," chose from the three caskets, ignorant of the contents.

I put walking on one side, as I would never walk for pleasure, but just as a means to carry me about. I waver between motoring and driving, they both sound so delightful; but I decide upon driving. It must be so lovely to sit behind a good pair of horses, and hear the friendly click-clack of their hoofs on the road; then when one goes

driving one can see so much more of the country than is possible in a motor-car, where you whizz along the road, leaving the country smothered in dust, and the passers-by complaining of the smell of petrol. I expect a motorist would laugh at that remark but it's true, and if I were driving I'm sure I would feel much happier to think that I was not leaving dust and petrol behind me.

Yes, I'm sure driving must be more pleasant than motoring, for many reasons which I have not room to put down here, and I hope many others will agree with me.

GROWING THINGS

BY KATHARINE T. SHARPLESS (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

OUT in the sunny garden
The daffodils spring up,
With little pearly dewdrops
In every yellow cup.

The crocuses are blooming;
There are snowdrops all around;
And violets lift their little heads
To look above the ground.

The trees will soon begin to bud;
The grass is fresh and green;
On every little branch and twig,
The robins may be seen.

MY CHOICE — WALKING

BY RALPH PERRY (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

A GREAT many people dislike walking because of its slowness. I think, however, that this very slowness causes all its many great advantages.

With an automobile or a horse you can travel fast and far. You can easily visit places famed for their beauty, although they may be a great distance from your home. You can pass over more ground in an afternoon than you could walk in two days — but you cannot leave the road. Your view is limited to what you can see from the road,



"KEEPING COOL." BY HARRIET H. BURNS,
AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



"KEEPING COOL." BY WM. H. PAYNE, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

and this is seldom the most beautiful part of the neighborhood. As for exploring that cool, shady wood, or climbing that high hill, it is as impossible as if you were at home.

On a walk, the slowness of movement changes all this. You pass over comparatively little ground, but you remember all you have seen, instead of having only a con-



"KEEPING COOL." BY HELEN F. BATCHELDER, AGE 14.

fused recollection of your trip. You may not be able to see unusually beautiful places that are a great distance away, but you can see the thousand beautiful objects which are almost at your door. You can go wherever you wish, and stop whenever you choose. You can examine beautiful flowers and birds as long as you wish, instead of being whisked by in a twinkling.

Then, again, driving and motoring are restricted to one class of people — those who are wealthy. Walking, on the other hand, is not only open to all classes, but even fits the taste of the individual. The lovers of the beautiful will admire the birds and flowers. Boys can find something good to eat almost the whole year. The naturalist, the geologist, and the ornithologist can find materials for study in an hour's walk.

The fact that all sorts of people enjoy walking shows its popularity. A pastime which can please the boy as well



"MORNING WORK." BY ROBERT GIFFORD, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER, CASH PRIZE.)

as the girl, the child as well as the man, and the ditch-digger as well as the scientist, must surely be preferred to driving and motoring.

MY CHOICE — MOTORING, DRIVING, OR WALKING ?

BY DOROTHY DE WITT (AGE 10)

I SUPPOSE a good many people like to go motoring or driving better than they do walking, but I prefer walking.

I like to walk in the cool, shady woods, under the great trees, or sit by the sparkling brook and watch the water ripple merrily over the smooth pebbles. The trout play hide-and-seek among the stones, but never seem to be there when you go fishing.

It is even pleasant to walk along a dusty highroad where houses are located — houses that I have never seen before, of whose occupants I do not know. Then it is fun to guess what the names of the families might be. There are so many pleasant and interesting things that I can see better if I walk, that I like it better than motoring or driving.



"MORNING WORK." BY MARIAN WALTER, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

GROWING THINGS

BY ANNA PAGE (AGE 10)

WHEN we have eaten lots and lots at breakfast, lunch, an' tea,
Our auntie says to Mother dear, "Now, will you please tell me

The reason why those children there, who do no work at all,
Should eat just like a plowman strong, and not like children small?"

Then Mother says to Auntie, "Why, Sister, don't you know
That when you were a little child, you did exactly so?
So when you see them eat so much, you have no need to fear,
For the reason that they do it is, they're growing things,
my dear!"

MY CHOICE — MOTORING, DRIVING, OR WALKING?

BY DOROTHY BUELL (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

IN early June, when the sun is bright and the great hills are resplendent in their fresh green, I like to get in a com-

of their burrows like tent-pegs, and empty creek beds lie deep between the hills. And when a cold wind sweeps down these gorges, the old horse pricks up his ears and gallops down a hill as if anxious to leave the dreary scene far behind. We always enjoy this part of the drive immensely.

By and by we come to the high, narrow roads in the foot-hills. The wheels of our carriage go far over the edge of the road, and we seem about to tip over. "Oh-h-h-h!" somebody screams, and we hang to the upper side for dear life. It is all over. My, but was n't that a narrow escape? We are glad we were not in a motor-car, for, although we may tip, we will not "turn turtle," as motors often do.



"KEEPING COOL." BY NORMAN A. ALDRICH, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

fortable carriage behind a poky horse and go jogging along over the country roads.

We have not the smooth, wide roads of the East, but if people can concentrate their attention on a butte of beautiful color or some mountain scenery, they may manage to ignore that shivery sensation that goes up and down their spines when they are going down a steep, rocky hill with the grinding of the brake in their ears.

Such myriads of gorgeous flowers as we have in summer! Great patches of vivid yellow daisies bordered with purple banks of meadow flowers, and here and there along the road huge rocks sheltering thick clusters of wild red gera-



"KEEPING COOL." BY EVELYN CALDWELL, AGE 14.

Way ahead of us, a mere spot among the pines, is Teepee Lodge, our destination. When we arrive there, we get out, shake off the dust, and say:

"Well, have n't we had a lovely drive?"

GROWING THINGS

BY ALICE M. MAC RAE (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

OH, I am a child of the country, and I love not the cities
grim,
My heart is akin to the wild things, and the woodlands
vast and dim,
Where the winds and the brook make music, and, faint from
his cool retreat,
Comes the voice of the thrush at even, in a madrigal wild
and sweet.

Oh, I am a child of the country, and the orchard knows my
tread,
When the boughs shine white with blossoms, and the buds
lie pink and red.
And hand in hand, in the moonlight, go my soul's beloved
and I,
And we need no words to question, no words to make
reply.



"KEEPING COOL." BY JULIA S. LA BAU, AGE 13.

niums! And when we come to a particularly lovely garden spot, we stop and gather large bunches of blossoms, with which we decorate our horse and carriage.

Again we drive for miles through dry and desolate regions where queer little prairie-dogs sit up at the mouth

Oh, I am a child of the country, and I love the fields at
 morn,
 Where the air comes fresh and fragrant, and the joy of the
 day is born;
 Loud carols the cheerful robin to the linnet over the way,
 And the growing things, and the birds, and I welcome the
 dawn of day.

MY CHOICE—WALKING

BY ADELINA LONGAKER (AGE 14)

SOME people prefer motoring, that rapid way of traveling—a whirl of dust, a "toot-toot," and the pedestrian is left behind. They enjoy the feeling that they are going faster than any animal can. And others, driving behind two spirited horses. But I prefer walking. The quickening pulse, the expansion of the lungs, and the feeling of exultation, alone make a walk a pleasure. You also see so much more than if you drive or motor. The many quiet, yet beautiful, flowering plants are left unseen as you go flying by in an auto. If you walk, you can listen as long as you choose to the songs of the birds, or you can run, hat in hand, after a black swallowtail, rejoicing in the thought of your liberty.

Then you can go so many more places if you walk: into the green woods, following a path so narrow and yet so beautiful that horse and auto long to follow, but they can't.

Or you climb a steep cliff or mountain to enjoy a beautiful view or a lovely sunset. Here, too, horse or auto cannot follow.

If you value your personal safety, then it is safer to walk, for, when you ride in an auto you want to ride fast. What fun is there in riding slow? And if you drive, you wish to ride behind spirited horses. Who enjoys a drive behind a meek, gentle horse which goes because it has to? And with spirited horses there is danger of a runaway.



"MORNING WORK." BY CECILIA A. L-KELLY, AGE 17.

And if you walk you know you'll "get there," while if you motor there is always danger of something happening to the machine and quite probably you will have to wait, wait, wait.

Yes, people may talk about the extreme pleasure of motoring and driving, but I'm sure they don't know the pleasure of walking.

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A STORY OF GROWING THINGS

BY DORIS F. HALMAN (AGE 14)

ON the rugged brown bough came a little green shoot,
 And it grew;
 The tree was its cradle, the breeze was its lute,
 And tiny veins sprang from that little green root,
 Till the gnarled branch was decked with a lacy spring suit,
 So it grew.



Morning Work

"MORNING WORK." BY JEANETTE R. REID, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE)

In a space through the leaves shone a small spot of white,
 And it grew.
 Shy, yet allured by the sun's golden light,
 Slowly it opened upon the world's sight,
 And the honey-bees saw it, and stopped in their flight,
 So it grew.

Midst the flowers came some straws for a little brown nest,
 And it grew;
 Not till the golden sun sank in the west,
 Did the wee parent-birds linger to rest,
 And then their snug home in the pink bloom was dressed,
 So it grew.

In the little brown nest, some blue, speckled eggs lay,
 There were two;
 But little brown birds took their places one day,
 And saw the bright world from their soft bed of hay,
 Till soon they were learning to fly far away,
 So they grew.

MY CHOICE—MOTORING, DRIVING, OR WALKING?

BY FRANCIS HART (AGE 15)

MOTORING? Well, that's out of the question, for, to be frank, I have n't a motor to go motoring in.

Driving does very well when one is in a hurry, but I hate to be in a hurry when Nature has so many beauties in store for those who will hunt them. When I go driving, the trees, the flowers, yes, and all Nature's other children, merely give me a cool nod as I pass, and go on with their work or play.

But when I am walking, if the day is hot, the majestic

old oak spreads his branches for me to rest under, and he may even tell me some of the wonderful secrets he knows.

The flowers nod and beckon to me, but when I hunt the coy little violet, she hides under a leaf or dodges behind a stone.

Or if I walk by the brook, that noisy little fellow stops his babbling and takes up his never-ending tale just where he left off the last evening I was there, and as long as I care to listen, he tells me of the many adventures he has met since he left his mountain home.

If I listen politely, the graceful willow may whisper some lowland gossip to me, or tell me where to find the lark's nest in the grass.

WILD ROSE A-GROWING

BY JEAN GRAY ALLEN (AGE 17)

Wild rose a-growing, comest thou from heaven?

Sweet is thy face as the fair afterglow;

Or in the land of perpetual summer,

Hast thou been sheltered from storm-winds and snow?

Wild rose a-growing, thinkest thou ever

Of other Junes when our young hearts beat high?

Hast thou not memory, thou who returnest

Ever in summer with fair cloudless sky?

Wild rose a-growing, thou art a message

From thy Great Maker, of love and of cheer,

That thou might'st teach us of gladness and sunshine,

And with thy summer's smile cast out our fear.

Wild rose a-growing, teach us thy lesson,

How we may live mid life's sunshine and rain;

Leave us a memory, sweet, unforgotten,

'Til summer brings thee to us once again.

A MANTLE OF GROWING THINGS

BY DOROTHY STOCKBRIDGE (AGE 13)

World that liest cold and bare

And shiv'ring in the wintry air,

Have patience, wait. From yonder bush

Hark! how the gay, red-breasted thrush

Flingeth his tidings, fair.

There, from his leafless bow'r,

There, where he swings alone,

Hark! from his heart of hearts

Hear how his blithe notes show'r

Aimed upward at the sun,—

Joy-winged darts.

Hark! how his joyous songs

Promise the best of springs.

Hark! how his liquid note

From out his throbbing throat

Calls, "Soon the birds will nest,

Soon shall the world be dressed

In a fair mantle of green growing things."

READ the editorial on page 948 referring to the force of the word "originality" as used in the League Rules covering contributions. Please do not accompany contributions with letters. Write the title, name, address, and endorsement on the contributions themselves—on the front margin or on the back if drawings or photographs; at the top of the first page if verse or prose.

ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Lois W. Kellogg
Pauline Nitchhauser
Beulah Elizabeth
Amidon
Willia Stafford
Aileen M. Le Blanc
John B. Main
Jean M. Olmstead
Ida May Syfrit
Jeanne C. Parrot
Dinah Moskowitz

Samuel Lazinsky
Helen Levegood
Doris Knight
Frances McConlogue
Elizabeth Gattrell
Lillie B. Herrick
Miriam Smith
Evelyn Hughes
Fannie Ruley
Marion Cleaveland
Dorothy Louise
Schmidt
Lillian J. Miller

Virginia Tucker
Carmichael
Helen May Folwell
Beatrice H. Mackenzie
Alicie H. Glenn
Miriam Rossiter Small
Ruth K. Gaylord
Anna F. Hellyer
C. Ruth Brown
Jean Bard Rogers
Wilda Mattern
Mary Flaherty
Martha Granger



"MORNING WORK." BY GUSTRINE K. MILNER, AGE 16.

Marcia Hulaniski
Estelle Spivey
Katharine Barry
Dorothy K. Ross
Minerva Lewis
Lois Donovan
Jenny Agnes
Heyne
Fritz Korb
Caroline Stone
Dorothy D. Foote
Margaret E.
Beakes
Jack Brewer

Dora Iddings
Florence H. Rogers
Helen G. Powers
Dorothy H. Hoskins
Margaret Elwell
Ruth Casey
Genevieve Karr
Hamlin
Elizabeth Walton
Henrietta Rodenberg
Arthur Leisman
Anna Laura Porter
Adelaide C. Webster
Anita Delafield
W. Lyon Wood
Ruth Conway
Marie Maurer
Katie Smith
Dorothy E. Bayles
Amelia N. Huger
Vida Bloede
Rushia Dixon
Doris P. Ramson
Katherine Cunningham
Hazel Allen
Maude Beach
Emil Bogen
Edith Brodek

VERSE, 1

Katharine Wardrope
Frances G. Ward
Katharine Balderston
Marjorie Winrod
Ellenor Richardson
Cook
Winifred Ward
Flora Thomas
John N. Ames, Jr.
Esther Corinne Tyson
Margaret Read
Louis B. Perley
Hattie A. Tuckerman
Rachel Olmstead
Anna Torrey
Norah Culhane
Frances Elizabeth
Huston
Jane Huson
Alice Sweeney
Marjorie Paret
Adelaide Nichols
Mary de Lorne
van Rossem
Margaret B.
Richardson

PROSE, 2

Samuel S. Bryan, Jr.
Dorothy Peters
Mary Lee Thurman
Gertrude Isabelle Petry
Edith Mae Maurer
Florence Gallagher
Beatrice E. Maule
Maurine Loonan
Edith Eskesen
Margaret Spratt
Madge Dilts

Elizabeth Page James
Thérèse H. McDonnell
Benjamin Horton
Adele Noyes
Stewart S. Hawes
Emily Legg
Dorothy Lydecker

VERSE, 2

Helene Birgel
Edith Stevens
Louise Rose
Edgerton Hazard
Ethel Feuerlicht
Katherine D. McKim
Helen B. Tappen
Ruth Starr
E. Mishnun
George M. Enos
Rita Echols
Alice Winthrop
De Wolf
Margaret Vaughan
Hanna
Grace F. Harvey
Pauline F. May
Philip Joseph
Cheitman
Dorothy Ward Clarke
Eanny Stewart
McLean
Jeannette Parritt
May Bowers
Kathryn Southgate
Mary Curry
Caroline C. Roe
Dorothy Kerr Floyd
Lillian Wollitz
Marie Louise Hersey
Floy De Grove
Baker
Katharine R. Welles
Frank H. McCabe
Jane Ellis
Harold Miller
Elizabeth L. Frelick
Constance Tyrrell
Dorothy Leach
Mildred G. Wheeler

DRAWINGS, 1

Dorothy Clement
Alison Kingsbury
Decie Merwin
Audrey Hargreaves
Helen M. Roeth
Beatrice Jenkins
Helen Sveinbjörnsson
Margaret Etter Knight
Dorothy C. Starr
Otto V. Tabor
Alice Moseley
Nellie Hagan
L. William Quanchi
Lawrence Hugh Riley
Martha Mary Seeley
Raymond E. Griffin
Virginia Stuart Brown
Bodil Hornemann
Charles H. Bell
Fanny T. Marburg
Marie A. Van Pelt
William E. Fay
Margaret A. Foster

DRAWINGS, 2

Dorothy Hughes
Edith M. Reynaud
Elizabeth Bodenwein
Eleanor Hine
Lily K. Westervelt

Shirley Gill Pettus
E. M. Chant
Lydia S. Chapin
Josephine Witherspoon
Robert Maclean
Alice A. Hirst
Hampton Shirer
Ethel M. Shearer
Ruth Streetfield
Margaret F. Foster
Margaret Cecil James
Kate Griffin
Charlotta Henbeck
Ruth K. Whitmore
Helen May Baker
Margaret Woodward
Evans

Katharine Earle Carter
Clara Butcher
Bonnie Eckert
Louise Frances
Dantzebecher
Ruth T. Emerson
Rosalie Schmuckle
Helen F. Morgan
Rebecca O. Wyse
Harry W. Goodman
Elizabeth H. Evans
Gladys Wright
Katharine H.
Seligman
Gwen Blenkinsop
Carl E. Ohlsson
Katherine Fahnestock
Irvin Johannesen
Isobel Maxwell
Kathryn R. MacMahan
Roy D. C. Lutz
Bayard C. Noble
Beatrice Starr
Winifred C. Miles
Helen Jeanne
Mary T. Bradley
Gwendoline Colter
Elma Marie Pachard
Edna Buck
Ada R. Ross
Mildred Luthardt
Martha Zeiger
Alexander Gifford
Lucy Friend Rogers
Winifred Worcester
Vera Mikol
Selma F. Snyder
Robert N. West
Susan Frazier
Katharine Reynolds
Edith B. Price
Dorothy Dawson
Esther C. Lanman
Frank Paulus
Jack Hopkins
Lois Kimball

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Sylvia Atwater
Howard M. Treas
Constance Wilcox
Winifred Rouse
Amy Anderson
Agnes G. Hoye
Rebecca E. Meaker
Ruby M. Palmer
Edith Bachman
Margaret Kennedy
Dorothy Ogle Helmle
John L. Baxter
Constance Ayer
Margaret Curtiss
Burton
Elsie Stuart
Larissa Martin
Olive Seward

Rosalie Gomez Nathan
Joseph Roche
Richard B. Bullis
Dorothy Langhaan
Elizabeth Wight
F. Reeves Rutledge
Royal Willis
Elva Staples
Eleanor Parker
Margaret Richmond
Gladys Wannamaker
Ella M. Freas
Bard Heywood
Katharine Tighe

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Ralph Arnot
Hazel Hills
Edward J. Roche
Ethel Hitchings
Harriet McCook
Clarence Davis
Adelaide W. Moffat
Ethel Knowlson
Caster
Arthur H. Nethercot
Eleanor Drury
Von McConnell
Edith Hawkins
Moorhead C. Kennedy
Sydney L. Wright, Jr.
Charles Mather
Parker
Belding F. Jackson
Margaretta C.
Johnson
C. Ford Blanchard
Charles I. Morton
Katherine G. Culyer
Paul T. Cobb
Miriam Pease
Sidney Green
Dorothy L.
Dockstader
Theresa R. Robbins
Sarah E. Elmer
Allan Lincoln
Josephine Tickell
Siegel W. Judd
Dorothy Meston
Dorothy White
Herschel V.
Johnson

PUZZLES, 1

Hart Shields
John S. Harlow, Jr.
John Webb Cance
Leon W. Kaufman
Ralph A. Ruebel
Dorothy W. Abbott
Harold F. Gartley
Stanley D. Dodge
Helen M. Meek
Phoebe S. Lambe
Marjorie L. Strauss
Wallace L. Cassell
Helen P. Browning
Helen Dirks
Henry Courtenay
Fenn
Anita S. Dalberg
Edward A. Fellowes
Alice Blackwell

PUZZLES, 2

S. H. Ordway, Jr.
Alden French
F. J. Wells
Oliver D. Wells

Ralph Temple, Waldo Buchen, Cecil Loughmiller, Roma C. Weigel, Gerald Garr, Beatrice Burchard, Joseph White, Oscar Loughmiller, Vinna Bloom, Harold Sutton, Norman Bullock, Erma White.

WRITTEN IN PENCIL. Edith Stickney, Paul Johnson, Kilborn B. Coe.

INCOMPLETE OR NO ADDRESSES. Louise S. May, Doris H. Ramsey, Elizabeth Conley, Adelaide Lovett, Alice Murray, Louis P. Hollander, G. Chase Taylor.

NOT INDORSED. Dorothy Brown Nes, John Rasmissen, Margaret Edmonds, Ethel Van Liew, John H. Gibbs.

COLOR. Lucy H. Nash, Ellen M. Christensen, Carl E. Webber, Jr., Katharine Spafford, Sidney Breese Dexter.

WILD CREATURE IN CAPTIVITY. Dora H. Perry.

WRONG SUBJECT. Katherine Kitabjian.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 130

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to a gold-badge winner who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 130 will close **August 10** (for foreign members **August 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in **ST. NICHOLAS** for **December**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Home."

Prose. Story or article of not more than three hundred and fifty words. Subject, "An Important Moment (or Time) In My Life."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Youth of Growing Things."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Memory of Winter," or a Heading or a Tailpiece for **December**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **ST. NICHOLAS**. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

RULES

ANY reader of **ST. NICHOLAS**, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.* If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
Union Square, New York.

ROLL OF THE CARELESS

A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be properly entered for the competition:

NO AGE. Alice M. Keary, Naomi Lauchheimer, Frances E. Clow, Ethel Frank, Katharine Smith, Katharine G. Fivay, Carol H. Woodward, R. L. Lutz.

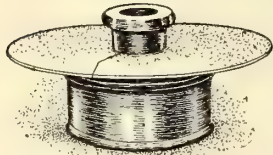
LATE. Frank Wollen, Blanche Troeger, Zenas T. Stanley, Janet Dexter, Leland S. Slater, Mary Bishoff, Alice Moore, Dan H. Fenn,

THE EMERGENCY CORNER

CONDUCTED BY CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN

A SAFETY INK-BOTTLE

I WONDER if any ST. NICHOLAS readers ever have trouble with the constant upsetting of ink-bottles!



THE SAFETY INK-BOTTLE.

I know that I am not as careful as I should be, yet I dislike to find my writing-desk deluged with ink. I meet the emergency now by putting a cardboard collar as in the sketch, so that it will fit tightly on the neck of the ink-bottle. Once this collar is on, the bottle cannot turn over far enough to spill the ink. V. M.

AN EMERGENCY CENTERPIECE

WHEN company comes unexpectedly, I always make an emergency centerpiece of green for the table, by breaking off several sprays of that variety of jointed air-plant popularly known as "wandering Jew," arranging them on the table-cloth to circle around the center of the table. It will grow in water or earth, stand great neglect, and you can't kill it. Kitchen air seems to agree with it, so I always keep some growing there in a discarded box or iron pot, ready to break off for emergency company when flowers are selling at impossible rates. JANE C.

A FIRELESS COOKER

A MEMBER of our camping club read in one of the United States Agricultural Department bulletins that the Government uses fireless cookers successfully for soldiers on the march. So we improvised a small one for our camp, which was such a success that it surpassed our wildest hopes. We bought for fifteen cents a large empty lard-can with tight-fitting cover, and fitted, inside of it, a piece of asbestos and also a piece in the lid. We made small, loose pillows of various sizes filled with hay and covered with burlap bagging. In the morning, right after breakfast, we boiled our ham, or soup-bone, or "boiled dinner," or chicken, for twenty or thirty minutes on the breakfast fire, put the pot in the fireless cooker, packed the hay pillows snugly around it, put the lid on tight, wrapped an old blanket or coat over all, and went off for the day's sport. When we returned at night a deliciously cooked dinner

awaited us. At night we boiled oatmeal two minutes on the camp-fire, packed it in the hay-box overnight, and found in the morning that it had literally cooked while we slept and was steaming and delicious for early breakfast. G. P. N.

A WINDOW-SASH WEDGE

WHEN out at Grandma's last Christmas, we could not any of us sleep because of the rattling windows of her old-fashioned house. Perhaps, if our heads had not been so full of Christmas excitement, we might not have noticed the rattling! At any rate, this is the way I met the emergency. Sorting over the basket of clothes-pins, I laid aside all split ones, and cut in half as many whole ones as were necessary to complete the number. Sandpapering off the rough, broken place, I painted each one white, tied a string around the head, and hung two on the little brass screw-eye which I placed at every window. The beveled point of the half-clothes-pin made the best kind of a window-wedge, and Grandma insisted that it was the most practical present she received, and that she would n't be without them. R. V. M.

GREENS FOR THE CANARY

DID you know that, when lettuce and green things are hard to get for the bird, you may supply him with something just to his liking by planting some of his bird-seed in a little flower-pot? When the tiny green shoots come up they make a dainty salad which he likes served in his cage, pot and all. It is great fun to see our saucy songster uproot the little plants and then warble his grateful thanks. H. G. K.

A MAKESHIFT BUTTON-FASTENER

WHEN a large shank button comes unexpectedly off your coat, meet the emergency by making with a hair-pin a small hole where the button belongs, and forcing the shank through it. Then run your hair-pin through the shank on the under side, bending the hair-pin so as to hold the button firmly in place, being careful to bend the hair-pin points so that they will not tear the cloth. A button with holes clear through it may be fastened by running a hair-pin (the smaller and more "invisible" the better) right through two holes

and cloth, and twisting it tight on the under side. Remember to have the button sewed on at the first opportunity. K. V. W.

CLEANING WHITE FUR RUGS

At house-cleaning time the cleaning of the white sheepskin rugs falls to my share, and Mother pays me ten cents apiece for cleansing them thoroughly. In order not to wet the skin or pelt side, I tack the rug around a stout barrel. I always choose a sunny day, and with a clean scrubbing-brush and plenty of hot suds in which a good cleansing powder has been dissolved, I give the rug a thorough scrubbing. Afterward I put the shower-nozzle on the hose, and spray it well with clear water, making the strong stream of water penetrate every nook and crevice. Then I leave the rug to dry on the barrel in the sun, combing it out now and then with a clean, coarse horse-comb to prevent matting of the wool. This makes the rug white and fluffy. The rug may be tied to the barrel if the string be carefully threaded through the fur close down to the skin. Unless the tacking is very carefully done there is danger of tearing the rug. L. P.

A NOVEL BRUSH FOR SILK WAISTS AND SKIRTS

THERE is nothing so nice for brushing off a silk waist or skirt edge as a large, old piece of velvet or velveteen. It gathers up the dirt like magic without injuring the silk in any way. M. A. B.

TO KEEP FURS SMOOTH

WHEN my new furs came at Christmas-time, I was at first very careful to return them to the box after each wearing. But Auntie showed me that it was much better to put them on a coat-hanger, the neck-piece over the hanger and the wrist-cord of the muff over the hook, hanging them in a partly empty closet. In this way they not only retain their shape better, but they are less likely to rub against things; for it is the rubbing which, more than anything else, wears away the finest furs. D. R. S.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR WHIPPED CREAM

CREAM was not procurable, and yet the dessert would be nothing without whipped cream. So I met the emergency by trying Aunt Dicey's substitute, with such good results that none of the family could guess what had been used in the delicious, whipped-cream-y-looking fluff. Here is the recipe, simple enough! Beat the white of one

egg very stiff, add to it one apple grated fine, and sugar to taste. Use on cake that is to be eaten immediately or with gelatin desserts. T.

A HANDKERCHIEF SACHET

I GIVE everybody the same kind of a Christmas present, handkerchief bags, every year. I grow



A HANDKERCHIEF SACHET.

the lavender in the summer, and make the bags in the fall. Although I have made them of many kinds, brocaded silks, fancy ribbon, and linen, I find that the washable ones are the most practicable, and therefore the most acceptable. Of many pretty designs, I find the handkerchief bag shown in the illustration the most easily laundered and the daintiest. Buy small-sized handkerchiefs either with lavender borders or with ladder-work edges through which lavender ribbon may be run. If you cannot find these with the initial already worked, it adds an individual touch to work them in cross-stitch or embroidery. Put the lavender flowers (which you can buy in the city streets if you cannot raise them in the country) in little three-cornered bags that will fit in the handkerchiefs folded together diagonally. Quilt the inner bag so the flowers will not sink to the point. Lace together with ribbons and tie in bow-knot. If you wish to put it with a coat-hanger, feather-stitch a piece of covered featherbone across the diagonal.

T. M.

ENGRAVING EASTER EGGS

NEXT Easter, try dipping the children's hard-boiled eggs in melted suet. When the thin coating of grease all over the eggs is cold, take a large needle and write on each egg a child's name. Then put the eggs in vinegar for about five minutes. Wash in warm water to remove the suet, and the name will appear etched in the shell. Colored crayons can be rubbed over the etching, wiping off the crayon adhering to the smooth part of the egg-shell—leaving the etched line colored. G. P.

AN IMPROVED DUST-PAN

THE handle came off of Mother's dust-pan, but I made the pan better than new by nailing a lath upright to the middle of the back of the pan, so that one end of the lath rests on the floor. Mother says that this saves her so much stooping that she never wants any other kind.

THE LETTER-BOX

REJECTED

BY DORIS FRANKLYN

Drawings by Lee Miller



"WHEN you are big and I am big
And we're too old to play,
Perhaps," said he,
"I think may be
I'll marry you some day."



The little maid pursed up her lips;
"When I'm too old for toys,
Why then," said she,
"I fear, you see,
I shall not care for boys."

THE PROCLAMATION OF GEORGE V AS KING

(Told by a young American girl who witnessed it)

"LE Roi est mort — vive le Roi"; so they used to say in France, before the days of the Republic, and although not the same words are used in England, much the same idea is expressed in the ceremony of proclaiming a new king very soon after the death of the late sovereign.

Monday, May 9, 1910, dawned dull and gray.

By ten minutes to nine the palace of St. James, the Friary Court, and all the streets surrounding the ancient building were crowded with all manner of people. Policemen and regiments of soldiers kept order; the flags were hoisted full-mast in honor of the occasion (having before been at half-mast owing to the death of the late king).

On the right of the court opposite Marlborough House stood the band — the drums being all covered with black stuff; to the left were the mounted guards on beautiful black chargers all impatient to be off, and in the center of the courtyard could be seen several noted generals with their aides-de-camp.

Directly facing Marlborough House at the farther end of the court was an embattled balcony draped with red material.

The clock in St. James's Palace Tower had no sooner finished striking nine, than two heralds appeared on the balcony, near the edge. They were beautifully dressed in brocaded suits and gold lace, and looked as if they might have stepped out of some colored picture-book telling about Henry VIII's court. They carried long trumpets, on which they blew three blasts and then retired.

From a door-window at the back of the balcony came the Norroy king-at-arms with his two mace-bearers, followed by the Duke of Norfolk in the costume of an army officer. They all advanced to the front of the balcony.

The Norroy king, who was wonderfully dressed in a sort of tunic bearing the Royal Arms embroidered in heavy gold thread, then proceeded to read the proclamation, while all the gentlemen stood uncovered.

The proclamation having been read, the band of the Royal Guards struck up "God Save the King," which was echoed by the populace outside the palace.

After a few orders from the commanders of the different regiments, the soldiers left, escorting the Norroy king, mace-bearers, and heralds, who drove in open carriages to the city to meet the Lord Mayor and Alderman, to repeat the ceremony on the steps of the Exchange.

The whole was a wonderful and impressive sight, which will never be forgotten by any who witnessed it, with the fine old palace of St. James as the background, and across the road Marlborough House gardens, also full, and among the people four of the little princes and Princess Mary.

KATHARINE H. SELIGMAN (age 15).

NEW YORK, N. Y.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have just come back from California and this morning at breakfast my badge arrived. I was so excited at the sight of the postman with a registered packet addressed to me that I nearly upset my coffee as I jumped up to take it. Then I realized what it was, and I became more excited than ever, and I signed my name in the wrong place on the paper he gave me and when this was rubbed out and written again in the right place I was so pleased that I forgot how to make a capital "I." Why I am so particularly delighted at receiving the silver badge is because now the dream I have had for so long is at last realized, and I have become an Honor Member.

I do wish my eighteenth birthday were not so near. I hate to think that in two more months I shall no longer be able to consider myself a member of the ST. NICHOLAS League. I thank you again very much indeed for both the gold and silver badges, and also for the pleasure you have given me in putting my name occasionally on the Roll of Honor.

With my very best wishes and hearty thanks, I am,
Always one of your most interested readers,

FRANCES G. WARD.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Fire. 2. Iron. 3. Road. 4. Ends.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Shakespeare; finals, Winter's Tale. Cross-words: 1. Strew. 2. Hayti. 3. Again. 4. Knout. 5. Ensur. 6. Solar. 7. Paris. 8. Event. 9. Aroma. 10. Repel. 11. Evade.

ADDITIONS. Fireworks. 1. Fur-row. 2. Inn-ate. 3. Ram-rod. 4. Ear-ned. 5. Win-try. 6. Out-law. 7. Rat-tan. 8. Kid-nap. 9. Sun-day.—CHARADE. Dul-cet.

PRESIDENTIAL PUZZLE. Star-path, Jefferson; 1 to 8, Buchanan; 9 to 16, Harrison; 17 to 23, Lincoln; 24 to 28, Grant. Cross-words: 1. Johnson. 2. Hendricks. 3. Fillmore. 4. Fairbanks. 5. Gerry. 6. Roosevelt. 7. Sherman. 8. Colfax. 9. Van Buren.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, Mendelssohn; fourth row, Hunting Song. Cross-words: 1. Might. 2. Ensur. 3. Ninny. 4. Ditty. 5. Equip. 6. Loans. 7. Serge. 8. Sense. 9. Onion. 10. Hymns. 11. Neigh.

HEART PUZZLE. From 1 to 2, succeed; 3 to 4, Elizabeth; 5 to 6, gentian. 1. Asa. 2. Aga. 3. Plums. 4. Bread. 5. Jacqueminot. 6. Recollected. 7. Re-enlisting. 8. Hephzibah. 9. Decagon. 10. Robin. 11. Treat. 12. Ate. 13. H.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received before May 10 from Frank Black—Arnold F. Muhl—Judith Ames Marsland—Stoddard P. Johnston—Margaret Laughlin—Mason E. Thomson—"Queenscourt"—Alice Wilkins—Sydney v. K. Fairbanks.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received before May 10 from Edna Meyle, 6—Mary G. Bonner, 2—John S. Harlow, Jr., 8—No Name, 2—Marian Shaw, 10—Harold D. Kilgore, 6—Edith B. Baumann, 5.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from M. Houghton—J. Thorn—K. C. Blodgett—A. G. Gulliver—P. R. Hart—E. H. Snavelly—L. Beck—D. M. Tobin—R. Ladd—L. Sander—M. Green—N. E. Rea—J. McCullough—E. Powell—R. Phillips—L. Warner—J. McMahon—I. Summa—E. Lagowitz.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My first is in trap, but not in cage;
My second, in youth, but not in age;
My third is in laughter, but not in fun;
My fourth is in walk, but not in run;
My fifth is in tulip, but not in rose;
My sixth is in fingers, but not in toes;
My seventh, in both adores and abuses,
And my whole is devoted to several muses.

ELIZABETH KINGSBURY (League Member).

ZIGZAG

1	.	*	.	2
.	*	.	*	.
3	.	0	.	4
.	0	.	0	.
5	.	*	.	6
.	*	.	*	.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Brief. 2. Sharp. 3. Stables. 4. Scorched. 5. Salt water. 6. Shore.

Horizontal zigzag, from 1 to 2, a famous novelist; from 3 to 4, a famous poet; and from 5 to 6, a capital city.

DOROTHY B. LEAKE (League Member).

SEXTUPLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS

(Cash Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition)

BEHEAD six letters and curtail six letters from, 1. In an instant, and leave a color. 2. In a comprehensive manner, and leave a fowl. 3. In a disinterested manner, and leave before. 4. Attended with disadvantage, and leave an insect. 5. Letters commending to favor, and leave the termination. 6. The state of being treasonable, and leave to

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Magenta. 1. Mermaid. 2. Caraval. 3. Trigger. 4. Copecks. 5. Spindle. 6. Fifteen. 7. Pyramid.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. H. 2. Bed. 3. Heart. 4. Drain. 5. Tiles. 6. Never. 7. Serum. 8. Rumor. 9. Moral. 10. Rakes. 11. Lemon. 12. Solid. 13. Nitre. 14. Drape. 15. Epics. 16. Eclat. 17. Salad. 18. Tapir. 19. Dines. 20. Remit. 21. Sides. 22. Tents. 23. Stain. 24. Sirup. 25. Nurse. 26. Psalm. 27. Elves. 28. Meter. 29. Sedan. 30. Rates. 31. Negus. 32. Sugar. 33. Sales. 34. Rents. 35. Stale. 36. Slave. 37. Every. 38. Error. 39. You. 40. R.

METAMORPHOSES. 1. Rage, rate, pate, pats, pits, pity. 2. Six, fix, fig, fag, tag, tan, ten. 3. Fool, pool, poll, pole, pale, sale, sage. 4. Hate, date, dote, dove, love. 5. Sick, silk, sill, will, well. 6. Poor, pool, poll, pole, pale, pace, pack, pick, rick, rich. 7. Brook, crook, crock, clock, clack, clank, plank, plane, plate, slate, slats, seats, seals, sells, sils, rills, riles, rives, river.

DIAGONAL. Gettysburg. 1. Generosity. 2. Persistent. 3. Retrograde. 4. Gratifying. 5. Moneymaker. 6. Profession. 7. Constables. 8. Irresolute. 9. Montenegro. 10. Supporting.

catch suddenly. 7. Imponderableness, and leave epoch. 8. Heedlessly, and leave a small fish of northern Europe. 9. The state of being commendable, and leave a small lump of anything soft.

When the nine remaining little words have been written one below another, their initials will spell the name of a famous epic poem.

CASSIUS M. CLAY, JR. (Honor Member).

WORD-SQUARE

1. FINE, slender threads. 2. Dialect. 3. The protuberant part of a cask. 4. A masculine name. 5. A substance used for polishing.

CLIFFORD FURST (League Member).

NOVEL ZIGZAG

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

*	.	.	.	3	.	16
8	*	10	.	.	18	21
*	17	.	.	13	.	2
.	*	4	.	20	.	.
.	.	.	.	5	14	.
11	*	.	12	6	1	.
*	19	9	7	.	.	15

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A place made famous by Hero and Leander. 2. Writers of history. 3. A train of persons advancing in order. 4. Cheering. 5. Signifying. 6. The fathers or elderly rulers of families. 7. Buildings.

Zigzag, shown by crosses, the name of a famous tyrant of Athens; the letters represented by the figures from 1 to 10 spell the name of his brother, and from 11 to 21, his father.

EMILE KOSTAL.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell the Christian name, and another row of letters will spell the surname of a man who signed the Declaration of Independence.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Freight of a ship. 2. By itself. 3. Senior. 4. A tendon. 5. Watchful. 6. Majestic.

EDMUND CAMPBELL (League Member).



IN this puzzle the words are pictured instead of described. When the eight objects are rightly named and the words written one below another in the order numbered, the central letters will spell the name of a famous man who was born in August.

WORD-SQUARE

ARRANGE the following twenty-five letters so that they will form a five-letter word-square. The words may be defined as dough, nearly, a point, all, and moral.

AABCEEHHIIIOOPSSUUUTTTTTT.
SHERRILL KENT (League Member).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of thirty-seven letters and form a quotation from Shakspeare.

My 12-20-31-1-28-35-18-5 is an herb whose flowers have a strong and fragrant smell; it is mentioned in the first part of "King Henry IV." My 24-16-9-29-27-7-33-37 is an herb that is the emblem of constancy; it is mentioned in "Hamlet." My 11-12-1-2-14-22-26-31 is the herb wolf's-

bane; it is mentioned in the second part of "King Henry IV." My 27-26-25-3-20-34-15 is charlock; it is mentioned in "The Taming of the Shrew." My 30-4-26-10-7-24-6 is the pie-plant; it is mentioned in "Macbeth." My 9-11-21-17-33-16-2 is a plant that furnishes a coloring material; it is mentioned in "A Winter's Tale." My 4-23-28-36-16-12-13 is a poisonous herb; it is mentioned in "Macbeth." My 8-4-19-28-32 is a plant used for seasoning; it is mentioned in "Midsummer Night's Dream." ELSIE LOCKE.

A VEGETABLE PUZZLE

TAKE one third of a tomato, one seventh of a parsnip, and one third of a turnip. By combining them properly the name of a fourth vegetable may be formed.

MURIEL ANDERSON (League Member).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will name a famous country and another row of letters will name one of her most famous sons.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A sharp corner. 2. Witchcraft. 3. An occurrence. 4. A western farm. 5. A simpleton. 6. A strong rope. 7. A deputy.

EMILY PARTRIDGE EATON (League Member).

HIDDEN GEOGRAPHICAL ZIGZAG

A GEOGRAPHICAL name is concealed in each of the following sentences. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning at the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, right-hand letter) will spell the name of a famous explorer.

1. He caught her attention at once.
2. In his deep rage, no apology was possible.
3. They were both on duty at once.
4. Across Lake Athabasca I rowed in a few hours.
5. I call it a lynx in spite of its size.
6. The chestnut-bur made my hand smart.
7. Ethel is leaving Europe to-day.
8. At last I have found the magic key.
9. The doctor recommended salt air for his sad patient.
10. They could not find us at the concert.
11. Am I languid even in cold weather?
12. Florence and Estelle are both sickly.
13. Pour a yellow custard over the cake.

B. KENNEDY (League Member).

DOUBLE ZIGZAG

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

*	9	.	16	.	0
20	*	.	13	0	23
1	17	*	0	4	.
.	2	0	*	.	.
10	0	5	.	*	.
0	.	.	22	14	*
19	0	3	7	*	24
.	11	0	*	25	8
21	.	*	0	.	12
.	*	.	6	0	18
*	.	.	.	15	0

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Made of small twigs. 2. Soapy foam. 3. Joined together, as metals. 4. The rabble. 5. Changes. 6. To loosen from an anchorage. 7. To lay out money in business. 8. Pleasing to the ear. 9. Made of wool. 10. Purloined. 11. A mark to shoot at.

Zigzag of stars, a famous author; zigzag of o's, one of his books; the letters represented by the figures from 1 to 8, from 9 to 15, and from 16 to 25 each name another book by the same author.

JOHN R. SCHMERTZ.



AN AUTOMOBILE NECESSITY

Every careful owner has Peter's in his car.
No matter when or where you are hungry

PETER'S CHOCOLATE

is the most convenient and whole-
some of foods for young and old.

Lamont, Corliss & Co., Sole Agents, New York



Home-made open
pies with deli-
cious fillings of Strawberry, Pineapple,
Lemon, Rhubarb. Both crust and filling
will be perfect if you use

KINGSFORD'S CORN STARCH

see the Cook Book. To make the
crusts of tarts and all pastries dry and
tender, by all means use Kingsford's
(one-sixth Kingsford's instead of all
flour.) *The Book tells.*

Send for the Cook Book "H.H."—
"What a Cook Ought to Know About
Corn Starch." 168 of the best recipes
you ever tried. *The book is free.* Your
name on a post card will bring it.

T. KINGSFORD & SON

OSWEGO, N. Y.

National Starch Company. Successors

Grand Trunk Railway System

"Most Direct Route to the Highlands of Ontario"

Orillia and Couchiching, Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays, Manganetewan River, Algonquin National Park, Temagami, Georgian Bay.

Plan to Spend Your Summer Holidays This Year at One of These Delightful Spots

Good hotel accommodations at moderate cost.—The lover of outdoors will find here in abundance, all
those things which make roughing it desirable. Select the locality that will afford you the greatest
amount of enjoyment, send for free map folders, beautifully illustrated, fully describing these out of
the ordinary recreation resorts. Address—

W. S. Cookson
917 Merchants Loan and Trust Co., Chicago

W. E. DAVIS
Pass. Traffic Manager, Montreal

F. P. Dwyer
290 Broadway, New York City

G. T. BELL
Asst. Pass. Traffic Manager, Montreal

E. H. Boynton
256 Washington St., Boston

W. Robinson
506 Park Bldg., Pittsburg



**GRAND
TRUNK
RAILWAY
SYSTEM**



Begin Early—

Children “brought up” on

P O S T U M

are free from the evil effects of *caffeine*—the habit-forming drug—in coffee and tea.

Postum is made of clean, hard wheat, skilfully roasted, including the bran-coat which contains the Phosphate of Potash (grown in the grain) for building healthy brain and nerve tissue.

Begin early to insure a healthy nervous system for the little ones.

“There’s a Reason”

Iced Postum—served with sugar and lemon is a delicious, cooling Summer food-drink.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.

St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 104.

Time to hand in answers is up August 10. Prizes awarded in October number.

WARM—is n't it? But if you expect to be comfortable during the horrid—I mean, of course,—torrid weather, there is nothing more important than to keep the mind pleasantly occupied. Do not keep thinking about tobogganing, and skates, and Greenland's icy mountains, and Eskimos, and glaciers, or other things out of season, but select some pleasant occupation, and if you forget you are uncomfortable you will not realize how uncomfortable you are.

Take Competition 104, for example. Very likely you'll come out First-Prize Winner! Won't that be gratifying to your friends!

Here is the task we set you.

You must take some advertised article, and using the letters for initials make up a note, sentence, or telegram upon it. Thus, if you take KARO, your note might be—

"Kindly Answer Right Off."

Or if you took Grape-Nuts, your telegram might read:

"Good Reasons Are Plenty, Every Neighbor Uses This Sustainer."

Try to make an interesting or amusing sentence, and send from one to three of these, on the same or on different articles. You need not use all the words that make up the name of a long-named article like "Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder" for example, you can use only "Mennen's," or "Mennen's Talcum," or "Mennen's Powder"—any part of the name that is enough to know it by. Thus you might make this sentence from Cox's Gelatine:

"Come On, Xerxes! Send Good Extract. Let All The Infants Now Eat."

The prizes will be awarded for the best sentences or sentence made up thus on the initials.

See that no inconsistent character hampers or loads a sentence. Let every advertisement give useful exercise; and don't vary essential reasons that in some instances name good characteristics. Only make persistent essays till in them is one notion.

That is a queer paragraph, is n't it?

Suppose you see what its initial letters spell! Now do you get the idea?

The prizes and conditions are as follows:

One First Prize, \$5.00.
Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each.
Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each.
Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each.

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

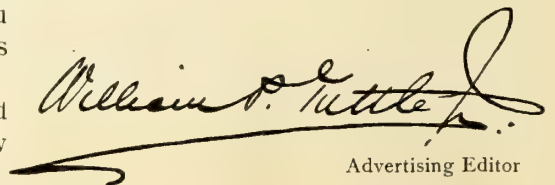
2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (104).

3. Submit answers by August 10, 1910. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 104, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York.



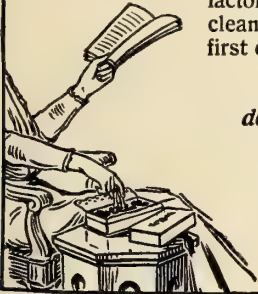
Advertising Editor

(See also page 10.)

Lenox Chocolates

The Necco Seal on the box insures perfection.

Here are chocolates with a difference. Not an ordinary one in the box. Each a palate charmer. Thickly covered with smooth, rich chocolate, daintily filled with fruits, cream, nougat, nut, caramel, jelly and other delicious flavors. Made in the largest confectionery factory in the world, where cleanliness is one of the first considerations.



*Sold by best
dealers everywhere.*

**NEW ENGLAND
CONFECTIONERY
COMPANY,
Boston, Mass.**



A Rest

is likely what you need most right now. Take a real rest — and relieve all stomach, kidney and liver troubles and indigestion — at

French Lick West Baden Springs

Don't suffer from rheumatism either, when you can drink the waters at this "America's greatest watering place" — unsurpassed by even the most famous Spa in Europe for curative qualities. Take a pleasant trip, meet delightful people, enjoy ideal, healthful recreation at one of these noted resorts.

Located in Southern Indiana on the Monon. For information about rates, etc., address

FRANK J. REED, General Passenger Agent
Republic Building, Chicago

MONON ROUTE



COX'S

INSTANT POWDERED Gelatine

Saves time and bother and makes finer, better foods. It dissolves instantly in boiling water—no soaking or waiting.

This Gelatine is extraordinarily smooth and rich, due to a purity and refinement developed by 80 odd years experience in the making of finest Gelatine. Try this recipe:

— BLACKBERRY MOLD —

5 to 6 persons. $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. (1 heaping tablespoonful) Cox's Instant Powdered Gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. blackberries, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. good cooking apples, 1 gill ($\frac{1}{2}$ cup) water, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. ($1\frac{1}{2}$ cups) sugar, thinly peeled rind $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon. Pick over the berries and put them into a saucepan with the apples, which have been cored, peeled and cut into slices, the sugar, and one gill of water. Cook slowly until soft, then rub through a sieve. There should be one-and-a-half cups of the puree. Dissolve the gelatine in one gill of boiling water, then add it to the mixture. Stir for 5 minutes, then pour into a wet mold. Serve with whipped and sweetened cream.

Cox's Manual of Gelatine Cookery contains more than 200 recipes for salads, desserts, jellies, savories, invalids' dishes, etc. They are just the things you'll want to give variety to your daily menus. Send us your name and address for a Complimentary Copy.

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REPORT ON COMPETITION NUMBER 102.

This was—as you all are aware—the contest which a German friend of the Judges described as “The-what-one-you-would-take-of-articles-in-St. Nicholas-advertised-if-on-a-vacation-going-you-were-away-Competition,” and the Judges wonder if any of you can guess which article the most popular was? Ivory Soap floated ahead, chosen by 29 competitors, with the Thermos Bottle chosen by 27, and the Kodak by 20. Barbour’s stories came next, and then Fairy Soap and Pond’s Extract. One competitor wrote a poem in the metre of “Hiawatha.” We must admit there were strong arguments in all the papers, and that it took the nicest adjustment of scales to award the prizes justly.

Sometimes the Judges are greatly puzzled, and shake the opposing essays in the air, as they press the claims of their candidates, but sooner or later, they find reason to put them in the order finally announced. Some papers are lively and incorrect, others are correct but dullish; it is hard, now and then, to set aside the almost-good paper of a nine-year-old in favor of the much-better paper of a twelve-year-old.

Neatness counts for much, other things equal, but care in doing just what is prescribed counts for more.

There is one quality that especially appeals to the Judges, and that is genuineness. We cannot think very highly of a competing paper that is evidently written by some clever young person with the idea of saying what “will take with the Judges.” Such are rare, we admit; but now and then one will come in that has a priggish air—as if the writer were saying: “See what a nice person I am! I like all the things I ought to like, and I always do just what I should!”

Please remember that the Judges have been young, too, and used to whisper in school, eat apples behind their desk-lids, mimic their elders now and then, and even sometimes to take the largest piece of cake, or to keep *very* quiet when it was nine o’clock, and bedtime was at hand, though not yet noticed. Why—some of us have no signs of wings sprouting, even yet!

Therefore, please be sincere and direct, boyish and girlish—and trust the Judges to know what’s what and who’s who.

Ladies and Gentlemen, we thank you for your kind attention, and beg leave to announce the prize-winners, and to say to the non-winners that they deserve great wide oceans of credit for their honest endeavors, their diligent application, their charming papers, and for their fortitude under disappointment. Good afternoon!

PRIZE-WINNERS.

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Angeline Hamblen (16).

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Marjorie Bassett (13).

Kathleen C. Bunch (16).

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Dorris Elizabeth Padgham (12).

Gordon E. Wright (15).

Cassius M. Clay, Jr. (15).

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Norman M. Bannerman (14).

Marian R. Priestley (15).

Jack Brewer (15).

Eugenia Holland (36).

Fanny Tomlin Marburg (15).

Inez Marie Anderson (15).

Alice Wilkinson (14).

Gladys Ostrom (12).

Henry Olson (15).

Margaret F. Holmes (17).

HONOR ROLL (*in alphabetical order*).

Alice S. Berch (14).	John D. Mackenzie (15).
Catherine Breneman (12).	Margaret Magruder (17).
Helen Lambert Eckel (14).	Catherine Hester Mills (50).
Ethel Myriam Feuerlicht (13).	Dorothy Paterson (14).
Katharine Firey (14).	Edith M. Reynaud (13).
Isaac Fisher (33).	Teckla Schiller (10).
Marchmont Hayward (15).	Katharine Spencer (9).
Guss Kiss (17).	Ilva Carmen Van Gorder (16).
Phoebe Schreiber Lambe (15).	Ruth Warren (16).
Adelina Longaker (14).	Leisa Graeme Wilson (11).

(See also page 8.)



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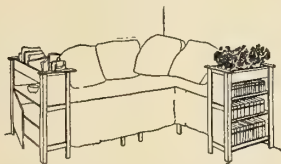
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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

EDWARD VII

EDWARD VII of England, known as the Peacemaker, has been laid to rest. His reign, though a somewhat brief one, has been very eventful historically, and his influence and conduct have endeared him to all. Not only in loyal Great Britain, but abroad as well, especially in the United States, has admiration for him grown and increased as the years of his reign multiplied. We have nothing to say here about his character and achievements, about his suavity and grasp of affairs, of his geniality and sense of justice. Many stories illustrative of all his excellent qualities and nobleness of heart will be told of him in other pages.

The advent of a king to a throne is naturally followed by the appearance of his portrait upon the stamps of the nation over which he is to rule. While yet Prince of Wales, Edward's head had appeared, as well as those of other members of the royal family, in the Newfoundland issue of 1897-98. The first portrait of Edward as king appeared in the pound value stamps of Victoria. The likeness used here, as well as the one in the Canada tercentenary issue, is entirely different from the profile view commonly accepted in Great Britain and such of her dependencies as adorned their stamps with a portrait of the king's head. The next radical change which affected stamps was in the watermark of the colonial paper, changing from the old-time "Crown and C. A." to the so-called "Multiple C. A. paper." This was followed by the introduction of a universal color scheme for all stamps issued by the empire. Of wider and international influence was a progressive step toward the Ultima Thule of penny postage achieved by Edward in the establishment of a two-cent rate between the United States and Great Britain. On the commercial side of philately should be mentioned the high water mark in prices paid by dealers in the purchase of collections. During Edward's reign the great English dealer, William H. Peckitt, paid the hitherto unequaled sum of approximately \$125,000 for the well-known Avery collection.

But by far the most important and far-reaching philatelic occurrence was the act of Edward himself in granting to the London Society its Royal Charter, and incorporating it as the Royal Philatelic Society. For this alone should all stamp lovers hold his memory dear. By this act not only did Edward increase the value of your collection and mine, not only did he place the trade upon a more secure and permanent foundation, but he called the attention of the whole world to the enjoyment and educational possibilities of stamp-collecting, and raised the pursuit from the position of a mere fad into the dignity of a royally recognized science. Requiescat in pace!

GEORGE V

ACCORDING to English catalogues the adhesive postage-stamp was invented in Great Britain, and the first one was issued in May, 1840. In the month of May, 1910, just seventy years to a day, there ascends to the throne of England a stamp-collector. When Newfoundland issued its portrait gallery of the royal house, much journalistic comment was made over the appearance on a postage-stamp of a portrait of a genuine lover of stamps. And now a philatelist is King of England. George V is said to have been a lover of stamps from earliest boyhood. While in the navy and

traveling from country to country, he had excellent opportunities for securing additions to his rapidly growing collection. Later in life he took up the pursuit in a much more thorough and scientific manner, passing from a mere novice to an earnest and recognized student of the subject. He is supposed to have been largely instrumental in getting royal recognition of philately, and in securing the charter of the Royal Society. Later he became President of the Society, has attended many meetings, exhibited portions of his collections, and has at times prepared articles on various subjects. On his famous around-the-world trip certain of the colonies, knowing of his collection, presented him with magnificent additions to it. Some years ago he attracted much attention throughout stamp circles by purchasing at auction a two penny "Post-office" Mauritius, in fine unused condition, for which he paid the record price of \$7500. This, however, is only one of the gems which his collection is said to contain. Indeed this royal personage possesses an accumulation of an estimated value of fully \$500,000.

While yet Prince George of Wales his likeness appeared on the five-cent blue of Newfoundland, and when Prince of Wales upon the one-half-cent tercentenary of Canada. The likeness of the present Queen Mary is also shown upon the same stamp. Doubtless now many of the colonies will change, and a second series of "king's heads" be given to us.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

IT is not at all surprising that a beginner should be puzzled by the "stamps of East India which are surcharged with a crown and new value." These stamps were surcharged for use in the Straits Settlements only, and therefore are not, strictly speaking, stamps on India. You will find them as the first issue stamps listed under the Straits. ¶ There are at least eight varieties of unofficial perforations for use in the different mailing-machines. The Schermack use three, the Mailometer two, the Brinkerhoff two, and the Automatic Vending Company one. The stamps used by the first two machines are perforated (?) vertically, while stamps for use in the others are perforated horizontally. The specimen you send from Plainfield was of Schermack No. 3. While these perforations are entirely unofficial, their collection is an exceedingly interesting side-line of philately. Very interesting booklets have been written concerning them, which can readily be obtained from any of our advertisers. ¶ By far the easiest and best way to detect water-marks is by the use of a benzine cup or glass, the bottom of which is painted black. Such cups are for sale by our advertisers for a modest sum. Get a good quality of benzine and fill the cup about one third full. Place the stamp, face downward, in the cup, and the water-marks in most instances will appear very distinctly. On thick paper and chalk-surfaced stamps it does not show as well. ¶ Many stamps, especially those which have been canceled, are improved in appearance by a bath. Never use plain water for this purpose, however. The color of many stamps is injured by water, and in unused specimens the gum will surely go. There are to be had little pencils with a tiny sponge in the end; use one of these dipped in benzine. This will not affect either the color or the gum. If the specimen is canceled, a little water may be used with the benzine.

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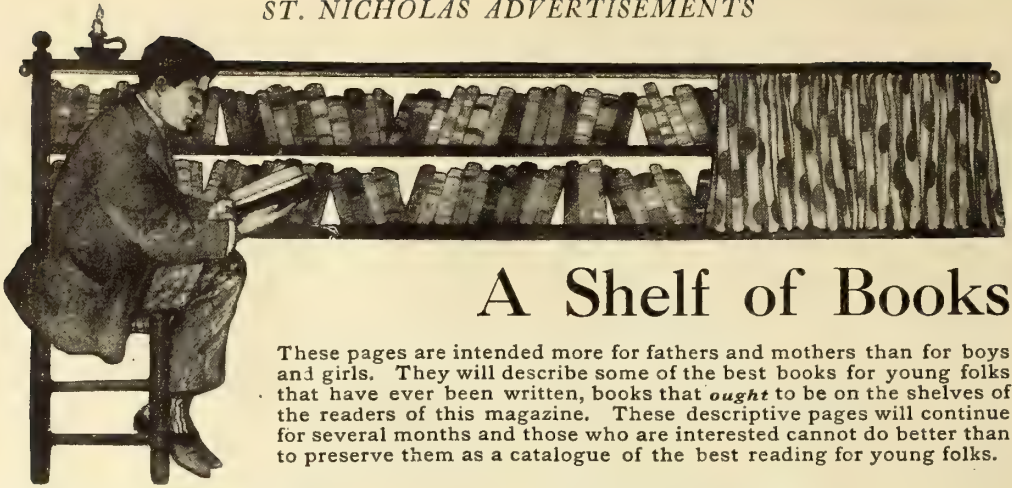
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A Shelf of Books

These pages are intended more for fathers and mothers than for boys and girls. They will describe some of the best books for young folks that have ever been written, books that *ought* to be on the shelves of the readers of this magazine. These descriptive pages will continue for several months and those who are interested cannot do better than to preserve them as a catalogue of the best reading for young folks.

FATHER AND BABY PLAYS

By Emilie Poulsson

Yes, *Father* and baby plays! As every one knows, Mother and baby play together as naturally as they breathe, but Father's long hours at business so often leave him unacquainted with wee son or daughter that he needs a little help in finding the path to ideal comradeship. And here it is. Sometimes Father and baby will have a long, cozy, happy hour rocking and looking at the pictures and singing the rhymes. And sometimes, made wise by the genius of the book, they will frolic together in play that trains Father's hands to gentleness, and tiny hands and feet and baby hearts to achievements in confidence and courage. And sometimes—but buy the book, it's an absolute necessity in every house where there are little ones.

There never was a lovelier lot of little folks put into pictures—Florence E. Storer clearly drew with love as well as with skill.

WALTER CAMP'S BOOK OF COLLEGE SPORTS

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There is n't a boy who would not exult over the ownership of this book, or be the healthier and happier for its reading. No other book gives just what this does on track athletics, rowing, football, and base-ball; and it is written straight to the youth who not only loves his sports, but when he goes into them goes in heart and soul and who means to win every time if he can; who wants a fair field but no favors; who is ready to do his level best, and, when he sees a better man, can give up the ball or the bat or the oar to him and stand aside with a good grace and cheer himself hoarse for his school or college, winning or losing with an enthusiasm that knows only fair play and the best man to win.

There are many illustrations, some of them from photographs, and altogether the book is one to make a normal boy blissfully happy.

TOINETTE'S PHILIP

By Cecile Viets Jamison

Read one of Mrs. Jamison's delightful stories, quaint, spirited, freshly charming, and, young or old, you will want to read them all. Philip, little white lad, and Toinette, old and black, both have white souls; and there is no more tenderly charming tale in juvenile literature than this of Toinette's loving care, of Philip's finding by his own, his pathetic wanderings with his little black comrade, his final happy fate. And always Mrs. Jamison writes of New Orleans—long her home—its people, its ways, its highways and byways, with a loving touch.

JACK BALLISTER'S FORTUNES

By Howard Pyle

There is nothing quite like a tale of pirates to delight an adventurous lad; and here is a story of the pirates who actually infested the Atlantic coast early in the eighteenth century. It is a thrilling picture, too, of the wild life in Virginia in Colonial days; and of the evils and sufferings of the kidnapping common to those days. So it is the best possible kind of an adventure story; all the more thrilling and fascinating because it tells of actual events; and the author himself made the fifteen spirited pictures.

Pretty Polly Perkins

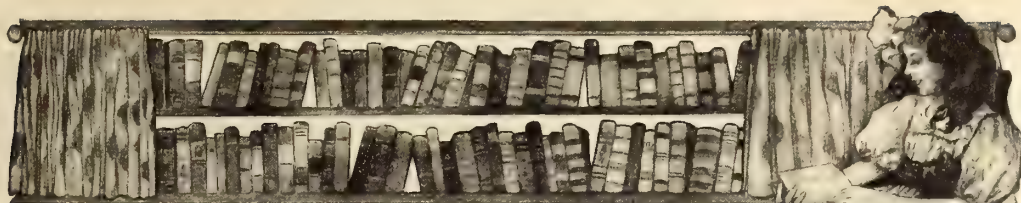
By Gabrielle E. Jackson

Very seldom, in life or in a book, is the lesson "do unto others" so sweetly and wholesomely taught as it is in this pretty story of the friendship between the children and grown-ups of two families, one city people, the other wholesome farmers. There are others besides Mrs. Perkins who have missed learning the deep and abiding value in life of innocent good times and of the graces and joys of living. Give it to every child you know—and to some mothers.

THE PRIZE CUP

By J. T. Trowbridge

The weakly bad boy and the mischievously bad boy and the manly boy of fine training and high ideals are characters in this story. There is no attempt to "point a moral," the story just tells itself; but every boy must be impressed with the common-sense fact that, after all, "being good" pays big dividends. It is an exceptionally good story—just as a story—and the wholesome teaching recommends it to every parent as an exceptionally desirable book for the lad's library—and J. T. Trowbridge never wrote any other kind.



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TOPSYS AND TURVYS

By Peter Newell

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THE LAKERIM ATHLETIC CLUB BOOKS

By Rupert Hughes

Give a boy who is going through his period of athletic craze these two wholesome, jolly books, "The Lakerim Athletic Club," and "The Dozen from Lakerim," written by a man who is still in sympathy with every play of every game and every impulse of the normal, healthy boy.

The Lakerim Athletic Club was made up of "twelve of the boyishest boys"; and they played foot-ball and base-ball and polo and tennis and golf, and skated and coasted and canoed, and had every possible kind of outdoor fun. Then they all went away to school together; and if they cared more for athletics than for books they were always clean and manly and honorable; and there is n't a boy who will not be the better for reading about them.

SANTA CLAUS' ON A LARK

By Rev. Washington Gladden

Any giver of gifts to children is glad to know of a really good Christmas book, whatever the time of year. Such a book is this collection of jolly short stories, brimming over with the Christmas spirit, dressed in Christmas red. No heart could desire a happier choice for reading aloud.

THE BOYS' LIFE OF ULYSSES S. GRANT

By Helen Nicolay

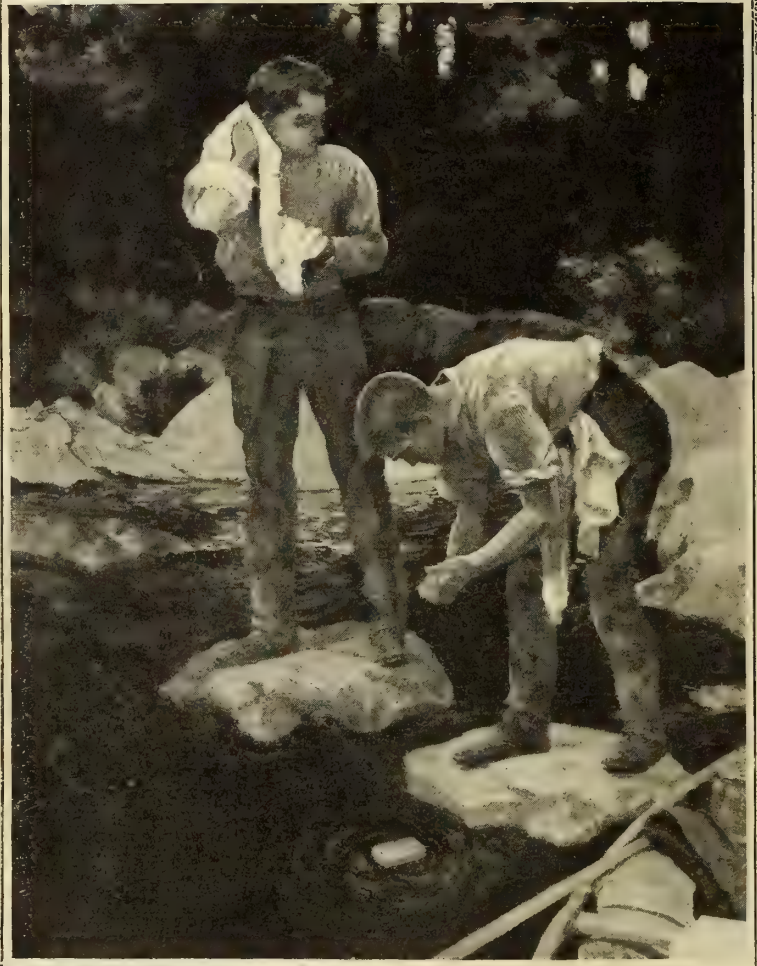
Here is a story filled with adventure and animated with a spirit calculated to fill a good healthy American boy with a strong stimulating ambition to make something worth while of himself; no matter what the odds. Miss Nicolay has brought out all the interest and thrill of the incidents which crowded the life of one of America's greatest men; she has brought out most interestingly and helpfully Grant's masterly overcoming of inherent traits of character which often portend failure. It is one more of the books which should be every American boy's comrade.

QUEEN ZIXI OF IX

By L. Frank Baum

You know when a thing is so absolutely improbable and impossible that it never could have happened, it is much nicer than the probable and possible. That is part of the charm of "Queen Zixi"—it is all so crazily extravagant and impossible that it is delicious. There are all the good old-fashioned ingredients of an ideal fairy-tale in it: a brave prince, and a beautiful princess, a bad fairy, and some good ones, and adventures that make the little reader wriggle with delight. There are unusual qualities, too: a dog that talks, and queer folk who go around like balloons, and many others. Of course, all the bad people get punished, and every one loves the beautiful princess; but this is just a part of what is one of the jolliest fairy stories ever written; all done by "The Wizard of Oz" man.

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"Yes! It's *Peter's Milk Chocolate* I want; the kind I always buy, because it's good for the children."

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"HE WAS ALMOST TOO LATE—BUT NOT QUITE." (SEE PAGE 967.)

ST. NICHOLAS

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NO. 11

THE TRIPLE PLAY

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," etc.

"If they had n't gone and made Don captain last year," said Satterlee 2d, plaintively. "That 's where the trouble is."

"How do you mean?" asked Tom Pierson, looking up in a puzzled way from the hole he was digging in the turf in front of the school hall.

"Why," answered Satterlee 2d, with a fine air of wisdom, "I mean that it does n't do for a fellow to have his brother captain. Don 's been so afraid of showing me favoritism all spring that he has n't given me a fair chance. When I came out for the nine in March and tried for second, he was worried to death. 'Look here, kid,' he said, 'there 's no use your wanting to play on second, because there are Hennen and Talbot after it.' 'Well, how do you know I can't play second as well as they?' said I. He was horrified. That 's it. A fellow can't understand how a member of his own family can do anything as well as some one else. See what I mean?"

Tom Pierson nodded doubtfully.

"'You try for a place in the out-field,' said Don. 'But I don't *want* to play in the out-field!' I told him. But it did n't make any difference. 'There are three fellows for every in-field position,' said Don, 'and I 'm not going to have the fellows accuse me of boosting my kid brother over their heads.' Well, so I did as he said. Of course I did n't have any show. There were Williams and Beeton and 'Chick' Meyer, who could do a heap better than I could. They 'd played in the out-field all their lives, and I 'd been at second—except one year when I caught when I was a kid. Well, maybe next year I 'll have a better show,

for a whole lot of this year's team graduate tomorrow. Wish I did."

"I don't," said Tom. "I like it here. I think Willard's is the best school in the country."

"So do I, of course," answered Satterlee 2d. "But don't you want to get up to college?"

"I 'm in no hurry. You see there 's math; I 'm not doing so badly at it now since Bailey has been helping me, but I don't believe I could pass the college exam in it."

"You and 'Old Crusty' seem awfully thick these days," mused the other. "Wish he 'd be as easy on me as he is on you. You were fishing together yesterday, were n't you?"

Tom nodded. "Sixteen trout," he said promptly.

"Wish I 'd been along," sighed Satterlee 2d. "All I caught was flies during practice. Then when they played the second I sat on the bench as usual and looked on."

"But Don will put you in this afternoon, won't he?"

"I dare say he will; for the last inning maybe. What good 's that? Nothing ever happens to a chap in center field. And when a fellow's folks come to visit him he naturally wants to show off a bit."

Tom nodded sympathetically.

"Hard lines," he said. "But why don't you ask your brother to give you a fair show; put you in in the sixth or something like that?"

"Because I won't. He does n't think I can play base-ball. I don't care. Only I hope—I hope we get beaten!"

"No, you don't."

"How do you know?" asked the other, morosely.

"Because you could n't," Tom replied. "Is 'Curly' going to pitch?"

"No; Durham's agreed not to play any of her faculty. Williams is going to pitch. I'll bet—his face lost some of its gloom—"I'll bet it will be a dandy game!"

"Who's going to win?" asked Tom, anxiously.

"I just wish I knew!" answered Satterlee 2d, cheerfully. "Durham's lost only two games this season, one to St. Eustace and one to us. And we've lost only the first game with Durham. There you are, Tommy; you can figure it out for yourself. But we won last year, and it's safe to say Durham's going to work like thunder to win this. What time is it?"

"Twenty minutes to twelve," answered Tom.

"My! I've got to find Don and go over to the station to meet the folks. Want to come along? Dad and the mater would like to meet you; you see, I've said a good deal about you in my letters."

"Won't I be in the way?"

"Not a bit. In fact—" Satterlee hesitated and grinned—"in fact, it would make it more comfortable if you would come along. You see, Tom, Don and I are n't very chummy just now; I—I gave him a piece of my mind last night, and he threw the hair-brush at me." He rubbed the side of his head reflectively.

Tom laughed and sprang to his feet.

"All right," he said. "I'll go if just to keep you two from fighting. We'll have to hurry, though; you don't want to forget that dinner's half an hour earlier to-day."

"You never knew me to forget dinner-time, did you?" asked Satterlee 2d, with a laugh.

Three hours later the two boys were lounging out on the terrace above the playground. Behind them in camp-chairs sat Mr. and Mrs. Satterlee. To right and left stretched a line of spectators, the boys of Willard's and Durham surrounded by their friends and relatives. To-morrow was graduation day at the school, and mothers and fathers and sisters and elder brothers—many of the latter "old boys"—were present in numbers. At the foot of the terrace, near first base, a red-and-white-striped awning had been erected, and from beneath its shade the principal, Dr. Willard, together with the members of the faculty and their guests, sat and watched the deciding game of the series. The blue of Willard's was predominant, but here and there a dash of red, the color of the rival academy, was to be seen. On a bench over near third base a line of red-stockinged players awaited their turns at bat, for it was the last half of the third inning and

Willard's was in the field. Behind the spectators arose the ivy-draped front of the school hall, and above them a row of elms cast grateful shade. Before them, a quarter of a mile distant, the broad bosom of the river flashed and sparkled in the afternoon sunlight. But few had eyes for that, for Durham had two men on bases with two out, and one of her heavy hitters was at bat. Thus far there had been no scoring, and now there was a breathless silence as Willings put the first ball over the plate.

"Strike!" droned the umpire, and a little knot of boys on the bank waved blue banners and cheered delightedly. Then ball and bat came together, and the runner was speeding toward first. But the hit had been weak, and long before he reached the bag the ball was snuggling in Donald Satterlee's mitten, and up on the terrace the Willardians breathed their relief. The nines changed sides.

"That's Fearing, our catcher, going to bat, sir," said Satterlee 2d, looking around at his father.

Mr. Satterlee nodded and transferred his wandering attention to the youth in question. Mr. Satterlee knew very little about the game, and was finding it difficult to display the proper amount of interest. Mrs. Satterlee, however, smiled enthusiastically at everything and everybody, and succeeded in conveying the impression that she was breathlessly interested in events.

"Er—is he going to hit the ball?" asked Mr. Satterlee, in a heroic endeavor to rise to the requirements of the occasion.

"He's going to try," answered his youngest son, with a smile. "But he is n't going to succeed, I think," he muttered a minute later. For the catcher had two strikes called on him and was still at the plate. Then all doubt was removed. He tossed aside his bat and turned back to the bench.

"And who is that boy?" asked Mrs. Satterlee.

"That's Cook," answered Tom. "He plays over there; you know he's short-stop."

"Of course," murmured the lady. "I knew I had seen him."

Cook reached first, more by good luck than good playing, and the Willard supporters found their voices again. Then came Brown, third baseman, and was thrown out at first after having advanced Cook to second.

"Here comes Don," announced his younger brother, in a trace of envy.

"I do hope he'll hit the ball!" cried his mother.

"Oh, he'll hit it all right," answered Satterlee 2d, "only maybe he won't hit it hard enough."

Nor did he. Durham's third baseman gathered

in the short fly that the batsman sent up, and so ended the inning.

"Something 's going to happen now, I 'll bet," said Tom. "Carpenter 's up."

"He did n't do much last time," objected Satterlee 2d, "even if he is such a wonder. Willings struck him out easy enough."

Carpenter, who played third base for the visitors, was a tall, light-haired youth with a reputation for batting prowess. In the first game of

despite his retirement on the occasion of his first meeting with Willings, was in fine fettle, and scarcely had Satterlee 2d concluded his remark when there was a sharp crack and the white sphere was skimming the second baseman's head. It was a clean, well-placed hit, and even the wearers of the blue had to applaud a little. Carpenter's long legs twinkled around the bases, and he was safe at third before the ball had been returned to the in-field. Then things began to happen. As though

the spell had been broken by the third baseman's three-bagger, the following Durhamites found the ball, man after man, and ere the inning was at an end, the score-book told a different tale. On Durham's page stood four tallies; Willard's was still empty, and Willard's supporters began to look uneasy. Then there was no more scoring until the sixth inning, when a single by Donald Satterlee brought in Cook, who had been taking big risks on second, and who reached the plate a fraction of a second before the ball. Willard's got the bases full that inning, and for a time it seemed that they would tie the score; but Beeton popped a fly into short-stop's hands, and their hopes were dashed.

Durham started their half of the sixth with Carpenter up, and that dependable youth slammed out a two-base hit at once. The flaunters of the blue groaned dismally. Then the Durham pitcher fouled out, and the next man advanced Carpenter, but was put out at first. Willard's breathed easier and took hope. Over on third base

Carpenter was poised, ready to speed home as fast as his long legs would carry him. Willings, who had so far pitched a remarkable game, suddenly went "into the air." Perhaps it was the coaching back of third, perhaps it was Carpenter's disconcerting rushes and hand-clapping. At all events, the Durham first baseman, who was a cool-headed youth, waited politely and patiently, and so won the privileges of trotting to first on four balls. Fearing, Willard's catcher, walked down to Will-



MR. AND MRS. SATTERLEE, TOM, AND SATTERLEE 2D, WATCHING THE GAME.

the series between the two schools, Carpenter's hitting had been the deciding feature. Three one-baggers, a two-bagger, and a home run had been credited to him when the game was over, and it was the home run, smashed out with a man on third in the eighth inning, which had defeated Willard's. In the second game, played a fortnight ago, Carpenter had been noticeably out of form, which fact had not a little to do with Willard's victory. To-day the long-limbed gentleman,

ings, and the two held a whispered conversation. They did n't lay any plots, for all Fearing wanted to do was to steady the pitcher.

Then came a strike on the next batsman, and the Willardians cheered hopefully. Two balls followed, and Carpenter danced about delightedly at third, and the two coaches hurled taunting words at the pitcher. The man on first was taking a long lead, pretty certain that Willings would not dare to throw lest Carpenter score. But Willings believed in doing the unexpected. Unfortunately, although he turned like a flash and shot the ball to Satterlee, the throw was wide. The captain touched it with his outstretched fingers, but it went by. The runner sped toward second, and Carpenter raced home. But Beeton, right fielder, had been wide awake. As Willings turned, he ran in to back up Satterlee, found the ball on a low bounce, and, on the run, sent it to the plate so swiftly that Fearing was able to catch Carpenter a yard away from it. The Durham third baseman picked himself up, muttering his opinion of the proceedings, and looking very cross. But what he said was n't distinguishable, for up on the terrace the blue flags were waving wildly and the boys of Willard's were shouting themselves hoarse.

When, in the beginning of the seventh inning, Durham took the field and Willings went to bat, Captain Don Satterlee came up the bank and threw himself on the grass by his father's side. He looked rather worried and very warm.

"Well, my boy," said Mr. Satterlee, "I guess you're in for a licking this time, eh?"

"I'm afraid so," was the morose reply. "We can't seem to find their pitcher for a cent." He turned to his brother. "I'll put you in for the ninth if you like," he said.

"Oh, don't trouble yourself," answered the other. "You've got along without me so far, and I guess you can finish."

"Well, you need n't be so huffy," answered the elder. "You can play or not, just as you like; but you don't have to be ugly about it."

"I'm not," muttered Satterlee 2d.

"Sounds mighty like it. Want to play?"

The other hesitated, swallowed once or twice, and kicked the turf with his heel.

"Of course he wants to play, Don," said Tom Pierson. "Give him a chance, like a good chap."

"Well, I've offered him a chance, have n't I?" asked Don, ungraciously. "I imagine it does n't make much difference who plays this game." He scowled at Willings, who had been thrown out easily at first and was now discouragedly walking back to the bench. "You can take Willard's place when the ninth begins," he added, turning

to his brother. The latter nodded silently. A slightly built, sandy-haired man with bright blue eyes and a look of authority approached the group, and Don, with a muttered apology, joined him.

"That's our coach," explained Tom to Mrs. Satterlee. "He's instructor in Greek and German, and he's a good fellow! The fellows call him 'Curly' on account of his hair. He pitched for us last year, and he won the game, too! I think he and Don are trying to find some way out of the hole they're in. If any one can do it, he can. Can't he?"

Thus appealed to, Satterlee 2d came out of his reverie.

"Yes, I think so. I wish he was pitching, that's all I wish! Then Carpenter would n't make any more of those hits of his!"

Willard's third out came, and once more the teams changed places. The sun was getting low, and the shadows on the terrace were lengthening. Durham started out with a batting streak, and almost before any one knew it, the bases were full, with but one out. Then, just when things were at their gloomiest, a short hit to second baseman resulted in a double play, and once more Willard's found cause for delight and acclaim.

The eighth inning opened with Don Satterlee at bat. Luck seemed for a moment to have made up its mind to favor the home team. An in-shoot caught the batsman on the thigh, and he limped to first. Meyer—"Chick" Meyer, as Tom triumphantly explained—sent him to second and gained first for himself, owing to an error. Then came an out. Beeton followed with a scratch hit just back of short-stop, and the bases were full. Up on the terrace the cheering was continuous. Williams was struck out. Then came Willings with a short hit past third, and Don scored. And the bases were still full. But the next man "fled" out to left fielder, and the cheering died away. But 2 to 4 was better than 1 to 4, and the supporters of the home team derived what comfort they could from that fact.

In the last of the eighth the doughty Carpenter started things going by taking first on balls. It was apparent that Willings had given it to him rather than risk a long hit. The next man was less fortunate and was thrown out after a neat sacrifice which put Carpenter on second. Then a pop-fly was muffed by Williams, and there were men on first and second. After that, Willings, as though to atone for an inexcusable error, settled down to work and struck out the next two Durhamites, and the blue flags went suddenly crazy.

Satterlee 2d peeled off his sweater and trotted down to the bench. The ninth inning opened in-

auspiciously for the home nine. Willard's short-stop fell victim to the rival pitcher's curves, and third baseman took his place. With two strikes called on him, he found something he liked and let go at it. When the tumult was over he was sitting on second base. Don Satterlee stepped up to the plate, and the cheerers demanded a home run. But the best the blues' captain could do was a clean drive into right field that was good for one base for himself and a tally for the man on second. That made the score 3 to 4. It seemed that at last fortune was to favor the blues. The cheering went on and on. Meyer sent the captain on to second, but was thrown out at first. Another tally would tie the score, but the players who were coming to bat were the weakest hitters, and Willard's hopes began to dwindle. But one can never tell what will happen in base-ball, and when Fearing lined out a swift ball over second baseman's head and Don Satterlee romped home, the wearers of the blue shrieked in mingled delight and surprise. The score was tied. But there was more to come. Beeton waited, refusing all sorts of tempting bait, and during that waiting Fearing stole second. With three balls and two strikes called on him, Beeton let the next one go by, and—

"Four balls!" decided the umpire.

Satterlee 2d felt rather limp when he faced the pitcher. His heart was pounding somewhere up near his mouth, and it made him feel uncomfortable. Down on second, Fearing was watching him anxiously. On first, Beeton was dancing back and forth, while behind him Brother Don was coaching hoarsely and throwing doubtful glances in the direction of the plate.

"He thinks I can't hit," thought Satterlee 2d, bitterly. "He 's telling himself that if he 'd left Williams in we might have tallied again."

Satterlee 2d, smarting under his brother's contempt, felt his nerves steady, and when the second delivery came, he was able to judge it and let it go by. That made a ball and a strike. Then came another ball. They had told him to wait for a good one, and he was going to do it. And presently the good one came. The pitcher had put himself in a hole; there were three balls against him and only one strike. So now he sent a swift straight one for a corner of the plate, and Satterlee 2d watched it come and then swung to meet it. And in another moment he was streaking for his base, while out back of short-stop the left fielder was running in as fast as he might. And while he ran, Fearing and Beeton were flying around the bases. The ball came to earth, was gathered up on its first bound, and sped toward the plate. But it reached the catcher too late, for

Fearing and Beeton had tallied. And down at second a small youth was picking himself out of the dust. But Satterlee never got any farther, for the next man struck out. No one seemed to care, however, except Satterlee, for the score had changed to 6 to 4 and the 6 was Willard's!

But there was still a half-inning to play, and Durham had not lost hope. Her center fielder opened up with a hit, and a moment later stole second. Then came a mishap. Willings struck the batsman, and although Fearing claimed that the batsman had not tried to avoid the ball, he was given his base.

Things looked bad. There on second and first were Durham runners, and here, stepping up to the plate with his bat firmly grasped in his hands, was Carpenter, and there was none out. A two-base hit would surely tie the score, while one of the home runs of which Carpenter was believed to be capable—such a one as he made in the first game of the series—would send Willard's into mourning.

The terrace was almost deserted, for the spectators were lined along the path to first base and beyond. Don was crying encouragement to his players, but from the way in which he moved restively about it could be seen that he was far from easy in his mind. As for Satterlee 2d—well, he was out in center field, hoping for a chance to aid in warding off the defeat that seemed inevitable, but fearing that his usefulness was over. Willings turned and motioned the fielders back, and in obedience Satterlee 2d crept farther out toward the edge of the field. But presently, when a ball had been delivered to the batsman, Satterlee 2d, quite unconsciously, moved eagerly, anxiously in again, step by step. Then came a strike, and Carpenter tapped the plate with the end of his bat and waited calmly. Another ball. Then a second strike. And for a brief moment Willard's shouted hoarsely. And then—

Then there was a sharp sound of bat meeting ball, and Carpenter was on his way to first. The ball was a low fly to short center field, and it was evident that it would land just a little way back of second base. Neither Carpenter nor the runners on first and second dreamed for a moment that it could be caught. The latter players raced for home as fast as their legs would take them.

Meanwhile, in from center sped Satterlee 2d. He could run hard when he tried, and that 's what he did now. He was almost too late—but not quite. His hands found the ball a bare six inches above the turf. Coming fast as he was, he had crossed second base before he could pull himself up.

From all sides came wild shouts, instructions, commands, entreaties, a confused medley of sounds. But Satterlee 2d needed no coaching. The runner from second had crossed the plate, and the one from first was rounding third at a desperate pace, head down and arms and legs twinkling through the dust of his flight. Now each turned and raced frantically back, dismay written on their perspiring faces. But Satterlee 2d, like an immovable Fate, stood in the path. The runner from first slowed down indecisively, feinted to the left, and tried to slip by on the other side. But the small youth with the ball was ready for him and tagged him before he had passed. Then Satterlee 2d stepped nimbly to sec-

ond base, tapped it with his foot a moment before the other runner hurled himself upon it, tossed the ball nonchalantly toward the pitcher's box, and walked toward the bench. The game was over.

But he never reached the bench that day. On the way around the field he caught once a fleeting vision of Brother Don's red grinning countenance beaming commendation, and once a glimpse of the smiling faces of his father and mother. He strove to wave a hand toward the latter, but, as it almost cost him his position on the shoulders of the shrieking fellows beneath, he gave it up. Social amenities might wait at present—he was tasting the joys of a victorious Cæsar.

THE MOTH

BY ALICE REID

I FOUND him sitting on a rose;
He was so fine and small
'T is almost to exaggerate
To say he *was*, at all.

He stood and tilted on my hand;
He stepped as if he thought;
His tiny sails of white and blue,
Of sheerest fancy wrought,

He raised and fanned, and fanned again,
And still he would not go—
The common air was all too rough
To trust his shallop to.

Back to his rose I bore him then;
He launched without delay,
And on the breathing of the rose
Was spirited away.

"PLEASE"

BY EUNICE WARD

THERE was a small person who could n't spell "Please";
She tried it with double "e," just as in cheese,
She thought that it might have a "z," as in sneeze,
Or else that the letters were placed just like these.
Impatient, she cried that the word was a tease!
But that did n't help her (how strange!) to spell "Please."



"THE TWO FRIENDS."

BY G. VON GLEHN.

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OUT IN THE BIG-GAME COUNTRY

BY CLARENCE H. ROWE

IN the big-game country! Is there a healthy, red-blooded American boy who does not feel a thrill of excitement at the thought? In spite of our civilization, there is, in many, a lingering thrill in the very thought of the chase, handed down through a long line of ancestry dating back to the time when the chase meant food rather than sport.

The stage setting for big game is perfect. In the sheep country of Wyoming or the deer country of Colorado it is at an altitude of from nine to thirteen thousand feet above sea-level, where the air is clear and crisp with the tang of winter, the huge stretches of wild open country lying like a picture at one's feet. Could anything be more beautiful and invigorating?

A reconnoitering-point will sometimes reveal a view of almost a hundred miles. Across a gulch of some twenty miles the distant buttresses of red sandstone rock are painted with slashes of golden copper, the somber pines straggling almost to the top, interwoven with the delicate tracery of the quaking asps, now beautifully colored by the frosts. At our feet nestles a "park" (as the valleys are called), and possibly a silvery thread of water winds in and out. Nature paints with a full, rich palette in this glorious Western country! The skies rival those of Italy in depth, and, while possibly a bit more crude in raw color, are, for this very reason, more in keeping with the broad, vigorous landscape.

In the big-game country everything is big—not only the game, but the mountains, the valleys, and the people. Small natures bred in these surroundings expand and broaden—it is only natural.

All this seems far removed from the subject of elk, Rocky Mountain sheep, and bear, but to every true sportsman these constitute fully one half of the game.

The Rocky Mountain sheep are by far the most majestic and dignified of the animals of this locality. They are fond of the rock-studded mountain-sides, and often a huge sentinel ram, silhouetted against the sky, will reveal the feeding-place of a group of ewes and lambs. The task now, if one is fortunate enough to be to the windward of him, is, after tethering your horse, to work slowly and carefully to within range, usually from two to four hundred yards. Distances out there are most deceptive, owing to the clear, rarefied air, and an object that seems to be a few hundred yards distant may prove to be almost a mile.

Elk come next, and the lucky hungry hunter who has bagged his "six-point" buck would need more space than at my command to tell how he did it.

Antelope surpass both sheep and elk for timidity. They are extremely wary and possibly the most difficult of all game to get within range. They are found in the lower and open country.

Underlying all the hopes and expectations in the hunter's mind is the thought of *bear*, and of course first of these stands the grizzly. These are getting scarcer every year, and most of us, if we *must* get a bear, will have to be content with a yearling or a two-year-old black bear. There is no special country for them. As a rule, in the summer and fall they come down in the low parks to feast on the berries. Toward winter they are more likely to be found higher up the slopes. After the first snow an occasional raid on the highest and loneliest ranches is looked upon by Bruin as "the thing." At one of the ranches nestling at the foot of Mount Evans in Colorado, miles away from any other habitation, a rancher put a cow-bell on each of his horses when turned loose, thinking to frighten the bears. Bruin had a penchant for the frisky little colts gamboling about the mountain-side and thought it quite neighborly to chase the whole herd, mares and all, helter-skelter down to the ranch. It was quite common for the rancher to be aroused at night by the clanging of bells and the clatter of hoofs as the horses scampered into the corral.

Sheep, elk, and bear all go above the timberline. The height of this line varies in different sections; 10,000 to 10,500 feet is an average.

A good wiry horse that is n't gun-shy and will allow packing the game back to camp is a necessity, for often a bag is made too far from camp for a regular pack-animal to bring in.

Above all, in the confusion of getting together the regular camp outfit, don't forget to slip a paper of trout flies and line into the duffle bag. The little streams winding through the parks will reward an hour's casting with half a dozen or so delicious mountain trout running from six to ten inches in length. They are small, but make up in quality and flavor. When the hunt is over, we take our parting look at the grim old mountains, so silent and peaceful, and wend our way back to civilization, happy and humble in the overpowering glory and majesty of what the natives call "God's own country."



IN THE BIG-GAME COUNTRY.
FROM A PAINTING BY CLARENCE H. ROWE.

THE PARTY OF THE SECOND PART

BY PEARL HOWARD CAMPBELL

"WHAT about your vacation this summer, Kitty? Have you decided yet where you are going to spend it?"

Francis Norwood of the firm of Norwood, Norton & Co., dealers in real estate and loan agents, sat on the veranda of the modest cottage belong-

knew a woman before who had. When she gets through fiddling with college, I'll give her a place in the firm, if I have to discharge some one to do it."

"Which is it to be, Katharine, the seashore or the mountains?" he repeated.



"HE GAVE AUNT CHARLOTTE JUST THREE DAYS IN WHICH TO RAISE FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS."

ing to his sister-in-law, with his shrewd gray eyes fixed on the face of his favorite niece. He had been chums with Katharine ever since her childhood, though it would have puzzled him to explain why, for he was a confirmed old bachelor, eccentric, and too deeply engrossed in business and in the accumulation of property to care overmuch about womankind and their ways. Yet between him and his dead brother's child there existed a strong, true bond of affection.

"Katharine is a girl of ideas," he was fond of saying. "She's got a sense of justice; never

"Why, Uncle Fran, I have n't thought much about it yet," she answered. "You see, Mother's spent so much on school bills this year, Harry's and mine, that I do not believe we can afford to open the cottage at the lake this summer."

"Then how would you like to keep house for a month or two down at Blue Hills Harbor?"

Kitty's eyes sparkled at this very alluring prospect.

"Blue Hills Harbor?" she repeated, searching her memory. "Is it that quaint, dreamy little village, with the hills at its back door and the sea

at its front; where the people all look as though they belonged to a bygone age?"

"That 's it exactly, only I could n't have described it quite so prettily. It 's just a little moss-grown town, and now that the fishing is mostly done farther down the coast, the dories lie idle on the beach. There is n't life enough in the whole place to raise a good-sized fuss.

"Well, I foreclosed on a piece of property down there a few days ago for a client, and I took it off his hands at the price of the mortgage, and now I 'm on the lookout for a tenant. There 's a red sandstone house, built, I should judge, about a hundred and thirty years ago. For all that, it 's real picturesque, with the little-paned windows and the vines clambering over it. There 's a great stone fireplace in the living-room that is big enough to roast an ox in, and a well-sweep, and a bit of an orchard at the back.

"First I thought I 'd give you the deed for a birthday present, but November 's a good while off, and you might just as well get a little fun out of it this summer."

"Do you really mean to give it to me?" Kitty asked, surprise and delight mingled in her voice.

"Why, certainly I do. Here it is in black and white."

He drew a crisp, legal-looking document from his pocket, and peeping over his shoulder, Kitty read that "the Parties of the First Part, for and in consideration of the sum named, did bargain, sell, alien, and convey to Francis Norwood, to be held in trust for the Party of the Second Part" (that was herself) the property whose description followed.

Kitty drew a long sigh of happiness.

"It 's the loveliest present I have ever had," she said. "I never can begin to thank you for it. A house and garden all my own! It makes me feel like a capitalist."

"Wait till you see it," laughed Francis Norwood. "There are twenty-five acres of land, but it is mostly on edge. The old house is slowly dropping to pieces, and that orchard does n't raise much but blossoms and windfalls. Still, I have an idea you 'll get a thousand dollars' worth of fun out of it. And if it should ever enter any one's head to make a summer resort of the town, the property might increase in value."

"When may I go down to see it?"

"Whenever you choose. There are people in it at present, but I served notice on them to vacate at once."

There were a dozen things that Katharine wanted to ask about the sort of folk who were living in her house, but the expression on her uncle's face forbade further questioning. Dearly

as he loved her, there were chambers of his mind that were never open to her, doors at which she did not even dare to knock.

"I will go down and find out for myself," she thought. "That will be much more fun."

And by and by the opportunity came to go down, by herself, and find out all the fascinating particulars. She did n't even ask Harry to go with her. To be sure, he was the dearest brother in the world, but the Party of the Second Part wanted to be quite alone when she entered her domain for the first time.

To get to Blue Hills Harbor from the city, you went down to Grand Junction, right in the midst of Nowhere, and waited, while your train meandered on in another direction, for the slow, puffy little accommodation which wandered back and forth between the Junction and the Harbor and accommodated no one except the conductor and the brakeman.

There was a girl waiting in the depot when Kitty entered, the kind of a girl you look at twice and like. There was something very winsome about her clear brown eyes, the lips curving readily into a smile, and the auburn hair that was burnished gold when the sun shone full upon it.

Kitty liked her at once and wondered if she were a college girl and a Kappa Nu. And presently, in the frank, sweet way that is Kitty's own, she crossed the room and spoke to her. At first they were awfully stiff and formal, but very soon she and the girl, whose name was Anne Winchester, were chatting away like old acquaintances. After a little Kitty remembered that she was a Party of the Second Part, and remarked that she was going to spend her vacation in the country.

"I don't know where I 'll spend mine," said Anne, with a queer little choke in her voice. "We 've lost our home, unless I can bring that woman in the city to her senses."

"Why, what is the trouble?" Kitty asked, all sympathy and interest.

Anne looked for a moment as though she was n't going to tell. Then she began:

"We are all alone, my brother Jack and I. Seven years ago we came to live at Blue Hills Harbor with our Aunt Charlotte. She lives in an old, old house with a farm of twenty-five acres back of it, that she inherited, with the mortgage, from her father. She has a cow and a garden and some chickens, and somehow she 's managed to live. When her apples were n't worth anything, she made jelly of them and sold it in the city.

"Some years she could pay a little on the principal, then the season would be a bad one and she could n't pay the interest. And so it went, but

she took us in, Jack and me, and managed to keep us in school. We both finished this June.

"Jack 's an awfully smart boy, if he is my brother. He made up his mind he was going to college to study to be a doctor, and he used to lie awake nights, planning how he 'd earn the money. One day he found out that Auntie's stony little farm was just right for growing early strawberries and certain vegetables. So we went into partnership, he and I. We always share everything, and we each had a little money. We bought a horse with it, and oh, but we 've worked hard!"

"Things were going splendidly with us. Nobody in the village had such crops or ever dreamed that they could be raised. Well, about two weeks ago the man who owns the mortgage came down and gave Aunt Charlotte just three days in which to raise five hundred dollars. Jack will get that, several times over, when the crops are sold. But when he tried to raise money and give the crops as security, he could n't do it. People are poor at the Harbor, and nobody would take his note. So we 've been told to vacate.

"He feels dreadfully about it, losing his work and all, and when he found out that a young woman owned the place, he wanted to go right down and tell her what he thought of her, but I coaxed him to let me go instead. He 's dreadfully outspoken, Jack is, and I was afraid he might say something that would make her angry and spoil it all. Yesterday we heard that they are going to build a big hotel in the village, just as soon as they get the trolley-line through, and even if they don't want Auntie's farm, it will increase the value of it a lot."

"You say a young woman owns it," said Kitty, flushing pink beneath her coat of tan. "What is her name?" wondering if there could be two Parties of the Second Part in Blue Hills Harbor.

Anne drew a card from her hand-bag.

"Miss Katharine Norwood," she read very slowly and distinctly.

"Oh, why, that 's my name," Kitty gasped. "Uncle Francis gave the place to me for a birthday present. I was going down to look at it today. See, here is the key."

There was a little awkward pause which Kitty bridged by a half-defiant:

"Uncle Fran never told me who was living in the house. I did n't even know your name."

Anne looked for a moment as though she had a notion to be angry. Then she burst out laughing until the station rang to her merriment.

"Oh, dear," she said, stopping at last, "if you could only see the picture I had of you in my mind, a dreadfully proper person with your hair in a tight little knot, and miserly! I knew I was

going to hate you. I never dreamed you 'd be a girl about my own age, and dear," she finished softly.

But Kitty was so busy thinking she scarcely heard that last sentence. Clearly it stood within her power, acting through her guardian, to make these people vacate her house, to reap, herself, the fruit of Jack's hard work, and to realize the profits from the advance in the value of the property. But never for one moment did the Party of the Second Part intend to allow any such procedure to be carried out. When she turned once more toward Anne, her mind was fully made up. Uncle Francis might say what he pleased. She was going to be just.

"Come back to Blue Hills Harbor with me, Anne Winchester," she begged. "I want to see that farm and I want to meet your Aunt Charlotte and Jack."

"Just wait until I introduce you," said Anne, her eyes dancing with fun. "Jack 's been calling you the Dragon. He 'll be even more surprised than I was."

The day proved to be a very delightful one for Kitty. She liked Aunt Charlotte and Jack almost as well as she did Anne. She enjoyed seeing the house with its treasures of china and rare old furniture, and she was greatly interested in Jack's experiments in farming. So, late that afternoon, a tired but blissfully happy girl knocked boldly at the door of the inner office of Norwood, Norton & Co.

"It 's the Party of the Second Part," she explained, "and she has something very important to say to the senior member of the firm."

"She has, eh? Well, what is it? Struck it rich out at Blue Hills Harbor?"

"Very rich," Kitty repeated, looking hard at the back of her uncle's head. "I have given your word that you will sell the farm for me back to the original owners for the amount of the mortgage and back interest."

"Now what on earth made you do that?" said Mr. Francis Norwood, angrily, swinging around in his chair.

Kitty told. It was a very long story, for in it were woven the threads of a boy's ambition, the golden lights of girlish hopes, and a frail old woman's lifelong struggle against debt and poverty and disgrace. When it was finished, Francis Norwood was no longer angry.

"I always said you had a sense of justice," he observed, "but you have thrown away your chance for a vacation, Kitty. There are no more farms up my sleeve."

"I am going to make Anne a long visit when the apples are ripe," was Kitty's smiling comment.



"KITTY WAS GREATLY INTERESTED IN JACK'S EXPERIMENTS IN FARMING."

A NEW SPORT FOR BOYS

HOW TO MAKE AND FLY MODEL AÉROPLANES

IN THREE PARTS—PART II

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS

A WELL-CONSTRUCTED glider alone makes a fascinating toy, but once the motor has been installed it seems almost alive. Your little craft will now be ready for new conquests. It will imitate the

flights of the famous aviators, contending with the same problems, perhaps meeting similar accidents.

We will assume that you have built a simple monoplane or glider after the directions given in the preceding article. The planes or wings, it may be well to repeat, should be built of thin strips of lath or "dowel"-strips, such as you buy for a penny at the hardware store. The lengths, forming the sides of the planes, are fastened securely together with small brads, or by gluing



PREPARING THE PROPELLER STRIPS.

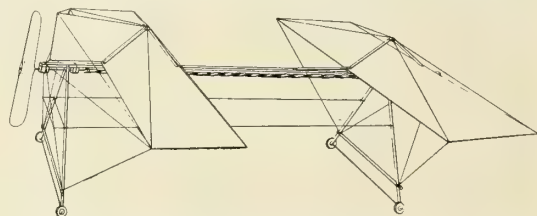
and tying, or both. The planes should be covered neatly with a muslin or silk, by sewing or gluing them over the edges. The planes are now fastened to a backbone formed of a single rigid stick, a large dowel-stick will do, or to a frame of smaller sticks. If the work has been carefully done, your glider will fly or glide for a distance of fifty feet or more.

The planes for the first model should be made thirty inches in width and ten inches in depth. It is not necessary to keep exactly to these mea-

surements, but a proportion of one to three, that is, a width three times the depth, will be found to work well in actual flights. Later, when you come to build more complicated aéroplanes and

imitate the models illustrated in these articles, you may vary the proportion and size. In placing the planes or wings on the backbone or motor base have the inside edges about fifteen inches apart. With the two planes, each ten inches in depth, this will make the aéroplane thirty-five inches in length, or about one yard.

It should be remembered all the aéroplane models here suggested and illustrated are far from being perfect. The science of aviation is still very young, and the best we can do at present is to experiment with all sorts of models, and so gradually develop the best form. The great aviators, the Wright brothers, Curtiss, and others, admit very frankly that their aéroplanes



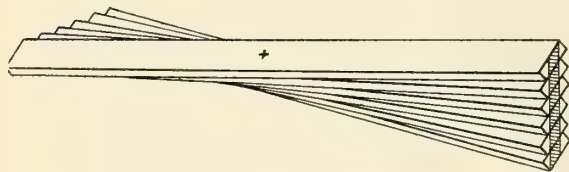
THE DIAGRAM OF A MONOPLANE.

Planes measure 20 inches by 8 inches. The motor base is 36 inches in length. This aéroplane is further illustrated in the two pictures in the first column on the next page.

are still very crude, but it is only by working with them that the perfect flying-machine may be developed. It is exactly the same with the boys who build toy aéroplanes; by building the simple models here described one will soon gain new ideas and learn to build models which will fly faster and farther.

The motor is the most interesting, as it is the most important, detail of the aéroplane. Although it is possible to buy the propellers for the motor, it is advisable that every boy should work out this problem for himself. An effective motor is easy to build, and costs practically nothing. The length of your propeller-blades should be equal to about one third the spread of your largest plane. For this you will need six strips of some light wood, such as pine or ash, although a cigar-box wood, if the grain be straight, will answer. Cut the strips to measure about half an inch in width and one eighth of an inch thick.

The strips should be covered with a thin glue and laid one on top of another, and a very thin nail carefully driven through the little pile at



THE PROPELLER BEFORE CUTTING DOWN.

The strips should be covered with a thin glue and laid one on top of another, and a very thin nail carefully driven through the little pile at

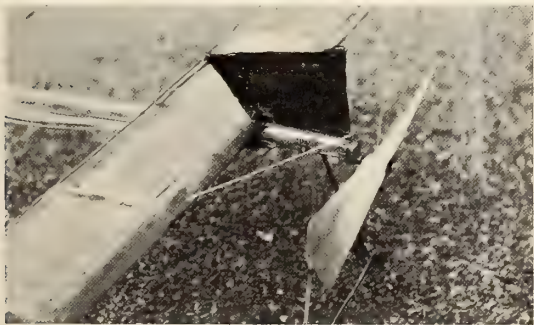
the exact center between the two ends. While the glue is still soft, turn the sticks on the axis formed by the nail, so that they make a double fan,



THE COMPLETE MODEL BUILT FROM THE DIAGRAM ON PAGE 976.

spacing the outer edges about one quarter of an inch apart. Be certain that the fan is regular, and then give the nail a final rap to tighten its hold and keep all the glued surfaces together, and set away to dry. If you can prop up the ends it will be better to put a flat-iron or other weight on each end to make the strips glue together tighter.

The thrust or propelling power depends as much upon the curves of the propeller as upon the force with which the motor is driven. If the propeller be too flat, it will not take hold of the air, while if the pitch or angle of the curve be too sharp, it will simply bore holes in the air and create a vacuum which is useless. The pitch should be about one in twelve; that is, if the propeller-



DETAIL OF RUDDER AND PROPELLER. (SEE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE AND DIAGRAM ON PAGE 976.)

blade be twelve inches long, the curve should be one inch high.

When the glue is thoroughly dry and hard the projecting step-like edges may be cut away. A flat chisel or an ordinary penknife will do the work. Be careful to keep the ends uniform, since much depends upon the balance. Cut away the

wood until the blades are one eighth of an inch or less in thickness, as shown by the shaded portion of the end of the diagram on the opposite page, and round off the corners. The propeller should then be sandpapered perfectly smooth and varnished. You will be delighted to find how professional and shipshape the finished propeller will be.

Now carefully remove the nail fastening the pieces, and you will find, of course, that it marks the exact center and forms a perfect axis. Should you need to enlarge this hole, do not attempt to bore it, since this may split the wood, but burn it out, using a nail heated over a gas-flame. Now insert a stiff wire in this hole—a hat-pin will answer—and fasten it by clenching it at the back tight to the propeller, and fill up the hole with glue. The photographs of the propellers of various models will give you an excellent idea of the proper curvature or "pitch."

Aviators differ as to the proper position for the propellers in toy aeroplanes. Here is a prob-



A CYLINDRICAL MODEL.

lem you must work out for yourself. Some believe that the propeller placed in front of the planes gets a firmer grip on the air, since when the propeller is at the stern the planes make many disturbing currents, just as a steamship churns the water in its wake. Others argue that by placing this propelling force at the rear of the planes the craft is made more steady. At any rate, excellent flights may be made with either arrangement.

In connecting up your propeller with the motor it is very important that the shaft should turn freely and that the bearings offer the least possible resistance. If you have built your aeroplane from the diagram with our first article, now drill

a hole exactly in the center of the stick which crosses the triangle at the rear of the frame. This hole will come on a line with the apex of the prism, or exactly in the center of the triangle.



AN INGENIOUS MODEL THAT FLIES WELL.

When the turning of the motor pulls the ends of the frame together, the strain will be found to be exactly distributed among the three sides or braces.

The propeller must be kept clear of the frame and must never touch or scrape against it. First a thin strip of metal, drilled to take the shaft or hat-pin, should be nailed over the hole in the crosspiece. A sheet of aluminium such as is used for name-plates is just the thing. Now on the propeller-wire or -shaft string a smooth, symmetrical glass bead, and pass the shaft through the metal strip and the crosspiece. This will give you an excellent substitute for ball-bearings. The end of the wire should then be turned into a hook well inside the frame. The propeller should be mounted so carefully that it will turn freely without friction and without wobbling from side to side.



DETAIL OF A PROPELLER-SHAFT WORTH INSTALLING.
(SEE MODEL ABOVE.)

The simplest and most effective motor is formed by connecting the two hooks with many turns of a long, thin strand of rubber, which can be bought by the yard or pound. The thinner strands of rubber will exert more force than the heavy bands, and red rubber is more durable than any

other. The bands should be looped loosely between the two hooks, just as you would wind a skein of zephyr—over the hook on the propeller-“shaft,” then around the hook at the other end, then down over the propeller-shaft hook, and so on. If the hooks be three feet apart, the combined strands should form a band one inch or more in diameter. If you cannot buy the rubber in this form, a number of two-inch rubber bands, such as you buy by the box at the stationer's, may be looped, chain fashion, together to form several continuous “chains” from hook to hook.

To store up energy for the flight, simply turn your propeller round and round until the rope of rubber bands is tightly knotted. You can readily tell when it is sufficiently wound and the danger-point is reached, which comes when the pull of the rubber grows too strong for your frame. The average motor should be turned about one hundred and fifty times. When the propeller is released the rubber bands in unwinding will give you back almost exactly the same number of revolutions, less perhaps one or two, which represents the loss through friction.

If the propeller simply buzzes around, coming to rest in a few seconds, without raising your aeroplane, it is probably too small for the weight of the aeroplane. When fully wound up the propeller should run for about ten seconds. On the other hand, if the propeller be too large, it will quickly twist the aeroplane out of its course and drive it to earth. It is well to try out your motor thoroughly to make sure of its running smoothly before attempting any actual flights.

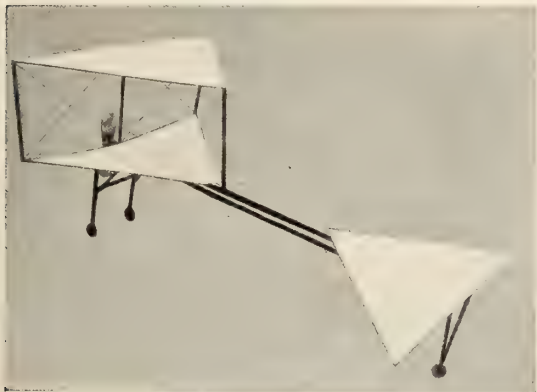
Do not yield to the temptation of trying your wings, however, until the skids have been attached. Most of the regular, full-size aeroplanes run on ordinary bicycle wheels, although the Wrights use runners like a sleigh. These skids or runners enable the machine to run along the ground with the least possible friction and greatly assist in rising. In the models of aeroplanes the skids serve a double purpose in protecting the machine when it alights.

A serviceable skid may be made by building a triangle of thin strips and attaching it to the frame with the broad side downward, as shown in the illustrations on this page. Skids made of reed curving down from the main body of the aeroplane will also serve to take up the shock. There are many ways of constructing these skids, and a study of the models here illustrated will give many suggestions. If you intend to have your aeroplane start from the ground, the front skids should be somewhat longer than those in the rear, to give it the proper lift.

The friction of the skids may be reduced by

mounting them on wheels. Small metal wheels may be borrowed from toy automobiles, or small disks of wood or cork will admirably answer the purpose.

A very simple axis may be formed by running a



AN INGENIOUS MODEL—BUT IT WON'T FLY.

long hat-pin through the uprights of the skids. You will need at least three skids to form a tripod for your *aéroplane*. It makes little difference if you use one leg in front, or two.

It is very important that the frame should be properly braced, or rather stiffened, by thin, but strong, guy wires, to withstand the strain brought upon it. The rapid movement of the propellers

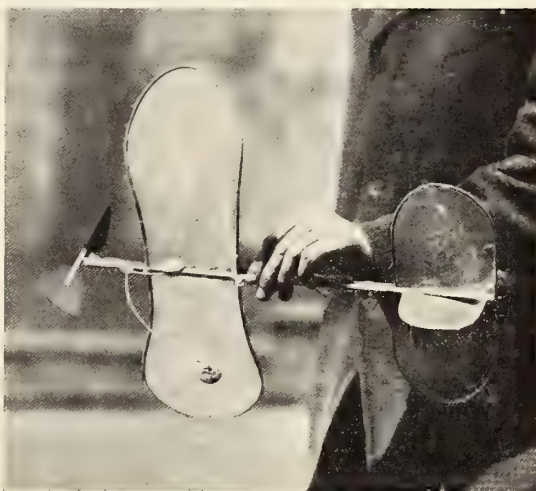


ELEVATING THE FRONT PLANE.

wracks the entire frame, and the impact on landing is naturally greater when the weight is increased. A thin copper wire, No. 32, 34, or 36, should be used, which will make strong and flexible guy wires, while being quite light. After

constructing your *aéroplane* go over it carefully and cut away the wood wherever it may be lightened, and then strengthen it by guy wires. Wherever a joint may be strengthened or a strut or a plane be made more rigid by bracing, do not spare the wire.

The drawings on page 978, with the photographs of the various models, will show how these braces may readily be applied. To begin with, braces should be run, wherever possible, from the corners of the planes to the central frame and the skids. In the monoplane forms you will find it worth while to add posts or perpendiculars to the upper side of the frame and run wire braces to the ends of the planes. (See diagram, page 976.) The extreme ends of the planes should also be connected.



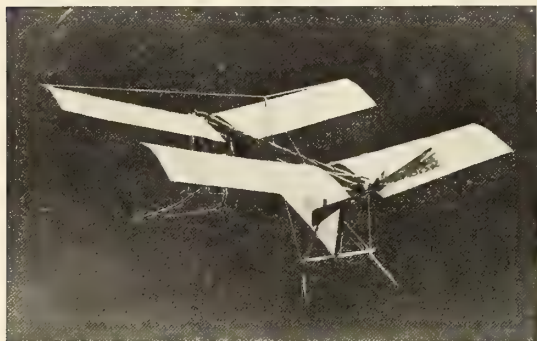
AN INGENIOUS FRENCH MODEL MADE OF UMBRELLA WIRE.

No matter how carefully you have constructed your *aéroplane*, you will find the planes have a tendency to sag and become wrinkled. These braces give you the opportunity to pull them taut and hold them in this position. This is commonly called "tuning up" the *aéroplane*. It will be found convenient to fasten small rings to the ends of the braces whenever they may be slipped over the ends of the frame to save the trouble of winding. The more perfectly your *aéroplane* is tuned up, the greater will be its speed and distance qualities.

We have referred to the model shown on pages 976 and 977. This is simple and easily adjusted, and when well tuned up will fly upward of two hundred feet. The two planes are built separately in the proportion indicated. The frame consists of a central stick supported by triangular skids. An ordinary hat-pin run through the supports near the ground serves as a shaft for wooden disks or wheels. The front skids are

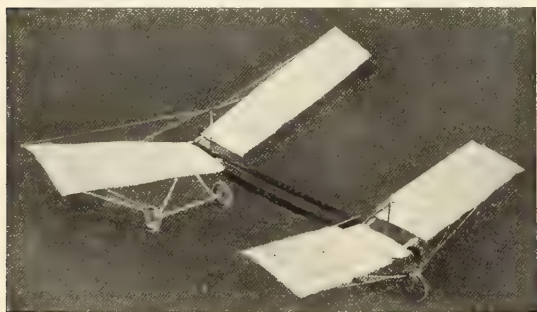
made somewhat higher to give the front planes the proper angle of elevation.

The bracing of the planes is simple but effective, and should be copied carefully, particularly



A WELL THOUGHT-OUT AÉROPLANE.

the double bracing in the rear, using ordinary wire for the purpose. A double support is used for the shaft of the propeller, an excellent idea, which keeps the shaft rigidly in place. It is formed by fastening two blocks drilled to hold the shaft to the bottom of the main frame. The planes are held taut by wires running from the corners to a post at the middle of the plane. The front plane is hinged at its rear edge, and may be tilted by pulling back a piece of whalebone fastened at its center, which is tacked to the top of the frame. The rudder turns on a vertical frame attached to the top of the rear plane. A string passes through the rear end of the rudder and the rear edge of the plane, which makes it possible to



A GOOD EXAMPLE OF TILTED PLANES.

adjust the rudder-plane and fix it rigidly in any desired position.

After you have built one or two models you will find yourself confronted by a bewildering number of schemes for constructing new forms. It will be found a very simple matter to use stiff wire for many parts of your model instead of wood or reed. In building curved planes the wire

will be a great convenience. The wire may be attached to the wooden frame by embedding it in the wood and binding it fast. And, by the way, you can get a surprising effect by painting your wooden frame with silver paint, as the Wrights do.

A metal frame is by no means so difficult to manage as might be imagined. First buy a tin "pea-shooter," which may be had at almost any hardware or toy store for a penny. Into both ends of this drive wooden plugs, leaving plenty of surface. This will serve as a backbone at once light and rigid. The planes, skids, and other parts may be attached to these wooden end-pieces.

An aéroplane to be considered shipshape must be even more perfect in every detail than the



TOO LARGE FOR BEGINNERS, BUT WILL MAKE LONG FLIGHTS.

finest racing yacht. Go over your model and scrutinize every detail. If, after taking every precaution, your planes do not fit like the sails of a racing yacht, cover them with a solution of paraffin dissolved in benzine. On hardening, this will hold the material perfectly smooth, so that the planes will offer a perfect lifting surface.

The amateur aëronaut must be prepared for disappointments. An aéroplane is one of the crankiest crafts in the world to manage. It may twist and turn, plunge in and out, up and down, apparently without the least excuse. There is always, however, a good reason somewhere for its behavior. As you learn its ways, which, after all, are very simple, the flights will be longer, swifter, and steadier. There is no toy in the world which so quickly repays one for patience and perseverance. Next month we will describe more complicated forms, including biplanes.

THE NONSENSE BOY

BY CHARLOTTE CANTY

CHAPTER IV

THE BOY COMES AGAIN

DONALD had waited for a long time in the shade of the spreading laurel-trees, but the Boy did not come. At every bird-call he started, thinking that it might be the flute whistle of his friend; at every rustling sound of twig or falling leaf he looked eagerly toward the hedge, but the Boy did not appear. Wearily he closed his eyes.

"If he could only be here for just a little while," he whispered. "I wish—"

Suddenly from the thick-leaved branches above him sounded a rough "Caw! Caw! Caw!"

Donald looked up, waking to swift animation.

"Oh, it's you! It's you! I can see you!"

Perched up on one of the heavy branches, he saw a huge, exaggerated bird figure. It was the Boy, in gymnasium shoes, black stockings, black jersey knickers, and a black sweater, which he had pulled over his head and twisted into a beak, moved by a stick held between his teeth, the while he uttered again that hoarse "Caw! Caw! Caw!"

"Come on! Come on down!" shouted Donald, his eager tones sharpening with delight; but the figure in the tree took a firmer grip on the branch, the soft-soled shoes lending themselves very conveniently to the Boy's purpose; the absurd head wagged slowly and solemnly, and then settled on one side as the bird spoke:

"As black as a licorice lozenge am I,
As sweet as the rip of a buzz-saw my cry;
And as for my shape,
From my toes to the nape
Of my neck I'm as round as a gooseberry-pie."

The bird strutted clumsily up and down the limb, while Donald laughed aloud at its ridiculous antics. Then the beak shot out straight, and two hands emerged to turn back the deep collar from the blond head. The Boy stood straight on the limb, balanced for a moment, and swung down.

"Pretty good stunt, eh, kid?" he remarked.

"You bet!" responded Donald, heartily.

It was the first time that the Boy had ever heard Donald use a slang phrase, and he laughed and nodded his approval.

"Association with me has done harm to your English, youngster," he observed. "But, by the way, some doctors have been to see you, have n't they? And did you hear anything that they said in that consultation, kid?" he asked.

"A little. There's to be an op-operation, you

know, and then I'll be in bed in a tent here in the garden."

The Boy rose and paced up and down. "Then you're to be a prisoner, too, are you, Don?" He was struggling with his agitation. "There! Don't mind me. You see, I've had seven weeks of this—this beastly imprisonment."

"But why—" began Donald, "why don't you tell your father that you are tired of it, and want to go back to school?"

"Why?" The Boy laughed unhappily. "What does he care? What does anybody care?"

"I care," said the little fellow, looking steadfastly into the resentful brown eyes. "Truly I care." The earnestness and sympathy went straight to the Boy's heart. "I wish my mother would come home," the little chap whispered. "I think—she would be so good for both of us."

The Boy was silent.

"What was that you said about the crow when you were up in the tree?" Donald suddenly asked.

"Crow? Was n't it a blackbird?"

"Once I was a white bird,
Though that you'd never think,
For I rambled into school one day
And fell into the ink."

"No, that is n't it," said Donald. "Say the one you first said about—"

The Boy sat up very straight and looked at Donald with eyes that were round with rebuke.

"Are you asking me to say the same thing twice?" he demanded.

"Oh, I forgot!" said Donald, looking quite contrite.

"You see," explained the Boy, breaking a silence that was becoming hard on the little fellow, "one reason why I'm so keen about this thing is that everybody in the English-speaking world has to use the same words, and if one person keeps using the same ones over and over again, those words are likely to wear out, and the language will go to smash,—see?"

"Words wear out? How could they?" And Donald's eyes repeated the unbelieving challenge.

"How could n't they?" retorted the Boy. "The amount of hard wear that some of 'em stand is nothing short of marvelous. One old fellow that I know uses the words, 'Well, I declare!' so much that I fully expect the words to fly to pieces every time that I talk to him. It's about all he ever says to me, and I nearly always want to dodge for

fear the words will smash and an *e* or an *a* will hit me in the eye. So, you see, I 'm careful to avoid wearing the words too hard. In fact, a lot of the fellows that I know make up new ones ever so often, just by way of easing up on the ones that the dictionaries give for general use."

"Make words?" The idea was new to Donald. "Have you ever made any?"

"A few; not specially good ones, though," the Boy answered very modestly. "I help the language along once in a while, but the profs at that blessed old school of mine don't encourage the art. They seem to think that the language is hard enough to teach as it is, I suppose. The only person in the whole school who ever had sense enough to appreciate a bit of slang was Miss Temple, and she—"

"Was she a professor?" asked Donald.

"No, of course not," was the short reply. "She 's the lady who was engaged to Prex Ransome. It was a letter to her that I was supposed—" The Boy abruptly rose and walked away, his face a shamed scarlet.

"Supposed to have what?" The little fellow sat up, his pulses beating in sympathy with the tingling blood in the Boy's face. But the Boy was controlled again.

"'Suppose' is a rubbery sort of a word, is n't it?" he observed easily. "Things can be supposed out of all likeness to the truth, did you know that, kid? For instance, you can go anywhere easily if you just suppose hard enough. Now if I had n't gone by the 'suppose' route, I never should have had those two royal Bengal tigers presented to me by the raja of Marlinore."

"Two what? You don't mean wild tigers?"

"Why not? Nothing more astonishing about that than that I should have brought a basketful of priceless rubies and a trunkful of other gems when I came home out of the East, with my faithful East Indian retainers who would n't leave me for a king's ransom. It is n't half so surprising as that I should have saved the raja's life one night when we were lost in the jungle."

Donald was speechless with amazement, and the Boy pursued:

"The golf links ran pretty well out into the jungle, you know, and it was easy enough to get lost behind some of the trees. The raja was a golf enthusiast, and I was teaching him a few things about the game, and we had wandered out too far in our excitement. Suddenly the black night shut down on us as it does in India, and we were lost in the jungle. Snakes hissed by us; leopards and lionesses slunk along, their gleaming eyes shining out from the dark blur of the jungle. Then there came a mighty growl and a long cry,

and we knew that the animals approaching would neither slink nor be afraid of us. But I resolved to sell my life dearly. They came nearer—two great tigers—and as they approached I wheeled on them, crying, 'Scat!' Startled at being addressed in English—"

"Boy! Boy! Truly?" Donald's credulity had reached the snapping-point.

"Truly what?" demanded the Boy.

"All—all that you 're saying—about the tigers and things. Is it true?"

"True? Of course not. I told you it was a 'suppose' journey, and of course it was a 'suppose' raja, 'suppose' golf, and 'suppose' tigers. I told you that 'suppose' is a rubbery word. Sometimes I wonder if this left leg of mine is n't a 'suppose' leg, it 's so rubbery. Just watch."

He tucked his right foot up under his arm, and made his way to the hedge in a series of long, elastic hops

"Going so soon?" complained Donald.

"So soon," responded the Boy. "There 's no rubber in the hours, Donnie boy,—at least *my* hours won't stretch a bit." And the Boy leaped the hedge and was gone.

CHAPTER V

DONALD TRIES STORY-TELLING

A LITTLE clump of ferns growing high in the shady curve of the stream became strangely animated as Donald's chair was wheeled into view; the long fronds waved wildly for a moment, rising high above the close-growing green along the water's edge. Then the trembling leaves settled back again, sank down to the earth, and remained motionless, even when the little lad's chair had been placed as he wished it, under the trees where the shade was deep, and close to the singing water.

Sweet silence fell about the place, and Donald lay back in tranquil enjoyment. A bee came buzzing down the hill, its whirring note startlingly loud in the quiet of the afternoon. Donald could even hear the swish of a grasshopper's wings in the dry grass where the sun beat down, and a faint chirp from across the stream suggested the song of a cricket. Once Donald turned an inquiring eye in the direction of the sound. It might mean only a cricket, and again it might be the Boy. But the faint undertone whirled on, and no other sound indicated the presence of his friend.

"I hope that he can come to-day," the little fellow said aloud. "It 's three days now since he was here."

A hoarse croak from the fern-hung bank made the little boy start.

Rather anxiously he peered down into the shady clump of green ferns. As he watched them the croaking sounded again, an alarming croak, to say the least; the ferns bent, straightened, and slowly rose. A pair of shining brown eyes peered

"You don't really care much about frogs, do you?" he ventured at length. "I mean—that you're not—not—*specially* good friends with them, are you?"

"No frog shall ever say that I am his enemy,"



"THE KNIGHT PROMPTLY SPRANG TO THE LITTLE SLAVE'S RESCUE.'" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

under the leaves, and Donald clapped his hands in glee as he recognized the Boy.

"Come along!" he shouted jubilantly. "I found you! Please come up, and stop being a frog."

"Why, Donald, I'm surprised," reproached the Boy, teasingly. "May I ask," he went on in a very dignified tone, "just what are your objections to frogs?"

The little chap, sunk in his chair, seemed somewhat crestfallen.

grandly announced the Boy, and then the distress on his little friend's face suddenly became clear to him. Instantly he dropped his cloak of nonsense. "Oh, say, Don, old man, you know I'm only joking. You don't have to like frogs or any other old thing to be a chum of mine."

The clouds sped away from the sensitive little face, and a flush of pride swept brow and cheek.

"I'm glad to be your chum," he said, "because you can do so many wonderful things. Funny

how you can make words jingle as you do," he went on, his soft, shining eyes fixed in love and admiration upon the Boy. "You can make rhymes about anything, can't you?"

The Boy nodded. "Just as an old Indian squaw strings beads," he assented. "Why don't you try it yourself, Don?"

"Try what? Making jingle lines? Oh, I don't think that I ever could!"

"Well, try. Take something simple—say a cricket. Here, I'll start you off:

"Supposing that you were a cricket,— "

"I'd run right away to a thicket,"

said Donald, and to the Boy's great surprise, he added:

"And I'd give a grand ball
To the bugs one and all,
And I'd charge them five dollars a ticket."

The little fellow ended in a burst of laughter, as the Boy sat up and stared at him.

"Why, *kid!*" he exclaimed, in much astonishment. "You *can* do it! You *did*, did n't you?"

"I did something," bubbled the little chap, the exhilaration of his success sparkling in his face. "I've learned from you, I suppose, the way my canary learned to sing—by being kept in the room with a singing bird. I wonder if I could tell you a story that would begin at the end?"

"Sure!" warmly agreed the Boy. "Start right in at the end, Donnykin."

"And the tin bended and the story ended," began Donald.

"What story?" prompted the Boy.

Donald's face lost its light.

"I don't know," he said. "I thought I did, but—"

"Well, maybe *I* know," cheerily rejoined the Boy. "It was the story that the knight told to his lady after he had returned from his eight years' quest."

"Quest for what?"

"For—oh, well, you know the sort of absurd thing that ladies used to demand of their knights. It was probably a buckle lost from the girdle of her riding-dress. She lost it as she rode out with him one day, and he vowed that he would go forth and seek until he should find it."

"But why did he ride for eight years?"

"Had to, because he could n't find the thing, and of course he could n't come back empty-handed. So he rode and rode, and each night he vowed that he would soon complete his task and kiss the hand that had given him the rose."

"And did he?"

"Well, not as soon as he had hoped. You see, the fact was that she had n't lost the buckle at

all; it had merely slipped down into one of the tremendous folds of her velvet riding-skirt, and the lady did n't discover it until her lover had been gone a long time."

"Why did n't she telephone him?"

"Telephone? Well, telephones were not popular in the sixteenth century. And of course the lady had to do what was proper in those good old days. She shut herself up in her room, and spent part of the day weeping, and part in looking out from her casement to see if he were not coming back."

"But he came! He came!" Donald was following the tale, keenly interested.

"Oh, yes; he came after eight years, and the little slave boy who accompanied him—"

"What little slave boy?"

"Oh, that was part of the story that the knight told to the lady on his return. Well, you see, on one of the knight's daily rides he encountered a band of brigands. They had with them a little black slave boy whom they were treating with great cruelty. The knight promptly sprang to the little slave's rescue, whipped each of the forty brigands and sent them scuttling out of the country, vowing that they never would return again. Then he took the little slave to be his own attendant, and each day the boy rode with him in his quest. And it was the little slave who finally put an end to the knight's foolishness."

"How?"

"Oh, you did n't know that part, either, did you? Well, when they had ridden for the thousandth time through the wood, and had failed to find the buckle, it occurred to the little slave to ask what the old thing looked like, anyhow. As accurately as possible the knight described it, and the little black slave turned up his little black nose until it nearly hooked itself into his kinky black wool.

"My master," he said, "I can lead you to a place where you will find jewels and gold to make your lady a buckle a thousand times as beautiful as the one you are seeking."

"*You can?*" said the knight, and he was mightily surprised. "Then lead me thither with all haste."

"The little slave took him to a cave in the mountains where loads of gold and jewels were heaped in dazzling piles. The brigands had used the cave as a sort of storehouse, but the slave argued that as the knight had driven them all out of the country, and it was n't likely that they would return, he might as well take the treasure and lay it at his lady's feet in lieu of her lost buckle.

"The knight was hardly satisfied to return, hav-

ing failed in his quest, but the slave had proved to be so level-headed that he decided to act upon the little chap's advice. So the lady saw him coming at the end of her eight years' vigil, his horse and trappings gorgeous with jewels, and he himself magnificently arrayed, though worn and heavy-hearted with his disappointment. She flew down-stairs to greet him, and having snatched the trouble-making buckle as she ran, dropped it at his feet as she fell into his arms.

"'Lady,' he said, 'I have come back unsuccessful, but I have brought a clasp for your girdle that—' But just then he happened to step on the buckle that she had dropped. It was only an old tin thing, anyhow."

"And the tin bended and the story ended," murmured Donald, with a satisfied smile.

"Right you are!" said the Boy.

"And then what?" demanded Donald.

"Well, what?" rejoined the Boy.

"They were married, and they lived happy ever after," suggested Donald.

"Why, kid!" gravely pronounced the Boy. "It's wonderful what a wise little chap you're getting to be. You'll be writing a book on 'Old-Time Romance' one of these days, see if you don't!"

And with a final merry grin, the Boy was gone.

CHAPTER VI

THE BOY TAKES FRESH COURAGE

DONALD's tent was pitched on a pleasant slope in the garden where all day the sunshine clung to it. The breath of the cool lawns was in the air, and the gardener had placed some delicately scented flowers where their perfume might steal in to the pale little patient, strapped to his narrow bed within the canvas walls. Donald could see the blossoms in two of the flower-beds, for the side walls of the tent were drawn high up, that the pure air might sweep around his cot.

The little boy saw all this, though with a listless eye. He had grown very thin since he had been in the tent, and he sometimes cried with weariness when the weights dragged too heavily, though he tried to bear up patiently for his mother's sake. She had come back to him, very white and weak-looking, and he knew that his suffering hurt her, in spite of her brave smile and her tender words of courage.

"It would have been better," he said to himself, "if they had put my tent down near the hedge. I know that if I could see my—my secret Nonsense Boy he would help me through a lot of the days, and it would be so much easier for Mother. I almost wish—" He shut his lips tight. But he could not help wishing that instead of the impris-

onment in the tent he might be out again in his big chair under the wide-branching laurels. He sighed as he thought again of the trees, the pleasant stream that sang so merrily, the blackbird's saucy note, the hum of the bees, the wide reaches of sky that beckoned him over the hills and far away.

The little boy lay very still, trying to control a desire to cry. Only two tears escaped, and these he resolutely blinked to pieces before they were well started on their way. The blurring mist clung to his lashes, however, and he had to clear his eyes before he could be sure that he really saw, at the foot of his bed, an object flying upward, striking against the ridge-pole of his tent, and coming down, only to be again propelled into the air with incredible swiftness. Once, twice, thrice, it went up and came down before the little lad recognized it.

"It's your cap, Boy!" he cried joyously. "Come out! You're under my bed!"

"Good guess, Donnie boy," came the cheery answer. "Say, how's this for sleight of hand—I mean sleight of foot?"

"Of foot? Are you doing that with your foot?"

"Sure. With two feet. Tossing it up with my right, catching it with my left, down again on my right, and so on. Pretty good stunt, don't you think so?"

"Yes, yes, very good," assented the little boy, "but I want to see the rest of you. I can't even see your foot from my pillow."

The Boy rolled out from under the cot, tossing his cap high and catching it on his heels as he scrambled into view. With a back kick the cap went into the air again, and as the Boy sprang to a sitting posture on the rug, the cap landed neatly on his head.

"Good! Oh, good!" applauded the little chap.

"O Boy!" breathed Donald. He held out his arms, and the Boy sprang up and gripped Donald's hands with a pressure that, but for the joy of it, would have hurt. The big boy and the little chap looked deep into each other's hearts in that instant, but found no words to express what they read. The Boy was the first to recover himself. "I've missed you like sixty during all these days," he said. "Tell me, have you been down like this all the time?"

"Yes; all the time." There was no suggestion of self-pity in the words. The little boy seemed to be discussing his case as a thing apart, now that his friend had come back to him. "And I've missed you like twice sixty! Why did n't you come? This is n't much farther than the hedge."

"That is n't the point. The fact is that I like to have the exclusive right to your attention when

I am with you, and you have had a good many people hanging about, have n't you? The doctor and—"

"Oh, the doctor 's been here every day—sometimes twice a day. And I 've had my nurse, and sometimes my father, and of course my mother."

"Yes, I knew that. And for that reason I thought you—that maybe you would n't want me."

"Not want you? Oh, Boy, I want you all the time."

"Flattered, I 'm sure," laughed the Boy, but there was a very tender light in his eyes. "I came," he said, "the very first time that I knew you were alone; that is, the first time since—"

"Since I was sick. That was the first week that I was here in the tent. For a few days I was so sick that I could n't have seen you straight if you had been here. I did n't even know my mother."

"But now—now it 's just a game of waiting, with you, is n't it?"

"Waiting, yes; and having the hip stretched into place, and keeping well besides. Waiting is n't so very easy, but it 's not nearly so hard on me as it is on her."

"On your mother?"

"Yes. I know she gets tired out every day, but she hates to go away and leave me, even though she knows she ought to rest."

"Is she resting now?"

"I—I hope so. But you won't go the minute she comes, will you?"

"No. I 'll go the minute before," answered the Boy. "The truth is that I 've hung around your tent a good deal while you 've been out here, and by looking at your mother's face through the jasmine on the trellis I can always tell just about how you feel. To-day I saw her go up to the house, so I rolled under the tent and was here."

"Would n't you have come if she had stayed?"

"No."

"Then can't I ever have you and my mother at the same time?"

"Oh, maybe, some day. But not just yet, sonny. I must be a secret a little longer, Donnie boy."

"All right, Boy. But do come often. And you were so funny when you came this time—jumping out from under my cot like that!"

"I am pretty nifty with my feet," said the Boy. "That 's the reason why the fellows used to like me to be all right in my exams, so that I would n't have to cut out foot-ball. It was n't my only reason, but it helped some."

"I want to see you play foot-ball some day," said the little lad, in a tone of longing. "Do you suppose that I shall ever be well enough to—"

The Boy sprang to his feet. "Do I *suppose*

you will? Don't I *know* that you 'll be well enough to see a hundred fellows play a hundred times as well as ever I could? But I don't suppose that you 'll ever see me play. I 'll be a gray-headed old codger of ninety or so before I get away to school again, and I imagine that the fellows won't be so keen to have me play on the team then. I 'll be hobbling about, a wabbly old mossback with false teeth and spectacles."

The Boy was pacing up and down, and his angry outburst ended in a rueful laugh.

"Never mind me, kid," he said. "I get sore on all the world some days. But did you ever hear of an old Roman who could be as hard on a fellow as my father is?"

"Why, yes," was the unexpected rejoinder. "There 's Dr. Burchard's boy. He 's having a hard time."

The Boy stared. "Dr. Burchard's boy! What do you know about him?" he demanded, the words coming slowly, and his eyes bright with startled light.

"I don't know much about him." The little lad was too listless to note the Boy's agitation. "My mother thought I did; she thought he had been to see me, but I told her that there was only one boy who came and that he was a secret. I did n't even tell her that you were a Nonsense Boy."

"Glad of that!" muttered the Boy. "Wonder if I gave it away when I talked to her?"

"Of course I 've never known your name," went on Donald. The delicate suggestion was not lost upon the Boy, but he was not yet quite ready to trust the boy with his name.

"What about the Burchard chap?" he asked.

"Why, he got into some trouble at school. Nobody believes it was his fault, but the doctor has sent him down to his country place, and the poor fellow is very unhappy. That 's just about like you," the little fellow slowly observed, his mind swerving from the direct line of his story. "But you 're not unhappy, are you? You can laugh and whistle and make jokes and—" Doubt shadowed the little boy's sensitive face, and he put forth a sympathetic hand.

"Boy!" he said softly. "Boy! You are happy, are n't you?"

The Boy forced a laugh. "Happy? Oh, yes, Don. Happy enough for a big husky chap like me. But how did you learn all about the Burchard fellow?"

"My mother 's been writing about him to Aunt Mary."

"To Aunt Mary?"

"Yes; Aunt Mary Temple. She 's married now to a professor in the school where the Burchard boy belongs—"

The Boy whistled comprehendingly. "Aunt Mary Temple—'Miss' Temple, of course," he said to himself, but to Donald he said, "Go on."

"That 's all. But my mother believes in him; she says that he could n't have done—whatever it was. She 's very sure of that."

mother of yours could help that—that Burchard chap out— But how does Miss Temple—Mrs. Ransome—feel about it?"

"Just as my mother does—only more. They both think that my doctor is pretty hard on him. I don't understand it, because he 's an awfully



"'BOY!' HE SAID SOFTLY. 'YOU ARE HAPPY, ARE N'T YOU?'"

The Boy's eyes were shining. "Did she say that?" he demanded.

"Yes, she said that. The doctor sent him down to the station for her the day she came home, so she knows him. She thinks that it would be pleasant to have him come to see me sometime, but I don't want anybody, yet, but you, Boy." The little chap finished with shy sweetness in his loving glance.

The Boy was stroking Donald's hand, his face glowing.

"Oh, kid!" he said. "If that blessed little

good doctor." Donald's grave little face looked very wise. "It 's not pleasant to be a little sick boy," he observed, "but the big boys have troubles, too, don't they?"

Trouble? Trouble had fallen from the Boy as withered leaves fall from a vigorous young tree.

"Trouble, kid?" he said, and there was a full, joyous note in his voice that was new to Donald. "Why, no. No one in the world has trouble as long as there 's some one who believes in him. Lots of people imagine they have trouble, you know, when they really have n't a smitch of it!"

(To be concluded.)

THE MESSAGE OF THE CLOCKS

BY ETHEL HUMPHREY

My father's watch with its tick-tick-tick
At school-time said: "Be quick, be quick!"
The big clock on the mantel high
When we put on our hats said: "Good-by, good-by!"
But the tall old clock (in the hall it stood)
With Mother said: "Be good, be good!"

THE MOON

BY MAY MORGAN

I LIKE to sit on our door-sill,
And watch the place above the hill
Get lighter every minute till
The moon comes up all bright and still.

Sometimes he is so slow, I think
He 'll never come, then, in a wink,
Almost behind the big oak-tree,
He pops right up, and smiles at me.



FEEDING THE PUPPIES.

THE LEAGUE OF THE SIGNET-RING

BY MARY CONSTANCE DU BOIS

CHAPTER XII

THE BUBBLE BURSTS

THE train was halting at a town not far from Pickettsville, and Douglas was wondering whether the equator itself could be much hotter than this Southern station. Suddenly he heard a childish voice announcing, "I want to sit by a window and look out!"

He turned and saw standing in the aisle a small golden-haired girl, about eight years old, and a stout colored woman.

"Here, little girl, you take my seat," said Douglas. He stepped out and let the diminutive passenger ensconce herself in his place by the window.

"Thank you, sah!" said the ebon-faced mammy. "Say 'thank you' to the young gen'leman, honey chile." The little girl dimpled and murmured something too softly to be heard.

"Don't you want to sit next to her?" Douglas asked the woman.

"No, sah, thank you, sah! I 's gwine git out dis minute. Her ma 's sick, and dey can't nobody nuss her like me. De conductor gwine take care o' my chile. By-by, honey! Now you be real good!"

"You 're traveling all by yourself, are n't you?" said Douglas to his small neighbor.

She nodded solemnly; then, as if feeling that one good turn deserved another, she opened a package of candy that she had been hugging. "Take some," she commanded.

"Thank you—um! That 's great!" Douglas helped himself to a sticky caramel. Then he brought out an orange from his paper luncheon-bag.

"Do you like to suck oranges?" he inquired. She nodded again. He cut a hole in the golden fruit, stuffed in one of her candies, and handed the offering to the young lady. "Where do you live?" he asked.

"New Orleans," she answered. "But Green Springs is my summer home."

"And where are you going, all alone?"

"To visit Uncle John and Aunt Rebecca. Where are you going?"

"To Pickettsville."

"That 's where I 'm going!" she cried. "To meet my Uncle John and go out to his plantation, 'cause, don't you see, my mother is sick, and Father has gone away to find Stan."

"Stan?" Douglas repeated. "I wonder if he is your brother?"

She nodded. "He 's run away," she said impressively.

"Great Cæsar! Look here! Is your name Ros-siter?"

"Yes," she answered. "My name 's Anne Ros-siter. How did you know?"

"Because I know your brother. We 're at the same school."

"Way up North?" she asked, and, won to confidence, she added: "He 's run away, and we can't find him anywhere. Did you see him?"

"No, but I came out here to find him. I was at your home yesterday and found you 'd all gone. I 'm looking for a boy that 's run away too. Did you ever hear of Eric Armstrong?" Anne shook her head.

"Well, he knows Stan," said Douglas. "Maybe they 've run away together!" She opened her blue eyes wide. "I 'm going to find Eric," he went on, "and maybe I 'll find Stan too. Would n't that be nice?"

Anne gave a bounce of delight. "Ooh, ooh! Do hurry up and find him quick! Then Mother 'll get well. She 's sick because he ran away."

"Well, I 'll hurry all I can. See here, Anne, did you ever see a man named Mr. Renshaw?" He expected a shake of the golden head, but, to his astonishment, she answered promptly: "I don't like him."

"Hello! Now we 're getting onto it!" cried Douglas. "What 's the matter with him? Why don't you like him?"

"'Cause he pulled my curls."

"Don't you like to have your curls pulled?"

"No," Anne replied emphatically, drawing away from him.

"All right; I won't pull them. Let 's see. Renshaw lives out in San Antonio, does n't he? Well, I should n't wonder if your brother 's gone out to stay with him. He likes him, if you don't. I think that 's where Stan 's gone, and Eric too. I 'll have to go out there and hunt 'em both up."

"Then you make Stan come right home, 'cause he was naughty to run away," she charged him, and he promised to do his best.

They found Anne's uncle waiting for her at Pickettsville, and a very much surprised uncle he was to see her coming toward him, towing along a tall lad to whose hand she was clinging.

"Uncle John, this is Douglas Gordon!" she

cried, "and he says Stan 's gone to see Mr. Renshaw that pulled my hair. And he 's going to bring him back!"

"What 's this? Do you think you know where my nephew is?" asked Mr. John Rossiter.

"Well, sir, I think I may be on the right track," answered Douglas.

In the waiting-room he explained his errand, and heard in return how Stanton Rossiter had disappeared from his home two weeks before, how the detectives had, so far, obtained no knowledge of him, and how his father had gone to Nevada, following a new clue.

"I think he 's gone out to San Antonio to join Renshaw," began Douglas.

"Tom Renshaw! That good-for-nothing inventor?" the uncle exclaimed.

"Yes; Stan thinks a lot of him. And I know he said that when he got through school he meant to go into partnership with him."

"The young idiot! Means to be an inventor too, eh?"

"Well, he 's awfully interested in the separator."

"What kind of a separator? Milk and cream?"

"No; it 's a machine to separate gold from the sand. Renshaw was going to try it out in Arizona, and told Stan there was a lot of money in it."

"And he got Stan to invest in it, I suppose," said Mr. Rossiter, grimly. Douglas said nothing, but looked down.

"Oh, I see. You don't want to tell on him. All right; but I hope he has n't got *you* to put any money into this thing, young man."

"No, I have n't put in a cent," Douglas answered frankly.

"How about this young Armstrong you 're after? Has he been investing in the separator? Separate a fool from his money—that 's all it 's good for!"

Again Douglas was silent, and Mr. Rossiter saw that the lad felt in honor bound not to betray all he knew. "Young man," he said, "you 're certainly a sharp one. I wish my nephew had a little of your sense! Well, you 're on the right track, I reckon."

Douglas dined at the plantation and then returned to New Orleans. That night he was journeying to Texas, and the following day he found himself in San Antonio. His first step was to find the address of Thomas Renshaw, of separator fame. Studying a directory, he found, not a *Thomas* but a *Joseph* Renshaw, and made his way to the modest little house bearing the given number. And now for the second time Dame Fortune gave proof that she was favoring Douglas, for the old man who received him exclaimed:

"Well, how many more of you young fellows are coming here to join Tom?" It turned out that the inventor was this old man's son, but there was nothing in the forlorn appearance of the house or of the aged gentleman himself to suggest that the separator had as yet brought a single grain of gold out from the sands. Tom was not at home. How about Stanton Rossiter? Was he staying there? Yes, Stanton was up-stairs. Mr. Renshaw called him, and down to the dingy parlor came a disillusionized young fortune-seeker, who greeted his school-fellow with a start and a stare. "What are you doing out here, Gordon?"

What Gordon was doing was quickly explained.

"Well, you 've struck it right. Eric 's coming out here," Stanton admitted, and he looked glumly at his boots. It was anything but agreeable to have to own that he had been gulled; yet gulled he had been, and there was nothing for it now but to confess the truth. "Look here," he said, "that separator business has *busted*! Tom Renshaw sold out and quit, and I 'm broke!"

Douglas understood. The winter before, Stanton had found a bluff and dashing hero to admire, and Renshaw was the man. Eagerly the boy had listened to the scheme of the separator which was to bring in millions to all who chose to put their money into the enterprise. Hearing that the stock was selling at only twenty-five cents a share, he had invested his whole allowance in it and so became a stock-holder in the Renshaw Separator & Mining Company. At school Eric had heard his idol, Stanton Rossiter, telling how he was on the road to wealth. Accordingly, Eric had taken all his money, and a large amount borrowed from other boys, and had bought a great quantity of shares for himself, indulging in the expectation of becoming a millionaire. This much Douglas had heard from Eric himself, and Stanton now told him the rest of the story.

Two weeks ago Stanton, tired of home, had resolved to join Renshaw in San Antonio and go with him to Arizona to watch the working of the machine. So off to Texas he had dashed, only to spend a season of disenchantment at the inventor's home. At the end of that time Renshaw had sold out his whole plant for \$100. To make a long story short, the invention had turned out a failure!

But there was another chapter to the tale. Eric had been pestering his friend with letters, begging to know when the stock would begin to pay, and before starting for San Antonio, Stanton had written to him telling him of his intended journey, and urging him to join him. He handed Douglas a note in which Eric had announced his resolve to throw in his lot with Stanton and Ren-

shaw and restore the lost fortunes of the Armstrongs.

It was four days later that a freight-train came rumbling into the yards of the San Antonio station, and out from one of the cars slipped as touselled a specimen of Young America as ever "hooked" a ride on a railroad. He might have just emerged from a foot-ball scrimmage, to judge from the bristling aspect of his tawny hair, and he was pathetically in need of a clean collar. But he shouldered his canvas bag with determination, and made his way through the freight-yards and out into the street. He took from his pocket a crumpled letter, showed a passer-by the address at the head of it, and asked the direction. Supplied with information, he set bravely out to find Stanton Rossiter.

Eric Armstrong had come safely through a score of adventures, and now only a mile or so more lay between him and his hero, and the big chance to make a fortune. But, whew! it was hot! His head was aching and his throat on fire. Hunger was gnawing him, and he could not resist halting to gaze longingly through the window of a restaurant. How cool it looked in the shady room with its electric fans and palms, and how tempting the pyramids of fruit on the counter! But Eric had used up his last cent, and he could feast only with his eyes. Suddenly a hand fell on his shoulder. He jumped and turned, but it was not a policeman that had arrested the vagrant. Instead, he looked up into the face of Douglas Gordon.

"Well, kiddie, I 've run you down at last!" said Douglas.

Poor Eric stared at him as wildly as if he were waking out of a nightmare. "How—how did you get here?" he stammered.

"By the Sunset Route. Thought you 'd like to have me meet you at the station," answered Douglas, laughing at the amazed countenance before him. "I 've been hanging around all the morning waiting for you. Must have missed you in the crowd. What train did you come on?"

"Freight," replied the adventurer. "But—how did you find out?"

"Did n't you know I was a private detective agency?" asked Douglas.

"They sent you out after me!" muttered the runaway.

"No, they did n't. But I was n't going to let your poor sister worry herself sick over you. She 's had enough to bother her! Come along to the hotel and get a scrub and some dinner."

"I 've got to meet a fellow," Eric objected.

"Rossiter? I 've seen him. He 'll be along pretty soon. But you 'd better get something to

fatten you up before you talk business. What 's the matter with you, old chappie? You don't look as husky as you used to."

"I 'm first-rate," said Eric, pluckily, but the longings of his inner man for a good square meal conquered even the spirit of independence; and Douglas having hailed a car, he boarded it without demur.

The other passengers looked curiously at the shock-headed young scarecrow beside the well-dressed boy, and the scarecrow himself was at first moodily silent.

"Come by freight, eh? Well, you look it!" jeered Douglas, and he joked with the adventurer over his personal appearance, until, by the time the hotel was reached, Eric's good humor was restored. A refreshing bath was followed by a dinner which made up for past privations.

"Have some hot tamales? They 're great for this sort of weather," said Douglas, as they studied the menu.

"Thanks, not for me!" burst out the traveler. "That 's all I 've had for three days, and it 's nothing but red pepper and corn-husks! I 've got a sore throat from it now!" But Eric was too busy for conversation till he had wound up the feast with two portions of ice-cream.

"There comes Rossiter now!" said Douglas, as the boy laid down his spoon. Eric looked and saw his friend entering the dining-room.

"Hello, Armstrong! How you *wuz*?" said Stan, coming up to the table with a fine assumption of easy gaiety.

"Oh, I 'm in great shape," Eric answered, shaking hands.

"Well, the *separator* is n't," blurted out his hero. "The whole concern 's busted up."

Eric stared. His jaw dropped. "It has?" he said. "Why, you wrote it was all right!"

"Well, I got fooled," said Stan, grimly. "Renshaw sold out for \$100."

Eric looked ill. He continued to stare at Stanton, but he appeared stunned.

"Poor old chappie, it 's rough on you!" exclaimed Douglas, laying a sympathetic hand on his shoulder. "But you 're seeing Texas anyhow."

"Hang Texas!" muttered Eric. Suddenly down came his foot with a stamp on the floor, and bang went his fist on the table. "I 've made a big donkey of myself!" he groaned. "Hang it all! Gordon,"—he looked at Douglas despairingly,—
"I can't pay you back a cent!"

"Don't worry about that. I 'm not starving," said Douglas, lightly.

"You 're a brick—the way you stand by a fellow!" began Eric.

"Never mind that, kiddie," Douglas remonstrated. And indeed Eric could say no more just then, for he felt a sudden lump in his throat.

"Well, there 's only one thing for you to do, old chap," said Douglas. "Turn round and go home again, and tell the whole thing to your father like a man."

"That 's what I shall do," put in Stanton.

The lump in Eric's throat would not subside, and he was winking violently; but he contrived to answer: "Well, I think I will"

FAR away in Halcyon, Carol was finding it hard to keep up her resolute cheerfulness as that day drew to its close.

"What *shall* I write to my poor little mother?" she said to Jean. "Here 's another letter begging to know how Eric is. She 's dreadfully troubled because she hears nothing from him, and of course ever since he ran away I 've not been able to say a word about him. She 's sure that he 's ill and we 're hiding it from her. Poor darling! I can't keep it from her much longer, but unless I can tell her he 's found it will break her heart!"

Despondently she began to write her home letter, but suddenly she dropped her pen, sprang to her feet, and flew from her tent out to the lawn. She had heard a cry from Cecily: "Here comes a boy with a telegram!"

Carol snatched the yellow envelop from the boy. Her fingers trembling, she tore it open and read the blessed words:

Eric found. All well. DOUGLAS GORDON.

CHAPTER XIII

IN THE STORM

"SHIVER my timbers, how we 're rocking!" ejaculated Skipper Frances of the *Dragon-fly*, who, tucked up at ease in the center of the tossing canoe, was energetically singing out her orders to the able seamen Cecily and Jean, as they toiled hard at the paddles.

"It 's shiver our timbers in earnest! Look at those whitecaps!" cried Jean, in the bow. "It 's a regular squall!"

"We 'll have to swim for it before we 're through!" said Cecily.

Yesterday sixteen of the girl campers had set out for a trip by guide-boat and canoe from Halcyon all the way to beautiful Crystal Lake. They had crossed Lonesome Pond and deep Menagha. They had tramped over three wooded carries, each guide bearing a boat on his back, and the girls together transporting the light canoes. Evening had brought them to Silver Brook Inn, near

the head of Crystal Lake. There they had spent the night, and awakened next morning to find the day bright but sultry.

Fleecy clouds were scudding up from the south as they began their return voyage, and by the time they had finished their luncheon, the blue was fast disappearing behind leaden-gray clouds. As they prepared to cross Lake Menagha, Miss Lee, the teacher in charge, anxiously questioned the guides.

"Looks like it was fittin' up for a storm to-morrow. 'Fraid you won't git no moon to-night," Jim Green answered, and the girls' faces grew overcast too. They had looked forward to cruising on Halcyon after a picnic supper, and gliding back to camp by moonlight, as the crowning pleasure of the whole excursion.

The blue had vanished altogether, and a threatening wind was whipping up the water as the fleet put out from the beach. Before the party was half-way across, Menagha was in a tantrum. Angry, choppy little waves, crested with foam, tossed the light boats petulantly. Only those who could swim had been allowed to go in the canoes. Carol, the second in command, had singled out the best canoeists to ply the paddles. As soon as they found the squall upon them, she ordered them to keep near the shore; but even so it was hard to make headway, with the wind stubbornly swinging the bows out of their course. Frances employed her whole nautical vocabulary to encourage her laboring crew, and issued her commands with sublime disregard of their meaning.

"Haul in the ratlines!" she chanted, unaware that ratlines could not be hauled in. "Throw out the mouse-lines!"

"No, but we 'll throw out the Mouse, and make her swim!" said Jean. "It 's too hard paddling with three!"

"No, you don't! I 'm not a rat, to leave a sinking ship!" the Mouse responded. "Yo, heave ho, my lads! Unfurl the yards and man the lee scuppers!"

"Frisky, you noodle!" scoffed Jean, "scuppers are the things the water runs out through."

"Well, and I tell you to man them, to keep the water from running in again, you landlubber!" returned the skipper.

"The admiral 's unfurled her hair to the breeze, anyhow," laughed Cecily, for ahead of them poor Carol was paddling the *Hist-o-Hist* against painful odds. Her curly mane was blowing about her shoulders and lashing her face mercilessly. Through her blinding locks she glanced back to see how it fared with the *Dragon-fly*.

"Let 's try to catch up with her, Cece," said Jean, and they redoubled their efforts, while

Frances cried, "Port!" "Starboard!" and "Larboard!" as the fancy seized her, till Jean declared: "We 'd be *overboard* if we obeyed your orders! I never heard such crazy orders!"

on into a typhoon! Avast, there, St. Cecilia! Don't ram us amidships!"

"Mercy me! Look at those waves! They 're getting bigger and bigger!" cried Betsy, passenger in the *Hist*. She was gripping the sides of the canoe, and her face had lost a little of its rosiness.

"I think squalls are jolly—they 're so exciting!" said plucky Phyllis, working away at the bow paddle. "My senses! We shipped water that time!"

"We are lost!" the captain shouted, as he staggered down the stairs!" Frances serenely quoted.

"Clap that Mouse under hatches!" Carol sternly commanded. "Don't be scared, Betsy. This is half the fun of a canoe trip! Menagha looks like a wash-tub on a Monday morning, does n't it? All soap-suds!"

The third canoe, the *Dart*, came pressing up to the *Hist* and the *Dragon-fly*, her crew, Grace Gardner and Winifred Russell, toiling with all their might. Evelyn Sherwood, who sat between them, turned a frightened face toward Carol.

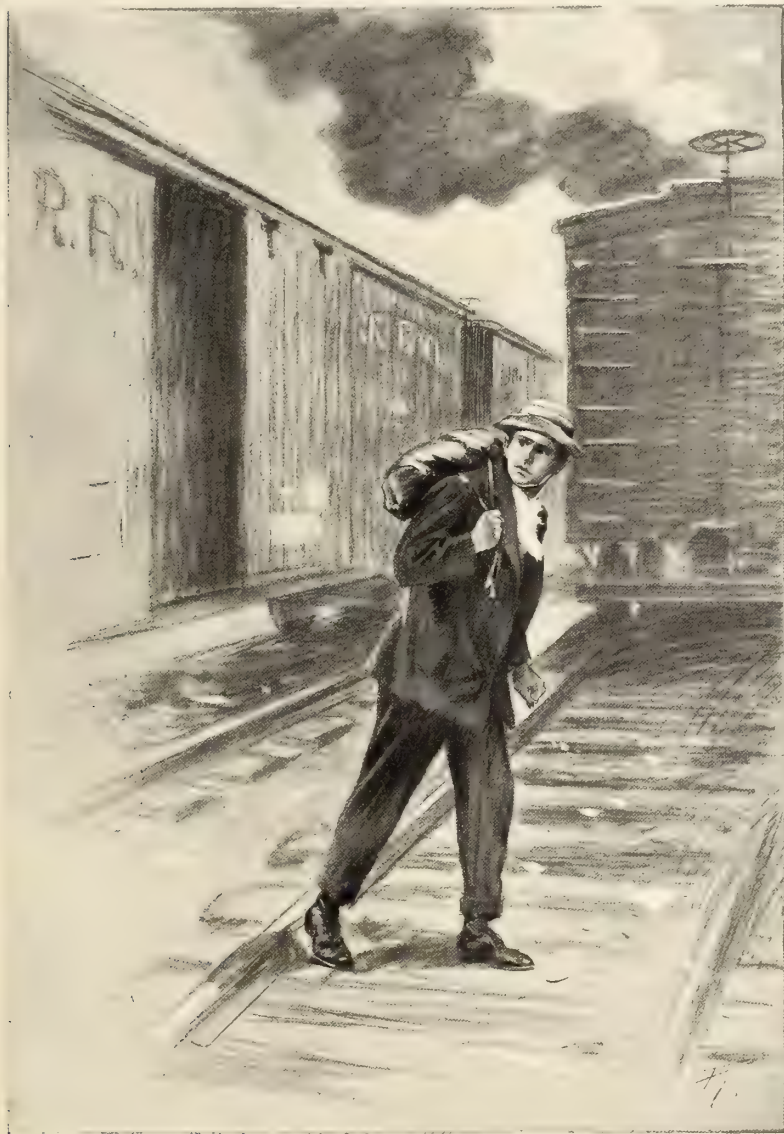
"There 's going to be a thunder-storm!" she called. "I know I heard thunder!"

"What if there is? We 'll just land and get under the canoes, and be as cozy as can be!" Carol replied cheerily. A moment later a jagged streak of lightning ripped up a huge inky cloud. A heavy crash followed. A fresh gust came swirling down the lake and beat the waves still higher.

"Head for the beach! Follow me!" Carol shouted to the other canoes.

"There 's one of the boats coming back to help us!" said Jean. Jim Green with his boat-load was making his way to them. "Pretty slow work," he called as he neared the canoes.

"We 're going to land and wait till the squall 's over," Carol called back to him.



"HE SHOULDERED HIS CANVAS BAG AND MADE HIS WAY THROUGH THE FREIGHT-YARDS."

"Belay, my hearty!" was Frances's disrespectful salute to her superior officer as they reached the *Hist*.

"Can't!" replied Carol. "My belaying-pins are all overboard. I wish I had something to batten down my hair with!" For the luckless admiral's hair-pins were literally scattered to the winds. "Keep in to leeward, jackies! We 're running head

"That 's right!" he answered. "'T ain't safe to keep on with the canoes. You got to git to shore quick as you can, and you got to stay ashore till to-morrow mornin'. Looks like it 's settin' up to blow all night."

"Mercy on us, Jim!" cried Carol. "Do you expect us to spend the night under our canoes?"

"No, ma'am, but you can spend it up to my sister's. Now, look a-here, I ain't goin' to take no chances! We can git the boats home all right, but 't ain't safe for you to risk it with the canoes. Now you land on that beach. There 's a trail starts in there that 'll bring you out on the road. Turn to your left and keep on about a mile, and you 'll come to a farm-house. That 's where my sister lives, Mis' Perkins. They 'll take good care of you there, and when the storm 's over they 'll drive you on to the boarding-house in the village, and we 'll come back for you in the morning."

"Thank you, Jim, we 'll do it," said Carol. "But you 'll have to explain to Miss Lee. And how about the others?"

"Now you leave the guides to do the worryin'," soothingly responded Jim. "We 'll take care of 'em. Just you leave your canoes turned over on the beach, and run along to Perkins's quick as you can, and you 'll be all right."

And so the pleasure party was split asunder by hostile winds and stormy waters. Jim Green rowed off to join the other boats, and in a few minutes the canoeists were safe on the beach, and dragging the canoes under the lee of the woody bank. Before they could turn them over, the shower broke. Down it came in torrents, and it was not rain alone that pelted them.

"Good gracious, it 's hailing!" cried Cecily, as they wrapped themselves in their rain-cloaks.

"Turn your canoes over against the bank, and crawl under them!" said Carol, rolling the *Hist* over. "We can't go on to the farm-house while this keeps on."

A blinding flash followed the command, and the girls lost not a moment in obeying. Under the sheds formed by the canoes they were fairly protected, though the rain beat down with fury, while flash succeeded flash almost instantaneously, and the thunder kept up a deafening cannonade. The storm was violent, but it was brief. In distant growls and mutterings the thunder died away. The rain fell heavily a few minutes longer, then gradually lessened to a gentle pattering, and finally stopped altogether.

"Now, girls, we must make a dash for the farm-house before there 's another shower!" called Carol, and they set out briskly on the trail through the dripping woods. It was a long one, and by the time they stepped out on the open road a sec-

ond shower was threatening. They hurried on, but before the farm-house was in sight they heard the ominous rumble.

"Let 's have a race with the thunder!" Jean proposed. "Come on, girls! I 'll race you to the farm-house. One to begin! Two to show! Three to make ready! And four to—*go!*" And go they did, jumping puddles and plashing through the mud. In the merry stampede they hardly heard the thunder, till, just as the house came into view, the shower burst upon them once more.

Jean was not destined to win that race. Close to the farm gate she slipped and went down, splash! into a puddle. Carol and Cecily stopped to help their fallen comrade. Jean picked herself up, but they let the race sweep by them, their attention arrested by a sight a little beyond the gate.

Two horses attached to a rockaway were prancing and backing, and the cause of their excitement was a huge branch which the gale had half torn from a tree by the roadside. Dangling nearly to the ground, it creaked and groaned in the wind. The dancing horses would neither stand nor go on, and from the back of the carriage a woman was leaning forward in argument with the driver.

"She 's frightened, poor thing!" said Carol. "I 'm going to hold those horses and make them behave."

The charioteer was evidently trying to get out to go to the horses' heads, but two tiny gloved hands were gripping him by the sleeve, and a little old lady was expostulating with him, while a second gray-haired woman looked over his shoulder.

"If you 'll only let go of me I 'll lead 'em past the tree, and they 'll be as quiet as kittens," said the man.

"No, don't stir!" cried the little old lady. "Don't leave the carriage a moment. I tell you I won't go one step farther with those horses! Susan, step down and help me out."

"In all the rain, ma'am? And you so lame, too! It 'll be the death of you, ma'am!" her companion protested.

"I 'll hold the horses," said Carol. "And if you 'll let me, I 'll lead them past the tree. Whoa, boy! Be quiet!" Already she had the off horse by the bridle and was patting him soothingly. Jean followed suit with the other.

"Thank you, my dears, thank you!" said the little dame. "But I will *not* go past that tree with them. They 're ready to run. Just hold them still while I step out." Susan objected; her mistress insisted. The driver jumped down and went to the heads of his span.

"Do you live in that house, children?" asked the old lady.



"'HEAD FOR THE BEACH! FOLLOW ME!' CAROL SHOUTED TO THE OTHER CANOES."

"No, but we 're going to wait there till the shower 's over," replied Carol.

"Then that 's where I 'm going to wait too, till I find a pair of horses that won't run away with me,—if I have to board there for the rest of the summer," said her determined little ladyship. Lame though she was, she had made up her mind to hobble to the door through the pouring rain. But Carol had an inspiration.

"We 'll run up to the house and bring out a chair and carry you," said she. "Come, girls!" And away they sped, never pausing till they reached the farm-house porch. They found the others in the kitchen, drying themselves around the stove, while Jim Green's sister, a pleasant-faced young woman, gathered up the rain-cloaks they had shed. Grandmother Perkins fed the fire

with kindlings, and a small flaxen-haired boy and girl stared at the company out of solemn china-blue eyes.

"Mrs. Perkins, will you take pity on some more drowned people?" asked Carol. Then she explained the old lady's plight, ending: "And she 's very lame, so may we borrow this chair to carry her up to the house, please? We 'll be back in less than no time."

"Of course you may! Can't I help you?" the young woman answered readily. But her aid was not needed. Calling Frances to assist them, Carol caught up Grandma Perkins's rocker, and the four girls marched off with it.

"Look, Mommer!" cried Daniel Perkins, Junior, as he peeped through the window. "They 've got a grandma a-ridin' in our chair!"

(To be continued.)



"SILENT SYMPATHY."

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FROM THE ORIGINAL ETCHING BY HERBERT DICKSEE.

THE LAST OF THE FREIGHT THIEVES

"THE YOUNG RAILROADERS" SERIES. TALES OF ADVENTURE AND INGENUITY

BY F. LOVELL COOMBS

"No, I'm not after you this time," laughingly responded Detective Boyle to Jack Orr's half-serious inquiry, when Jack recognized his visitor at the station as the detective who on the previous memorable occasion had called with the sheriff. "I want your assistance.

"Did you know," he asked, seating himself, "that the freight thieves are operating on the division again?"

"No!" said Jack, in surprise.

"They are. And they have developed some new scheme that is more baffling than the haunting trick you spoiled here. Every week they are getting away with stuff from the night freight between Claxton and Eastfield, while the train is actually in motion!

"That looks incredible, I know; but it is the only possible conclusion, since the train does not stop *en route*, and I made sure the goods have been aboard when it left Claxton."

Jack whistled. "That does make a problem, does n't it. But where do I come in, Mr. Boyle?"

"Last night while thinking the problem over I recalled the trick the thieves used here, and it struck me: Why could n't that dodge be played back against them in this case?"

"What! Have yourself shipped in a box, and 'stolen' by them?"

"Exactly. Well, in the country between Claxton and Eastfield, where apparently they have their headquarters, there are no telephone or telegraph lines, and it occurred to me that it would be a good thing to have some one with me who in case of need could return to the railroad wire, and cut in and call for help."

"Why, I'd jump at the chance of such an adventure," said Jack, eagerly. "But how do you know, Mr. Boyle, that the boxes would be taken off to the freight-lifters' place unopened?"

"I figure that out from the number and size of the packages they have taken—each time just a good load for a light wagon. And, anyhow, you can see that that would be the safest thing for them to do, so as not to leave any clues behind.

"And through a friend in the silk business at Claxton, whom I'll see down there to-night, I can make practically sure of our being 'stolen' together. The thieves have shown a partiality for his goods; and by having our boxes attractively labeled 'SILK,' and placed immediately within the car door, there will be little chance of

the rascals passing us by," concluded the detective.

Without trouble Jack the next day secured the necessary permission to be off duty, and early in the evening alighted from the train at Claxton.

"You have the instruments, I see," said the detective, who was awaiting him.

"Yes," replied Jack, tapping a small parcel under his arm; "and some wire and a file in my pocket, and the revolver."

"That's good. And everything here is fixed nicely. We will head for the mill at once."

"Well, here is the other 'bale of silk,' Mr. Brooke," announced Detective Boyle, a few minutes later, as they entered the office adjoining a large brick building. "All ready for us?"

"H-m! He's a pretty small 'bale,' is n't he?" commented the manager of the mill, dubiously.

"But, yes, we are ready. This way!"

Following the speaker, Jack and the detective entered the shipping-room, and there found a workman surveying lettering he had just completed on a packing-case.

"Here are the 'goods,' Judson," announced the manager.

"All ready, sir," said the workman, eying Jack and the detective curiously.

"Did you substitute the boards with knot-holes?"

"Yes, sir. And this is the door," he added, removing two broad boards at one end. "I put wooden buttons on the inside, as you suggested."

"It's a good job," said the detective. "And I suppose this is the boy's," turning to a smaller box, on which were the words, "SILK—VALUABLE."

With lively interest Jack examined it. "Get in and let's see how it fits," suggested Mr. Brooke. Jack did so.

"Fine," he said. "I could ride all night in it easily."

Detective Boyle glanced at his watch. "You may as well stay there, Jack," he said, "and we will start as soon as the wagon is ready."

"It's at the door now," announced the manager; and, the detective entering his box, he and Jack a few minutes later were aboard the truck, bound for the depot; a few minutes after their arrival there, were aboard a car—there was a whistle, a rumble, and they were on their way.

For a quiet quarter of an hour the wheels had

been drumming over the rail-joints, and Jack, in spite of the novelty of the situation, was beginning to find it irksome, when there came a screeching of brakes, and the detective announced from his box: "This is the grade beyond Axle Road. When we hit the next down grade we may begin to expect something. I am inclined—

"What was that?" he broke off.

Both listened. "One of the brakemen, is n't it?" said Jack.

"What is he doing down on the edge of the roof?" Suddenly the detective uttered a suppressed exclamation. "Oh, I've got it! Now I've got it, Jack!" he exclaimed in a whisper.

"The freight robbers have bought up one of the brakemen! That's it! And he lets himself down to the car door, probably by a rope, opens it, and throws the stuff out!"

Jack's exclamation of delight at this final discovery of the heart of the mystery was followed by one of consternation. "But won't we get an awful shaking up?" he said in alarm.

"No; not if you sit tight. Brace hard, and you will be O.K.," reassured the detective.

"'Sh! Here he is!"

There was the sound of feet scraping against the car door, a rattle as the clasp was freed, then a rumble, and the sudden full roar of the train told them the door had been opened.

Entering, the intruder closed it behind him and lit a match; and peering from a knot-hole, Jack saw that the detective's guess had been correct. It was a brakeman.

As Jack watched, the man produced and lit a dark lantern, and turned it on the boxes before him. With a start Jack shrank back, holding his breath.

"Just to order," said the brakeman, with satisfaction. "I'll not have to haul down a thing." And then, to Jack's further momentary alarm, then amusement, he abruptly seated himself on the box above him.

Presently, as Jack was wondering what the trainman was waiting for, from the distant engine came the two long and two short toots for a crossing, and the man started to his feet. His eye to the knot-hole, Jack watched.

Again came a whistle, and the creaking of brakes, and immediately the brakeman slid the car door back a few inches, showed his lantern, blew it out, and ran the door back its full width.

The critical moment had come. Apprehensively Jack gathered himself together, then caught his breath as the trainman seized the box, swung it into the door, and tipped it forward. The next instant, with a barely suppressed cry, he felt himself hurled out into the darkness.

For one terrible, interminable moment Jack felt himself whirling through space. Then came a crash of branches, the box turned over and over, again plunged downward, and brought up with a thud.

Stunned for a minute, Jack lay on his face. It was a voice brought him to.

"Here it is," it was saying. And dazed though he was, only with difficulty did Jack avoid betraying himself. For it was the voice of the man Watts.

"What is it?" asked a second voice.

Through the knot-hole a light appeared. "Silk," said Watts. "And a good weight, too," he added, tipping the box. "Catch hold."

The box was caught up; and rocked and jolted, Jack was carried for perhaps a hundred yards, apparently amid the trees, when through the knot-hole came a gleam of moonlight, and peering forth, he discovered a tree-lined road and a two-horse wagon.

Sliding him into the wagon, the unsuspecting renegades returned, and a few minutes after, to Jack's relief, reappeared, staggering under the weight of the box containing the detective.

With difficulty they raised the heavy case to the end of the wagon.

"It won't go in," said Watts's companion.

"Push this way a little," said Watts.

"I can't—look out!"

There was a scramble, and the box crashed to the ground. At the same moment there came a muffled exclamation, and Jack started. Was it the detective? And had the men overheard it?

With relief, however, he heard the chief of the gang call his companion a clown, and order him to catch hold again; and the box this time was successfully slid aboard. At once the men climbed to the seat, and drove off.

Jack indeed would much have liked to speak to the detective, to learn how he had fared, but was afraid to risk it, and as they rattled along, through the knot-hole he gave his attention to the passing scenery, dimly lit up by a clouded moon. For a mile or so he saw nothing but trees. Then came a small clearing.

They reached the lane—and with a sharp momentary spell of nervousness Jack found the wagon turning in.

They were at their destination!

As they rattled by a small unpainted house, a tall, unpleasant-looking woman appeared in the doorway, and greeted the men. "Good luck again, eh?" she said.

"Sure," replied Watts. "Is tea ready?"

"Yes; come in, and open the boxes after."

"All right."

Passing on, the wagon came at last to a halt before a good-sized barn, and dismounting, the men opened the large side door and backed the wagon to it, then quickly unhooked, and led the horses into the stable.

As the horses clattered over the stable floor,

At what then followed Jack barely stifled a horrified cry. It was the voice of Watts, saying quietly and coldly: "Now, my clever friend in the box, kindly come out!"

They had overheard the detective's exclamation when the box fell!



"THE NEXT INSTANT, JACK FELT HIMSELF HURLED OUT INTO THE DARKNESS."

there came to Jack's ears a soft tapping. With relief he instantly replied, and heard the detective whisper: "Are you all right, lad?"

"Yes, O.K. Only a bit nervous," acknowledged Jack.

"Keep cool, and we 'll soon have them. As they are going in to supper first, we 'll not come out till then. That gives us a fine opportunity.

"Here they come!"

"Catch hold," said Watts. Jack heard the detective's box slide out, an "Up!" from Watts, the staggering steps of the men across the barn floor, and a thud as the box was dropped.

Scarcely breathing, Jack listened. Would the detective give himself up?

There came a muffled report, immediately a second, louder, then silence, and the terrified boy realized that the detective had been hit.

"Will you come out now?" demanded Watts. To Jack's further alarm, there was no response. Watts repeated the order, then called on his companion for an ax, and there came the sound of blows and splintering wood.

"Now haul him out."

Suddenly came exclamations from the two renegades, then the sound of a terrific struggle.

The detective was all right! It had been a ruse!

With a suppressed hurrah Jack began hurriedly unfastening the catches of his door, to get out to the detective's assistance. But before he had opened it there was the sound of a heavy fall and a triumphant shout from Watts, and he drew back.

The detective had been overpowered. A moment Jack debated, then decided to choose his time, and again secured the fastenings. They might leave their prisoner in the barn, he thought.

A few minutes after, however, he saw Boyle led by, toward the house, his arms bound, and one of the freight thieves on either side.

The voices and footsteps died away, but quickly returned, and fearfully Jack waited. Had they any suspicion of his presence in the second box?

They reached the wagon, slid him to the rear, caught him up, and carried him into the barn. And then, to Jack's unspeakable joy, they left, closing the door. Before their footsteps had died away he was out of the box, breathing in relief and stretching his cramped limbs.

Glancing about curiously, Jack's eyes fell on a tier of goods in the moonlight near one of the windows. He stepped over.

It was silk—silk such as he had seen in the warehouse at Claxton.

Instantly there came to Jack a startling suggestion. As quickly he determined to act upon it. "They may never 'tumble' to it," he told himself delightedly. "And, anyhow, it will give me a good start back for the railroad for help."

Glancing from the window, to make sure all was quiet at the house, he dragged his box into the moonlight, took out the telegraph instruments, and quickly removed all signs of the "door." Then hurriedly he proceeded to fill the box with bolts of silk from the pile at the window.

The task was soon completed, and finding hammer and nails, he quietly nailed the boards into place. And triumphantly he slid the box back to its former position on the floor.

"I think that will fool you, Mr. Watts," said Jack, with a smile, and catching up the instruments, he turned to the door.

On the threshold he started back. The two men and two others were returning from the house.

In alarm Jack looked about for a means of escape, discovered a small door at the end of the barn, darted through, and found himself in the stable not far from the horses' stalls.



"A FEW MINUTES AFTER, HE SAW BOYLE LED BY, TOWARD THE HOUSE."

Tiptoeing to the outer door, he waited until the four men had entered the main barn, then slipped forth, and, keeping in the shadows, ran toward the house.

A broad beam of light streamed from one of the kitchen windows. Jack made toward it, and cautiously peered within.

Directly opposite, in a big arm-chair, was the detective, bound hand and foot. Making sure no one else was in the room, Jack tapped on the window-pane. The detective looked up with a start, quickly smiled as in relief, then several times nodded his head in the direction of the railroad. Jack held up the telegraph instruments, the detective nodded again, and in a moment Jack was off for the railroad.

It was an exhausting run over the rough, dark

road through the trees, but finally Jack recognized the point at which he had been carried from the woods, and turning in, was soon at the tracks.

Hurrying to the nearest telegraph pole, he climbed up to the crosstree; quickly filed through the wire on one side, allowing it to fall; connected an end of the wire he had brought to the other, slid to the ground, made the connections with the instrument—and the relay clicked closed.

At once some one on the wire sent: "Who had it open? What did you say?"

"Alex!" exclaimed Jack, recognizing the sending; and was about to break in when the instrument ticked: "17 just coming—CX."

"Claxton and 17! Just what we want!" exclaimed Jack, and at once interrupting, he sent: "To CX—Hold 17! Hold her!"

"To X—This is Jack, Alex. I'm in the woods about four miles from CX. We found the freight thieves, but they have Boyle prisoner. Ask the chief to have 17 take on a posse at CX and rush them here. I'll wait and lead them back. If they are quick we will capture the whole gang."

"O.K.! O.K.! Good for you," shot back Alex, the wire was silent, then rapidly he sent to Claxton the necessary order.

Twenty minutes later, waiting in the darkness on the track, Jack saw the headlight of the fast coming freight. She pulled up, the sheriff, several constables, and some of the train crew tum-

bled off, and a moment after he was hastening back for the farm, at their head.

Lights were still moving about in the barn when they arrived, and quickly but quietly they surrounded it.

"How would you like to lead the way in, Jack?" said the sheriff. "That would only be fair after the trick Watts played on you, and the plucky way you have done your part to-night."

Jack caught at the idea delightedly, and when all was ready, boldly threw back the barn door, and, with drawn revolver, entered, followed by the sheriff.

"How do you do, Mr. Watts?" he said, smiling. "This is the sheriff, and the barn is surrounded. I think you would be very foolish not to give in."

The four freight stealers were so completely taken by surprise that for a moment they stood immovable, then, on the sheriff's crisp order to throw up their hands, did so—and were prisoners.

It was Jack himself who then rushed off for the house and freed Detective Boyle. And a half-hour after all were once again at the railroad, and the prisoners on their way to the jail at East-field.

Jack of course received considerable attention for his part in the capture of the notorious and long-successful gang of freight thieves, and the incident still forms one of the popular yarns among the trainmen of the Middle Western.

WHO WANTS A DRINK

"I," SAID the Butterfly;
 "Fill the Buttercup up high,
 If you please."
 "As we have n't any dipper,
 We will use the Lady's Slipper,"
 Said the Bees.

"We would like a drop of dew,"
 Cried the thirsty Tulips, too,
 "We 're so dry."
 And poor Black-eyed Susan said,
 As she lifted up her head,
 "So am I."

Mabel Livingston Frank.

INFORMATION WANTED

SINCE fine "nature students" are plenty, to-day,
 Who can truly converse with the trees, so they say,
 I think it is time that some of them found out
 What the poor weeping-willow is crying about.

Nixon Waterman.

THE TREAT

BY ETHEL PARTON

WHEN my Big Brother goes to town,
Perched on the high seat, looking down,
He calls, before he drives away:
"I'll take you with me, Kid, some day."
Most days he can't, because, you see,
He takes The Fellers 'stead o' me:
There's lots o' Fellers that he knows,
And most days every Feller goes;
They hurry round and hang about
Soon as he takes Brown Bessy out,
Until he says: "Pile in, you chaps!
Gidap, there, Bess!" and the whip snaps,
And off they go. It's kind o' blue:
I wish 't I was a Feller, too!



And how should *any* Feller s'pose
He'd taste it stingiest in his *nose*?
I said: "I think you're awful mean—
Me just a kid and you fourteen—
I would n't ha' *b'lieved* you'd treat me so!"
I thought it was a trick, you know.—
But now, of course, I know that is
The way that sodas always fizz.



But yesterday he saw me wink
(Honest, I did n't cry, I think,
But maybe Brother thought I did),
And oh, he said: "Come on, then, Kid!"
They hauled me in; it was a squeeze,
Scrouched down between Big Brother's knees;
And Brother, when we got to town
And stretched our legs and scrambled down,
Called to the others: "Fellers, say,
Let's treat the Kidlet! Come this way!"
They put me on a high-up seat:
"One ras'b'ry soda, good 'n' sweet—
This little Feller's first," said he;
And they all stood and stared at me.
I don't see why they laughed. I think
Your *mouth* should taste things when you drink;

A LABOR DAY LUNCHEON

(More "Betty" Stories)*

BY CAROLYN WELLS

LABOR DAY was, of course, on Monday, and the Saturday before Betty received this letter:

BOSTON, Friday.

DEAREST BETTY: The loveliest thing has happened! Aunt Evelyn has asked me to make her a little visit in New York (she lives at the Waldorf, you know), and she says I may ask you to go with us on a Labor Day excursion on Monday. So don't fail me; I'm crazy to see you! I'm so excited over it all, I can scarcely write. But this is the plan: I'm going to New York to-morrow. You're to come on Monday morning, and we'll meet you at the ferry — on the New York side, you know. And then, the boat — oh, I forgot to tell you, we're going to West Point — sails from somewhere near there. But never mind that; we'll meet you and show you the way. We're going to carry our luncheon, for Aunt Evelyn says you can't get anything fit to eat on some excursion-boats. So you can bring a contribution to the feast, or not, according to your convenience. But be sure to come. I've never been up the Hudson River, and we'll have loads of fun. Take that early train from Greenborough, and wait for us "under the clock."

Lovingly,

DOROTHY.

"Is n't it fine, Mother?" said Betty, as she read the letter aloud. "I've never been up the Hudson either, and it will be such fun to go with Dorothy."

"Yes, it will, deary. I'm sure you'll have a lovely trip. You'll have to scurry out early, though, if you're to take that seven-thirty train. You'll want to take some luncheon, won't you?"

"Oh, yes; I think I ought to. Ellen will cook some of her lovely fried chicken for me. And I might take some stuffed eggs or some jelly tarts. I'll talk it over with Ellen."

Now, Ellen was by nature what is called "a good provider." And so it happened that when Betty came down-stairs at half-past six on Monday morning Ellen was already packing into a big box the good things which she had risen before daylight to prepare.

"For mercy's sake, Ellen!" cried Betty, "do you think I'm going to feed the whole excursion?"

"Arrah, Miss Betty," returned Ellen, placidly, "it's a fine appetite ye'll get on the water, and yer city folks'll be glad to eat yer country fixin's."

Ellen was wrapping delicious-looking bits of golden-brown fried chicken daintily in oiled paper, and tucking them into place in the big box.

Then in one corner she placed a smaller box of stuffed eggs, which, in their individual frills of fringed white paper, formed a pretty picture.

Another partition held jelly tarts, with flaky crusts and quivering red centers, and somehow Ellen found room for a few sandwiches, through whose thin bread showed the yellow of mayonnaise.

Everything was carefully protected with white paper napkins, and the whole box was a most appetizing display of skilled culinary art.

"But it's so big, Ellen," repeated Betty, laughing. "I simply can't carry so much stuff."

"Niver you mind, Miss Betty," said the imperturbable cook, going on with her work of wrapping the big box in neat brown paper and tying it with stout twine. "You've not to walk at all, at all, and ye can get a porther to lift it off the thrain. An' sure Pat'll put it on safely fer ye."

So Betty submitted to the inevitable, realizing that she would n't have to carry the box at all, and proceeded to eat her breakfast.

"It is an awfully big box," said Mrs. McGuire, as the carriage came to the door; "but if your party can't eat all the things, you can give them to some children on the boat."

"Oh, it'll be all right," said Betty, and kissing her mother good-by, she jumped into the carriage, and Pat drove her to the train.

There were few passengers at that early hour, and so there was ample room for the box on the seat beside her. Though Betty went often to New York, she rarely went alone, but as Dorothy and her aunt's family were to meet her, she felt no responsibility as to traveling.

In Jersey City the conductor lifted the box out for her, and a convenient porter carried it to the ferry-boat.

"Hold it level," Betty admonished him, and he touched his red cap and said "Yes'm," and then carried the box with greatest care. Betty went

A CONDENSED OUTLINE OF "THE STORY OF BETTY" AS ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN ST. NICHOLAS.

* Betty McGuire, a waif from an orphan-asylum, is an under-servant in a boarding-house.

Suddenly she comes into a large fortune, which she inherits from her grandfather who died in Australia. Somewhat bewildered by her good luck, but quite sure of what she wants, Betty buys a home, and then proceeds to "buy a family," as she expresses it.

She engages a lovely old lady as housekeeper, but adopts her as a grandma, and calls her so. She takes Jack, a newsboy, for her brother, and she selects a dear little child from an infant orphan-asylum for her baby sister.

With this "family," and with some good, though lowly, friends who were kind to her when she was poor, for servants, Betty lives at her new home, Denniston Hall.

By reason of several circumstances Betty feels sure her relatives may be found, if she searches for them.

Her search results in finding her own mother, who is overjoyed at finding again the daughter who, she supposed, had died in infancy.

by the Twenty-third Street Ferry, and in the ferry-house on the New York side she was to meet Dorothy, "under the clock."

This tryst was a well-known one, for it made a definite place to meet in the crowded room.

Betty always enjoyed the long ferry, and she sat outside, with her precious box reposing on the seat beside her.

The morning was delightful, but it was growing warm and bade fair to be a very warm day.

Betty watched with interest the great steamer piers, and the traffic on the river, rejoicing to think that soon she would be sailing farther up the stream, where the banks were green and wooded, and the expanse of water unmarred by freight-boats and such unpicturesque craft.

The ferry-boat bumped into its dock at Twenty-third Street, and Betty picked up her box and started off with it. A porter met her at the gang-plank, and she gave it to him with an injunction to hold it quite level. For it would be a pity to tumble the neat arrangement of Ellen's goodies into an unappetizing mass.

Down-stairs they went, and into the waiting-room, where Betty paused "under the clock."

Dorothy had n't arrived, but Betty remembered, with a smile, that she was nearly always late, so, remunerating the porter, she sat down to wait, with her box beside her.

She had on a suit of embroidered blue linen, and a broad-brimmed straw hat trimmed with brown roses.

The big hat suited Betty's round face and curly hair, and, all unconsciously, she made a pretty picture as she sat there waiting. Before she had time to feel anxious about Dorothy's non-appearance, a messenger-boy in uniform came toward her.

"Is this Miss McGuire?" he said, touching his cap respectfully.

"Yes," said Betty, wondering how he knew her.

"Then this is for you. The lady told me how you looked, and said I'd find you right here. No answer."

The boy turned away, and in a moment was lost in the crowd, leaving Betty in possession of a note addressed in Dorothy's handwriting.

She tore it open and read:

WALDORF-ASTORIA.

DEAR BETTY: What do you think! Aunt Evelyn has a *fearful* sick headache, and can't raise her head from the pillow. So, of course, we can't go up the Hudson to-day, and she says for you to come right up here, and have luncheon here, and afterward Uncle Roger will take us to a *matinée*. She said this was the surest way to reach you, and for you not to be afraid, but just take a taxicab and come straight here. I told her I knew you wouldn't be afraid, but she said for you to telephone us as soon as you

get this note, so she'll know it's all right. She's sort of nervous about you. So call us up right away, and I'll answer you.

In haste,

DOROTHY.

P.S. I told the messenger he'd know you because you are very pretty, except for your turned-up nose.

Betty smiled at Dorothy's postscript, and then she read the note over again. On the whole, she did n't much care that the plans were changed, for a luncheon at a fine hotel and a *matinée* afterward seemed quite as attractive on a hot day as a sail on a crowded excursion-boat.

Also, she was not at all afraid! She laughed at the idea. She would telephone Dorothy, and then she would really enjoy taking a taxicab and driving up to the hotel all alone. It made her feel decidedly grown-up.

So she went to the telephone-booth and called up Dorothy.

"Indeed, I don't mind the change of plans a bit," she said, in answer to her friend's query. "I'm awfully sorry for your aunt, but I think we'll have a better time on land than on the water to-day. It's getting very warm."

"Is it?" said Dorothy. "It seems cool here."

"Well, it's certainly hot out in the sun. I'll take a taxi, and I'll be with you in less than half an hour."

"Yes, come right here, and we'll be waiting for you. My cousins Fred and Tom want to see you, and Aunt Evelyn says perhaps we can go for a drive in the Park before luncheon."

"Oh, that reminds me, Dorothy. I've a big box of luncheon with me. What shall I do with it? I can't walk into the Waldorf with that!"

"Gracious, Betty, I should say not! But it's a shame to throw it away. Just give it to some poor person, can't you?"

"Yes, that's a good idea; I will. Well, good-by, till I see you."

"Good-by. Hurry up here," said Dorothy, and Betty hung up the receiver.

As she picked up her box to start toward the taxicab rank, the thought occurred to her that it might be well to dispose of the box before she took the cab. Acting on this idea, she stepped out of the ferry-house and looked about her.

It was rapidly growing much warmer, and the glare on the hot paving-stones was unpleasant, but Betty determined to bestow the wholesome food on some grateful poor person before she started up-town.

"I want to find some one really worthy," she said to herself; "it would be too bad to waste all these good things on an ungrateful wretch."

She looked at the newsboys who were crying

their papers, but it seemed impracticable to expect them to carry a large, heavy box in addition to their burden of papers. She wandered along the street until she saw a poor-looking old woman in a news-booth.

The papers and magazines were piled up tidily, and the old news-vender herself sat comfortably

"Bits of food, is it?" she exclaimed. "Broken bits ye 're offerin' to me! Well, ye may be takin' 'em back! Nobody need dole out food to Bridget Molloy! I takes nobody's charity! I earns me honest livin'! More shame to them as does n't!"

"Oh, I did n't mean to offend you," cried Betty, greatly distressed at having hurt the old woman's feelings. "It 's a very nice luncheon that I brought for myself and some friends."

But Mrs. Molloy would not listen.

"Take it away," she said; "take yer cold victuals to some one as is too lazy to work for a' honest livin'! I asks no charity fer me or mine!"

Greatly chagrined and a little angry, Betty picked up her box and walked away.

It had been an unfortunate occurrence, but surely it would be easy enough to find some one more reasonable than the old newswoman. Before she had gone a block, Betty saw a ragged urchin who was, she decided, a worthy case. He was not selling papers; indeed, he was doing nothing, but leaning against a high board fence, digging his bare toes into the dust.

"Poor little thing," thought Betty; "I 've no doubt he 's hungry." Then she said:

"Good morning, little boy. Are you one of a large family?"

The boy looked suspiciously at Betty, then, in a whining voice, replied:

"Ten brudders an' ten sisters, ma'am; an' me fadder is sick, an' me mudder is out o' work."

"Oh, you poor child!" exclaimed Betty, and as he held

out a grimy little paw, as if for coin, she offered him the box.

"You 're just the boy I 'm looking for. Here is a quantity of nice food for you and your brothers and sisters."

Quickly the grimy little paw was withdrawn, and with both hands behind him, the boy winked rudely at Betty and said:

"Aw, g'wan! Quit yer kiddin'."



"THE GIRL TURNED ON BETTY LIKE A LITTLE FURY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

knitting, now and then looking out over her spectacles for a possible customer.

She was certainly thrifty, Betty thought, and would be greatly pleased with a present of good food.

"I 'd like to give you this," said Betty, resting the box on a pile of morning papers; "it 's some food—nice bits of cold chicken and eggs."

The old woman glared at her.

"I don't know what you mean," said Betty, who could n't help laughing at the impudent little fellow. "I 'm offering you some good food."

"Good food nothin'!" said the strange child. "Take yer box away, lady; I would n't swap yer me college pin fer it!"

Betty had to laugh at this, but since the boy was so indifferent, she did n't care to give him the lunch anyhow; so she went on to find some one else who might take her seriously.

"It does seem queer," she thought, "that there 's nobody about who is just the right one to give this to. There are men working at the road, but I don't like to offer it to them, they look so—so untidy."

But at last she spied a little girl. Though somewhat gaudily dressed, the child was evidently poor, for her frock was faded and torn. She wore a string of bright beads round her neck, and a big bow on her black hair, and she walked with a mincing step.

But she was thin and looked ill-nourished, so Betty thought that at last she had found just the right beneficiary.

"Where do you live?" she said, by way of opening the conversation, as she paused in front of the little girl.

"You ain't a settlement teacher," said the child. "Comes a settlement teacher, and I tell my name. But you ain't one."

"No," said Betty, smiling kindly; "I 'm not a settlement teacher, but I want to give you something—something very nice."

"What is it nice you wants fer to give me?"

The child did not look receptively inclined, but Betty held out the big box toward her and said:

"It 's this box of lovely luncheon, fried chicken and little pies! Take it home to your mama."

The girl turned on Betty like a little fury. Her black eyes snapped, and her whole little body shook with indignation as she cried:

"Think shame how you says! My mama would n't let me to take whole bunches of lunch from a lady! It ain't for ladies to give lunches off on the street!" With a flirt of her shabby little skirts, the child turned her back on Betty and walked haughtily away.

It was Betty's first experience with that peculiar type of dignity and self-respect, and she was bewildered at the sudden fury of the indignant child.

But the box was still to be disposed of, and Betty looked around for another opportunity. She was tempted to throw it away, but the thought of Ellen's dainty morsels being wasted was so disappointing that she resolved to try once more anyhow. So again she looked about her.

"I did n't think it was so hard to give food away in town," she reflected, smiling grimly at her predicament. "Oh, I do believe it 's going to rain!"

The sky had suddenly clouded over, and there were portents of a coming shower. Betty looked at the clouds, and resolved to make one more attempt to bestow her charity, and if that failed she concluded she must throw away the box. As Dorothy had said, she could n't very well walk into a large hotel carrying a box of luncheon. It would look ridiculous. And even if she did have to throw it away, she had the satisfaction of knowing she had tried to utilize it. The drops began to fall, but they were large and scattered, so Betty thought she had time for one more attempt at her good work before she ran for shelter.

A poor-looking man came toward her, and Betty stopped him. She had become timid about the box by this time, so, unconsciously, she spoke as if asking a favor.

"Would n't you like a box of nice food to take home?" she said, as she hesitatingly held the box out to him.

"Do you mean to give it to me?" he asked, in such a threatening tone that Betty recoiled a little. She thought quickly. Here was another who would take offense at being looked upon as an object of charity. It flashed through her mind that if she asked him to pay a small price, he would keep his self-respect and get far more than the value of his money.

"No," she stammered; "I mean to sell it to you—for ten cents."

It seemed awful to ask money for it, but surely he could pay that much, and Betty felt instinctively that he would refuse it as a gift.

The man looked at her with a strange glance.

"Have you got a license to sell things in the street?" he asked.

"N-no!" gasped Betty, frightened now by his intent gaze at her.

"Well, you quit your foolishness, lady. You move on, you and your precious bundle, or I 'll call a policeman and have you arrested!"

She almost *ran* back to the ferry-house, concluding, as she went, to throw away the luncheon and take a cab up to Dorothy's as quickly as she could.

Where to throw it away was the next question. Betty looked in vain for a refuse receptacle or ash-can. She knew it was not allowed to throw things in the street, and the cleanly swept pavement near the ferries showed no resting-place for the objectionable box.

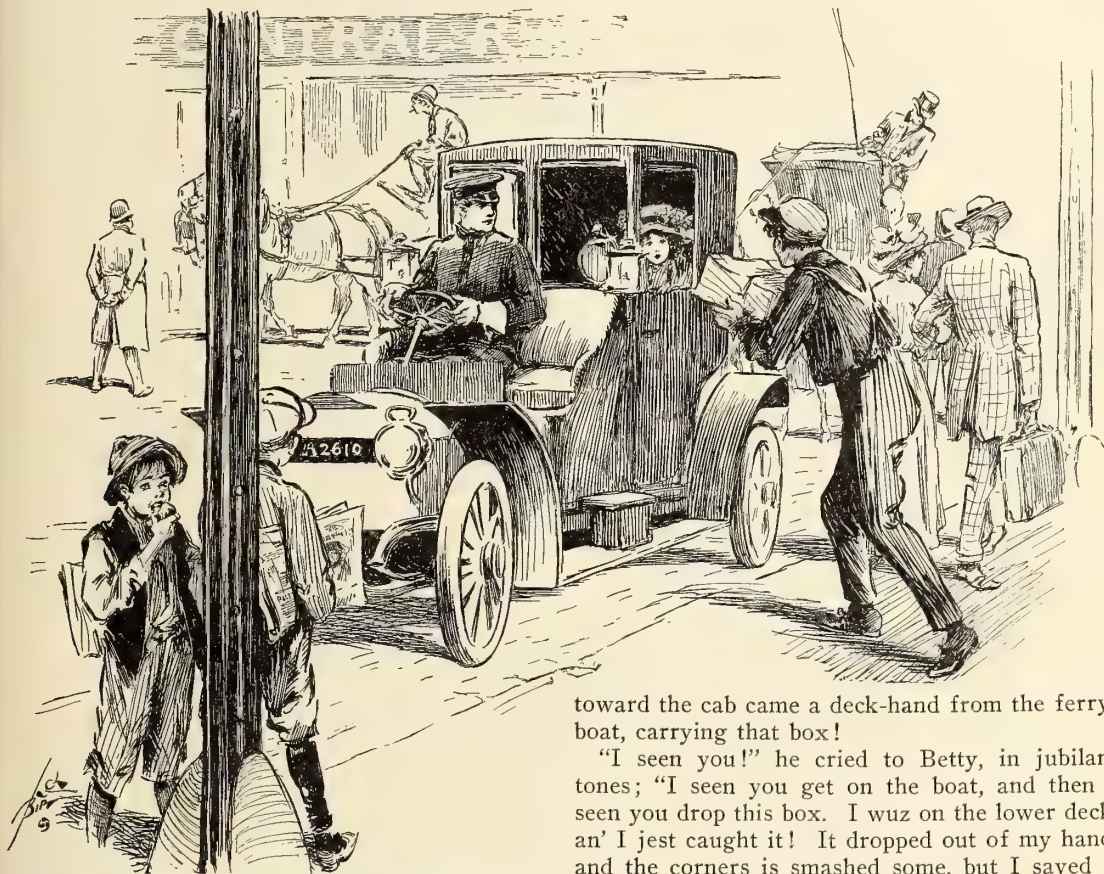
There were poor-looking people about, but Betty did not care to risk another impertinent

refusal. Just as she was about to turn into the little office to engage a taxicab, she had a brilliant idea.

"I'll go back on the ferry-boat," she thought; "I'll get a ferry ticket and go through the slip and onto the boat. Then I can throw the old box into the water, and come off the boat again before it starts."

"Yes, a taxicab, please," said Betty to the kind-faced official in charge, and then, "To the Waldorf," she said, as she got into the vehicle. She felt very capable and grown-up, as she settled herself in the broad seat, and noticed with satisfaction that the shower was almost over.

But, just as the driver was about to start, a voice called, "Hi! hold on there!" and running



"RUNNING TOWARD THE CAB CAME A DECK-HAND FROM THE FERRY-BOAT, CARRYING THAT BOX!"

This seemed a really good plan, and with rising spirit Betty paid her pennies and went on the boat. She had ample time, as the boat had just arrived and would not go out again for several minutes. On the upper deck Betty walked to the extreme end, and stood looking over into the water. It seemed an awful pity to waste that lovely luncheon, but it was getting late, and it was now raining quite steadily.

"Good-by, then, pretty little tarts and jolly good chicken!" said Betty, and she pushed the box over the rail.

Then she hurried back to the busy street and started to look again for the cab-stand.

toward the cab came a deck-hand from the ferry-boat, carrying that box!

"I seen you!" he cried to Betty, in jubilant tones; "I seen you get on the boat, and then I seen you drop this box. I wuz on the lower deck, an' I jest caught it! It dropped out of my hand, and the corners is smashed some, but I saved it from goin' in the water, all the same!"

The young fellow clearly thought he had done Betty a great favor in restoring her property, and he stood smiling, and shifting from one foot to another, while the cab driver obligingly waited.

"Oh," thought Betty, "he expects a reward! Imagine paying a reward for getting that box back!"

But she realized that the deck-hand thought it was valuable property he had restored, so she took out her purse and gave him a coin that sent him away grinning with pleasure.

Betty did n't know much about the law, but she was almost certain it was against it to scatter stuffed eggs and fruit tarts along the middle of Fifth Avenue! And yet something *must* be done!

She certainly could not take it to the hotel!

She made a desperate resolve.

"Stop at a news-stand, please," she called to the driver. The man did so, and Betty bought four newspapers. "Go on slowly," she said; and the driver obeyed. Then Betty untied the string from the damaged box, wrapped it all in many thicknesses of newspaper, and tied it with the string, making a secure if very cumbersome bundle. Surveying it with satisfaction, she called to the driver, "Go as fast as you can!" and as he accelerated his speed, she threw the bundle out of the window. Too frightened to look back, she huddled in a corner of the cab, scarcely daring to think she was free at last from that hated presence.

It all appealed to Betty's sense of humor, and, though she was still a little scared, she could n't help laughing at her ridiculous experiences of the morning.

She sat up very straight, and when the cab stopped at the hotel, she gravely alighted, paid the driver, and marched with a dignified air up the steps and in at the door.

Once inside, the first face she saw was Dorothy's.

"Where *have* you been?" she cried. "We 've waited and waited! I could n't telephone, 'cause I did n't know where to find you. Aunt Evelyn is *so* anxious about you. Oh, let me present my cousins, Tom and Fred Bates."

Two good-looking, merry-faced young men looked admiringly at pretty Betty and made polite bows. Still full of merriment at the remembrance of her funny morning, Betty's bright eyes were twinkling, and her cheeks rosy beneath her flower-trimmed hat.

"How do you do?" she said, smiling prettily at the boys; then turning to Dorothy, she said: "Yes, I was detained a little; I 'll tell you about it some other time."

"Yes, I saw you drive up," said Dorothy; "I was looking out of the window. But I 've been there flattening my nose against the pane for half an hour. Where were you, Betty?"

"Seeking my fortune," said Betty, teasingly; "or, rather, seeking to bestow fortune."

But her speech was not heard, because of a commotion behind her.

"That 's the one!" said a childish voice, and, to Betty's horror, an employee of the hotel ushered a ragged small boy straight toward her. The boy held a newspaper-covered bundle!

"I seen you drop it out o' yer cab, ma'am, an' I brung it to yer!"

His dirty little face gleamed with delight, and he held the awful-looking package out to Betty.

She drew back, feeling that she could not take that box in charge again, and Fred Bates said:

"What does this mean? Why are you annoying Miss McGuire?"

"This chap says it 's the lady's property," explained the clerk who was looking after the boy. "Say the word, sir, and we 'll put him out."

He laid a hand on the urchin's shoulder, but the boy spoke up insistently:

"It *is* hers, sir! I seen her lose it outen the cab winder, an' I picked it up, an' ran behind."

"That awful-looking bundle Betty's!" cried Dorothy, in disgust. "Of course it is n't!"

At this the clerk made as if to eject the boy who had brought the bundle, and then Betty's sense of justice was aroused. It was awful to claim ownership of that disreputable piece of property, but it was worse, in her estimation, to have an innocent boy reprimanded for doing what he had believed to be right.

"It *is* mine," she said bravely, though her cheeks grew scarlet at the surprised glances cast upon her, not only by her friends, but by strangers who happened to be passing.

"It *is* mine," she repeated, turning to the boy, "and you did right to bring back to me what you thought I had lost. But I want to lose it, as it is of no use to me. So if you will please take it away and dispose of it properly, I will be much obliged to you, and I will give you this."

Betty took a one-dollar bill from her purse, and offered it to the boy, who still held the bundle.

"Sure, lady," he said, flashing a grateful glance at her. "You 're a white one, you are! Thank you, lady!"

The clerk smiled and bowed, and ushered the small boy away. The urchin turned to give Betty one more admiring look, and she smiled pleasantly at him, and said:

"You 'd better look in that box before you throw it away."

"Sure!" he replied, grinning, and then he disappeared.

"Now, Dorothy," said Betty, restored to equanimity, now that the box was finally disposed of, "let us go and sit down quietly somewhere, and I 'll tell you all about it."

"Do!" cried Fred Bates. "You 're the most mysterious person I ever heard of, Miss McGuire! Come right up to our family sitting-room and relate to us the story of the Beautiful Young Lady and her Strange Piece of Luggage!"

"Very well," said Betty, dimpling and smiling. "Come on, and the whole of the dramatic tale I will unfold!"

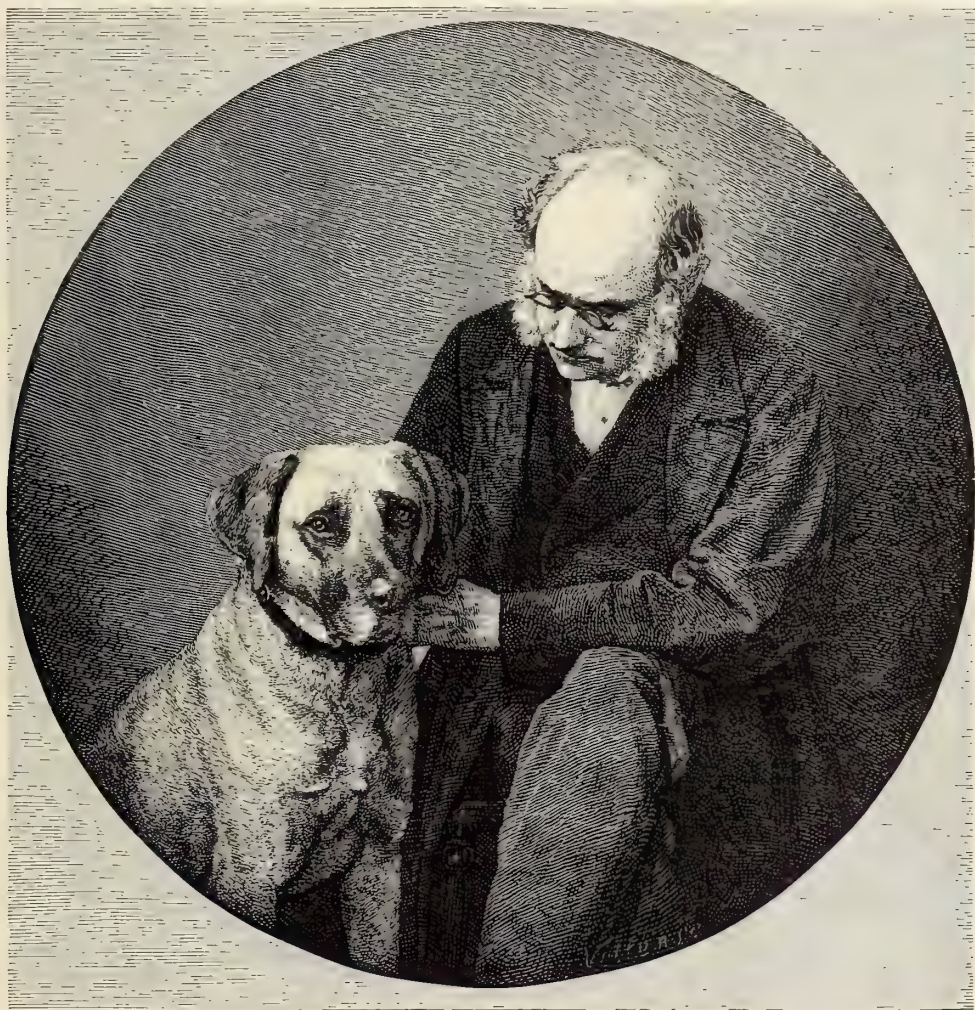
Which she did, to a most enthusiastic and hilarious audience.

A FRIEND OF CHILDREN AND OF DOGS

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

SEPTEMBER 23, 1810, a boy was born in Biggar, Lanarkshire, Scotland, who received the name of John Brown. The reason he was so named was that four of his direct ancestors had borne the

there is no danger of his being confounded with any of them. His father, a clergyman, gave him his earliest education, and in his twelfth year he was sent to school in Edinburgh, twenty-five



DR. JOHN BROWN AND RAB.

same name. That was the best possible reason why he should have received some other name; but such repetition is to be expected in any country where the family and the estate are considered of more importance than the individual. Several of these ancestors were eminent in their day; but they would hardly be remembered now were it not for their more illustrious descendant, and

miles away. Here he finished by studying medicine, and at the age of twenty-three he began practice in that city, which he continued to the end of his life in 1882.

One who was his schoolmate records some pleasant recollections of him: "I first met him at a boys' and girls' party, where he made us all laugh by some outbreak of odd or funny remark

—so that his humor had begun to show itself even then." "When he came among us, some of us boys were inclined to smile at his simple, primitive, country ways and appearance. I remember particularly his little short-tailed coat, made possibly by the Biggar tailor, to whom the fashions of the Edinburgh boy-world had not yet penetrated. I remember, too, his old-fashioned, fatherly way with children a little younger than himself.

"But he had no lack of spirit or liveliness; and as he was a match for any one in the school at Latin, it was not long before he took a high place in the third class. Afterward, in the High School, at the end of his two years' course, he stood second dux in a class of more than one hundred boys. He carried himself in a modest, unaffected way, and his lively, sociable, affectionate disposition made him a general favorite among his schoolfellows." "He was strong and healthy, full of spirit and courage, ready even to give wagers of battle in the grounds about the Surgeons' Hall, behind the High School, where affairs of that kind were usually decided."


He always completely mastered his lessons, and in addition he read the whole of the Iliad and the Odyssey in the original Greek. The boys were required at certain times either to write an essay or to draw a map, and young Brown always chose the map-drawing. This was the earliest manifestation of the artistic skill that he afterward displayed; but his great fame was won in literature.

Once when Charles Dickens was in Edinburgh he remarked at a dinner-party that the incident that had first given him a strongly favorable impression of Scottish character occurred at Chat-

ham in 1832. There was an outbreak of cholera, and all the English physicians, panic-stricken, left the place. But a young Scotchman, assistant to one of the doctors, stuck to his post and attended every case to which he was called. This brought out the information that the young Scotchman was now Dr. John Brown, who was sitting directly opposite Mr. Dickens at the table. Thereupon Dickens rose at once and went round to shake hands with him.

His first published writings were art criticisms for a periodical, issued as "Notes on Art." He had some original views on this subject, and he used to say that a portrait should be "liker the man than the man himself." He is said to have been one of the first critics to appreciate Ruskin.

But Dr. Brown's masterpiece in literature is the story "Rab and his Friends." Rab was a great mastiff owned by a carter. The narrative begins with a dog-fight, and includes one of the most pathetic incidents of human experience, told from beginning to end with a delicate touch and a perfect sympathy. Another story by him is almost equally famous—the tale of little Marjorie Fleming, the wonderful child, with her pretty ways and quaint ideas, which she wrote down sometimes in rhyme and sometimes in amusing prose. The story of Rab is founded on fact, and that of Marjorie is wholly true. The doctor's early love of Latin asserted itself when he gave his collected writings the title "*Horæ Subsecivæ*," which in the American edition is translated into "Spare Hours." He married a beautiful woman, and they had a son and a daughter. The son, as a matter of course, received the name John Brown.



The Vain Child

By Emily Burt

THOUGH I still am rather little,
 Mother says that I am vain,
 For I like my ruffled dresses
 Better than my gingham plain.

And she says I must outgrow it
 And not think about my clothes,
 So I 'll wear my gingham dresses
 And I 'll try to outgrow those.

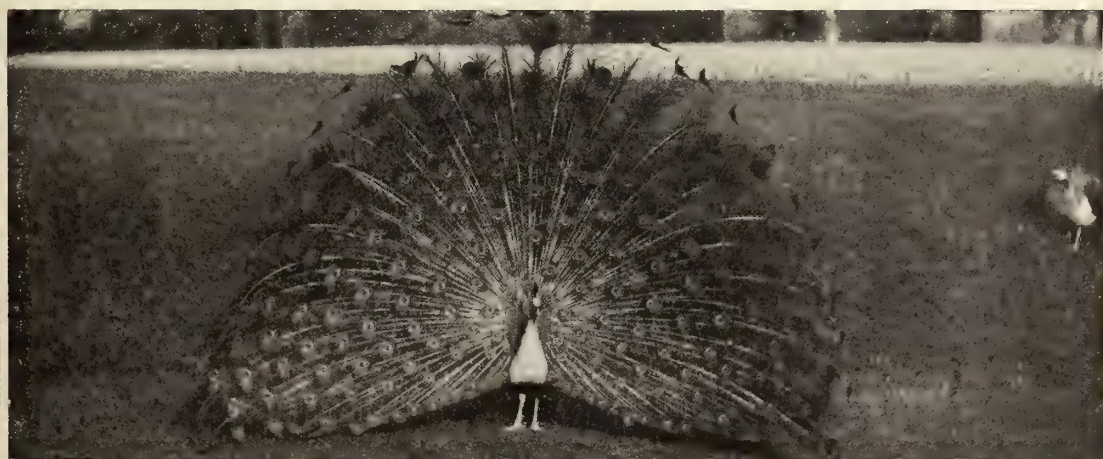
SHOWING OFF



ONE!



TWO!!



THREE!!!

THE REFUGEE

THE STRANGE STORY OF NETHER HALL

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES GILSON

Author of "The Lost Column," "The Lost Empire," etc.

CHAPTER XXI

HOW THE TABLES WERE TURNED

THE story of that eventful evening may be very simply told. The party, guided by the man Pierce, with the barrel of a loaded pistol not a hand's breadth from his backbone, crossed the river, and set forward into the borough of Southwark, on the southern bank of the Thames. No one spoke. They hastened, bunched together, through dark streets. Wayfarers stopped and watched them: a body of constables, a man with his wrists lashed behind him, and two gentlemen of fashion, with pistols in their hands. Assuredly, somewhere mischief was afloat. The denizens of Southwark had small love of the law, and in their eyes this swift patrol was like a hunting beast that scented out its prey.

On a sudden, a halt was called: they were come to the very street. Here, it will be remembered, was to be found a third accomplice, who made pretense to watch the house. It was necessary to take him silently, without noise or firing, which would serve to give the alarm.

Anthony looked down the street, and saw this fellow leaning against the wall on the darker side. Roland Hood went forward alone, and, when close to the man, seized him with one hand by the back of the neck, and clapped the other over his mouth. He was a person of small physical strength, and Roland brought him back like a naughty child, kicking peevishly and spluttering for breath.

They took him some distance away, under a hanging lamp at a coffee-house door; and there much that was both astonishing and contradictory came to light: firstly, upon the evidence of Roland and Anthony Packe, this man was none other than Blatherwick, the so-called "confidential agent of Mr. Pitt"; and, secondly, as every one of the constables was perfectly ready to testify, he was a well-known highwayman, whose favorite hunting-ground was Hounslow Heath.

So much for Blatherwick. They bound him hand and foot, and left him, with Pierce, in charge of two of the police. After that they approached the house itself. It was three stories high, and built of wood, and all in darkness, save for a light that flickered in a ground-floor window. Next to the house was a stable-yard. They

crowded upon the threshold, each man with the barrels of his pistols uplifted, their faces all expectancy; and Roland Hood knocked upon the door.

There was no answer, and he knocked again. The light in the ground-floor window suddenly went out, and a moment afterward they heard shuffling feet in the passage, and the door was opened an inch.

"Is that you, Jack Pierce?" said a voice.

"Yes."

"No, it ain't!" came quickly; and the door was slammed. But Captain Hood's foot sent it back before there was time to turn the lock; and, trooping into a narrow, drafty, evil-smelling passage, they found themselves in the presence of an old woman, a withered hag, whose nose all but touched her chin, who held a burning tallow dip in her skinny, trembling hand.

"Mercy on us!" she gasped, and carried the other hand to her heart.

"Be quiet!" whispered Roland; and taking her gently by the arm, he blew out the candle, and led her forth into the street. There they gathered around her: great brawny constables and an old woman of fourscore years, clothed from head to foot in rags. Beyond a doubt, cold fear had entered into her bones, for she stood before them hunched and trembling, her toothless jaws smiting the one against the other.

"Now, then," said Roland, "who are you?"

"I keeps a lodging-house," she piped. "Oh, mercy!" she let out "He 's always paid his rent, like an honest man, and I 've never asked no questions."

Roland took her up.

"Enough," said he. "*You* have nothing to fear from us. But where is your lodger that has shot men upon the highroad?"

She got back upon her feet.

"D' ye mean you know?" she asked, as if relieved.

"Jerry Abershaw," said Roland, simply; and she drew away from him.

"You 've come to take him?" she asked.

"Yes."

"He 'll shoot on sight," she gasped; "and he never misses. Ye can't spill blood under my roof. I would never sleep again."

"For all that," said Roland, "he himself meant



"JERRY SAW THE USELESSNESS OF ANY ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE."

to do dark deeds there to-night. But the tables are turned against him."

"As like as not," she muttered, and said it again and again.

"Is there any one with him?"

"No," she answered. "He 's gone. He went an hour ago."

"Who?"

"I don't know his name. I think he was a duke, though," she said.

"How long was he here?"

"Three days. He never went out. He sat in the best parlor, reading books—poetry," she added, "all of 'em."

So des Ormeaux was gone. Roland looked at Anthony, and then, followed by the constables, he led the old woman back into the house. At Roland's bidding she entered the kitchen, which looked out upon the stable-yard. There Jerry Abershaw, with his coat off, and his pistols laid out upon the table, sat before a round of beef and a large pewter mug, with the froth running over into a plate.

"Jerry," said she, "there 's visitors."

He got to his feet, with a pistol in either hand.

"I was expecting 'em," said he, quite calm.

"Not these," she exclaimed, and began to tremble afresh. "Not these, Jerry, lad. They are n't the visitors you want."

His face changed. "What do you mean? What 's this?" he asked.

"The law," she said.

"*The law! Christopher!*"

He whipped round sharply, as if he meant to fight to the last. But he was all too late; both his wrists were seized, and four black and gaping pistol-barrels were thrust before his eyes. The old woman sank down weeping into a chair, burying her face in her apron. Jerry never struggled. He saw the uselessness of any attempt to escape. He knew well enough that now his brief career of crime was ended, that he would never again be free of the road to rob post-chaise and coach; and he knit his brows in a scowl.

"Who sent you here?" he asked.

"The landlord of the Bald-faced Stag," said Roland Hood, serenely. By then his hands were bound.

"False!" he cried. "I know him better than that."

"Oh, no," said Roland. "You should either pay your bills—or tear them up. At any rate, it is hardly wise to intrust them to Mr. Blatherwick—of Hounslow Heath."

Jerry must have guessed. For all that, he said not a word one way or the other, but stood smiling grimly. Then, suddenly, without warning, he

let fly with his foot, in a passion, sending a chair across the room.

"This comes," he roared, "of taking foreign gold! I would never have been caught, like a rat in a trap," he burst forth, "if I had stuck to the open road. Well, I 've made my bed, and I 'll lie on it."

In the meantime, one of the constables, who had been turning out the highwayman's pockets, had come across about three hundred pounds in notes, many of them assignats issued by the French Directory.

"No need to ask whence these came?" said Captain Hood.

"Perhaps not," answered Jerry, as surly as a bear. At this juncture two constables who had been searching the house returned, and reported that no sign of the Vicomte was to be found. Though he himself had undoubtedly laid the trap and sent Blatherwick to Roland Hood, Louis des Ormeaux, with that nicety for which he was ever distinguished, had left the real work to more hardened, though not more base-minded, criminals than himself. Beyond a doubt, in some secret place he now awaited the news that his evil plans had been carried out.

As he stood with his back to the wall, erect, it was not an easy thing to believe that this Jerry Abershaw, with the youthful face, the well-shaped mouth, and wide-set eyes, was the most hardened criminal of the day, and that this very night he had been hired—and paid in advance—to kill.

Since he refused to speak, they led him forth, Jerry flattering himself that, though his own days most assuredly were numbered, the Frenchman at least was safe. But here he was wrong; for, on arriving at the coffee-house where the other prisoners were, it was discovered that Jack Pierce knew something of this matter. It seems that the Vicomte, when first he met the highwayman, had accused him boldly of robbing the Ipswich coach. Whereat Abershaw had whipped out his pistols, and reminded the Vicomte that he could then and there dispose of him as a witness. But Louis des Ormeaux had stood quite unperturbed; he had merely taken snuff, and, talking coolly, had shown the highwayman how they might work together to their mutual satisfaction. The Vicomte, going smoothly on, had flattered Jerry's vanity: he admired brave men, he had said, wheresoever he found them. And vanity was Jerry's weakest point.

Abershaw and "Blatherwick" were taken to Newgate Jail, while Roland and Anthony cross-examined Pierce, who remained behind, in charge of two of the constables.

The man at first showed some diffidence in

speaking. But when he learned that the Frenchman was a spy, there being a grain of loyalty in his composition, he confessed openly to all he knew, humbly expressing a hope that what he said would serve to earn a pardon for himself.

Louis des Ormeaux had conceived the whole idea. Blatherwick—whose real name was Forrest—had got his instructions direct from the Vicomte. Pierce and his "mate"—a man called Sykes, as chance had it—had been told by des Ormeaux to call at the hotel, disguised as constables, not less than two hours after Blatherwick had left, in order that Anthony might have little time in which to meet with Mr. Pitt. It is probable that no suspicions would have been roused had it not been for the paper and the printed words, THE BALD-FACED STAG, and Roland and Anthony would have accompanied the bogus constables to the house at Southwark, there to be set upon by Jerry Abershaw and Forrest.

Pierce, probably to shield himself, smoothed over this part of the business, and did it exceedingly well; though, for all that, he might have spoken true. He insisted that they had never intended to commit the crime. Jerry himself had given it out that it was a lesser sin to be paid for nothing than to rob a man on the road. They had taken the Vicomte's money, but would never have done his work.

And then he came to the gist of the matter, the very thing his hearers wanted most to know. *Jerry was to meet the Vicomte at midnight at the cross-roads east of Leyton town*, where the Frenchman was to be told that his rival had been put out of the way. Thence he and Jerry were to ride upon some secret mission of their own, of which Pierce knew nothing, beyond the fact that he had heard des Ormeaux say that "there would only be old Sir Michael to tackle, for the men-servants one and all would run away at the sight of Jerry's mask."

It was probably only when Anthony and Roland heard this that they fully realized what complete salvation for them and theirs had lain in that piece of paper that had fluttered unseen to the ground when Captain Hood had struck the table with his fist. It was now, for the first time, that they truly realized with what manner of man they had to deal: he was so desperate and determined that nothing could cause him to desist; he would stoop to any means to gain his ends. They had but one thing more to learn: that defeat and disappointment would drive the man to something akin to madness.

They left Pierce with the constables, to be conducted to Newgate, and proceeded by hackney-coach to the hotel in Covent Garden.

Here Anthony Packe snatched a hasty meal; for he had had naught to eat since midday. After that he returned to his rooms in Lincoln's Inn, where he got into boots and breeches, and armed himself with a brace of pistols and his sword.

No sooner was this done than his friend rode into the square, leading Anthony's horse, saddled and bridled.

Roland had been to Newgate, to see the governor of the prison on matters relative to Abershaw's arrest, and to ask for the assistance of constables to capture the spy at the Leyton cross-roads.

The governor, a courteous gentleman, had said that he had no power to order the police to act beyond the jurisdiction of the London magistrates; for such, at that time, was the law. The peace of the township of Leyton was in the hands of the local rural authorities. The governor said that special constables could be detailed for the business, seeing that des Ormeaux was a known traitor and a spy; but there was no time for such formalities, since Captain Hood must be at Leyton by twelve o'clock that night.

Roland told the governor that he had a friend who, like himself, was willing to ride through thick and thin to run this fox to the death. The governor admired the young man's spirit, and assured him that he would acquaint the Home Secretary of the matter, that the ports might be watched and the customs officers put upon their guard, lest des Ormeaux might escape them and endeavor to cross to France. Roland thanked him, and rode in all haste to Long Acre, whence he led the horse he had hired for Anthony to Lincoln's Inn.

Two minutes later the two young men were mounted. They started off at a brisk canter eastward, for there was little time to spare.

CHAPTER XXII

THE LAST RIDE

THE city streets were dark and silent, and echoed noisily the clatter of the horses' hoofs upon the cobblestones. Here and there a light that flickered shed its warmth and brightness from an upper window; and now and again, from the opened doorway of a tavern, sounds of revelry and laughter streamed forth into the darkness. The watchmen were abroad, with the moths fluttering round their lanterns as they called the hour in husky voices to poor, starved, and homeless outcasts, stretched on door-steps sheltered from the wind that whistled down the streets.

Anthony and Roland moved forward at a canter. Sometimes they passed a chaise bound for

St. James's, the postilions busy with the whip, in all haste to come to the journey's end; within, some nocturnal traveler, a gentleman of quality perhaps, fast asleep, with opened mouth and head rocking from side to side, like an inverted pendulum that kept inconstant time. In Hoxton they met the Lincoln coach—crowded, outside and in—rolling into London, with all on board, except the driver and conductor, sound asleep.

When they came out into the country, the night

you are!" he said, and his voice trembled. "I was tired of being alone. And," he added, after a pause, "I do not like the sound of the wind."

It seemed as if he shuddered. Indeed, his conscience played the ghost. As he sat on his horse at the cross-roads, as like as not he had heard the spirits of those he thought his plots had slain, groaning dismally in the trees. At all events, some such fancy had so played upon his nerves that he already was unmanned. On that account



"ANTHONY AND ROLAND MOVED FORWARD AT A CANTER."

was spread around them. There was no moon. Black clouds, near to earth, raced across the sky, so that only here and there, for an instant, did a lonely star peep forth. The wind was moist and warm and at their backs, blowing a gale from the southwest and rustling the leafy branches in the trees. Many a ship in the Channel was like to be in distress.

A clock struck the hour of midnight as they passed to the north of Forest Gate. At that they set spurs to their horses, and were soon through Leyton and climbing the long hill to Barking Side.

They came upon the cross-roads unexpectedly. It was so dark that they were startled by the sound of the Vicomte's voice. "Ma foi, how late

the familiar sound of the voice of Captain Hood came something as a shock.

"Hands up!" cried Roland, and leaned forward and seized the bridle of the Frenchman's horse; while Anthony leveled his pistol at the man's dark, uncertain form. Des Ormeaux came out with a kind of a shriek mingled with fury. He threw himself back in the saddle, jerking violently at the bit, so that his horse reared high into the air.

Anthony's pistol flashed, and they saw the red smoke in the darkness curl back from des Ormeaux's braided coat. He was not touched, though his clothes were singed and torn. His horse took fright, plunging forward so suddenly and strongly that Roland had either to release his

hold upon the bridle or be thrown to the ground. He let go; and des Ormeaux drove his spurs into his horse's flanks, and vanished in the night.

For an instant the two young men sat undecided. The thing had happened in a trice. The sound of the hoofs of des Ormeaux's horse was drumming in their ears. On a sudden, when the man was not more than twenty yards away, he pulled sharply up and turned. There was a brief silence; and then two fiery flashes, and instantaneously two loud reports; and the Frenchman's bullets came singing past their ears.

At that they hesitated no longer; they plunged forward together. Des Ormeaux turned again and fled, they after him, Anthony filling the night with a long-drawn "Tally-ho!"

For the first hour they rode like men demented. They were all fine horsemen—the Vicomte probably the best. They were all well mounted, but here the Frenchman's superiority was unquestionable, as the first half-hour gave proof: in ten minutes he had drawn well away; and it was only by means of a free use of the spur that they kept him within the range of hearing. Roland's horse, however, soon began to fail him, but Anthony pressed on. They reached the main road at Romford, the Vicomte first, still gaining ground, Anthony second, and Captain Hood last, with his horse roaring badly.

They still went at a mad, headlong gallop, as if borne forward upon the raging, howling wind. It was plain that it could not last. Any moment one of the three gallant beasts might stumble, trip, and then fall dead in its tracks. If this should be the Frenchman's mount, the chase would be ended then and there; but, as yet, des Ormeaux was riding the strongest of the three. Near Ingatestone he reined in upon a hilltop and listened. He could hear the sound of a horseman approaching at a headlong pace, faint in the distance, but growing louder and nearer as the seconds flew.

He was undecided at first. There might be two horses, or there might be one; it was difficult, in so great a wind, to tell. And then there came to his ears a still fainter sound—a second horseman, far behind the other, also coming on. At that he slipped lightly from the saddle, and his teeth set in a fox-like grin. Passing his arms through the reins, he reloaded his pistols, and stood in the roadway, waiting, peering with screwed eyes and knitted brows into the thickness of the night.

The dark form of Anthony Packe, high in the saddle, loomed suddenly before him. He fired twice; two jets of fire sprang forth from the barrels of his pistols; and the night was filled with the piercing shriek of a wounded horse. Des Or-

meaux never stayed. A second later he was once again across his horse and streaming madly on.

We know from this that the man was now consumed with but one desire, that had taken up itself the likeness of a frenzy: to get to Nether Hall. That was his wild and savage aim; else he had turned upon Anthony and fought him on the road.

It may have been that now, foiled and forever disgraced, revenge was all that was left to his invention. It may have been only that he recognized himself for lost. As he rode forward through the windy night, he may, or he may not, have contemplated the desperate thing he did. We cannot say. We only know that, blind to all else, caring for nothing, he rode fifty miles, till his beast dropped exhausted at the gates of Nether Hall.

But, to return to Anthony; he had been thrown violently upon the road. His horse was shot, and the life had gone out with that wild and awful shriek. Five minutes afterward Roland drew rein upon the spot. He dismounted in alarm, thinking that Anthony was hurt, and was much relieved to find that no damage was done to the boy, beyond a bruised shoulder and a painful hurt to the knee.

That much off his mind, he made inquiries of the Vicomte.

"How far ahead?" he asked.

"Not far," said Anthony. "You can hear him now."

They listened: occasionally, whenever there was a lull in the wind, they could hear des Ormeaux, far ahead, forging madly on. It was as if they tasted something of the bitterness of defeat. For the man had slipped through their fingers, and there they were, left behind upon the road, with one horse dead and the other broken down. Roland shook his fist in the darkness. He felt helpless and alarmed; and helplessness is a sorry state for a young and active man. It was Anthony who got the inspiration of the hour.

"Brand!" he cried, and that was all.

Roland let out a shout of joy, and clapped his friend upon the back; it seemed little short of a miracle that one single word could bring about so great a transformation.

The fact of the matter is simplicity itself. They were, they knew, somewhere between Brentwood and Ingatestone, something the nearer to the latter place, and therefore not far from the great square-built house that was called "The Hide," where the high sheriff of Essex had once been wont to live. Timothy Brand, the high sheriff in the reign of George I, had long since joined his fathers in the family vault at St. Mary's Church,

but Thomas, his son, now reigned in his mighty stead. Sir Michael knew Tom Brand well, and so did Anthony. And as for Roland, he had paid a visit to the Hothams—the family of the gallant admiral under whose orders he had served in the Mediterranean—and had a very perfect recollection of looking over the Hide stables one Sunday afternoon. It was the memory of that afternoon, and Tom Brand's well-groomed hunters, that filled his heart with gladness; and in spite of the lateness of the hour, they resolved to set out toward the Hide.

It was near upon two in the morning when they reached the house. The wind still roared, and the trees beat and swayed in the gale. They came up the drive, Roland leading his horse. He had made an effort to ride on ahead, but the poor beast was so exhausted that he had not the heart to urge it into a trot.

For several minutes they banged upon the door, which at last was opened by Brand himself in a nightcap.

Whereupon Roland, in the fewest words, made him master of the truth. Brand knew of the outrage at Nether Hall, how the French guest had turned out to be a spy, and how, assisted by a highwayman, he had carried Cicely Packe in a faint from her father's house; he had heard all this, and at the time had fumed in indignation. And now he learned that this very man was on the road, and his midnight visitors riding in pursuit.

At that he vowed that not only should they have the two best horses in his stable, but that he himself would sleep no more that night. He, too, would follow them—would ride to Dedham to see the matter out.

A few minutes later Anthony and Roland were mounted in the stable-yard upon two of the finest horses in the county, and set off at a gallop when they reached the highroad, and never drew rein until they were come to Widford Church.

For two hours the wind raged and whistled, and the riders forced their horses through the night. They dashed through Witham, Kelvedon; they passed the Dunmow road. They covered miles at the gallop, and only walked their horses when they came to the steepest hills; until at last physical exhaustion laid so strong a hold upon Captain Hood, who still was weak from his wound, that it was all he could do to sit his horse. Still he would not consent to halt, to rest a minute, but galloped on and on.

And if it was so great a ride for them, what

must it have been for des Ormeaux—for the man who, through town and hamlet, up hill and down, rode like one demented, lashed his horse into a frenzy equal to his own, and kept abreast of the wind? He never paused, nor once looked back, but sat strongly in the saddle, his hair ruffled by the breeze, his eyes fixed before him and his features set.

As Roland and Anthony drew near to Colchester, the wind abated, the trees were silent on the wayside, and the air became filled with the freshness of the dawn. And presently, before them, in the east, the gray arms of morning were outstretched across the sky.

The dawn grew apace. Once through the town and on the Ipswich road, the morning seemed immoderately still, with all the summer sweetness in the air. A little farther, beyond the Earl Cooper Inn, and it was light enough to see the trees, with broken branches here and there, tokens of the fury of the storm.

When they had left the Birch Woods behind them, and approached the place where Jerry had robbed the coach, the east, on a sudden, turned a rich and glorious red. It was as if a crimson lime-light had been flashed upon the sky. There was no slow and varied change of color, such as in common heralds the approach of day; but a spontaneous transformation, wherein the drifting clouds in the wake of the storm, and all the vast, illimitable sky beyond, seemed turned upon the instant to glowing, fiery red. It was as if a wave of fire had burst athwart the sky.

• Sunrise! They rode forward, side by side, with their faces turned toward the east, dumb in admiration, with the birds around them bursting into song, and all the rich green country-side spread on every hand.

And then, like an avalanche, overwhelming and cold as ice, the truth rushed down upon them. It was a fire! For now the red flames sprang forth above the tree-tops, and clouds of smoke rolled high into the air.

Anthony Packe sat back in his saddle, his eyes wide and staring, as if his wits were gone.

"Look!" he gasped. "Look!"

Captain Hood was no less white than he. It was some time before he was able to speak; the words were frozen on his lips, and when they came, they came in jerks, as if he choked.

"Heavens and earth!" said he. "It is Nether Hall!"

And then they plunged forward, side by side, like men gone wholly mad.

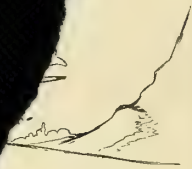
(To be concluded.)



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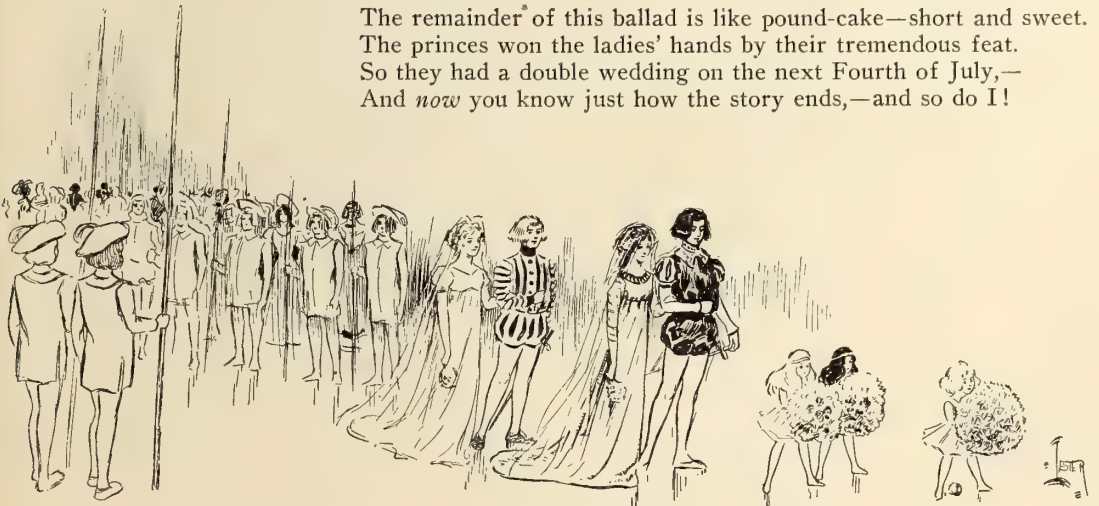
The princes were approaching, when from a thicket's shade
A spifferated Banjak sprang, and for the maids he made.
(A common Banjak 's bad enough—quite apt to kill and eat one—
But a *spifferated* Banjak!—Ugh!—I hope you 'll never meet one!)



Well for the hapless maidens that the princes were so near!
Each, undismayed, his trusty blade displayed, and, scorning fear,
Upon the monster fell they fell, with blows so fierce and firm
That soon the Banjak, sinking down, expired without a squirm.



The remainder* of this ballad is like pound-cake—short and sweet.
The princes won the ladies' hands by their tremendous feat.
So they had a double wedding on the next Fourth of July,—
And *now* you know just how the story ends,—and so do I!



THE YOUNG WIZARD OF MOROCCO

BY BRADLEY GILMAN

Author of "A Son of the Desert"

CHAPTER XVII

ACHMED ENTRAPPED

ACHMED entered the city of Fez at the northeast gate; and he drew his haik well down over his forehead, as he passed in with the steady stream of Moors, Arabs, and negroes. He soon found his way to the *fondak* (inn), which is entered by a low gateway beyond the mosque Farouin. This *fondak* was no more than an open court for animals, with alcoves surrounding it, in which travelers made themselves as comfortable as they could.

Here Achmed established himself, and listened to all possible scraps of conversation among his loud-voiced neighbors. In the course of an hour he had gathered these facts: first, that the Sultan was absent from the city—nobody knew exactly where; second, Achmed heard that the Kaid McKenzie had hurried out of the city with a strong escort of troops that very afternoon; and, third, Achmed learned that the pretender, Bou Hamara, was becoming bolder and bolder, and more tribes had gone over to his standard.

Then he was approached by a bare-legged boy of perhaps ten years, and was addressed as "Abdullah"; he at once thought that he had been mistaken for some other person. "Come, Abdullah, follow me!" pleaded the boy, in a mournful tone. "In the Prophet's name I beg it."

Achmed hesitated a moment; then he believed that he might do some distressed person a kindness, and, in return, might learn important things about the city and his best method of proceeding. So he made answer: "Lead, boy! I follow." And the two passed out of the *fondak* gateway, and along one or two narrow streets.

Here—as rarely in his disciplined young life—Achmed acted hastily, yet with good motives. For, although he kept clear of dark corners, and walked with a hand on his dagger-hilt, he could not have ears and eyes on all sides of his head. He could glance toward the right and left, and before and behind, but he never thought of looking distrustfully upward. And, as he passed under an archway, where the street led beneath a house—as often is the case in Fez—and had just emerged from its darkness, a human figure, crouching in a narrow window three feet above his head, dropped like an agile cat upon his shoulders, bore him to the ground, and delivered upon his head,

at the same instant, a blow from a *lignum-vitæ* club (hard as iron), which smote him into unconsciousness.

WHEN Achmed recovered his senses, he was lying upon the bare floor of a bare room which was open to the sky; it had only one door and one window in its smooth white walls, which were about ten feet high. Broad daylight was all about him.

He put his hand to his waist, and found his precious girdle still about him. Then he felt for his knife, and it was gone; next he sought his money, and discovered that the coin—gold and silver—was gone, but some bank-bills, both French and United States issues, were still safely sewed into a fold of his *jelebeeah*. It was perfectly evident that some search had been made of his person, but it had probably been a hasty one, very likely in the darkness; and the precious girdle, skin-tight and skin-colored, had escaped notice.

His head ached, and one spot on it was sore; that was where the disastrous blow of the club had fallen. He rose from the ground and examined the apartment; he tried the one door, and it was firmly closed; he went to the one window, which was about a foot wide and two feet high, and had a stout iron bar set vertically into the masonry. From the window he could see that the room was in a house which was built upon the city wall; and the open country came up close under the window, which was fully thirty feet from the rocky and uneven ground below.

Suddenly he saw a shadow cast on the floor; he glanced up, and beheld a Moor leaning over the parapet above and coolly surveying him.

Achmed returned the man's stare, and he stroked his black beard and became talkative. "I have waited for you. You acted wisely in going to the sherif of Wezzan, but you acted foolishly in following a strange guide among the dark streets of Fez."

Then Achmed's suspicions were confirmed. This was the Russian's confederate; and he had entrapped him (Achmed) and would hold him until Petrovsky should return from Wezzan.

The day passed, and night came; and still he sat there, buried in despair. At length, wearied and worn out, he slept, awaking often to a sense of his miserable plight. It was during one of



these periods of waking that he suddenly heard a sound of somebody whistling. He sprang to his feet, for the sound was familiar; he ran to the narrow barred window and listened. Ah, there it came again. He recognized it. It was the little cadence or refrain which Ted had taught him at Tangier; yes, it was the signal cadence. Again it rose on the still air, and Achmed's heart gave a great throb of hope, for he knew that faithful Ted Leslie was seeking him. And he responded, as the two had often practised it in their journeying across the desert wastes.



At once the answering call came up to him, and now nearer. Ted had cleverly made him out. How long he had been tramping around the outskirts of the city, under the walls, and patiently trying the signal agreed on, Achmed knew not;

but he did know that the brave, resolute American lad had taken the one chance left him; and that chance had proved wonderfully successful. Yes, thanks be to Allah, the two friends were in touch again; and the Arab lad rejoiced, for he knew that Ted could be trusted to solve his problem of a rescue. So he remained at the window, softly whistling the refrain at intervals; and in

about ten minutes Achmed heard a slight rustling among some vines which grew upon the wall near his window, and heard also a sound which made his heart leap with hope and joy; it was the subdued chatter of Mr. Malloly, the soft, continuous kind which he always made when busy with some sustained purpose; and this purpose became evident to delighted Achmed—a second later, when Mall'y pushed his little round furry head over the window-sill, and then climbed in, bearing with him the end of Moleeto's tether—a cord or rope which, even after losing a little at the bomb explosion at El Dranek Pass, was fully forty feet long.

Mall'y halted cautiously on the edge of the window-ledge until Achmed spoke to him gently: "*Tala heneh, tala heneh, wahled!*" ("Come here, come here, my boy!") Then the little fellow gained confidence, for Achmed and he were the best of friends.

So far, so good. But there was the obstructing bar of iron.

Achmed now called softly out of the window. "Ted, brother!"

And back from out of the darkness below came

Ted Leslie's voice, also in low tones: "I am here, Achmed; can you come down now?"

"No, my brother; a stout iron bar prevents."

"Wait a few minutes," called Ted promptly; and he hurried away to where he had left Moleeto, unfastened the stout walnut stake which was the "upright" for their little tent, and again was back under the wall. "Achmed, draw up the line!" he called.

With this stake Achmed easily wrenched the bar of iron from its place in the *tabbiâ* (hardened mortar) walls, and then sent Mall'y back down the vine. Next he passed the rope around the middle of the iron bar in a running loop; then he climbed through the aperture, and placed the bar transversely across it, behind him, and the descent was then easy for a lad of Achmed's athletic frame.

Hardly a word did they speak as they picked their way off through the darkness, making for Moleeto and then the high lands back of the city.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE KAID MC KENZIE

IMPATIENT as Ted and Achmed were to push forward their plan,—especially so now that they knew about Petrovsky's journey to Wezzan and his near return to Fez,—they were so fatigued that they gave themselves a few hours of sleep.

At about ten o'clock they roused themselves and took counsel together. "As long as my attempt resulted so badly," said Achmed, with entire frankness, "I think that now we would best go into the city together, but only in full daylight."

"Yes, I think the same," confirmed Ted. (and he did not say, as some people might have said, "I told you so before." He knew that Achmed was fully aware of that). "Yes, you are right; let's go together, and in broad daylight, of course."

They now broke camp and tramped rapidly down into the fertile plain of the Sebu; and in a half-hour they entered the gateway of the city.

Hardly had they passed through the gateway when the blare of trumpets met their ears; turning the next corner, they came full upon a procession; two trumpeters led the way, and after them marched several platoons of black soldiers in scarlet and blue, and with bare legs and feet. After them came a dozen horsemen in long, flowing scarlet robes, one of them bearing a huge red silk banner.

But the central point of the pageant, the figure which at once drew their attention, was that of a tall, gray-haired, square-shouldered man among

the horsemen, a person of resolute bearing, brown as a berry, yet with features which disclosed his European character.

Achmed inquired of a Moorish boy near him. Yes, it was the "Illustrious Kaid, supporter of the Sultan's throne."

Swiftly Ted arrived at a plan. He raised his voice and shouted loud, in English, "Kaid McKenzie!"

The kaid started, half hearing it; and again Ted shouted the name.

This time the kaid turned and stared. "I have an important message for you," shouted Ted, waving his hand to guide the kaid's gaze. And now Kaid McKenzie called a halt and rode over to them.

At first his face wore a stern, guarded expression; but a few frank sentences from Ted, and the honest look in his eyes, softened the shrewd Scotsman's attitude rapidly; and he smiled and detailed a half-dozen of his men to accompany our friends, and in a short time the entire cavalcade passed under the gateway of the kaid's kasbah, or fortress.

The mention of Lord Cecil Seymour's name by Ted brought an alert look to the weather-beaten, sunburnt face of the kaid. "We were undergraduates together at Oxford," he said, and the recollection seemed to please him.

Ted Leslie told briefly the story of Achmed's fidelity to him, Ted, in Egypt, and on through the account of the commission given him by the governor-general of Egypt.

When Ted had ended, Kaid McKenzie said, with brevity: "It is refreshing to hear good straight speech from honest British or American lips. The next thing is to let me see the message. You have it on you, the belt?" And he nodded questioningly toward Achmed.

Yes, the young Bedouin had it on. But so deeply had the habit of concealing and guarding it graven itself into his nature that even now he was reluctant to disclose it. "Not here, my brother," he said, appealing to Ted. "Alone we three will look upon it, if so please the kaid."

Kaid McKenzie smiled, but the lad's tenacious, cautious reply rather appealed to his canny Scottish nature; and he led the way into an inner apartment, where Achmed, after a quick glance of scrutiny around the bare walls, slowly drew off the parchment girdle and laid it in McKenzie's hand.

Of course the strip of parchment showed no writing whatever as yet. Some chemical agent was needed to bring out the hidden script.

Now it was the kaid's turn. "I will do my part," he said, "since you two have done yours.

When Seymour and I were together, as chums, in the old days, we played a little at cipher-writing and invisible ink and all that. In fact, we once agreed on a certain kind of fluid which we were to use if, in later life, we had occasion to corre-

slightly turbid fluid that looked as if made by pounding some plant and then soaking the mass in water. "It is simply the root of the oleander," explained the kaid, in a brisk tone, "a plant which is found in all parts of the warmer temperate

zones and of the cooler torrid zone. For our purpose—Seymour's and mine—it was needful, as you will readily see, to choose some plant which was widely distributed over the earth and was also easily accessible."

"Now I take the girdle, please," he continued, "and pass it slowly, thus, through this turbid fluid. Slowly, slowly—ly—thus! You can see the writing beginning to start out. There! It is plainer. Now I must read it while it is wet or at least damp; for it will fade out when it dries. So please excuse me a moment." And he riveted his sharp gray eyes upon the parchment.

After a little he asked: "Do you both know what is written on this? It is a mingling of Arabic and English which can be read only by persons who know something of both languages."

"I saw it written, and the Governor-General Seymour explained it to me," replied Achmed, quietly. And Ted added that Achmed had told him about it.

Kaid McKenzie now stood gazing at the girdle. The writing had begun to fade before he spoke. Then he said, weighing his words: "I am glad that Seymour has come to see this subject as I have long seen it. Closer union between Morocco and Great

Britain is more and more desirable. There is only one barrier to the plan. You may not know it, but there is one person in this country who wields power which is equal or even superior to the Sultan's; and that is—"



"AS ACHMED PASSED UNDER AN ARCHWAY, A HUMAN FIGURE DROPPED LIKE AN AGILE CAT UPON HIS SHOULDERS." (SEE PAGE 1022.)

spond in great secrecy. If you two will remain here a few minutes, I will return with the needed arousing solution."

In twenty minutes he came back, bearing a ewer, or basin, of silver, which contained a

Ted now apologized for interrupting, and, reaching beneath his haik and jelebeeah, and drawing out a sealed document with a green crescent upon it, said: "Pardon me, Kaid McKenzie, and allow me to show you this pledge of support from Moulai el Tayib, sherif of Wezzan."

The kaid could not repress a look of surprise, and this broadened into a smile of enjoyment as he took the impressive document, glanced at its seal, and then read its contents. "Allow me to remark, my lads," he said, "that you have done a good bit of work. If you were my sons I would be proud of you."

Whereupon Ted, laughing, thanked him, and added, as he caressed little Mall'y: "This little chap also has had a hand—or shall I say a paw?—in our expedition; and without him I fear that we might not—"

The kaid waved his big brown hand in the air and laughed heartily. "Very good!" he exclaimed. "I take your word for it. And I include him in my praise; yes, I'll even include him in the family circle which I was just now sketching." And he tapped the sharp-eyed little monkey's head lightly with his forefinger; and Mall'y sneezed an approval, and passed his little india-rubber fingers solemnly over the spot thus touched.

Now followed general conversation. In response to their inquiries regarding Moroccan affairs, Kaid McKenzie told them that the Sultan was indeed very ill. As to this pretender's prospects, continued Kaid McKenzie, "they are not very good. Even if the present Sultan, Abdul Hafid, were to die, or be captured and killed by Bou Hamara, his natural legal successor is Moulai Ben Ali, now at Rabat, on the west coast; and he would find a very strong following all through the country."

The writing upon the girdle had now become invisible, from the drying of the parchment tissue. The kaid still held it in his hands, as he also held the document of the sherif of Wezzan. Achmed now took the girdle, saying gently yet firmly: "With your permission, Honorable and Illustrious Kaid, I will put it on again."

The kaid then gave over the sherif's document to Ted, saying: "Perhaps you may as well keep it. We must wait, I know not how many days, for the Sultan's return; and in this country one never knows whom to trust or what may happen." Then he recurred to the dangerous adventure which Achmed had undergone with the supposed confederate of Petrovsky. The lads had included all this in the full narrative which they had given him concerning their journey up to the moment when Ted called loudly to him in the street.

"I have no doubt," the kaid remarked, "that your Moor was the Russian's confederate, and that the Russian himself is well on his way back from Wezzan, although what success he has had with that intriguing old sherif I cannot guess. We will try to be ready for him when he arrives. As for trying to find the Moor, there is not much use in searching. I know pretty nearly which the house is where you were imprisoned; but if we went there probably we would find it empty. Fez has scores of houses which are empty and neglected by their owners; the city was once much larger and more prosperous than now, and many buildings which were then in use are now deserted. Still, I will make a few careful inquiries."

The hospitable kaid now clapped his hands, in the Oriental fashion, as a signal, and two attendants entered, and carried away the utensils of the tea-drinking. Then another attendant entered, and to him the kaid said: "Show these friends of mine to rooms suitable for their stay through several days. And their donkey, there at the entrance of the courtyard, give him good stabling."

Then he selected two young Moors to act as personal attendants to Ted and Achmed, saying, in English: "These chaps will obey you in all ways as they would obey me."

So our young friends were soon comfortably installed in two adjoining rooms of the kasbah—rooms which afforded an excellent outlook upon a large, luxuriant garden, as well as a good view of the hills near the city, and Mount Thagot rising above them.

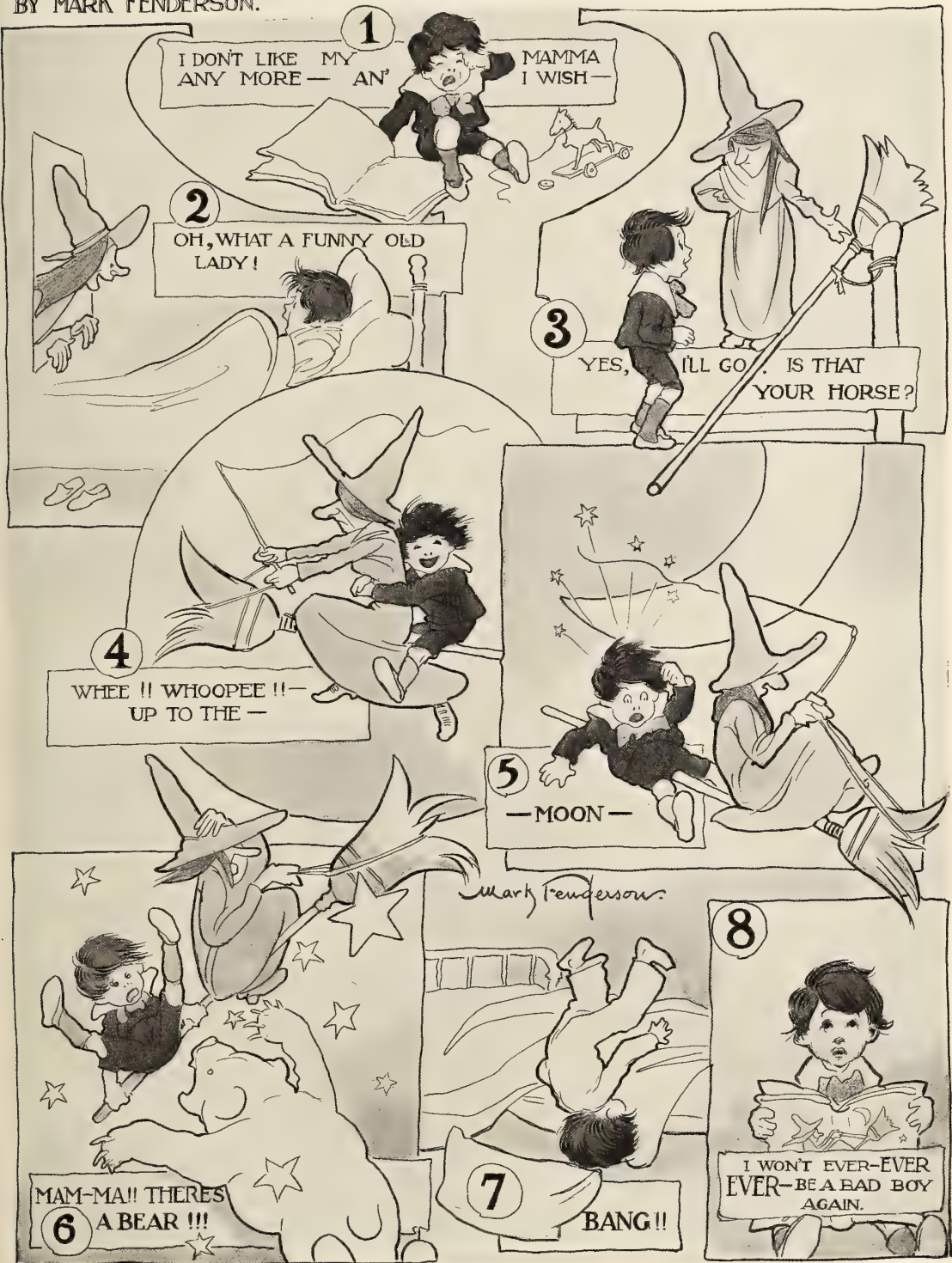
All seemed to promise well for the success of their undertaking. The friendly kaid had given them every hope of the Sultan's approval. To be sure, there was the shrewd, persistent Russian, Petrovsky; they knew that he would make every effort possible to outwit them; but where was he now? Perhaps nearing the city; but with another pledge like that given them by the sherif? They could not be sure. Even though the sherif had taken that most solemn vow, "By the beard of the Prophet," yet who could be sure of anything in this strange, barbaric, truth-avoiding land?

At all events, they were now very comfortable in their new quarters; and they rested, and waited, and did a little sight-seeing in the city, and still waited.

A full day went by. Then came a surprise—and not a wholly agreeable one to them. As they were seated, late in the afternoon, eating their *kous-kous* and sipping water agreeably flavored with mint, they heard sounds outside; the noises grew louder; men's voices mingled one with another.

WILFUL BOBBY'S MIDNIGHT RIDE.

BY MARK FENDERSON.



UNITED STATES NAVAL SCENES

PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT BY HENRIQUE MÜLLER



THE *CONNECTICUT* LEADING THE FLEET OFF CAPE COD.



THE *NEBRASKA*, PASSING BATTERY PARK, NEW YORK CITY.



THE *OHIO*, MANŒUVERING AT SEA, OFF CAPE COD.



THE *MINNESOTA*'S OFFICERS AND CREW. ADMIRAL OSTERHOUSE TAKING COMMAND.



BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

DIFFERENT WAYS OF TELLING THINGS

You can work it out by Fractions or the simple Rule of Three,
But the way of Tweedledum is not the way of Tweedledee.

You can twist it, you can turn it, you can plait it till you drop,

But the way of Pilly-Winky's not the way of Winkie-Pop.

THOSE lines are just about as true as anything can be. The more one thinks of it, the more one realizes that there are as many different ways as there are Tweedledees or Winkie-Pops, or other people with names not so unusual. We each have our own way of seeing things as well as doing them; no two persons, it is said, can report some little incident seen in the street or occurring in their own house, and tell of it in just the same way. Tweedledum will have his, and Tweedledee his, and one way is as good as the other, although different, and probably the thing they are describing is not quite like the story told by either. For just here comes in what is called the personal equation, and has its own say. No one ever sees everything. It is reflected into the eye, to be sure, but the mind unconsciously chooses what most strikes it, and makes up its picture from this choice; and no two minds make precisely the same choice.

That is the reason why it is not true that all the stories have been told, though we hear people say so. Every story is partly made up of the story-teller himself; he is mixed up at least a little bit in everything that happens, though you hardly notice this as you read. No matter how much he twists and turns his story, he can't possibly turn himself out of it. For though his books may all be different from each other, they will nevertheless be told and felt and understood in Pilly-Winky's way, if he is Pilly-Winky, and never in the way of Winkie-Pop.

Last month I wrote about John Burroughs and his delightful stories of out-of-door scenes and the lives of birds and animals, not to speak of bees and flowers. Mr. Burroughs's way of telling his stories is to put his facts before you in the clearest and simplest description, with the wonder and loveliness of nature's habits explained in so far as he has been able to explain them to

himself by closely observing the incidents that have come under his eye. He will tell you how he saw two orioles build their nest as he watched from his cabin window, or how he saw the squirrel prepare for winter by storing nuts in its nest in the hollow tree, or a rabbit take care of its young, or a bee fly home with its honey.

After I had laid down his book I took up Kipling's "Jungle Book." It is impossible to think how two ways could be more different than those of Mr. Burroughs and Mr. Kipling. Yet they are both concerned with the world of nature and the wild creatures, and though a large part of the "Jungle Books" is make-believe, nonetheless Kipling tells only what is true of the habits of the animals. He gives us a real impression of their lives, an impression quite as correct as though he had not pretended that Mowgli and the forest people could talk together. For all this is Kipling's way of showing us how the animals and their curious lives strike him. Mr. Burroughs tells us facts in a simple and beautiful manner. Mr. Kipling tells us facts too, and then on these facts he builds a wonderful—and how wonderful it is—story of imaginary facts. And the one is as real as the other, for in the imaginary part he reveals himself, and certainly he is real enough. Could any one else have written "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi," for instance? It is, to be sure, the result of intimate knowledge of the mongoose and the cobra, and the other animals mentioned. Do you remember the little touch where the red ants begin to march toward the hole after the fight is finished? And if any of you have ever heard an angry mongoose you will know that there is no better description of his cry than the name Kipling gives him. It is a story of actual facts, but it is more too. Pages of description could not make us feel the horror and the terror of the cobra as does that tense moment when Teddy sits staring at his father, afraid to move lest the snake should strike. We all shake with the same fear as we read that paragraph, and we are made not only to understand the ways of the cobra and the mongoose, and to follow their odd actions, but to feel as the people who live in India feel, and to think as they think.

That is what imagination does for one in a

story. It tells not only the facts, but what they mean; you are there, living them, understanding them, never forgetting them. Will you forget the battle of Bagheera and Baloo and the mighty Kaa against the monkeys in the old ruined city? As you read it, you smell the humid tropical air, you hear the shrieks and chatter of the Bandar-log, the hiss of the disturbed cobras; you feel the terrific strength of the python. Also you know something, after you have read the "Jungle Books," of the way of thought of the East Indian people themselves. It all gets into the stories with the make-believe or fairy part, for an admixture of this quality is the very best thing on earth to make plain facts live. We are all using it, all the time; which is the chief reason why the verse at the beginning of this article is so true. For we each look at the simplest facts with those mental eyes of ours, which might be described as colored lenses, that lend their tint to everything, and we cannot escape from this. It is when we reproduce things exactly as we see them through this lens, not when we try to do without it, that we succeed best in getting life itself into our work; for we can only make real to others what is real to ourselves.

ON THE BACK OF A GOOSE

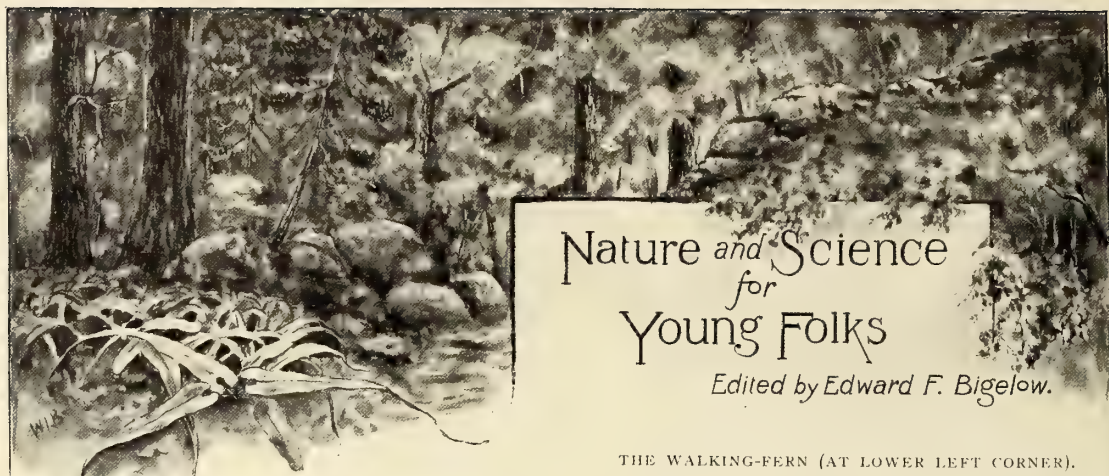
ANOTHER book you ought to read is "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils," by Selma Lagerlöf, the Swedish writer. Nils is like Mowgli in that he leaves his own kind and goes to live with the creatures of the wild. Only his adopted relatives are not wolves, but wild geese. On the back of one of them he flies all over Sweden, seeing and doing many extraordinary things. Wow, how cold it was sometimes, and how closely he was forced to snuggle into the warm goose feathers to keep from being frozen stiff! All the great sights of Sweden and the strange ways of the geese and many other animals are told of in this book, which has become such a favorite in its own country that the people know most of it by heart, and the very cab-drivers give Miss Lagerlöf's names to various places when they take strangers about, instead of the old ones in use before. Little Nils has come to be known all over the world, however, and he speaks many languages now, so that he tells his adventures everywhere. Then, too, just as it is with Mowgli, not only the little children love to hear of him, but the grown-ups also, and all the sizes in between.

One would like to have the two boys meet some day and hear them swap stories, for neither of them is apt to find any one else with whom they can really talk.

All over the world people have amused themselves pretending that at times men and animals have been able to speak together. There are stories of that sort in Japan and Persia, our own red Indians have them, and they are told in the African jungle. East and West, North and South, in the old days and the new, men have wondered about the animal world, trying to explain it in their own words. But it is with them all as it is with the elephant, of whom Kipling says, "His ways are beyond the wit of any man, black or white, to fathom." We can watch them and gather facts about them, but we cannot explain them.

The best part of any story is always the story itself, for the story is the way of the person who writes it. And why it is that Kipling and Burroughs and Miss Lagerlöf should each write so differently when they write of the same things, *that* is another thing you cannot explain by either Fractions or the simple Rule of Three, as we began by saying in the poem we quoted. All these ways are good ways, however. The bad ways are when some one imitates another person's way, or when he guesses at his facts instead of knowing them. For though everybody's facts must be, in the summing up, a shade different from everybody's else, yet they must be true from his own point of view, carefully studied and verified. Nothing is so wonderful as truth. But truth is so million-sided that none of us can get more than a partial view of her. To each she shows a slightly different aspect; and it is in portraying the side we see with the utmost fairness and the deepest devotion that we do what is valuable. Naturally, if we try to put down what some one else is seeing, we are not putting down the truth; Tweedledum's way is not the way of Tweedledee—that is the case in a nutshell. We usually feel at once when such cheating is tried, and call such work false or silly, be it a picture or a statue or book or what not. But the books I have been talking of to-day and these many months, for that matter, are true, and they can be read over and over again. In them is the truth as their writers have seen it, whether told in simple facts, or in fairy tales, or in stories about people.





Nature and Science for Young Folks

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

THE WALKING-FERN (AT LOWER LEFT CORNER).
It is fond of damp places in rocky woods.

SOME CURIOUS FACTS REGARDING FERNS

ONE must be indifferent indeed who does not admire the ferns. Even the very name brings to mind vistas of graceful, waving fronds with delicate, lace-like foliage.

But while most species may well claim our admiration, some are so unlike our usual conception of a fern as seemingly to justify one in declaring that they must belong to some other race of plants. The walking-fern, as the name implies, possesses a characteristic individuality of its own. The fronds are usually not more than eight to twelve inches in length. They are severely plain,

of the fronds are short and blunt; others are prolonged into a long, slender tip, which bends over to the ground, and at this point, if conditions are favorable, a tiny plant begins to form. After a time, as the young plant grows larger, it becomes detached from the parent, though sometimes the connections remain through two or three generations. It is in this sense that the walking-fern "walks," though its steps are short and not often taken. It grows in rocky woods, chiefly in limestone regions, forming dense mats.

In the climbing-fern we have another distinct phase of fern life. This fern has long, vine-like stems too weak to hold themselves erect, and, therefore, has developed a twining habit, depending on neighboring objects for support. The frondlets much resemble a small hand with chubby fingers, and are arranged in pairs. The spore-bearing part is borne at the tip of the stem in a sort of branching cluster. This fern grows throughout the eastern part of the United States, chiefly near the coast. It is sometimes called the Hartford fern, named for the capital of the State of Connecticut, and a law was passed making it a misdemeanor to pull or uproot a plant in that State.

In the appellations "walking-fern" and "climbing-fern" there is a pleasing appropriateness, but to call a harmless little plant an adder's-tongue hints of something odious, as if the plant were possessed of some poisonous property. However, after seeing a specimen of the plant one must admit that, so far as appearance goes, the name is in some degree justified. It has a single stem, usually less than one foot in height, with the spore-bearing portion at the tip, and a single, undivided, elliptical leaf about midway. Beauty and grandeur it has not been endowed with, but



THE CLIMBING-FERN.

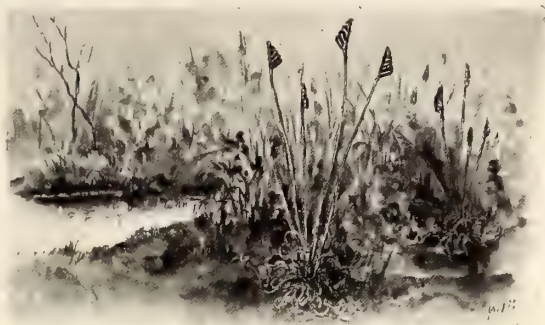
"It much resembles a small hand with chubby fingers."

as if to show its disapproval of the frills and fashions of its more aristocratic relatives. Some

for its charming simplicity of form it has few equals among the higher plants. In fact, when we examine its outlines, we see that it may be fairly represented by drawing two parallel straight lines to represent the stem and two curved lines to represent the leaf. It grows in the grass in wet, boggy places, compelling one to search to find it; and is, therefore, considered a particularly interesting find by fern-collectors.

Closely related to the adder's-tongue are the grape-ferns and the rare moonwort. Most of these plants are too small and inconspicuous for the average person to deign to notice, but of unusual interest and a source of much perplexity to the botanist, owing to their tendency to produce many varying forms. They have the same general habit as the adder's-tongue, but are more

it," which shows how deeply those simple folk were impressed by the little mysteries of common



THE CURLY GRASS-FERN.

"So utterly devoid of the usual fern-like characters as to be hardly worthy of the name."



THE ADDER'S-TONGUE-FERN.

complex in outline. The sterile leaf or frond is often deeply cut and divided, and the spore-bearing portion is branching. The moonwort is more of a British subject than a Yankee, since it is found in but few places south of the Canadian provinces. In the days of superstition it was supposed by some to be possessed of miraculous powers, and an old-time botanist wrote regarding

things. The adder's-tongue, grape-ferns, and moonwort are not true ferns, but are so closely allied as to be commonly regarded as such. They grow in pastures and woodlands, some species being quite common and widely distributed.

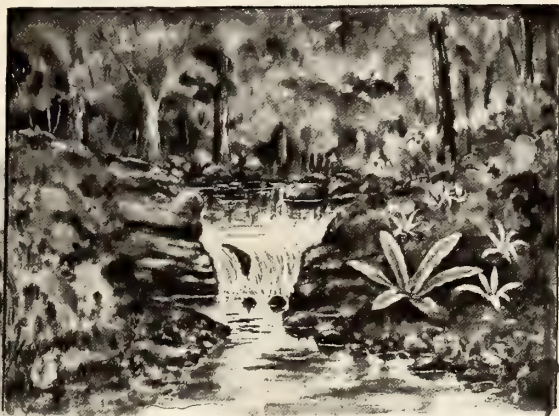
Vying with the adder's-tongue in point of simple unaffectedness is the curly grass, another small and unassuming species of fern, so utterly devoid of the usual fern-like characters as to be hardly worthy of the name. The unbotanical person would place it among the grasses. The sterile fronds are grass-like and are but one or two inches long. Above these rise several erect stalks, three to five inches in height, with the spore-bearing portion at the top. In this country the only stations known for this plant are in certain boggy lands of New Jersey.

If the various "tongues," so called, could speak, they would, no doubt, protest against the titles



GRAPE-FERN.

MOONWORT.



HART'S-TONGUE.

it: "Moonwort is an herb which they say will open locks and unshoe such horses as tread upon

conferred upon them by the botanists. The rarest of these unoffending "tongues" is the hart's-

tongue, found in shaded ravines in the States of New York and Tennessee. The fronds are from six inches to two feet in length, somewhat heart-shaped at the base, and undivided. While there is little in their general appearance to suggest a fern, the spore-bearing organs on the backs of the fronds show at once their true relationship.

W. I. BEECROFT.

"A BOUGH FROM A BUTTERFLY TREE"

EVERYBODY knows this great orange-red butterfly with his bold black bands and white dots, that comes sailing along by the thousand in the autumn, but it is not every one who knows that they migrate like the birds in the fall, and fly all the

are so many butterflies left at the end of the summer, for our "Monarch" is apparently a fat, tempting morsel; but is distasteful to birds. I have written of "The Defense of Unarmed Insects," and this butterfly is a good example.

A photograph of the entire tree would have been more convincing, but the camera and the tree were five miles apart when I came upon the swarm of *Anosia plexippus* (for that is his swell Latin name; his other name is quite as aristocratic, for he is the "Monarch"), so a careful sketch of one of the branches of this butterfly tree was the next best thing.

The caterpillar is also an attractive fellow, a bright-green worm, two inches long, banded with



MONARCH BUTTERFLIES ON A BRANCH.

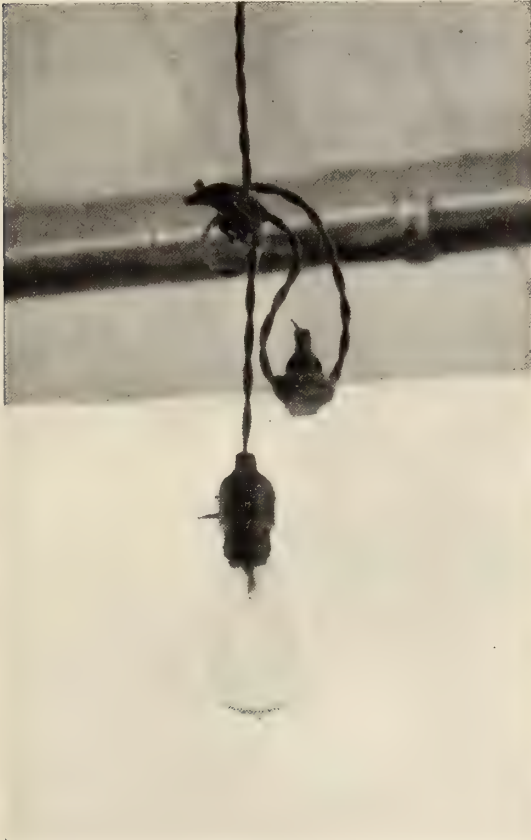
way from Canada to Cuba, and take other long flights so that they get into the sunny South for the winter. They have a most extraordinary power on the wing and have been seen flying at sea five hundred miles from land, but it is their congregating in the fall of the year that I wish to illustrate. Vast flocks of hundreds of thousands, on their way southward, settle on trees and bushes like a swarm of bees, and, as they are pretty much the color of certain autumn foliage, you might easily pass their roosting-place without noticing them. They rest for the night, and are off in the morning as soon as their wings are dry. I have authority for these vast numbers and mileage from one of our best-known entomologists. With all the enemies of insect life, one wonders that there

black and yellow, with a funny, bright-yellow face with two black arches across the forehead. But the curious feature is a pair of long filaments growing from the second segment and moving alternately forward when they are on the march. But perhaps the most beautiful object in the life of this prominent member of the butterfly family is the chrysalis as it hangs from the under side of an old gray fence by its shiny black peduncle. The body is a most brilliant emerald-green, and he wears a belt set with gems, shiny black in front, scarlet at the side, and golden behind. The rest of his bright-green coat is dotted over with black and gold. So you see he is a great swell from the cradle to the grave.

HARRY FENN.

A STRANGE NESTING-SITE

ONE hears occasionally of very strange places chosen by our common birds for the building of their nests, close to the haunts of man.



THE ASTONISHING LOCATION OF A HUMMING-BIRD'S NEST.
In the loop of an electric wire over "a great whirling dynamo."

The leg of an old boot hanging in a shed was the site selected by a pair of house-wrens; I have read that robins once built on a shifting engine in daily service in a railroad yard; English sparrows frequently rear their young unconcernedly near the clanging bells of a clock-tower; and a pair of linnets once worked a week carrying twigs into a clothes-pin bag that hung by my kitchen door.

But who would expect to find the downy nest-cup of a tiny humming-bird within twelve feet of a great whirling dynamo! Such was my experience last summer. The site chosen by these feathered sprites was in a loop in the electric lamp cord that hung from the porch roof of a power-house in Mill Creek Cañon, near Redlands, California.

Under the swaying lamp stood a table, at which the foreman sat to make out his records and reports, and the birds seemed in no way disturbed by his presence, as for two weeks or more they built bit by bit their nest, within reach of his outstretched arm. Strangest of all was the fact that within the wide-open doors of the power-house, and twelve feet away by actual measurement, there whirled and roared by day and night two immense dynamos driven by water-power and generating electricity that was transmitted to the far-distant towns.

On the day of my visit the nest apparently had been completed, and the female kept hovering about it as we stood watching her. I made two snap-shots, but unfortunately the results were not satisfactory. However, the obliging foreman had promised to try for a picture with his camera later, and the result is here shown.

What led to the selection of this nest-site? Who can tell? Was the mother bird fascinated by the ceaseless whirl of the machinery, or was she prompted by the feeling that in close proximity to man she and her young would be safe from her natural enemies of field and wood?

HENRY L. GRAHAM.

NESTS OF WRENS IN CACTUS

MR. GRAHAM also sends the following interesting photograph of nests of wrens in a cactus.—E. F. B.



CACTUS WREN HOMES.

Photographed by Chase Thorn on the outskirts of Redlands, California.
Notice the tally-cards appropriated by the builders, doubtless because of the cords attached.

MILKWEED POD "PARROT"

By a little skill in the use of a knife, a good imitation of a parrot may be made from the common milkweed pod.

Select a well-grown pod. (Be careful that the milky sap, which is sure to flow, does not fall on dress or coat. It will be hard to remove.)



"A GOOD IMITATION OF A PARROT."

Cut off the stem close to the pod to form the beak. Then run your knife-blade just below the beak and around the head on both sides, finishing the cut in a V-shaped point back of the head. This point when loosened and raised forms a crest.

Then form wings, beginning at the central line just below the crest. Bring your knife over its shoulder in a curve and then straight back not quite half-way up the sides until you reach the end of the pod or tail. The knife must cut through the outer and inner coverings—just down to the seed-covered part within. Now remove very carefully both of these coverings from the under side of the pod, beginning at the throat. A single cut on right and left separates the tips of the wings from the tail, and the bird is completed. The beautifully formed seeds with their silky ends will appear as feathers for breast and tail.

Give him eyes by boring them in with the point of a pencil.

A swinging hoop made of a twig will give it an artistic perch, while a pin, pushed through its back and out of the breast and into the branch, will keep it in position.

It will look almost alive and as though it were ready to talk. It never lasts long, for the pod soon dries, but the pleasure is in making and not in keeping the little green parrot.

W. W. K.

AN INDIGO BUNTING'S SHOWER-BATH

A FEW days ago I came across a little bird whose actions aroused my curiosity and led me to an interesting discovery. It was an indigo bunting near the top of a small birch-tree. He was making a great flutter about something which for a while I failed to make out. He would dart under the leaves as if in pursuit of a very lively bug; then he would stand for a moment, fluffing out his feathers like a bird taking a bath under a fountain. Oh, that was it! A bath in the dew which his fluttering shook from the leaves! Now I saw clearly just how he did it. But hardly had I made out what he was about when he suddenly flew away.

He did not go far, however; so I walked as near as I dared to the little birch he had flown to and there I watched him for several minutes. He would soon shake all the dew from the slender branch he stood on; then he would fly to another until his feathers seemed well drenched, whereupon he flew as nicely as you please to a higher bough and proceeded to dress his feathers



A BATH IN THE DROPS FROM THE LEAVES.

in the early sunlight. I imagine this was a daily custom with the bird and that, being now on the lookout, we shall find many a bird giving himself such a shower-bath.

EDMUND J. SAWYER.

A CROWS' NEST ON A CHURCH SPIRE

A FRIEND of ST. NICHOLAS, while recently traveling in England, saw this crows' nest on a church



CROWS' NEST ON BRUNSWICK CHURCH SPIRE,
WHITBY, ENGLAND.

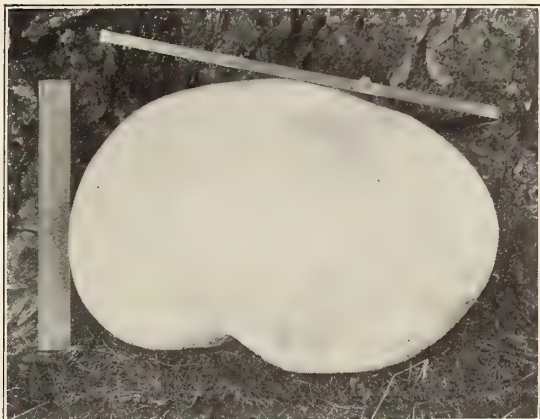
spire in Whitby, and obtained a photograph of it for "Nature and Science."

BLACKBIRDS SEEK PROTECTION

MARIAN E. DEATS of Flemington, New Jersey, reports an interesting observation regarding blackbirds that sought human protection. In a very hard and sudden storm in the early evening these birds flew to the windows of the house and lighted upon the window-sill; the window was opened, and the birds could be easily taken into the house, where they seemed not at all frightened, but delighted to get out of the storm. The birds persisted in trying to enter for some time after the lights were extinguished at bedtime. The yard contains a number of evergreen trees where the blackbirds have nested for years, from one to two hundred pairs each season.

A GIANT PUFFBALL

THE giant puffball is an edible mushroom, and a single good-sized one furnishes a lot of "good



THE GIANT PUFFBALL.

Photographed by Verne Morton, Groton, New York.

eating." The one shown in the picture measured $18\frac{1}{4}$ inches long by $14\frac{3}{8}$ wide and weighed $11\frac{1}{2}$ pounds.

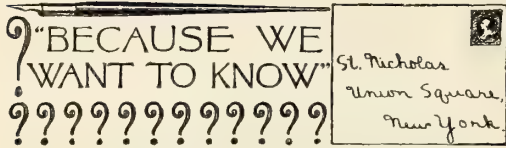
VALUABLE EARS OF CORN

THESE ten ears of corn were sold for three hundred and thirty-five dollars, and are regarded as



THE EARS OF CORN, MR. OVERSTREET, OF INDIANA, WHO
GREW THEM, AND A PRIZE CUP AWARDED.

the best in existence. They were awarded the first prize, the cup shown above the ears, offered by the National Corn Exposition.



THE SIGHT OF SNAILS

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me whether snails can see or not? I have noticed that if you hold your finger before one it will draw into its shell.
Your interested reader,
VINTON LIDDELL.

Snails have eyes connected with the antennæ (the "feelers"). They may usually be seen as black spots, generally, I believe, near the base of the feelers. They are rather simple eyes, but are certainly of use. How much they can see with them is not known.—H. W. CONN.

RUNNING DOWN OF BATTERIES

CHESTNUT PARK, TORONTO, CANADA.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Another boy and I have a two-hundred-yard telegraph-line between our homes. A double (No. 18 weather-proof) wire connects the two instruments. When both of us leave our switches closed, the batteries run down in about twenty-four hours. The line would be useless if we could not leave our switches closed, as it is necessary for the one being called to have the switch closed. Will you please tell me how the instruments should be connected in order to avoid the running down of the batteries? I hope you will print the solution to this problem in ST. NICHOLAS, as no doubt others who have short lines have experienced the same trouble.

Yours truly,
HAROLD C. KINGSTON (age 14).

We suggest that you discontinue the use of dry batteries, and use gravity batteries. Dry batteries are for open-circuit work only, whereas the gravity battery is used where closed-circuit work is required.

EXPLANATION OF "THE MIDNIGHT SUN"

BUTLER, N. J.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me why the midnight sun is seen in Norway in winter?
Yours truly,
CRAFT HOPPER (age 15).

The diagram will make clear why the sun is sometimes seen in Norway at midnight. The North Pole is in the center of each of the little circles, and its position on each drawing shows that the earth is slightly tipped toward the right. This position is constant, and the axis of each position remains parallel with that of the first position at A. The different drawings represent the different positions of the earth with reference to the sun as it travels around the sun in the direction of the arrow. As the earth passes through this orbit it is constantly rotating on its

axis, which extends from the North Pole to the South Pole, and this rotation is the cause of night and day.

In the position A the shadow of the earth passes through the center of the little circle. This occurs about March 20, and is called the



DIAGRAM SHOWING POSITIONS OF THE EARTH WITH REFERENCE TO THE SUN AS IT TRAVERSES ITS ORBIT.

In the spring the earth is at A. In the summer at B, when the earth has extreme tilt toward the sun. The fall position is shown at C, while D is midwinter with the northern hemisphere at its extreme tilt away from the sun. This diagram also explains why it is summer in South America while we have winter in New York, and vice versa.

period of the spring equinox, because the days and nights are then of equal length. As the earth goes along its orbit, being tilted as shown, the small circle will be wholly in the light when the earth arrives at the position B. Now, this circle being wholly illuminated, there is no point in it that can come in shadow as the earth rotates on its axis, and consequently the sun must be visible during the entire twenty-four hours of the day. It will, however, be lowest down about midnight, just as if it were going to set; but before it disappears it will start up again, though at no time will it get nearly overhead, as we see it in our latitude. When the earth arrives at position C we have the fall equinox, about September 22. When it reaches the position D the small circle is entirely in shadow. Then that part of the earth that had the midnight sun in position B will have no sun at all, except maybe just a glimpse of it over the horizon at midday.

This condition is not peculiar to Norway, but is true of those parts of our own continent that extend to the same northern latitude.—CLEMENT B. DAVIS.

WHAT MAKES MIRRORS REFLECT ?

CINCINNATI, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me what makes mirrors reflect?

Your constant reader,

MARIAN BETTMAN (age 12).

Mirrors that are made of glass have metal placed on one side of the glass. The light will pass through the glass, but will not pass through the metal backing. Light has the property of bounding from a surface that it cannot penetrate, the same as a ball would when thrown against a surface that it cannot penetrate. The light passes through the glass of the mirror, meets the metal backing, and then bounds from it. This bounding of the light from the metal surface is called reflection, and mirrors are said to reflect.—FRANK L. BRYANT.

THE CURVED BRIDGES OF JAPAN

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you kindly tell me why the bridges of Japan are curved so much more than ours? I have often wondered whether it was simply for beauty or some other reason.

Your devoted reader,

MURIEL DE V. BOYD.

The curved bridges of Japan are of three kinds: (1) those known as spectacle bridges, with an arch in the center suggesting a pair of spectacles; (2) the camel-back bridges, which go up



EXTRAORDINARY FIVE-ARCH BRIDGE OVER THE NISHE
KIGAWA, IWAKUNI, JAPAN.

Photograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York City.

very high indeed; (3) the ordinary, one-arch, semicircular bridges.

The reason the Japanese so often have curved

bridges is because until modern times they could not build them flat, and even to-day there is no



WHERE THE REFLECTION COMPLETES THE CIRCLE.

Photograph from Sunday School Commission.

keystone to the Japanese arches. They are not generally familiar with the keystone. A great many of two classes of bridges, the camel-back and the high curved bridges, are found in the palace-grounds at Peking in China.—WILLIAM WALTER SMITH.

SEEING ONE'S OWN "GLORY"

WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A day or two ago, at the White Mountains, my father, brother, and I were sitting on a high bank overlooking the Intervale of the Saco. As it was late in the afternoon, we could see our shadows on the ground below. My father asked us to see the bright light around the head of his shadow. "Why, no! Around mine," said my brother. I could see just as clearly a light about the head and shoulders of *my* shadow and nobody else's.

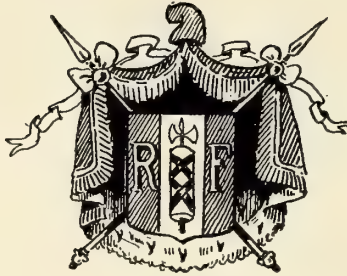
My father remembered having heard of this effect of halos being seen toward sunset, especially on low, marshy ground. I wonder if any of your other readers have ever observed it?

Sincerely yours,

THERESA R. ROBBINS.

That was a very interesting "glory" observed by Miss Theresa, surrounding the shadow of her head. If she had had any instrument for exact observation, she would have found that her personal glory had its center precisely in the shadow line of her own eye, and similarly for the glories observed by her father and brother. Very beautiful glories are seen by observers in balloons above the clouds. These are explained in the textbooks of physics, under optics. They are caused by rays of sunlight reflected from fine drops of water; the smaller the drops, the more beautiful the phenomena. Large fog particles give coarse glories such as the Specter of the Brocken (Germany). Fine cloud particles give the beautiful concentric rainbows seen from balloons. Even dewdrops are sometimes regular enough to form such halos when the observer looks down on them in the early morning hours.—C. A.

MORE LEAVES FROM THE JOURNEY BOOK

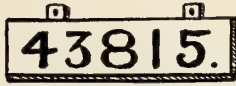


FRANCE

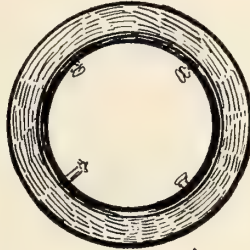
NOW WE ARE OFF TO
FRANCE
WHICH IS ON THE MAINLAND,
SO WE MUST TRAVEL
AGAIN BY STEAMER
ACROSS THE
ENGLISH CHANNEL;
BUT IT IS NOT
VERY WIDE,
AND IN AN HOUR WE ARE ON
LAND AGAIN



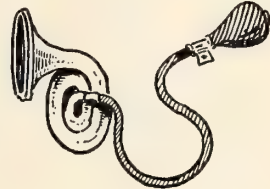
France is a great country for automobiles, so here we will travel by one.



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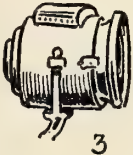
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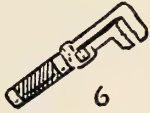
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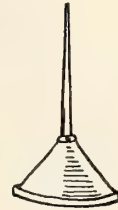
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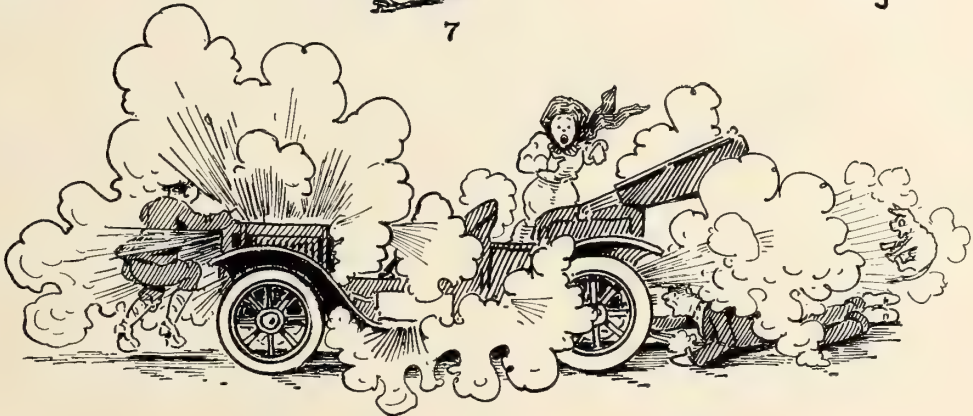
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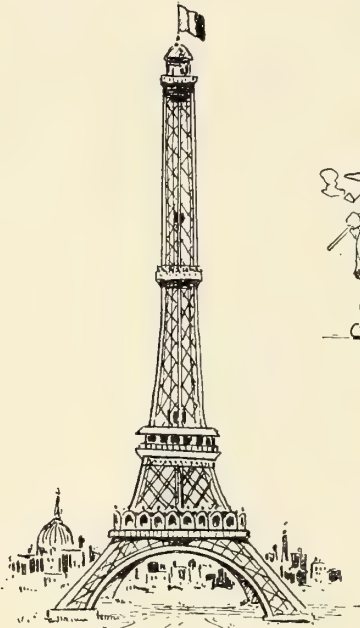
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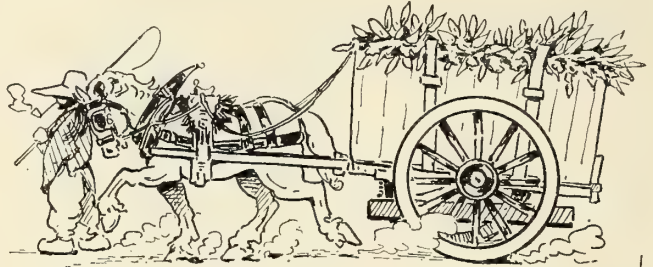
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These are easy to guess if you have ever ridden in an automobile. You know what they all are, don't you?

You will find France very different from England, and there are many interesting things to see as we run along.



Eiffel Tower



A market wagon



A café



On the sea-shore

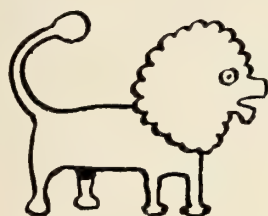


A fisher girl



Breton peasants

Now we should have some more drawings.
These are harder to do than the others.



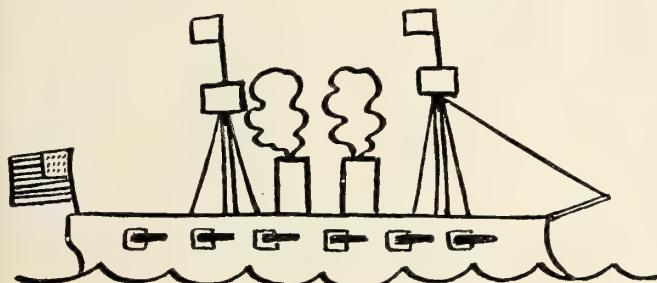
Lion



Fox



Fido



Man-of-war



Doll



Pig family



Fish



House on fire



"HEADING." BY HAROLD L. VAN DOREN, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

SOME may think that it was venturesome in us to give as the subject for the Prose competition a suggestion for some new feature that League members might wish to see in the magazine, and their reasons for so wishing. Not at all! The many excellent contributions we have received have justified our choice of a subject, for it has shown us that our young readers read intelligently. They appreciate what has been furnished them,—clearly accepting the matter as fun, fiction, instruction, art, literature, etc., just as it is variously intended, and enjoy it accordingly, — and, as is natural, want more. Our pleasure in the contributions comes from the intelligent reasons given for wishing to see this or that new feature taken up. As we expected, many, if not all the suggestions were among those that the editor of ST. NICHOLAS had already in the past considered,

— some of them very hard and very often. So too were the reasons for wanting others.

But League members cannot be expected to know all the reasons why all these features cannot be carried out, and why only those good ones that appeal to the largest number of subscribers can be adopted. It is good discipline to have to express oneself clearly and give reasons why an opinion or preference is held; and in this regard the Prose competition was distinctly a success.

The subject "Cheer" or "Cheerfulness" brought forth some healthy, optimistic verses that will well repay the members to read. A number of them were especially well written.

The photographs and drawings this month are quite up to the customary high mark, and rather more than usual received badges.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 127

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Silver badges, **Frank H. Stuermer** (age 14), Mt. Airy, Pa.; **Leslie F. Garrett** (age 12), Melrose, Mass.; **Helen Morgan Hamilton** (age 14), New York City, N. Y.; **Fanny Tomlin Marburg** (age 15), Philadelphia, Pa.; **Mildred C. Roberts** (age 16), Philadelphia, Pa.

VERSE. Silver badges, **Martha E. Hanna** (age 9), Canton, Ohio; **Mildred Porter** (age 16), Amherst, Mass.; **Norah Culhane** (age 15), Hastings, Eng.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **Dora Guy** (age 16), Yorkshire, Eng.

Silver badges, **Harold L. Van Doren** (age 15), East Orange, N. J.; **Dorothy H. Smith** (age 14), Washington, D. C.; **Helen Sveinbjörnsson** (age 17), Edinburgh, Scot.; **Marian Richardson** (age 15), Portland, Me.; **Eleanora Bicasoli** (age 13), Florence, Italy.

PHOTOGRAPHY. Silver badges, **Frances B. Fenton** (age 11), Buffalo, N. Y.; **Agnes Huber** (age 13), New York City, N. Y.; **Ruby M. Palmer** (age 15), Santa Barbara, Cal.; **Howard Henderson** (age 14), Hingham, Me.; **George W. Thorne** (age 17), Pacific Grove, Cal.; **Katharine Tighe** (age 13), St. Paul, Minn.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Marjorie Winrod** (age 12), Downieville, Cal.; **Eugene Scott** (age 12), Pittsburg, Pa.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badges, **Grace E. See** (age 13), Cream Ridge, N. J.; **Margaret E. Whittemore** (age 12), Topeka, Kan.



"A SEPTEMBER HEADING." BY MARGARET OSBORNE, AGE 16.



"A SEPTEMBER HEADING." BY FRANCES WATTS, AGE 14.

A NEW FEATURE I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE IN THE ST. NICHOLAS—AND WHY

BY IDA F. PARFITT (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

WHEN first I saw the subject this month, I said it was impossible that ST. NICHOLAS could be improved, except to be made bigger; but I have been thinking about it, and there is one department which I look for in every magazine, and never find, and that is one of indoor amusements which have quite a few players—two or three—and that need no preparation beforehand. Let me explain more about it.

When I have a friend to tea in the afternoon, we generally sit and talk, which is very pleasant; but I always feel that I should amuse my guest, but what can we do? I



"A USEFUL HELPER." BY DORA GUY, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

will suppose that it is a wet afternoon, so we cannot go outside. We don't want to sit down to cards in the afternoon; besides, most card games need at least four players, and we are generally only two or three; for the same reason we cannot play many other games: there are not enough of us.

We have grown out of dolls, so we cannot play "houses," or "hospital," or any of those games that we used to enjoy so much.

We suggest many games, but there is always the objection, "No, two could n't play that!" Something else is great fun; but, "There are n't enough of us." And so it goes on, until it is time to go home, and what have we done? Nothing. Why? Because we didn't have anything to do.

Now I am sure many other girls are in the same plight, and if ST. NICHOLAS could get some clever person to think of something nice for two or three girls of my age to do on a wet afternoon—something that we can do alone without much preparation to worry other people—I'm sure this new feature would be a great success, because I have never seen anything like it in any magazine, and I, for one, would find it very useful, and would be more devoted than ever to ST. NICHOLAS.

A NEW FEATURE I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE IN THE ST. NICHOLAS—AND WHY

BY FRANK H. STUERM (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

THERE'S just one little thing more that I'd like to see in the ST. NICHOLAS, and that is a few short anecdotes.



"A SPRINGTIME SCENE." BY FRANCES B. FENTON, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

A good anecdote cannot be too well appreciated.

It is said that Abraham Lincoln very frequently won discussions simply by the clever use of anecdotes.

The Bible itself uses anecdotes. In the Bible we call them parables, and they always clearly bring out the point of the discussion.

An anecdote forms a simple and entertaining way of bringing the point of the matter in hand very clearly into the mind of the listener. In many cases facts would be forgotten were it not that they were linked with interesting anecdotes in the person's mind.

Indeed, anecdotes may be considered in the same relation



"A SPRINGTIME SCENE." BY AGNES HUBER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

to hard, bare facts and brain-cells as glue to two bodies which are to be united by its use: they both serve to unite foreign things to one another.

CHEERFULNESS

BY KATHARINE WARDROPE (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

Oh, Sister Lu is cheerful when the world is going right,
 When she has all the pretty clothes she wants,
 When there're operas and dances going on 'most every
 night,
 When she can go on voyages and jaunts.



"A SPRINGTIME SCENE." BY BILLY PAYNE, AGE 14.

Oh, Brother Bill is cheerful when his team wins all the
 games
 Of hockey, base-ball, foot-ball, and lacrosse;
 But when things go wrong you ought to hear him call the
 fellows names —
 He gets most dreffily out of tune and cross.

And Father's always cheerful when his bank-account is
 fat,
 His face is always smiling then, and bright;
 But when the bills come pouring in for Sister's gowns and
 hat,
 The look he wears is glum and black as night.

But Mother's not like that. She is quite different from
 the rest;
 She's cheerful, not sometimes, but every day;
 And of all the kinds of cheerfulness I like my mother's
 best,
 For I know that it will never wear away.

"A SPRINGTIME SCENE." BY RUBY M. PALMER, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

Oh, it's easy to be cheerful and it's easy to be good
 When the world is jingling on, a merry rhyme,
 When everything is going just exactly as it should,
 But it's harder to be cheerful all the time.

AN OLD FEATURE I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE
IN THE ST. NICHOLAS—AND WHY

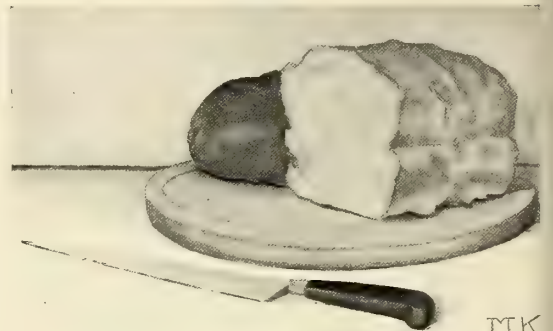
BY LESLIE F. GARRETT (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

IF there is any new feature I should like to see in ST. NICHOLAS, I cannot think of it, but there is one old one I should like to see, and that is that most delightful of departments, dear old "Jack-in-the-Pulpit." Dear old Jack! Was there ever such an amiable person to discuss questions with? At least I never have seen such a person. However, my only acquaintance with him has been through reading bound volumes at the public library, and so I ought not to consider myself competent to answer that question. I have only taken you one year, and this is my first attempt to write for the League.

Jack's birds were always bringing in many letters from all parts of the earth, and these formed admirable subjects for discussion.

What place is there now for such discussion? Certainly not "Nature and Science," for nobody has ever discussed questions in that. Neither is there any place in "Books and Reading," or any other of those delightful departments which are complete except in that one point.



"A USEFUL THING." BY MARGARET E. KELSEY, AGE 16.

If Jack and his birds would wake again, I, for one, would be glad. It is springtime now and is almost time for summer, and I think springtime is the time for birds.

So, dear old Jack, come back again quickly, and I feel sure you will receive a glad welcome.

CHEERFULNESS

BY MARTHA E. HANNA (AGE 9)

(Silver Badge)

WHY not be cheerful all the time,
 And take things as they come?
 When sunshine out of doors is gone,
 Why not be cheerful in the home?

And when the sky is full of clouds,
 When everything goes wrong,
 And when there's nothing else to do,
 Just let us sing a song!

And those who have a cheery face,
 I'm very sure will find,
 There's nothing like a cheerful smile
 To make a happy mind!

A NEW FEATURE I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE IN THE ST. NICHOLAS—AND WHY

BY HELEN MORGAN HAMILTON (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

I HAVE often wished that ST. NICHOLAS would institute among its departments one devoted entirely to current events. The famous magazine has afforded such admirable



"A SPRINGTIME SCENE." BY
HOWARD HENDERSON, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

guides in the studies of art, literature, and science that anything more on these lines would be heartily welcomed.

Everybody, even children, like to have some knowledge of what goes on around them, and I have never realized until this winter how increasingly difficult this knowledge is to obtain. A great many young people are not permitted to read the daily papers, and those who are allowed to are generally unable to understand the long and involved accounts which they find there. In America we have very

few serious political papers, such as the English "Spectator," "Weekly Times," etc., where we may get a clear and interesting view of all important world news. I have attended a current-events class this winter, and, with few exceptions, all my material has been obtained from these English papers. Many boys and girls, however, cannot resort to them, and, in consequence, receive a biased and often incorrect view from the highly colored newspaper accounts, as they do not care to toil through longer, popular-style magazine articles, the latter being their only alternative.

I am sure that if ST. NICHOLAS were to publish clear, concise, *unprejudiced* accounts of the important events of the last month, they would be greatly appreciated. Mention might be made of any other very good article, in case a longer account is desired. This department would not only be a delight to those already interested in the subject, but would waken the interests of many who, as yet, have remained practically oblivious to events taking place in the world.

EVERY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, may become a member of the St. Nicholas League. Send for leaflet. There are no dues.



"A SPRINGTIME SCENE." BY GEORGE W. THORNE, AGE 17.
(SILVER BADGE.)

CHEERFULNESS

BY MILDRED PORTER (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

ONCE upon a time a fairy
Started on her morning's work;
She was bright and gay and happy,
As she said, "I will not shirk."

Soon she found a little fellow
Scowling at his mother dear,
For he did n't like his oatmeal.
Fairy whispered in his ear.

What she said I cannot tell you,
But the boy did smile, not whine;
"For," he said, "here's cream and sugar.
Oatmeal, after all, is fine!"

All day long did this good fairy
Cheer the people in this way,
Making them forget their troubles,
See the bright side, and be gay.

But the queen of all the fairies
Saw her as she started out,
Saw her cheer the people onward,
Make the smiles displace the pout.



"A SEPTEMBER HEADING." BY DOROTHY STARR, AGE 16.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

Said she to the little fairy:
"Nobly have you done, and here
Will I give to you a new name:
All shall call you this — 'Good Cheer.'"



"A SPRINGTIME SCENE." BY KATHARINE TIGHE, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

A NEW FEATURE I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE IN THE ST. NICHOLAS — AND WHY

BY FANNY TOMLIN MARBURG (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

A NEW feature we would like to see in ST. NICHOLAS! That's really a hard subject — the ST. NICHOLAS, in our home at least, is thought to be almost perfect, but —

Don't you think a department devoted to all sorts of needlework, and just for ST. NICHOLAS girls, would be popular and interesting? We have had excellent articles on cookery — the girls who have used the recipes can testify to that — and, for the boys' benefit, splendid ones for young carpenters and would-be magicians; my brother, for one instance, has made good use of them. He has made several very creditable pieces of furniture under the guidance of "The Practical Boy," and has had much pleasure and amusement from the trick and sleight-of-hand articles.

My idea about introducing a sewing feature is this: a woman who knows all about girls and all about needlework might each month give us several pages, sometimes treating of dollies, perhaps, and their "fluffy ruffles," sometimes giving the older girls practical hints about their own clothes. ST. NICHOLAS mothers, too, would enter into the spirit of it all, and would doubtless appreciate the department quite as much as their daughters. The pages on sewing might be a sort of club, where, besides the regular helpful instruction, the girls themselves could exchange clever ideas.

Of course the boys would hardly be interested — though a very few boys *do* sew — but they could not raise objections, for they have had several exclusive articles. ST. NICHOLAS, can't you teach and encourage girls who would like to sew dainty things, as you have helped the ones who enjoy making toothsome confections?



"A SEPTEMBER HEADING." BY MARJORIE BENSON, AGE 15.

CHEERFULNESS

BY NORAH CULHANE (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

Be cheerful all through day and night,
Be cheerful when there is no light;
While days are dull, when things are bright,
Be cheerful always.

Meet all misfortune with a smile,
And when in life you reach a stile,
You will climb o'er it bravely, while
You are quite cheerful.

If this advice you take in things,
Whatever fortune to you brings,
You will be happier than kings
By being cheerful.

CHEERFULNESS

BY FRANCES G. WARD (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

My brothers are cheerfulest
Making a noise,
Or spoiling and breaking
Each other's toys.

And I am most cheerful —
'Tis sad, but quite true —
When I'm doing a thing
I've been told not to do.

And what I don't see —
And I wish that I could —
Is that Mother's most cheerful
When we're being good.



"A SEPTEMBER HEADING." BY DOROTHY H. SMITH, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

A NEW FEATURE I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE IN THE ST. NICHOLAS — AND WHY

BY MILDRED C. ROBERTS (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

WE are living now in what I think could easily be called the Age of Inventions and Discovery. One can pick up a book or magazine almost any time and read of a recent discovery or invention, and I think a page of the stories of both would add much to the interest of its readers. We are always hearing of discoveries, whether or not they amount to much. When one thinks of the discovery of the North Pole and that our own American flag is floating at the top of the globe, that seems to be quite enough to awaken the enthusiasm in every true boy and girl of our land. When one stops to think how important and how our country prospered by the discovery of gold in California, we soon learn what a discovery is. This discovery



"A SPRINGTIME SCENE." BY DOROTHY HALKETT, AGE 16.

helped to settle the West, and by it the West became what it is to-day.

Perhaps no country in the world has been more distinguished for useful inventions than the United States. It was the discoveries of Dr. Franklin in electricity that led to its practical application. Morse, a citizen of the

United States, made the most useful of these in the invention of the electro-magnetic telegraph. The cotton-gin, invented by Eli Whitney in 1792, increased a hundredfold the value of the cotton culture; and the invention of the sewing-machine by Elias Howe, an American machinist, was one of the most valuable gifts to civilization that has ever been made. To these may be added a host of other valuable inventions, including farming implements of the greatest utility and importance. Discoveries and inventions are numberless now, and these would be more than pleasant for our mothers to read about in the evenings; and, besides, there should be a page set aside for the interest of the mothers and fathers of the boys and girls, too, and most people, I think, will agree with me.

CHEER

BY HATTIE A. TUCKERMAN (AGE 13)

"CHEER" was what, long years ago,
 Led to the growth of a nation great.
 'T was "cheer" that brought our fathers here
 To look for freedom's fate;
 And when their footsteps faltered
 And weary grew the way,
 Lo! a voice within them cried,
 "Cheer and win the day!"
 And onward they kept plodding
 Until at last they found
 That "cheer" had won them a home
 On freedom's sacred ground.
 And 't is "cheer" that saves us daily
 From pain, grief, and despair;
 How can we with our treasures
 That word of "cheer" compare?
 'T is the prospect of the nations
 That "cheer" is on their way,
 And would n't this be a sad old world
 If "cheer" should lose her way?

A NEW FEATURE I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE IN THE ST. NICHOLAS — AND WHY

BY LORRAINE RANSOM (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

NOT long ago my teacher asked me about the lives of some of the great men of to-day, living in America and also in England. I was quite at loss for a great many of the answers and felt very ashamed of myself. I knew the life of Colonel Roosevelt and that of the great writer Kipling, but the rest were very hazy in my mind, and some I simply had to answer: "Oh, I don't know anything about him, except he did so-and-so." That is certainly not a very edifying reply, and when I saw the title of the prose subject this month, I thought immediately that it would be a very good feature to each month have a little sketch about some great person of to-day.

I think our favorite authors of boys' and girls' stories are great people in our eyes. How I should like to know more about them: whether the characters in their books are real or otherwise, if they are young or old, rich or poor. All these questions might seem foolish to some people, but to every boy and girl how it would interest them!

History tells us the lives of the great men of the past, the daily papers tell us about celebrities who have just died; but do we have to wait until then to learn about the people who have given us so much pleasure? It seems a shame to think of the great men living of whom we can only say that they live in New York, Chicago, or London, not even knowing where they were born; but let us hope some day to see this remedied in the ST. NICHOLAS.

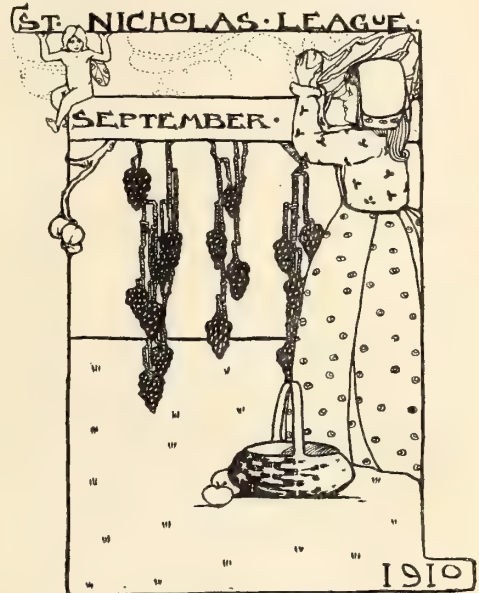
VOL. XXXVII. — 132.

CHEER UP

BY FRANCES MARION JOSEPH (AGE 14)

EACH day you say "you grow sadder,
 You feel you are not quite so strong,
 Every hour to you seems dearer,
 In this world you think something's wrong.

Cheer up with your heavy burden:
 This world is not all a strife;
 Sing, and your heart will lighten;
 Make more of each day of your life.



"A SEPTEMBER HEADING." BY HELEN SVEINEJÖRNSON,
 AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

Don't worry what's in the future —
 There's time enough then, let it come;
 Just make this world seem dearer
 And do a little good for some one.

A NEW FEATURE I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE IN THE ST. NICHOLAS — AND WHY

BY H. DOROTHY MAC PHERSON (AGE 17)

As I am fast approaching the age of eighteen — unhappy thought! — I think that it would be a fine thing if ST. NICHOLAS could have a department for League members who have reached the age of eighteen.

I am sure that there must be hundreds of boys and girls who would still be glad to belong to the League although they have passed the age limit. For even though they may still read the magazine, I am sure they must feel left out in the cold, and cannot take the same interest in it as if they still belonged to the League and were able to compete.

Then I am sure that ST. NICHOLAS must lose many of its subscribers on this account. For there must be lots of families having an only child, to which ST. NICHOLAS stops coming when that child reaches the age limit for League membership. Of course there may be some people who would say that the magazine would stop coming at that time anyhow, since the child would have outgrown the magazine by that time. But I am sure that this is not the

case; for there are some members of our family who, although they have been considered "grown-ups" for many and many a year, still read ST. NICHOLAS with as great a pleasure as I do.

For the above reasons and for many more, I should be pleased to see a department started for those who have outgrown the League in "years."

A CHEERFUL(?) FAREWELL

BY MARY DE LORME VAN ROSSEM (AGE 17¾)

(Honor Member)

DEAR Leaguers, fare-well!

I most cheerfully utter.

(My grief I *will* quell!)

Dear Leaguers, fare-well!

I must leave you. (Don't tell

'T is my sobs make me stutter!)

Dear Leaguers, fare-well!

I most cheerfully utter.

'T is so lovely to say

That my birthday is near.

(A dry handkerchief, pray!)

'T is so lovely to say

I'm eighteen in a day.

(That's a blot, not a tear.)

'T is so lovely to say

That my birthday is near.

Dear Leaguers, success

Crown the efforts you make!

(I may n't weep on this dress!)

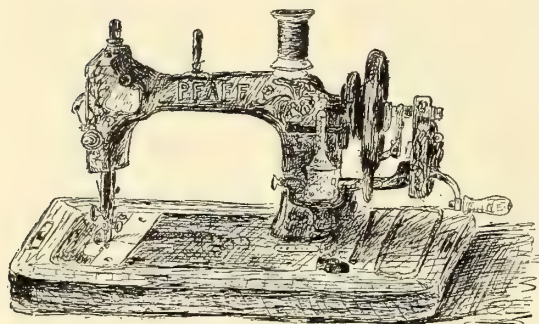
Dear Leaguers, success —

(This is torment, no less,

And my heart it will break!)

Dear Leaguers, success

Crown the efforts you make!



"A USEFUL THING." BY ELEANORA BICASOLI, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

CHEER

BY LOUISA M. ROSE (AGE 12)

"CHEER!" gaily piped a bird on a tree,

"Cheer, cheer, cheer, try and be like me,

Give comfort to others, be cheerful all day,

Cheer!" cried the bird as he hopped away.

MEMBERS will please bear in mind that the name, address, endorsement, etc., must be on the contributions themselves, and not in a separate letter. At the top of the page, if prose or verse; on the margin or back, if photograph or drawing.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Mary Flaherty
Gertrude Isabelle
Petry
John A. Chapman
Eleanor Boswell
Beatrice E. Maule
Harold Eaton Wood
Florence Mindek
Wyatt Rushton
Dorothy Miller
Alice Josephine
Loughran
Margaret Barker
Elizabeth Born
Wilhelmina Ehrman
Louise Stuermer
Winifred Sackville
Stoner
John B. Main
Margery Sweet
Bertha R. Titus
Marcus Tait
Myrtle Oltman
John Pierce
Genevieve Charlotte
V. Huber
Frances Adair Labaw
Douglas R. Gray
Winifred Ward
Frances M. Bradshaw
Rosamond Codman
Cheston Carey
Ida May Syfrit
Kathleen C. Brough
Mildred Mason
Beulah G. Knox
Guy L. Bryan, Jr.
Margaret E. Beakes
Alice G. Peirce
Zoe Harris
Fred P. Sinclair
Ralph Perry
Katherine C. Mills
Elizabeth Hawes
Walter White
Minna H. Besser
Fannie Bouton
Mary B. Gist
Ruth K. Gaylord
Irene Drury
Marjorie Trotter
Margaret M. Cloyd
Helen Drake Beals

PROSE, 2

Priscilla Beacham
Miriam L. Smith
Naomi Lauchheimer
Dorothy A. Peters
Donald R. Allen
Bell Dougherty
Katharine Thomas
Morton S. Whitehill
Frederick Pantzer
Georgia Schofield
Ruth Aird
Mary Jerome
Marjorie Hunt
Marcella Tibbitt
Violet Michaels
Florence Ballou
Elizabeth Barbour
Emery May Holden
Florence H. Rogers
Mary Lee Thurman
Anne Edith Sheldon
Jenny Agnes Heyne
Dorothy Louise
Schmidt
Edith Maurer
Ruth Moore Morriss
Anna Laura Porter
Walter C. Fish
Henrietta Rodenberg
Marie Fenton Hayden
Alice Lovell
Mamie Urie

Stella Green
Maude Bergen
Dorothy Stabler
Samuel H. Schaefer
Mildred Hicks
Fannie Ruley
Lilian E. Deghucc
Adelina Longaker

VERSE, 1

Vida Williams
Thérèse H. McDonnell
Mary Carver
Williams
Ruth Pennington
Eleanor Johnson
Bessie Call
Eleanor B. Lane
Dorothy Dawson
Alice M. MacRae
Marguerite C.
Hearsey
Louise H. Seaman
Madeleine Dillay
Mary Green Mack
Kathryn Mayer
Alice L. Packard
Angela Richmond
Marion F. Hayden
Flora Thomas
Dorothy Barnes Loye
Jean Gray Allen
Frances E. Huston
Kathleen Sharp
Doris F. Halman
Grace N. Sherburne
Stephen R. Kiehel
Mary F. Williams

VERSE, 2

Ruth Z. Mann
Ruth Livingston
Mary F. Lerch
Elizabeth Campbell
Josephine S. Wilson
Elizabeth Crawford
Katherine Brandt
Portia K. Evans
Dorothy Dunn
Elsket Bejach
Charline Marie
Wackman
Carolyn C. Wilson
William McBride
May Bowers
Ettlie H. Mathwig
Lucy E. Fancher
Sarah E. Elmer
Helen McIver Howell
Martha Means
Marguerite Behman
Marietta D. Lent
Theodore Beebe
Frances I. Gaw
Helen L. Wirt
Dorothy Scott
Ethel Feuerlicht
Clara E.
Guggenheimer
Ruth C. Mering
Katharine Prescott
Cox
Alice Farr
Agnes I. Prizer
Sally Spensley
Marjorie Dodge
Frances I. McLeod
Ruth S. Coleman
Frances A. Gosling
Dorothy McFarland
Ellen P. Emack
Rosamond S. Crompton
Constance Coleman
Elizabeth Conley
Helen Folwell
Cicely B. Sloyd
Mildred G. Wheeler

DRAWINGS, 1

Helen Roeth
Frances Hale Burt
Melville P. Cummin
L. William Quanchi
Ilse Knauth
Anita Miller
Dorothy Greene
Gustrine Key Milner
Ellen Fritz Sahlin
Kate Griffin
Raymond E. Griffin
Elizabeth M. Stockton
Edna Buck
Lydia Gardner
Jack Hopkins
Alice Bothwell
Frank Paulus
Margaret Etter Knight
Margaret K. Turnbull
Ruth Streatfield
Charlotte J. Tougas
Marjorie Acker
Margaret Roalfe
Helen Spalding
Gladys Logan Winner
Harry W. Goodman
Ethel V. Martin
Jo Thompson
Corinne Finsterwald
Marie A. Van Pelt
Katharine B. Stewart
John Swift
Caroline C. Roe

DRAWINGS, 2

Suzanne Bringer
Ruth G. Downing
Jack Berrian
Rosalthe Merry
Grace Dyer
Virginia Duncan
Jack Newlin
Elizabeth Garland
Dorothy Talbert
Ray Bornstein
Gretchen Hercz
Loraine Nelson
Susan Frazier
Mabel Howell
Josephine Nelson
Warren Bailey
Elinore Marie Brown
Elizabeth B. Edwards
Winifred Irvine
Alison Kingsbury
Ethel Andrews
Charlotta Henbeck
Katharine Spafford
Lily King Westervelt
Iril Nelson
Margaret Brate
Kennetha Berry
Elizabeth R. Biddle
Margery R. Dawson
Dorothy Deming
Lilian Prentiss
Waldemar Rieck
Mary Christine
Culhane
Elizabeth Shackleton
Margaret Roberts
Lansing C. Holden, Jr.
Effie M. Knapp
Lucille P. Woods
Ruth Agnew
Walter Stockman
A. Schlattes
Agnes Hamilton James
Edith Reynaud
Helen Otis
Seibert Fairman
Margaret Grove
Marian Deats
Arday V. De Fonds
Helen Hendrie
Sarah Jameson

THE LETTER-BOX

ROME, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you about Rome, as I think it will interest some of your little readers. There are so many things to see here: St. Peter's, which, as you know, is the largest church in the world; the Vatican, where the Pope lives; the Church of St. Maria Maggiore, the ceiling of which is decorated with the first gold sent from America by Columbus, and ever so many more churches, galleries, and museums.

There are many lovely drives round Rome. One day we drove to the Nomentana Bridge, over which Nero rode when he fled from Rome.

Farther on are the remains of his villa, where he killed himself.

This is the second time we have been to Rome. Last year when we were here my mother, father, and sister had an audience with the Pope, which was very interesting.

Your magazine gives us so much pleasure every month, and we eagerly look forward to the next number. My favorite stories are "The Lass of the Silver Sword" and the "Betty" stories. I am so glad there is a sequel to the former.

Your interested reader,
HARRIET BIDDLE (age 14).

MOHEGAN, N. Y.

A MIDSUMMER QUERY

PRETTY little firefly, sparkling through the night,
What do you do, the whole day through,
Before you take your flight?
Do you spend your time in hollow trees,
Where little squirrels dwell,
Or sleep away the summer day
In yonder leafy dell?

Happy little firefly, twinkling through the dark,
What golden gleam supplies the beam
That lights your tiny spark?
Do you seek the glow-worm in his home,
Where dews lie cool and damp,
And catch a ray that flits astray
From his little evening lamp?

Fearless little watchman, patrolling through the gloom,
Do you take your light, and through the night
Guide wandering beetles home?
Do you show the frightened katydids
The pathway to their door,
And softly call good night to all
When your friendly task is o'er?

HELENA WHITNEY SMITH (age 10).

ELMIRA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy reading you very much, and I do not know what I would do without you. I am not a subscriber, but I belong to the League. I contributed once, but did not win a prize, yet I hope to do so some day, and I am going to contribute again.

I have no pets, or any brothers and sisters, but I would like to have both as it is very lonely sometimes.

My mother and myself travel a good deal. I enjoy it very much. I meet a good many little girls, and of course it is nice to have so many friends.

I enjoy reading stories very much, and you are so nice that I eagerly look forward to your coming. I like the

"Betty" stories and "Kingsford, Quarter," also "The Young Wizard of Morocco," and I wish that ST. NICHOLAS came twice a month instead of once.

I think the League badge is very pretty, and I am very proud of mine. I have never written to you before except to join the League, but I like to read the other members' letters.

Well I must close, wishing you a long life,

Your loving reader,

GRACE A. BARRON (age 10).

FLORENCE, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you some photos to show you how I have succeeded in making a canvas canoe according to the description I found in one of your back



THE CANOE.

Made from a description in ST. NICHOLAS.

numbers. I built the canoe almost entirely by myself with very few tools, and it carries two boys easily. The photos were taken at Viareggio on the Mediterranean, and will show you how well the canoe stands even a rough sea.

Your affectionate friend,

CHARLIE DUNN (age 14½).

CASCADE LOCKS, ORE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have ever written to you, though we have taken you for ever so long—before I was born.

I wonder how many of your readers have seen an aéroplane fly. For those who have not, I will try to describe how it looks.

I saw Charles K. Hamilton fly at Portland, Oregon, last March. Father, my brother Clark, and myself went out to the field early and strolled about, looking at the machine and the course. The machine Hamilton uses is a high-power Curtiss, with an eight-cylinder engine and a six-foot propeller. It runs on three small pneumatic-tired wheels, two underneath the planes and one in front. It is made of bamboo, spruce, and khaki cloth, guyed with piano wire. I touched it near the front, and it trembled all over. Of course it is very strong, its flexibility not detracting from its strength.

But to come to the flying. Hamilton examined every part of his aéroplane, tested the motor, and took his seat. The motor went "Pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop," the propeller flew around with a peculiar hum, like an æolian harp, and the whole machine ran swiftly along the course.

Then it gently slid up in the air as though on a greased toboggan slide.

I don't exactly know how to describe the feeling when you see an aeroplane rise for the first time; and I don't believe any one else does, either. Anyway, it beats everything I have ever seen.

I am very much interested in airships now, and Father and I have built several models, none of which have flown. So we have ordered a model from an aeroplane company of Brooklyn.

I am eleven years old, and am in the last half of the eighth grade. I go to school at home.

Your very interested reader,

SAMUEL H. THOMPSON.

Our young correspondent will doubtless be particularly interested in the articles on "How to Build and Fly Model Aeroplanes," the second of the series of three appearing in this number.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you about a year and a half now, and I think "The League of the Signet-Ring" and "The Young Railroaders" are fine.

I would like to tell you about an heirloom I just received which belonged to my great-great-grandmother. It is a sort of brooch made of closely woven hair of two shades.

It is fashioned like a bow with two loops on either side and ends hanging down. These ends are tipped with gold and are a different shade from the rest. It is fastened with a gold clasp at the back. It is about one hundred and four years old and is so old-fashioned!

I can just imagine the grande dame with this quaint ornament fastening "a bit of rare old lace" to her flowered bodice, or with it dangling from her powdered hair.

I am going abroad and will write to you often about the pretty and interesting things I see. I remain,

Your loving reader,

RUTH WILBUR (age 12).

HERE is a very creditable letter from a Korean boy. We are apt to think our language is "easy," but to a foreigner the most simple expressions are "hard." The writer of this letter deserves credit for his simple, dignified little letter, written in a, to him, foreign tongue.

SONGDO, KOREA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Songdo, and I study in the high part of A.-K. School. I have much interesting in my lessons. Mr. Weems the teacher of English class, teaches us English letter writing, conversation, and composition. Once he gave us a ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE to read. We got that book and we were very interested from reading those stories. At the end we found a letter by a Japanese middle school student. Mr. Weems said us that "Try to write a letter to ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE, although you are in high school." So I do not think about my short knowing, and write a few lines.

Songdo is a famous city in Korea. It is only fifty-three miles from Seoul the capital of Korea. The people are diligent and famous in Korea as merchants. In old time it was the capital of Korea. Songdo is surrounded by many high mountains. Korea in old time the Emperor "Wang Gun" built his capital at Songdo. He built a high, firm stone wall rounded the city, and also other thick dirt wall out of the stone wall. It happened a very long time, the dirt wall is broken some, but the stone wall is still

strate. Four gates are at the four direction. At that time Korean thought a wall of city better than a cannon or other weapon. Indeed that time enemies could not come into a city easily, if the city has a good wall. Chiefly cities have such wall in Korea.

Except it we have other famous, strange things in Songdo. In the eastern part of this city, there is a stone bridge, on whose stones there are some stains of blood. It is the blood of a brave Korean general, "Chung Mong Choo" was killed by the enemies. I think it very strange that the blood stains are still bright.

The M. E. C. S. Mission is prosperous in this city by American missionaries, and there is about one thousand Christians. Four churches at the four directions. About ten years ago this city was very dark, but now it became civilize by and by. Schools, hospitals, and female institutes were established. Our school is a famous one in all schools in mission, and the Holston Female Institute is also. It situated not far from our school. It is teaching by American ladies. I want I shall get other time to write other stories about Songdo for ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

Your appreciative reader,

NAMSUKKEE DAIK.

AVONDALE FARM, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write to tell you about our dogs and cat. My dog is named Miss Billy. She is a Scotch terrier, mixed with a cur. She will shake hands and sit up. She is nearly ten. Edwin has a bulldog named Helen Taft. She has not a bit of sense and will lie on her back if I look at her. She will be a year old in August. The servants have a dog named Maltese Cross, but they call it Malta. My brother's nurse has a cat named Tiger. I love her very much. I have a garden, and I have sold seven dozen asparagus to mama.

I have a little brother named Edwin. He is four years old, and thinks he is a man. I have three ponies, and he has two.

We live on a farm twenty miles from Nashville. I have an aunt living there, and I go to see her sometimes.

There are no children living around here, so I have to play by myself.

I enjoy "The League of the Signet-Ring" and "Kingsford, Quarter" and "The Young Wizard of Morocco" so much.

Your loving reader,

ELIZABETH GARDNER (age 11).

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have always wanted to write you a letter, but have not known how to go about it.

ST. NICHOLAS was given to my mother when she was a little girl, and I never get tired of looking over the bound books she has.

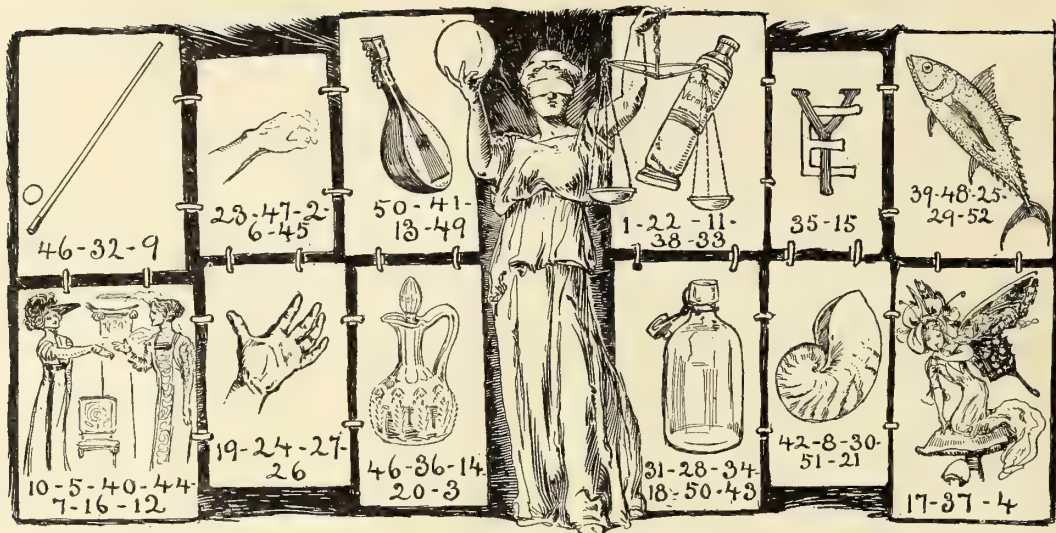
ST. NICHOLAS was given to me by my auntie last Christmas, and it was the first year I ever took it.

Years ago in a magazine of ST. NICHOLAS you published an article about Elizabeth Zane, who is an ancestor of mine, and my little sister is named for her.

I belong to the Society of the Children of the American Revolution, and am a member of the Chapter here in Mount Vernon. I have the pin that belongs to the Chapter, and I prize it more than any pin I have. I hope what I have written will interest you.

Your constant reader,

CHARLOTTE PRICE SPEAKMAN (age 10).

**ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA**

IN this puzzle the words are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of fifty-two letters, is a quotation from Shakspere.

DIAGONAL

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter) will spell the name of a noted poet.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Carried. 2. Haste. 3. A small twig. 4. Margin. 5. Polish.

DOROTHY BROWN (League Member).

DOUBLE DIAMONDS AND SQUARES

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)



I. 1. In chips. 2. To command. 3. To soil. 4. Robbers on the high seas. 5. Specified times. 6. Acquisition. 7. In chips. INCLUDED DIAMOND: 1. In chips. 2. Period. 3. Mad. 4. Devoured. 5. In lore. INCLUDED SQUARE: 1. Age. 2. A rodent. 3. Consumed.

II. 1. In chips. 2. To disclose. 3. Egg shaped. 4. Those who are frugal. 5. Eternal. 6. A sea eagle. 7. In chips. INCLUDED DIAMOND: 1. In chips. 2. A tub. 3. One who pares. 4. A prefix meaning three. 5. In lore. INCLUDED SQUARE: 1. A measure for liquids. 2. A verb. 3. Three fourths of "to name."

III. 1. In chips. 2. A unit. 3. Chilly. 4. Those who record. 5. A plaintive poem. 6. Uninteresting. 7. In chips. INCLUDED DIAMOND: 1. In chips. 2. A ridge. 3. That which cores. 4. Part of a table. 5. In lore. INCLUDED SQUARE: 1. A ridge. 2. Crude metal. 3. Part of a stocking.

IV. 1. In chips. 2. An exclamation. 3. The rhinoceros. 4. Those who shell. 5. To revoke. 6. To equip. 7. In chips. INCLUDED DIAMOND: 1. In chips. 2. Evil.

3. More healthy. 4. A river. 5. In lore. INCLUDED SQUARE: 1. Wicked. 2. A beverage. 3. A river.

V. 1. In chips. 2. Entire. 3. Good-by. 4. Splinters. 5. An ornament. 6. To use. 7. In chips. INCLUDED DIAMOND: 1. In lore. 2. To expire. 3. An organ. 4. Ever. 5. In lore. INCLUDED SQUARE: 1. To expire. 2. A common contraction. 3. Ever.

VI. 1. In chips. 2. The sound made by a certain bird. 3. A material used in mourning. 4. Those who soak. 5. A musical drama. 6. Period. 7. In chips. INCLUDED DIAMOND: 1. In lore. 2. To tap lightly. 3. Ocher. 4. By. 5. In lore. INCLUDED SQUARE: 1. To strike. 2. Ache. 3. By.

EUGENE SCOTT.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

MY primals name a famous epic poem; my finals, its author.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Pertaining to an important island in the Atlantic. 2. A running noose. 3. Dialect. 4. A feminine name. 5. To put off.

EDITH SIGOURNEY (League Member).

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS**EXAMPLE:**

A SUBSTANCE not in varnish strange
Becomes most useful in a range.
Co-p-al, coal.

1. A metal disk marked with device,
Becomes a breakfast in a trice.
2. Of string or rope, a running knot,
Into a prow turns on the spot.
3. The bond which binds or holds in place,
Becomes a portion of the face.
4. Meanwhile, a morning song, 't is clear,
Into an ocean changes here.
5. An artifice, no matter how,
Becomes some harmless gossip now.
6. A young street Arab quickly turns
Into the profit labor earns.

LESLIE REES.

“Oh!
Look
Who’s
Here”



MADE FROM SELECTED WHITE CORN. NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE

W. K. Kellogg

KELLOGG TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO., Battle Creek, Mich.

Canadian Trade Supplied by the Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., Ltd., London, Ont.

Copyright 1910, Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co.



Serve Karo on the table.

Better than honey on hot biscuit and gives a finer flavor to griddle cakes than any other sweet.

Agrees with everybody.

Karo

Eat it on
Griddle Cakes
Hot Biscuit
Waffles

Use it for
Ginger Bread
Cookies
Candy

Karo Cook Book—fifty pages, including thirty perfect recipes for home candy making—Free. Send your name on a post card, today, to

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY
Dept. H.H. New York P. O. Box 161



Velvet Grip

RUBBER BUTTON

Hose Supporter

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

is easy, safe and economical; allows the utmost freedom of movement and is readily attached. It interests children in dressing themselves.



All genuine have the Moulded Rubber Button, and Velvet Grip is stamped on the loops.

Sample pair, children's size (give age), mailed on receipt of 16 cents.

GEORGE FROST COMPANY,
Boston, U.S.A.

Look to

MENNEN'S

to preserve your
Complexion



A PINK powder—not a rouge. This powder is a scientific preparation for the softening and beautifying of the skin. Sold, everywhere or mailed for 25c Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, New York, N. Y.



Old Age a Condition

Really within Control

To a Great Extent



A man with a healthy body
feels young, whatever his years.

The Secret of retained youth is in the food that builds and sustains the body, and a healthy mind.

The elasticity and "bound" of prime manhood is designed to last through after years.

Premature old age one brings upon himself through thoughtless living.

Scientists agree that most folks eat much more meat than the body needs.

The excess means **body work** and **body waste**. Premature decay follows.

A well-known food expert, knowing this, produced—

Grape-Nuts

A scientific, predigested food containing the vital body- and brain-building elements of natural food grains. It is quickly assimilated, and nourishes in the right way.

Persons who have been careless in their living find the body promptly responds to the use of **Grape-Nuts**—they become alert, brisk and vigorous.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A.

St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 105.

Time to hand in answers is up September 10. Prizes awarded in November number.

WRITE a letter to an imaginary friend, using the names of advertisers, or of advertised articles, or phrases used by advertisers as links connecting the various pieces of news. For example:

"Dear Mr. Pears,

"Susanna Cocroft, whom I met while keeping A. B. Dick Company on the Twentieth Century Flier, on my way East, tells me that you have just returned from Europe on the *Lusitania*. I hope you had a pleasant trip. King C. Gillette has just put up a new house in the Land of Evangeline. The outer walls are all made of Atlas Portland Cement," etc., etc.

The letter should contain between two hundred and three hundred words.

The competitors using, in the opinion of the Judges, the names of the most advertisers or advertised articles or advertising phrases in a natural, adroit, and ingenious manner will receive first prize.

The prizes and conditions are as follows:

One First Prize, \$5.00.
Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each.
Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each.
Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each.

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

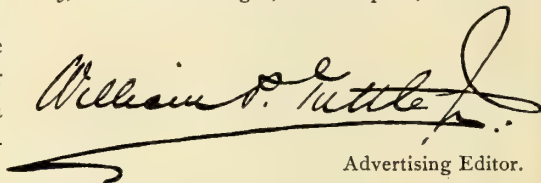
2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (105).

3. Submit answers by September 10, 1910. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 105, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York.



Advertising Editor.

REPORT ON COMPETITION No. 103.

THE Judges have many times been able to say "you have done well," but this is by far the most delightful competition we have had for many a long month. The Judges are proud of you. The stories were very well told: the illustrations were appropriate and "snappy," and the Judges had a hard time choosing the prize-winners, and they thank you, every one, for the work you have done.

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Richard King (10), Virginia.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Angeline Hamblen (16), Mass.

Helen E. Le Baron (16), Mass.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Kennard Weddell (14), Penn.

Janet Putnam (11), Michigan.

Alice A. Fox (13), New York.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Byron W. Aldrich (8), Michigan.

Lois Donovan (17), Penn.

Eithel Feuerlicht (13), New York.

Martha L. Leal (14), Nebraska.

Amy C. Love (11), Illinois.

Sybil Emerson (18), Ohio.

Katharine Rogers (14), Canada.

Alice D. Wilkins (14), Mass.

Elizabeth Williford (11), Illinois.

Dorothy E. Mason (11), Mass.

HONORABLE MENTION

John C. Farrar.

Doris Lisle.

Suzanne Gallaudet.

Martha Chambers.

Edith M. Johnston.

Florence Hoennig.

Elsie Finck.



Aunt Emily's Dessert.

"See this, Aunt Em'ly? Jell-O for you. Made it all by myself. Don't that look good?"

And Aunt Emily, giving Nan a good hug, says:

"You darling girl, how perfectly lovely in you!"

JELL-O

is the nicest dessert. I'm partial to it for more than one reason. The five-cent loaf weighs a good deal less than it used to, and the roast that was fifty cents is a dollar now, but the Jell-O dessert has never gone up in price, and is as big and good as ever."

That is all true. However high in price everything else goes, the big Jell-O dessert that serves six persons is all there and costs only a dime, just as it always has.

A Jell-O dessert can be made in a minute. No dessert that requires an hour is any better.

Seven delightful flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

Sold by all grocers, 10 cents a package.

Beautiful Recipe Book in ten colors and gold, free to all who ask us for it.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.



ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

PERFORATIONS

COLLECTORS usually prefer that no specimen of a perforated issue find a resting-place in their collections except such as are perforated on all four sides. Not all the stamps issued by the United States, however, are so perforated. These stamps are usually printed in large sheets of four hundred; these sheets are then separated into four "panes" of one hundred each by a cut which resembles the plus sign (+). The cuts are made before the sheets are sent to the perforating-machine, and consequently it happens that all the stamps along the cuts have no perforation on at least one edge, and the four stamps in the center have two straight sides. These stamps with straight edges are just as issued by the Government, and are really scarcer than the ones perforated on all four sides, but collectors value them less. There can also be had at the post-office little booklets of stamps, mounted between sheets of waxed paper. All the stamps in these little books have one or more edges without perforations, but an album page whereon all the stamps are completely perforated makes a much better appearance than where straight edges appear.

A SUGGESTION FOR PARENTS

THE query often arises as to the best way in which to begin a collection of stamps. The question usually comes from some parent who wishes to help the youngster along in his efforts. After starting a collection every laddie pays a visit to Grandmother or Auntie in search of interesting stamps; then follow appeals to outlying relatives for further specimens, but these sources are soon exhausted and there comes a lull, with need of further supplies. This brings out the above query, the answer to which is, of course, "packets." Buy a packet, either as large a one as the purse will warrant, or one from a dealer's list of non-duplicating packets. A single large packet is really the better purchase, because the higher the price the better the grade and selection. In such an instance, however, do not give the lad all the stamps at once. Too many is a burden, and will kill rather than encourage his interest. Try the experiment of giving him about one hundred at a time. In this way a large packet is made to entertain the boy indefinitely, and his enthusiasm will be kept alive.

SPLIT PROVISIONALS

THIS term is used to denote the making of a provisional low value stamp by means of cutting into sections a stamp of higher value or denomination. Such a method has been resorted to by nearly every stamp-issuing country, more especially in the early years of stamp history, when the manner of transporting stamps from central to outlying post-offices was not so rapid nor so reliable as at present. Some of the states of British North America legally authorized this dividing of stamps, and it is not uncommon to find half of a sixpence used as a threepence, half of a shilling used as a sixpence; far rarer is a quarter of a shilling used as a threepence. The high value stamps are usually cut in half diagonally, at times vertically, and, still less frequently, horizontally. All of these split provisionals are rare. The post-offices in the United

States have seldom resorted to the use of the split provisionals. Whenever they have been used, the stamps have been bisected (never cut smaller) usually diagonally, but sometimes vertically. The stamps so used are mainly the one half of the ten-cent 1847 used as five cents; one half of the twelve-cent 1851 used as six cents, and one half of the two-cent black 1862, used as one cent. Formerly the ten-cent stamp of 1851 was included in the list, but Mr. Luff, in his "History of the Stamps of the United States," shows that probably all of these are fraudulent. The cancelations on the provisionals of 1847 are mainly New England towns; the 1862 shows New York State as well, while the twelve-cent provisionals of 1851 are mainly canceled from San Francisco. I have before me, however, a copy of a split provisional belonging to a Providence collector, mailed in 1851 and postmarked "U. S. Express Mail, New York, December 13th." It is addressed "Care Kenyon's Express."

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

THE value of a stamp depends much upon its condition, and is always lessened by a tear. In a common stamp, a tear, or the loss of a portion of the design, destroys its value completely. In a scarce stamp this would not be the case. Such a mutilated specimen would still have some value, depending entirely upon the condition. Use all possible care in choosing the specimens which you add to your collection. A page of nicely canceled, well-centered, neatly arranged stamps is something of which to be proud. Let your stamp collection teach you not only observation, but also neatness. The value of stamps, as well as other things, depends not only on supply, but also on demand. Generally speaking, the value of stamps embossed or printed on envelopes and post-cards is not so great as in the case of ordinary adhesive or gummed stamps. This is not because the supply is larger, for the fact is they are not nearly so common, and many of them, indeed, are exceedingly rare. But the demand for envelopes and post-cards is not large. Most collectors do not care for them, the opportunity for selling is not so large, and the price, or value, is consequently smaller. You will notice that foreign envelopes and post-cards are no longer quoted in most of the stamp catalogues. Stamps in pairs, or strips, or blocks, are more valuable than the same number of single specimens. This is especially true in the case of imperforate or rouletted stamps. Indeed, some stamps of which single specimens are common, are yet exceedingly rare in pairs, and command very much better prices. Some of the old German States imperforate are quite scarce except in single specimens. Great Britain and Japan are two countries which have practised the policy of having the number of the plate appear upon each stamp printed. The plate number appears in various places upon the various issues. The selling price of the different numbers varies materially, some of them being very rare. Under Great Britain in the Standard catalogue you will find just below many stamps the words "plate numbers," followed by two series of figures, the lower of which runs in numerical sequence. These are the numbers of the various plates, and the figure above each is the selling price for a canceled copy bearing that plate number.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS AT OLD ADDRESS

SCOTT'S HAS REMOVED

to the fine new store, 127 Madison Ave., New York.
Scott's Catalogue, 800 pages, paper covers, 60c.; cloth, 75c.; post free.
Albums, 30c. to \$55 each. Send for illustrated price-list.



STAMPS—108 different, including Chile, Japan, curious Turkey, scarce new **Panama**, old Costa Rica, West Australia, several **unused**, some picture stamps, etc., all for 10c. Big list and copy of monthly paper free. Approval sheets, 50% commission.

SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO., 127 Madison Ave., New York

POSTAGE STAMP LESSONS

Something entirely new that will interest every stamp collector, both old and young.
Write to-day for a *free Sample Stamp Lesson*, and find out how to become a *philatelist*.

New England Stamp Co., 43 Washington Bldg., Boston, Mass.

BARCAINS

Each set 5 cts.—10 Luxemburg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 15 Russia; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 8 Dutch Indies; 5 Crete. Lists of 5000 low-priced stamps free.

CHAMBERS STAMP CO.

111 G Nassau Street, New York City.



STAMPS FREE. 15 all different Canadians, 10 India, and catalogue Free. Postage 2 cents, and, when possible, send us names, addresses of two stamp collectors. **Special Offers**, no two alike. 50 Spain 11c, 40 Japan 5c, 100 U. S. 20c, 50 Australia 9c, 10 Paraguay 7c, 10 Uruguay 7c, 17 Mexico 10c, 20 Turkey 7c, 7 Persia 4c. Agents Wanted 50% discount. 50 Page List Free.

MARKS STAMP COMPANY. Dept. N. Toronto, Canada.



STAMPS 108 all different, Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cape G. H., Mexico, Natal, Java, etc., and **Album, 10c. 1000** Finely Mixed, 20c. 65 different U. S., 25c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. **List Free.** I buy stamps.
C. Stegman, 5941 Cote Brillante Av., St. Louis, Mo.

Stamps Free!

3 Tunis, 3 Persia, 3 China, 4 Dutch Indies. One of these sets free if you send for approvals. Big bargain lists, price lists, etc., free. We have an immense stock.

W. C. PHILLIPS & CO., GLASTONBURY, CONN.



Stamp Album with 538 genuine Stamps, incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., only 10c. 100 diff. Japan, India, N. Zid., etc. 5c. Agts. wtd. 50%. **Big bargain list, coupons, etc., all Free!** **We Buy Stamps.** C. E. Hussman Stamp Co., Dep. I, St. Louis, Mo.

Stamps!

100 diff. scarce Shanghai, Honduras, etc., only 5c. 100 diff. U. S. only 30c., big bargain! 1000 finely mixed, 15c. Hundreds of bargains! Agts. wtd. 50%. **List free.** **L. B. Dover, St. Louis, Mo.**

Stamps Free

100 all different for the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 20 different foreign coins, 25c.

TOLEDO STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio, U.S.A.

Stamps

100 VARIETIES FOREIGN, FREE. Postage 2c. Mention Sr.

NICHOLAS. QUAKER STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.

5 Varieties PERU Free

WITH TRIAL APPROVAL SHEETS.

F. E. THORP, Norwich, N. Y.

DANDY PACKET STAMPS

free, for names two honest collectors; 2c postage. Send to-day. **U. T. K. STAMP CO., Utica, N. Y.**



STAMPS: 105 China, Egypt, etc., stamp dictionary and list 3000 bargains 2c. Agents, 50%. **A. Bullard & Co., Sta. A, Boston.**

50 FINE DIFFERENT BR. COLONIALS, 15c.

25 Br. W. Indian, 20c; 30 Br. Africa, 25c; 5 Fiji, 12c; 6 St. Vincent, 18c; 3 Nigeria, 10c. 36-page catalog free with order.

Colonial Stamp Co., 350 E. 53d St., Chicago.

AEROPLANES and EXTRA PARTS

AS WELL AS ACCESSORIES MAY BE OBTAINED AT

F. A. O. SCHWARZ, TOYS, Fifth Av. & 31st St., New York.

THIS RACING AIRSHIP

complete for ascension is only 30 cents

The novelty of the day, galls like a real one. Easy to operate with our simple directions. Affords amusement for young and old. Send for one.

5 1/2 ft. 30c; 8 ft. 60c, postpaid; 12 ft. by express, \$1.00.

BRAZEL NOVELTY CO.
1789 Ella St. Cinti, Ohio



COX'S INSTANT POWDERED Gelatine

A box of Cox's Instant Powdered Gelatine on the cooking table is a sign that the housewife is a woman of experience—or her mother was—or she has been well-advised.

Cox's Gelatine has been the choice of experience for 80 years.

The thorough methods, the scrupulous care, the pure spring water and complete equipment of the factory at Edinburgh, where Cox's Gelatine is made, all count toward quality, purity and refinement that are easily recognized as most desirable.



PEACH PUDDING

5 to 7 persons. 3/4 oz. (1 1/2 heaping tablespoonfuls) Cox's Instant Powdered Gelatine, 1/2 pint (1 cup) whipping cream, 4 ozs. (4 tablespoonfuls) sugar, juice 1/2 lemon, 1/2 pint (1 cup) milk, some ripe peaches. Put the Gelatine, sugar and milk into a saucepan and dissolve gently over the fire. Rub sufficient ripe peaches through a sieve to obtain half a pint of pulp; strain in dissolved Gelatine, add lemon juice and whipped cream. Stir occasionally until cool, then pour into a wet mold. When firm, turn out and decorate with halves of peaches filled with whipped cream. Canned peaches may be used.



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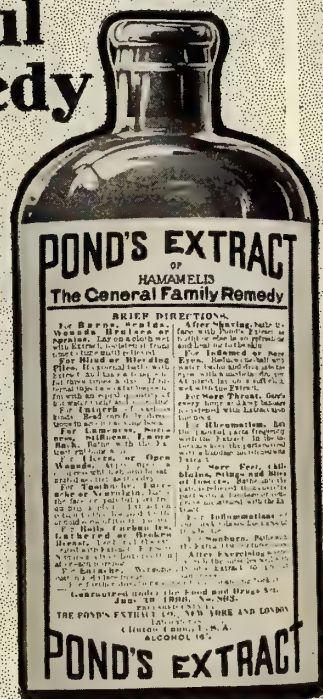
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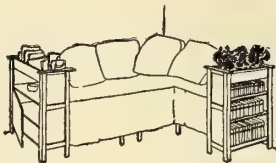
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OCTOBER, 1910

ST. NICHOLAS

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



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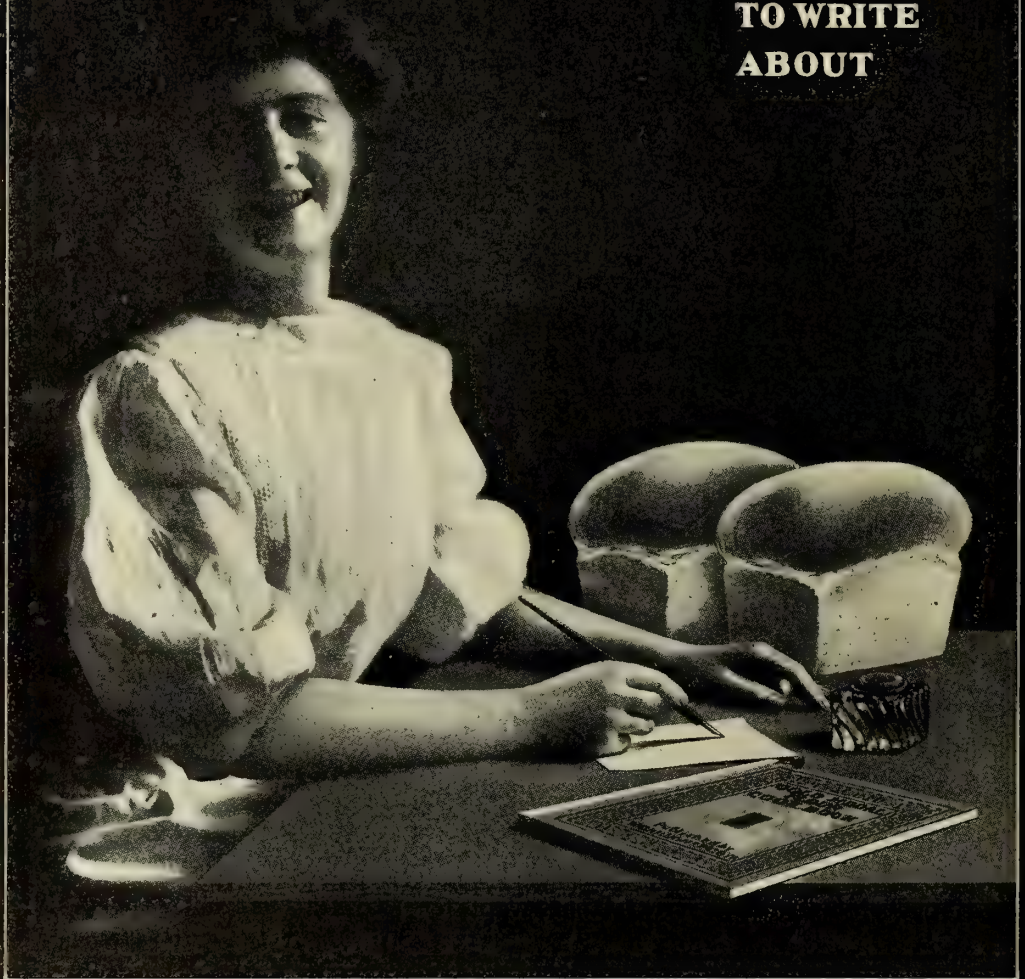
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ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXVII

OCTOBER, 1910

No. 12

MAROONED ON SEAL HEAD BUOY

(A Tale of Peril off the Coast of Maine)

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

I

"BUCK" TREFETHEN was no coward, and few boys of seventeen could handle a sailing-rig better than he. But when he saw the squall come sweeping down on him across the cold tumult of Casco Bay, late that September afternoon, he realized that there was no fun in being five miles out to sea in Captain Brackett's old cat-boat; especially since he had borrowed the boat without the captain's consent, so that trouble from that source was to be expected. Brackett, he knew, was now out fishing in his motor-dory on Holdfast Shoal, still farther to seaward. Buck had counted on being able to return the boat before the captain should come in; but things looked now as though that might prove impossible. Suppose the captain should espy him as he beat in homeward? What then? Buck shivered a little at the thought.

Still worse, Buck suddenly realized that he had the safety of his companion, Charley Andrews—a younger and a smaller boy—to answer for. He began to fear that maybe it was n't going to be the easiest thing in the world to get out of the scrape, to beat back under the shelter of Chebeague, and to bring both Charley and himself safely to dry land once more.

Steadying himself with one hand as the boat breasted the combers, he peered anxiously out across the dark and heaving sea. Far off to the northwest lay the dim smudge of the coast. Buck could see, here and there, a sail tacking toward the harbor. The raucous cries of gulls and kitti-

wakes gave presage of storm. Storm not long delayed, either; for already the boy could see quite plainly, as he stood up in the plunging little craft, sudden white spatters of froth kicked up by the approaching gale. A wave, larger than its fellows, slopped inboard and wet Buck's feet.

"Whew!" he cried. "Ease her off, Charley. There 's going to be a blow here, in about a minute. Let the sheet go, there. Let go!"

Charley hauled and tugged at it, without success. His face grew suddenly pale. "I can't!" he answered, his voice deadened by the rising tumult. "It 's jammed!"

"Jammed?"

In a second Buck was there beside Charley, but found he could do nothing. The sheet had somehow or other become entangled in the block.

"Got to cut it!" he exclaimed, diving a hand into his pocket. His knife was not there.

"Quick, quick!" shouted Charley. "Hurry, or we 'll go over!"

Even as he spoke, the squall was upon them. Roaring, flinging up whitecaps in myriad yeasty windrows, the wind struck them fair and square with unshortened sail. One moment the cat-boat stood it. One moment, her canvas taut as a drum, she slued far over. She balanced a second, with the sea cascading across her rail. Then, while the horrified boys clung in sick fear, over she went!

The waves beat her down. Upon the turbulent sea the sail lay billowing. Cold surges creamed over the gasping boys, who now found themselves

grappling desperately at a half-submerged hull five miles from land, with the waves howling hungrily at them, and night fast drawing near.

II

TERROR-STRICKEN though Buck was, he did not lose his head. He managed to dash the brine from his eyes and to get a sight of Charley, for against any odds he was a brave fighter. The younger boy, he saw, was clinging near the stern.

"Hang tight!" Buck shouted, working his way aft. He got hold of Charley's coat, and, with a force he had never known lay in him, hauled him half-way up out of the waves. A minute later both the shivering lads were precariously straddling the capized hull.

Charley began to cry. His teeth were chattering loudly.

"Brace up!" Buck commanded. "We 'll maybe get picked up, or something." And in the gathering gloom he peered about.

Not a sail in view! Not a sign of land, now, save only the far twinkle of Half-way Rock Light. Shout after shout Buck flung out over the darkening wilderness of waters. No answer! All in vain!

Then suddenly hope revived. Off to eastward, near the point whither they were drifting, he saw a twinkle of whitish radiance.

"Look! See there!" he cried to Charley. "See, there 's a light. It 's—it 's Seal Head Buoy!"

As a foaming wave heaved the boat, he could make out the vague outlines, a quarter-mile farther out to sea, of the big gas-buoy on Hurricane Shoal. This beacon he knew, from often having cruised about it, was very large and strong—a tall conical structure of sheet-steel, heavily riveted.

Moored to the shoal by a huge chain, it warned passing vessels at night with its gas-flame, which, shielded behind iron bars and a heavy plate-glass hood, was fed by a great reservoir of carbide in its base. Onto this chemical, water was slowly dropped from a tank, generating the highly inflammable and explosive gas.

Up the side of the buoy, Buck remembered, ran a steel ladder. At the top was a round flat place, big enough for several men. If the two boys could only reach it, Buck knew that they could cling there till day returned, when some early fishing-schooner, beating out from Portland, must surely see and rescue them.

Despite the cold and storm, his hopes rose high. "Look, Charley!" he shouted. "If we can only—reach that—we 're safe!"

He felt that, when the cat-boat had drifted nearer, he at least could win to the buoy. A

splendid swimmer he, and almost as much at home in the water as on land. Yes, but how about Charley? Could he leave the younger and weaker lad to drown? A terrible struggle rose in his heart. Through it all he knew that, whatever happened, he would stick to his comrade. They would both be saved, or else together they would both go down. And with words of cheer for his friend, with a steadying arm about him, he waited, watched, while the slowly sinking boat drove sullenly onward toward the desired goal.

They were not far from it, when a sort of dull shock made itself felt. Then uprose a burst of bubbles, and the boat settled perceptibly. Buck understood. One of the windows in the little cabin had given way. The air was rushing out. The heavily ballasted craft was beginning to go down!

"Come on, Charley!" he cried. "We 've got to swim for it now!" Charley only began to cry with increased terror. Buck had to shake him by the shoulder.

"Brace up—be a man!" he commanded. "I 'll help you. Come on!" And, loosening Charley's desperate grip, he dragged the boy away, and slid with him into the long, frothing waves.

III

How they swam those last few hundred feet, now under water, now tossed high on a crest that hurled them onward, now choked and blinded by the spray, Buck could hardly tell. All that he realized was just the frantic struggle of keeping himself afloat and of helping Charley, too. All that he knew, at last, was just that the light kept drawing nearer, nearer still—a great flame, strangely fierce, uncannily bright, which hissed and flailed in the wind and threw weird sparkles across the waves.

Then, all at once, there they were, right under the side of the wallowing buoy, all slippery with seaweed, which weltered in the upbreking combers. Buck instinctively waited his chance till the buoy heeled toward him; then up he shot his hand toward it.

The hand touched something. It gripped. The buoy rose. Buck thought his shoulder must surely be wrenched clear out of joint, but still he held on. Up out of the sea he emerged, with Charley clinging to him. Dimly he perceived the steel bars of the ladder. One more mighty effort, and his other hand found a grip. Thus he waited, panting. The seas broke over them both as they clung like limpets to the swaying buoy.

For a while Charley was unable to move, much less to climb. But Buck supported him till a little strength returned to his shivering body; then,

slowly and with pain, they worked their way (round by round) up from the grasp of the disappointed sea. Step by step they scaled the wide-swinging, flaming buoy.

Were they to reach comparative safety on the little platform there above? Were they to have the miserable task of hanging on, all night long, to the feed-pipe of the light, fifteen feet above the ravening surf? No, not even that; for some-

gale flared this column away in roaring whirls of fire like a gigantic blowpipe in the hands of a mad giant.

"Merciful heavens!" cried Buck. He realized what might happen ere long. He comprehended that something was terribly wrong, and that at any moment the great tank (which had now become a huge explosive bomb) might burst.

"Help! Help!" he shouted wildly, even though



"LET THE SHEET GO, THERE. LET GO!"

thing up yonder warned Buck, numbed though he was, that the light was flaring and whistling far too loudly. He smelled, too, a strange and ominous odor of escaping gas.

"What's happened here?" cried he, in sudden fear. "What's wrong with the old buoy?"

What had happened was just this: the angry sea had slightly opened a riveted lap-joint in the huge shell, below the water-line. Now the water, oozing in, was coming in contact with the store of carbide. So great had the explosive gas-pressure already become that it had already blown off the fire-clay "burner," had destroyed the lens, and was now spurting a column of white-hot flame high into the night.

As the blazing monster swung to and fro, the

he knew that help there was none. Holding with desperate hands to the ladder, he felt the spray sting and the wind cut. The brine in his eyes half blinded him; the roaring of the waves deafened and confused him. Abroad over the black sea sparkled a thousand reflections from the blazing torch above. And ever louder, ever higher, whistled the shrill scream of the escaping gas.

IV

THEN all at once, as Buck's last strength and courage seemed to ebb away, he thought he saw a bobbing light far over the ocean—a light that rose, fell, rose again, as though in the bows of a boat, to seaward.

The sight renewed his force. "Help! Help!"

he hailed with fresh energy. And—did his ears deceive him?—he thought he heard an answering hail. He redoubled his cries. In a lull of the wind a faint, far sound bore down to him. Nearer drew the light. Help was coming!

The rest was just a nightmare of cold, wind, pain, and awful fear lest, after all, the boat might

"Drop off, both o' ye! I can't come no closer. Drop! I 'll git ye. Look alive, there—she 's liable to bust any minute now!"

There, a few fathoms to leeward, he saw a motor-dory breasting the breakers. Illuminated by the eery glare of the beacon, he perceived a crouching figure, a figure huge and powerful in glistening oilskins—the figure of old Captain Brackett.

The captain held a long oar in his hand. He steadied himself in the boat, swung the oar over his head, and flung it. Buck saw it gyrate, with a long, snaking coil of rope flying after; then it struck the water not ten feet from the base of the heaving ladder.

"Come on, jump fer it!" yelled the captain once more.

Buck knew the moment had come for quick, brave work. He loosened Charley's hold, and, half dragging him, leaped down, out, into the weltering foam.

A moment's mad fighting with the waves, and he felt the oar in his hand. Then, still holding Charley, he felt himself being violently pulled over and through the surges. And after a while there was the captain reaching down to them both, hauling them both up out of the sea into the wildly tossing launch.

Strangled, drenched, breathless, both lads lay on the grating, while the captain, springing to his engine, cranked her. The engine "caught," leaped into sudden life, and urged the launch forward. Cap-

tain Brackett jammed the wheel over, sending her in a quick turn out and away from the blazing danger-zone.

Then instantly a thundering shock seemed to split the sky. The steel plates of the gas-buoy yawned apart. A white sheet of flame jetted high. Hurtling scraps of metal rained all about them into the sea. A roaring wave, caused by the fear-



"CAPTAIN BRACKETT STEADIED HIMSELF IN THE BOAT, SWUNG THE OAR OVER HIS HEAD, AND FLUNG IT."

come too late. How long it lasted, while he held the half-frozen Charley with one arm, waved the other frantically, braced himself with his legs inside the iron rungs of the ladder, Buck could never tell.

But at last he saw the light near at hand and heard the sharp exhaust of a gasoline-engine. Then he heard a voice, louder than the storm:

ful shock, tossed the launch like a chip. But she righted and kept her course. And where the great beacon had been, now there showed nothing but night and storm and wild-lashing rollers.

In the bows of the dory lay two chilled and senseless but uninjured lads, whom the captain wrapped in warm blankets from his locker.

"Jee-rusalem!" quoth he, wagging his old head, "but it's a lucky chance I started home jest when I did. A couple o' minutes later—! This is the best day's catch ever *I* made!"

He did not finish, but threw the engine to her third speed. Presently he resumed, to himself:

"Plucky kids, all right. I did n't think it was in 'em. Reckon there won't be nothin' said about that old cat-boat o' mine. She wa'n't good fer much but junk, anyway. The lesson they 've l'arnt, not to borry without askin', is wuth th' damage. I don't begredge it much, to speak of.

"Land-a-mighty, but that 'ar buoy *did* make a bang, though! Man an' boy I been navigatin' this here bay for fifty year', an' sink me if ever I heered the likes of it!"

Then quite calmly Captain Brackett took his bearings by the glimmer of Half-way Light, brought the motor-boat square up into the eye of the gale, and headed her for home.

WHERE IT WAS SIGNED

BY MARY GARTON FOSTER

WHEN Teacher asked where it was signed—

The glorious Declaration—

It mortified her sore to find

Her small girls shockingly behind

In proper information.

Cried she: "Why, every *boy* knows well!

To shame you girls completely,

The youngest in the class shall tell;

Where was it signed? come,—Tommy Snell."

"*At the bottom,*" said Tommy, sweetly.



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"A NARROW ESCAPE." BY HARRINGTON BIRD.



APPLE-TREE HALL

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD

THERE 's an old spreading apple-tree, gnarly and wide,
 In an orchard (I can't tell you where),
 Where Dora and I can curl up side by side,
 And nobody know we are there.
 We go there on Saturdays,—that 's if it 's fine,
 And Mother is willing, and all,—
 Take our dolls and our dishes, and there we keep house
 Till tea-time, in Apple-Tree Hall.

There 's the loveliest carpet, all wood-brown and gray,
 And the walls have a pattern of green;
 The windows are curtained the coziest way
 That ever was thought of or seen;
 And as for the ceiling, it 's blue as the sky;
 And we 've crimson globe-lamps in the fall—
 In the spring we have pink, and in summer use none
 (Such a saving!), in Apple-Tree Hall.

All the neighbors are charming,—so musical, too!
 Madam Thrush has a voice like a bird,
 And the love-songs she sings (in Italian, I think)
 Are the sweetest we ever have heard.
 Then the dryads and wood-nymphs dwell close to us, too,
 Though they are too bashful to call.
 The society really is quite of the best
 When we 're living at Apple-Tree Hall.

Oh, I wish I could tell you one half of our plays,
 And the fine things we plan when we 're there,
 Of the books that we 'll write and the deeds that we 'll do
 In the years that wait, shining and fair.

My mother says, sometimes,—and so does Aunt Kate,—
That these are the best days of all;
But *we* think it's just the beginning of fun,
Keeping house here in Apple-Tree Hall!



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"ALMOST DINNER-TIME!"

FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM STEEPLE DAVIS.

“THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD”

IN the heart of London, where the busy Strand changes its name and becomes equally busy Fleet Street, one may turn into a narrow lane running south between two rows of buildings. In a moment the many noises of the street melt into a steady hum, and here, a few steps farther on, one enters the quiet inclosure where stands the Temple Church, gray and weather-worn with the storms and sunshine of seven hundred years. In the shadow of this building lies a little churchyard, and hither every year come many visitors because, more than a century ago, Oliver Goldsmith was buried here.

For this quaint, clever, big-hearted Irishman, awkward and homely as he was, seems to find as warm a place to-day in the hearts of those who read his books or laugh at his play as he did in the hearts of those who knew him when he lived.

While his friends found in his oddities an unfailing source of merriment and were forever joking at his expense, they loved him none the less. And a wonderful group of friends they were, too—on the one hand, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Edmund Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and many such famous writers and artists of his day, and, on the other, a host of a humbler sort, the poor and the unfortunate whom his bounty relieved as long as he could find a shilling in his pocket.

Within a stone's throw of the Temple churchyard one may still see, at No. 2 Brick Court, Middle Temple, the rooms he occupied when, after a life full of poverty and struggle and disappointment, fame came to him when he least expected it. There he entertained his friends to his hospitable heart's content, and rollicking times they often had, until the learned Mr. Blackstone, who lived on the floor below and was then writing his great book on the Laws of England which was to make him famous too, wished his lively neighbor farther. When Dr. Goldsmith gave a children's party, as he sometimes did, it was even worse, for then they played blindman's-buff and hide-and-seek; in the joyful excitement the voices rose higher and higher in shouts of delight, until the legal gentleman down-stairs would be fairly driven out of the house.

Perhaps the doctor enjoyed these frolics all the more because he remembered his own meager childhood in which children's parties had no place, for his father was a country clergyman, and his salary of forty pounds a year (about two hundred dollars) would provide only the necessities for a large family, and parties, alas! whatever the young folks may think of them, are not

usually so regarded by their elders. Oliver, all accounts agree, was a very ordinary little boy and in no way distinguished among his brothers and sisters except that, as he grew older, he determined, in spite of an empty purse, to see the world. So in his early manhood he fared forth, and on his own two feet he wandered through Holland and Belgium, France and Switzerland, and down into Italy, many a time earning a meal and a night's lodging by playing his flute for the country folk.

After some four years of this life he returned to England, where a hand-to-hand struggle with actual want awaited him. It was the experiences of these roving years that he drew upon in writing his poem "The Traveler," with which his fame began. Two years later "The Vicar of Wakefield" appeared, which was destined to become a still greater success, although, as only two thousand copies were sold before his death, he never dreamed that it would be the fate of his book to be republished more than a thousand times, to be translated into many languages, to be dramatized into a fine play. Painters have long delighted in portraying its scenes and characters—the sweet-tempered Vicar, whose amiability no misfortune can shake (a likeness, evidently, of Goldsmith's father, even to the income of forty pounds which he gives him), the pretty daughters, the wicked Squire, appear on canvases again and again and are always sure of recognition and a welcome.

Margaret Dicksee has found the inspiration for her lovely picture in a few lines from the closing paragraph of an early chapter. After the loss of their fortune the Vicar remonstrates with his daughters when they appear ready for church arrayed in their "former splendor," and the tale then continues: "The next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones."

In Miss Dicksee's painting, we see the simple, homelike room; the people of the printed page have become flesh and blood; the sweet placidity of the two girls shows the satisfaction they are finding in their sacrifice; we see the pride of little Bill in the gorgeous new waistcoat, and the adoring look with which the older Dick regards his beautiful big sister while awaiting his turn. It is all in Goldsmith's story, "between the lines" as we say, from which we may see that the part of a story that is not written may become quite as interesting as the part that is.



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"A SACRIFICE OF VANITIES." ("THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.")

FROM THE PAINTING BY MARGARET DICKESEE.

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., New York

FAREWELL SUMMER

(The Wild Aster)

BY CECIL CAVENDISH

In the meadows near the mill,
By the wayside, on the hill;
In the fields that wander down
To the edges of the town,
And beside the farm-house door,
"Farewell summer" blooms once more.

Little asters blue and white,
Many as the stars at night;
Summer's flowers have blown away;
Now you come to make us gay
When the fields are growing brown,
And the leaves come fluttering down.

How I love to gather you,
Purple flowers and white and blue,
On the cloudy afternoons
When the wind makes pleasant tunes
In the orchard grasses dry,
Where the ripened apples lie.

Dear to me are days of spring,
And the summer makes me sing;
Winter has its times of cheer,
But the best days of the year
Come when, close beside our door,
"Farewell summer" blooms once more.

A DRAMATIC FLAGGING

"THE YOUNG RAILROADERS" SERIES. TALES OF ADVENTURE AND INGENUITY

BY F. LOVELL COOMBS

EARLY in the fall Jack Orr, on his own and Alex Ward's request, was transferred to Exeter and given the "night trick" at one of the yard towers. And of course the two chums were then always together.

The day of the big flood proved no exception to the rule. All afternoon they had wandered up and down the river, watching the brown whirling waters, almost bank-high, and the trees, fences, even occasional farm-buildings, swept down from above; and at six o'clock they reluctantly left for supper and the night's duties.

"Well, what do you think of the flood, Ward?" said the chief night despatcher, as Alex entered the despatching-room.

"Looks pretty bad, sir, does n't it?" responded Alex. "Do you think the bridge is quite safe?"

"Oh, yes; it has been through two or three worse floods than this. It's as strong as the hills," affirmed the despatcher.

Despite the chief's confidence, however, when, about five o'clock in the morning, there came reports of a second cloudburst up the river, he requested Alex to call up Jack, at the yard tower, which overlooked the bridge, and instruct him to keep them posted. "Tell him the crest of this new flood will reach us in half an hour," he added, "and that there'll probably be a heavy fog over the river by that time, as it is turning colder."

Just twenty-five minutes later Jack suddenly called, and announced: "It's coming! There is a heavy mist, and I can't see, but I can hear it. Can you see it from up there?"

Alex and the chief hastened to one of the western windows, raised it, and gazed out across the valley below. Instead of the dark waters of the river, and the yellow embankment of the railroad following it, winding away north in the first gray light of the dawn was a broad field of white fog, stretching from shore to shore. But distinctly to their ears came a rumble like thunder.

The chief whistled "It must be a regular Niagara," he remarked, with some uneasiness. "I never heard a bore like that before."

"Here she comes," clicked Jack. They stepped back to his instruments.

"Whew! Say—"

There was a pause, while the chief and Alex exchanged apprehensive glances, then came quickly: "Something has struck one of the western spans, and carried it clean away—"

"No—no, it's there yet! But it's all wracked to pieces. Only the upper structure is holding!"

Sharply the despatcher turned to an operator at one of the other wires. "McLaren, has number 40 passed Norfolk?"

"Yes, sir. Five minutes ago."

A low, horrified cry broke from the chief, and

he ran back to the window. Alex followed, and found him as pale as death.

"What's the matter, Mr. Allen?" he cried.

"Matter? Why, Norfolk is the last station between that train and the bridge! She will be there in twenty minutes! And even if we can get some one across the bridge immediately, how can they flag her in that wall of fog? For there is no time to get torpedoes."

At the thought of the train rushing onto the broken span and plunging from sight into the flood below, Alex felt the blood drawing back from his own face.

"But we will do something! We must do something!" he exclaimed.

At the moment the office door opened, and Division Superintendent Cameron appeared. "Good morning, boys," he said genially. "I am quite an early bird this morning, eh? Came down to meet the wife and children. They are getting back from their vacation, on number 46."

"Why, Allen, what is the matter?"

The chief swayed back against the window. "One of the bridge spans—has just gone," he gasped, "and 46—has passed Norfolk!"

The superintendent staggered back into a chair. But in another instant he was on his feet, pallid, but cool. "Well, what are you doing to stop her?" he demanded sharply.

The chief pulled himself together. "It only happened this moment, sir."

"Can't some one get over the bridge, somehow, to flag her, or lay torpedoes?"

"There is no time to get torpedoes; and look at the mist over the whole valley bottom, sir," said the despatcher, pointing. "The engineer could n't see three feet ahead of him."

The superintendent sprang to the window, and a moment stood with convulsively clenching hands. He turned to Alex. "Ward, can't you suggest

something? You have always shown resource in emergencies."

"I have been trying to think, sir. But, as the chief says, even if we could get a man across the bridge, what could he do? I was down by the river yesterday morning, and the haze was like a blind wall. I could n't see ten feet ahead of me."



"JACK ROSE TO HIS KNEES, AND BEGAN WORKING HIS WAY FORWARD, FROM TIE TO TIE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Could n't a fire be built on the tracks?"

"Not quickly enough, sir."

Superintendent Cameron wrung his hands. "And of course it had to happen after the little Riverside Park station had closed for the season," he said bitterly. "If we only had an operator there now, we—"

The interruption was a cry from Alex. "I've something! I've something! Oil!" and instantly he dashed back for the tower wire.

"What? What?" cried the superintendent, rushing after Alex as fast as he could run.

"Oil on a pile of ties, or anything, sir—providing Orr can cross the bridge," explained Alex, as he whirled off the letters of Jack's call.

Breathlessly the official dropped into a chair beside him.

"I, I, TR," answered Jack.

"Orr, have you any oil in the tower?" shot Alex.

"No, but there is some in the lamp shanty."

"Could you possibly cross the bridge?"

"I've been wondering, myself. There is a rail bicycle in the shanty. Perhaps with that I could shoot over the bad spot. But why?"

"46 is due there in twenty minutes, and we have no way of stopping her except through you."

"Why, sure, sure, I'll risk it," whirled the answer. "I suppose the oil is to make a quick blaze, to flag her?"

"That's it! On ties, or anything! Just this side of the Riverside Park station!"

"O.K.! Here goes!"

"Good luck," sent Alex, with a sudden catch in his throat, as he realized the danger his chum was so cheerfully running.

"Heaven help him," exclaimed the superintendent.

Jack, in the distant tower, took little time to think of the danger himself. Hurriedly lighting a lantern, he dashed out, down the tower steps, and across the rails for the lamp shanty. Fortunately it was unlocked, and darting in, he found a large can of oil, carried it out to the main track, and returning, quickly dragged forth the yard lampman's rail bicycle. Swinging the little car onto the main-line rails, he placed the can on the platform between the arms, hung the lantern over the handle-bars, mounted, and was off, pedaling with all his might.

As he neared the down grade that formed the bridge approach, and the roar of the flood met him in full force, Jack for the first time began to realize the danger of his mission. But tightening his lips, he refused to think of it, and pedaled ahead determinedly.

He topped the grade, and below him was a solid roof of mist, only the bridge towers showing.

Downward he sped. The first dampness of it struck his face, and the next moment he was lost in a wall of white. On he rushed, with bowed head.

Suddenly came a roar beneath him. He was over the water!

At once he slowed up, and continued very slowly, peering ahead sharply, and listening for a note in the roar of the water below which might tell of the broken timbers and twisted iron.

It came, a roar of swirling, choking, and gurgling, and simultaneously a vibration and trem-

bling of the rails beneath him. He was on the shattered span!

At a crawl he proceeded. The vibration became more violent. On one side the rails began to dip. For a moment Jack hesitated, but immediately came a picture of the train rushing toward him, and, gritting his teeth, he went on.

Suddenly the track swayed violently, then dipped sharply sidewise. With a cry Jack sprang off backward and threw himself flat on his face on the sleepers.

For some minutes he lay there, trembling, deafened by the roar of the cataract just beneath him, and expecting the swaying structure to give way every instant. But the rails steadied and partly righted, and regaining his courage, Jack rose to his knees, and began working his way forward, from tie to tie, pushing the bicycle ahead of him.

Presently the rails became steadier, and cautiously he climbed back to his place in the saddle, and slowly at first, then with quickly increasing speed and rising hope, resumed his way. The vibration decreased, and the track again became even and firm; and suddenly at last the roar of the river passed from beneath him—and he was safe!

But at the same moment, glancing down to see that the oil-can was safe, Jack uttered a cry. It was gone! The tipping of the bicycle had sent it into the river.

As the significance of its loss burst upon him, and he thought of the peril he had come through to no purpose, tears welled into Jack's eyes. Then came the thought of the Riverside Park station, a mile ahead of him. Perhaps there was oil there!

Clenching his teeth, and bending low over the handle-bars, Jack shot on, determined to fight it out to the finish.

Meantime, at the main office the entire staff, including the superintendent, the chief despatcher, and Alex, were crowded in the western windows, watching, waiting, and listening. Shortly after Alex had announced Jack's departure, a suppressed shout had greeted the tiny light of his lantern on the bridge approach, and a subdued cheer of good luck had been given as he disappeared into the wall of mist.

Then had followed a painful silence, with all eyes fixed anxiously on a spot opposite where a light west wind, blowing down through a cut in the hills, occasionally lifted the blanket of fog and dimly disclosed the river-bank and the track.

Minute after minute passed, however, and Jack did not reappear. The silence became ominous.

"Surely he should be over by this time, and we should catch a glimpse of his light somewhere," said the chief at last.

"Yes, if—" began Alex, and choked.

But suddenly there was an electrifying cry of, "There he is!" and all momentarily had a glimpse of a tiny, twinkling light and a small dark figure shooting along the distant track.

A moment later the buzz of excited hopefulness as suddenly died. From the north came a long, low, "Too—oo, too—oo, oo, oo!"

The train!

"How far away, Allen?"

"Three miles, sir."

The superintendent groaned. "He 'll never do it! He 'll never do it! She 'll be at the bridge in five or six minutes!"

Again came the long, mellow notes of the big engine, whistling a crossing.

"Who is that on the wire?" said Alex, suddenly,

The chief spun about. "McLaren, call Flanagan on the 'phone! Quick!"

The operator sprang to the telephone, and in intense silence the party waited.

He got the number.

"Hello! Is Flanagan there?"

"Say, is there any oil across the river at the Park station?"

"For Heaven's sake, don't ask questions! Is there?"

"Yes! A half-barrel in the shed behind!" he cried.

Alex's hand shot back to the key.

At the first dot he paused. Through the open window came a whistle, strong and clear.

The chief threw up his hands. Alex himself sank back in his chair hopelessly for a moment.



"'BURN THE STATION!' THE CHIEF AND THE OPERATORS GASPED."

half turning from the window. The next moment, with a cry of "He 's at the station. Orr 's at the Park station!" he darted for the calling instruments, and shot back an answer. The rest rushed after and crowded about him.

"I 'm at the Park station," whirled the sounder. "I broke in. I lost the oil-can on the bridge. There is no oil here. What shall I do?"

As the chief read off the excited words the superintendent sank down into a chair helplessly. "No use," he said. "Fate is against us."

"But there may be some there, somewhere! Who 'd know, Mr. Allen?" demanded Alex.

But suddenly again he started forward. "I have it!"

With the sharp words he again grasped the key, and while those about him listened with bated breath he sent like a flash: "Jack, there 's an oil-barrel in the shed behind the station. Knock the head in, spill it, and set a match to it!"

"Burn the station!"

The chief and the operators gasped, then with one accord set up a shout, and darted back for the windows. The superintendent, told of the message, darted after; and with straining ears, and eyes fixed on the spot a mile up the river

where lay the little summer depot, all waited in absolute silence.

Again came the long-drawn, "Too—oo, too—oo, oo, oo!" for a crossing.

"The next will tell," said the chief, tensely—"for the crossing this side of the station, or—"

It came. It was the crossing!

But the next instant from the mist shot up a flare. From the windows rose a cry. Higher leaped the flame, and suddenly on the quiet morning air came a long series of quick, sharp toots. Again they came—then the short, sharp note for brakes.

And the boys and the flames had won!

"It is useless for me to attempt properly to thank you boys," said the division superintendent an hour after, Jack having returned, with some of the passengers, by boat. "The people you saved have shown what they think—and are to show it in a more substantial way, I understand; as also will the railroad company. I can promise that.

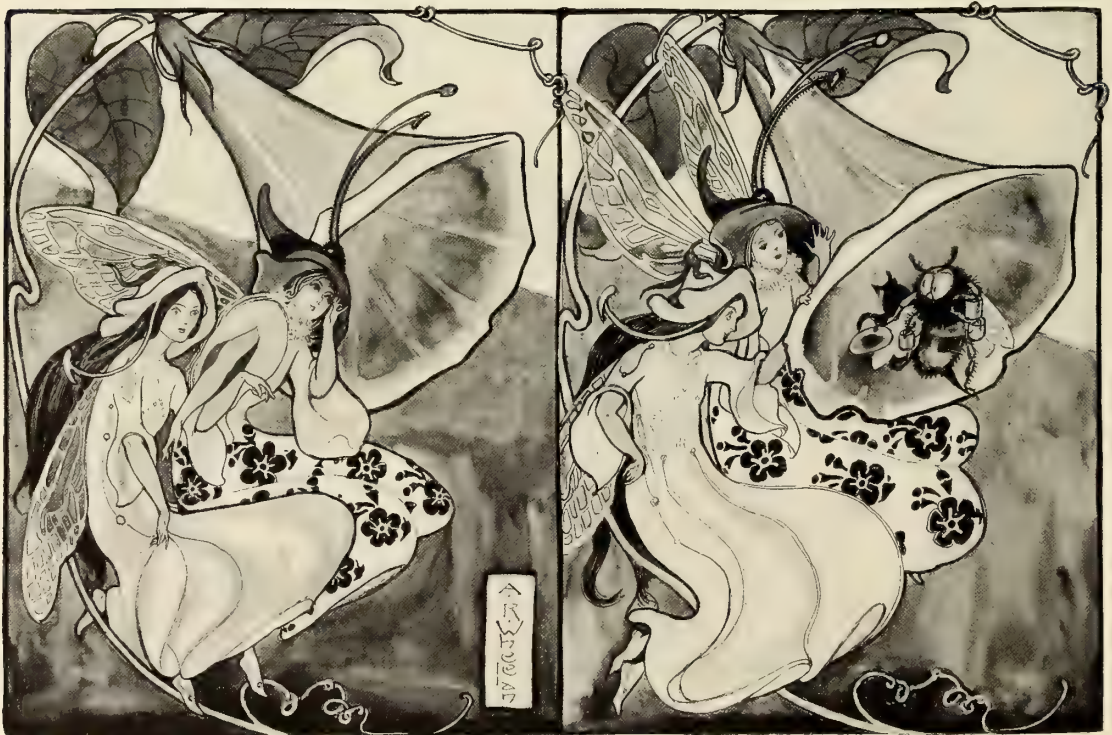
"As to the burning of the station, Alex," for Alex had shown some misgiving over having ordered the burning on his own responsibility, "that was a fine feat of generalship. There was no time to ask, only act. The fraction of a second lost would have lost the train.

"No; that was railroading—the part you both played was fine railroading—and I'll just say in conclusion," said the superintendent, "that if you two do not rise to high positions with the Middle Western, I will be both surprised and disappointed."

WHETHER the superintendent's expectations were realized you may learn by referring to the directory of railway officials; for there you will find that the superintendent of that very division of the Middle Western is now Mr. Alex J. Ward, and the superintendent of telegraphs Mr. Jack E. Orr.

And they are as great chums to-day as ever they were.

THE END.



ADVENTUROUS FAIRY: "WHY! THIS MUST BE A PHONOGRAPH! DOES N'T THAT BUMBLE-BEE'S VOICE SOUND NATURAL?"

BEE: "GOOD MORNING, LADIES! THIS IS MY BUSY DAY. ARE N'T YOU OUT RATHER LATE?"

THE NEW RULES IN FOOT-BALL

BY WALTER CAMP

THE foot-ball readers of ST. NICHOLAS may find some assistance not out of place, in explanation of the new rules governing the sport this fall. To any one reading the code through, there appears so much that is complicated, as to make something of this nature, even to the oldest and most experienced players, almost a necessity. When rules are made, they must be respected even though it takes a great many words to insure a sufficiently clear understanding to accomplish this. The Rules Committee labored with this problem for several sessions, and the result, it is not surprising, makes the rules look decidedly heavy. Some points, however, are perfectly simple, and yet they will cause very radical changes in the play itself.

In the first place, the runner, who has always been aided by his comrades, being pushed, pulled, and dragged along, will be obliged this season to do without any of this assistance, and to work out his own salvation. The only aid that may legally be given him is that of the interference of his own men, running ahead of him and bumping into the opponents.

Even here there is a further restriction, for these interferers may not take hold of each other or drag each other in any way; hence all interlocked interference will be done away with.

Again, any player running with the ball who is thrown, may not attempt to crawl along the ground under penalty of a loss of five yards for his side. This is intended to prevent any desire on the part of the opponents to drop on such a fallen player.

Then, too, flying-tackling has been abolished. The rule is that the man must have one foot on the ground when he tackles. This will be very difficult of enforcement, but may be of some assistance in lessening injury.

The ends will have an easier time of it than of old, because in going down the field under the kick, they may not be interfered with by the opponents until they have gone twenty yards. On the other hand, this will make it all the harder for the back who is receiving the kick to run the ball back up the field.

The quarter-back may run with the ball and cross the line of scrimmage at any point, and the

forward-pass likewise may be thrown across the line of scrimmage at any point. The man who makes the forward-pass must, however, be at



WALTER CAMP.

From the portrait by George M. Reeves in the Crescent Athletic Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.

least five yards back of the line of scrimmage when he makes it, and this same restriction applies to the man who makes a kick.

The forward pass may be received by an end or a man in the back field who was at least one yard behind the line of scrimmage when the ball was put in play.

Bearing these various alterations in mind, the school teams will find it advisable to begin their

practice as early as possible and to follow out a pretty systematic course.

The first thing to do is to teach all the boys to give up the pushing and dragging of the runner, to which they are so much accustomed. It will be quite difficult at first to inculcate this principle. When a runner reaches the line, he is generally stopped, and there is another comrade behind him, and it will be simply impossible during the first practice for this comrade to keep his hands off the runner and refrain from an endeavor to push or drag him along, because this is what he has been taught to do ever since he began to play foot-ball. Repeated practice and direction on the part of the captain and coach toward having the interference precede the runner as much as possible, and be as effective as it can be in this way, will help.

The next thing, and part of the same idea, will be to prevent men in the interference from taking hold of each other. In some school teams this has been very common and it will be difficult at first to eradicate it.

It will not be so difficult to prevent a man from crawling, but he should be cautioned that there is a penalty, and it will mean a loss for his side if he attempts it.

As to the rule regarding tackling: if the would-be tackler will remember to slow up just before he reaches his man, which in ordinary cases of coming down the field is what he ought to do anyway, he will find that it is not difficult to obey this rule. Difficulty will come when a man is on the full run endeavoring to cut off an end run, but then the chances are he will tackle any way he can if there is no time to slow up, and he must get the runner or he may lose a touch-down. Under these circumstances any penalty except the one equivalent to a touch-down will probably have no effect.

It will not be difficult to teach the quarter-backs that they may run across the line of scrimmage at any point. This will be a pleasure for

many holding this position on school teams, but they will find that without pushing and pulling it is going to be rather hard work to gain ground in this way. Probably the best arrangement for the school team will be to play four back-field men in a line. This same method has been attempted somewhat in the last few years. Then a ball may be passed to any one of these men, and he may run with it, or he may give it to one of his comrades.

The direction for forward-passes will be just the same as of old. The only thing is that players must be taught to respect the twenty-yard zone when a pass or kick is made, and not to run into their opponents, except in an attempt to catch the ball.

The on-side kick will be a more difficult undertaking than formerly, and probably will not be very effective except as a hit or miss policy. The ball now has to travel at least twenty yards after it crosses the line of scrimmage, and that practically puts it out of the reach of the rush line.

The greatest responsibility rests upon officials, for the game cannot be played without good officials, and this is the weakness of the rules. There is so much in the way of space and player to watch, that it will take phenomenal men to control the game and see that every rule is absolutely enforced. Players must themselves help in this respect by making every effort to understand the alterations made necessary in the play by the enactment of this new legislation, for it is only by a thorough understanding between players and officials that the rules can be enforced. To the spectators the game will for a time be a mystery, especially if officials are strictly enforcing the rules, for players will certainly infringe in the early season, and the ball will be called back many times. However, it is hoped that with experience and caré the first of November will see what the game will be like in its development.



FOOT-BALL—A GAME FOR GENTLEMEN

BY EDWARD H. COY

Captain of the Yale Foot-ball Team of 1909



"TED" COY, IN FOOT-BALL COSTUME.

THE NEW RULES

To the man who has played foot-ball under the old rules, the new regulations may at first appear to have greatly endangered not only the popularity of the game, but even the game itself. I believe it is simply because we have not yet had time to consider the possibilities and have not been able to watch the game played under the new rules. The authorities who made the changes did so because the public demanded a revision, and in doing so they did not attempt to change the play any more than was absolutely necessary.

They made the new rules with the idea of doing away with the dangerous features and the opportunities for unnecessary roughness; nothing more. Every one of the committee is a lover of the game, and it is the duty of each of those who expect to play to do his part in making foot-ball the greatest of all sports. It has always been so and always will be, as long as foot-ball players will play the game as it should be played, and abide by whatever rules are in operation. Foot-ball cannot change greatly as long as there is personal contact and vigorous play, and we need not fear for its future, provided we do our part.

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER

I THINK it advisable at this point to mention a few characteristics which are essential to a foot-ball player. To many the following remarks may seem uncalled for, but I believe it is better always to emphasize such important points. As I have said, we all have parts to play which will influence the reputation of our game in exact

proportion to the fulfilment of our duty. But just what is our duty? It must be remembered that foot-ball is not a game for "muckers," or men who are unable to control their tempers. It is a game for gentlemen only, and let us hope that all who try to play it will be gentlemen. I do not want to be misunderstood on this point and appear to convey the impression that I am anxious to make foot-ball an effeminate game, but I do insist that the player must at all times be fair and square.

UNDESIRABLE ACTIONS

LOUD and vulgar talk on the field during a game, for instance, is entirely unnecessary and uncalled for. Men who indulge in it are far from the kind who should bear the name of foot-ball players. There should be absolutely no talking at all by any of the members of a team except the captain and the quarter-back. The captain alone should talk to the officials, and only in case of misunderstanding. Occasionally it helps to have the linemen talk quietly to each other, as it is a steady influence to feel that those near you are working hard and with you, but there is never an excuse for talking to opponents. Some think they must abuse the man opposite them and do all they can to frighten him, but that kind of play is by no means the kind we care for. It classes the man who does it with those who do not help foot-ball. Men are not sent on the field to talk. They have plenty to do to keep them busy, and if they do their work quietly they will have greater success. One of the greatest ends that ever played foot-ball, Frank Hinkey, the Yale captain, was nicknamed by some "Hinkey the Silent," because he hardly ever spoke while playing. Surely he did not lose by it. The spectators do not buy their tickets to hear a crowd of men talk. They go to games to watch men play, and loud talk is very disagreeable to all.

"Slugging" is another undesirable performance that sometimes occurs. Any one who can so far forget himself as to start a fight or do mean, underhand tricks when he thinks the officials are not looking his way should never put on a foot-ball suit. He disgraces himself, his college, and the game. A man must control himself. It is

much braver to refuse to hit a man back who hits you, and those who act that way are better foot-ball players and better men. Whoever plans to injure one of his opponents no longer is of use to his team. For foot-ball is a game in which team-work is the key-note, and in every play each man has a duty to perform. When a man begins to play unfairly he spends time and energy which he should devote to the play to something entirely apart from the game. For surely no one can say unsportsmanlike conduct is a part of a foot-ball game. And thus he weakens his team. I don't mean to say that men must not play hard and strenuously. They should, and the harder they play the better they play and the more success they have. But I do urge all to play only a clean and fair game, for by so doing they will be better satisfied with themselves, and every one will be better satisfied with them.

And now comes a very important point on which many differ but concerning which there is but one answer. Should a team take advantage of the officials' mistakes in ruling if by some chance such a thing happens? It would be hard for a captain to give up a victory by informing the officials of a mistake, but of course that should be done. It is the only honorable thing to do. It is an unusual thing to do, but nevertheless it has been done, and those who act in that way win credit for themselves greater than the credit they would have gained by a foot-ball victory. It has for a long time been the idea of the majority that even if an unfair decision has been made, it should stand and not be reversed. And some even have thought that it was perfectly honorable to attempt to fool the officials into making unfair decisions. That idea is all wrong. Captains and coaches should follow the example of Mr. Stagg of Chicago, who last year refused to allow an illegal decision of the referee to stand when it meant victory for his team. He at once called attention to certain rules which deprived his team of the necessary points to win the game. That is the kind of action that makes foot-ball. A man must love the game more than personal victory. What does one game count in comparison with the future of foot-ball? Mr. Stagg realized this, and unselfishly gave up a single victory in order to preserve the fidelity and strictness of the rules.

PREPARING FOR THE SEASON'S WORK

Now a word as to how to get ready for a season of foot-ball. Many of the serious accidents can be avoided, I believe, if the foot-ball players will

take care of themselves and follow some of the rules of training. Foot-ball is not a game to trifle with. It is a game which requires preparation, and no one can expect to play a game without first getting into some sort of condition.

First of all, let every man obtain the necessary uniform. To enter a game in any costume that happens to be convenient is no way to play. As to pads and guards, players should use their own judgment. The fewer the better, for when a man is in proper foot-ball condition, shin-guards, nose-guards, head-gears, and the like are all unnecessary. But in case of weak knees or sensitive heads, of course a player should always make sure of being sufficiently protected.

As fall comes on every year, and with it real foot-ball weather, every one naturally is eager to start playing, and in the enthusiasm of the moment we are apt to forget that training is necessary. The preliminary work is always tiresome and uninteresting, but it must be gone through. No one should think of playing even a short time till he has had a week or ten days of practice first. The muscles and the body in general must gradually be put into shape so that they will be able to stand the bumps and bruises of a game.

PRELIMINARY PRACTICE

For a day or two players should spend their time falling on the ball, starting quickly from their playing positions, punting, forward passing, and catching the ball. All these departments of the game are very important, and the more practice one has the better. Some teams continue to spend a certain amount of time each day on just these elementary things through the entire season. It is bound to show in the team's work, and many a game has been won simply because one man has been quicker and more efficient in dropping on the ball than another.

Then should follow signal drill, and it is better for a while to have just a few simple plays. Perfect yourselves in a few plays at first and get so that you can put them into practice like clock-work, then gradually add more difficult plays to those you have learned. In every play each man should know what he must do and where he must be. No man can be idle.

This year is to be a critical year in foot-ball. The public is looking on with a censoring eye. But let each one, man and boy, college athlete and school-boy, do his share toward preserving the game, and satisfying the public with the knowledge that it is a great game and one which we must not give up.



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"GOOD-BY!"

FROM THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR J. ELSLEY.

THE LEAGUE OF THE SIGNET-RING

BY MARY CONSTANCE DU BOIS

CHAPTER XIV

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER

CAROL, Jean, Cecily, and Frances came up the path to the farm-house, carrying the rocking-chair between them, and the little old lady whom they had rescued was riding in state under an umbrella, while her faithful Susan trudged after her with the bags. They brought her into the kitchen and set her down before the stove.

Mrs. Perkins had a heart as warm as the kitchen itself. "Jim done just right to send you girls here," said she; "and I 'm glad you ladies come in, too. Toast yourselves good, now, and I 'll make you all some tea. Go set the table, Ruby May."

While Ruby May Perkins was laying out cups and saucers, the little lady was helped out of her wrappings. When the last layer had been peeled off, she proved to be the prettiest little old fairy imaginable, tiny and dainty, with beautiful silver-white hair, and blue eyes, kindly twinkling.

"Dear, dear, how wet you children all must be! I declare I 'm the only dry member of the party." She turned upon Carol, who was taking off the small overshoes. "You child with the long curls, your hair is sopping. Susan, go and hunt up a towel and dry it for her, or she 'll be down with croup to-night!"

"She 's our *teacher!*" giggled Frances.

"I 'd look more dignified if I had n't lost all my hair-pins in the gale," laughed Carol.

"A teacher, are you? You look to me about old enough for kindergarten, but then I 'm half blind," said the dame of the twinkling eyes. "But you know how to take care of old ladies, that 's plain. Thank you, dear children, and bless you with all my heart! Between being run away with and drowned and struck by lightning, I 'd have ended my journey then and there if you had n't come to the rescue."

The tea was soon ready, and a hot and bracing drink it was, but the girls' mouths puckered as they sipped it.

"Tastes like poison," whispered Frances, with a grimace.

"It 's good green tea, my dear, and very much better than black," said the quick-eared old lady. "I was brought up on it—that 's why I 'm so spry at eighty."

Meanwhile the thunder was rolling and the rain descending in still heavier torrents.

"If it keeps up like this, I don't see how we 're

to reach the boarding-house Jim told us to go to," said Carol.

"Sorry my husband ain't here; he 'd drive you over there; but he 's teaming and won't be back till Saturday," said Mrs. Perkins. "I guess you folks 'll have to spend the night with us. We 've only two bedrooms, but Grandma 'll give up hers and come in with the children and me."

"Then you can sleep in Grandma's room, Fairy Godmother," said Carol to her white-haired protégée. "You don't mind my calling you that, do you? You look just like a good fairy."

"From the way you 're arranging things for me, child, I should say *you* were the fairy god-mother!" laughed the old lady.

"We girls are used to camping out," Carol went on. "So just give us some blankets or shawls, Mrs. Perkins, and we 'll sleep on the parlor floor."

"You 'll be mighty uncomfortable, but I don't see how to fix you up any better," said Mrs. Perkins, regretfully.

Here little Daniel edged up to his mother.

"Why can't they sleep in the barn, like Popper and I do when there 's comp'ny?" he asked.

"That fine big barn out there!," cried Carol. "Splendid idea! Good for you, young man!"

"Jolly! We 'll have a regular barn party!" exclaimed Jean. "It 'll be lots of fun!" And most of the other girls agreed that the barn plan was just the thing.

"I won't sleep there," declared Evelyn. "Barns are the worst places in thunder-storms."

"They have rats in barns," said Betty, dolefully.

"Not in ours," Mrs. Perkins assured her. "It 's new this spring. And the thunder won't keep up long. I 'll just run up garret and bring you down that pile of new camp blankets. My husband 's just bought 'em to take when he goes guiding. They 're good and warm."

All the rest of the afternoon, and long after the lamps were lighted, the steady downpour continued. But, with the troop of jolly Huairarwee girls to make things lively, the farm-house became the merriest of places. Mrs. Perkins, busy with her cooking, threw many a grateful smile at Carol, who was walking up and down the kitchen with teething Baby Harry in her arms, singing to him softly, while his moon face looked contentedly over her shoulder. The mother could not help now and then stealing to the parlor door for a peep at Jean, Cecily, and Frances as they romped

with Daniel and Ruby May, and at the other girls clustered in a ring about the fairy godmother, who was laughing over their stories of camp life.

"Horses are my pet fear," said the old lady, on hearing about Hiawatha; "and how I'm to find a quiet, respectable pair of old snails such as I like, to take me over to Halcyon, I don't see!"



"BY THE TIME SUPPER WAS READY, THE FAIRY GODMOTHER FELT INTIMATELY ACQUAINTED."

"Are you coming to Halcyon?" asked the girls.

"To be sure I am—to stay at the inn. Have they anything but shying colts and dunces to drive them, over there, do you know?"

"Jack could drive you over with Cyclone," said Cecily, pausing in her frolic. "He's my cousin—Jack Hamilton. He's only a boy, but he's a great big one, and he's a splendid driver. And Cyclone goes very fast, but he *never* shies."

"Thank you, my dear, for thinking of it, but the name of the horse settles it for me," answered the little dame. "Cyclone! That sounds worse than the tornado you've just saved me from!"

"Then it's too bad Court is n't here," said

Cecily. "Court is Jack's brother. He's nearly twenty-two. But he's gone out West."

"Gone out West!" repeated the old lady. "The young man must have money to burn, to be traveling all over the continent!"

"No, he has n't," Cecily frankly owned.

"Carol's brother ran away, and Court and Douglas Gordon went out after him, but Douglas found him," put in Frances.

"Sh, Frisk! Don't tell about Eric," whispered Jean.

But Frances was a born chatterbox. "Court ought to get the legacy from his great-aunt *now*! Ought n't he, Cece?" said the Mouse.

"Legacy!" exclaimed the old lady. "Humph! Is your cousin counting on a legacy to pay his expenses? Perhaps his great-aunt herself might have something to say to that!"

"Oh, that was just a ridiculous joke of his," said Cecily. "My cousin's really *too* generous, and when they used to scold him for giving away his last cent to help people, he'd pretend a rich old great-aunt of his was going to give him a thousand-dollar tip or leave him a legacy. But of course he was only in fun! And he really does n't know old Miss Van Courtlandt at all. I don't believe he's seen her for years!"

"Then he'd much better go and pay his respects to her at once, and who knows

but she *will* give him a tip?" said the old lady. "And your teacher's brother has run away, has he? And Court and some other boy have gone after him? I'd like to hear about that."

Frances was no less ready to tell about it. Down she sat on the floor at the fairy godmother's feet, and, despite pokes from Jean and Cecily, gave her listener not merely the history of the last weeks, but of the Armstrong failure too.

"Well, it's all out now," Jean whispered to Cecily, "so I'm going to tell how plucky Carol's been through it all." She seated herself on the floor beside the loquacious Mouse, and by the time supper was ready the fairy godmother felt

intimately acquainted with her Majesty's Chief Councillor.

The supper was all dessert, as Jean expressed it, for though there was plenty of bread and butter, the mainstays were doughnuts, home-made preserves, and apple- and blueberry-pie. Their hostess having regaled them with nothing less than a banquet, the girls afterward entertained her with a concert. In the parlor stood a melodion, and upon it was an old book of songs.

"Let's sing 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep,'" said Jean. "I'm sure we've been rocked in the cradle to-day!"

Cecily took her place at the melodion, Carol led the singing, and the girls made the parlor ring to the good old songs. If the fairy godmother's heart had not been won already, they would have captured it then.

"You carry me back to my girl days, when the lads used to serenade me," she said.

"It's stopped raining!" cried Carol, going to the window when the concert had ended. "We'd better run over to the barn now, before it showers again."

Accordingly, away they trooped to the hay-loft. It was a novel bedroom, but a spacious and airy one, and the hay made deliciously soft and fragrant couches.

"It's too jolly for anything out here!" declared Jean. "I'm so glad that dear old lady came and took up the only room!"

"I wonder what her name is," said Cecily. "Do you know, we've been so busy chattering away, we never stopped to ask her!"

"It never occurred to me she was anything but 'Fairy Godmother,'" said Carol. "What a witch of a girl she must have been! I don't wonder she was serenaded. Look here, we're all of us too wide awake to go to sleep just yet; let's slip out again and serenade her."

If the fairy godmother had looked out of her window a few moments later, she would have seen a light like a will-o'-the-wisp flitting from the barn to the house. Guided by a lantern, the minstrel band was stealing up. Under Grandma Perkins's window the girls took their stand, and, led by Carol, lifted their clear young voices in "Moon of the Summer Night." The song floated up to the fairy godmother, and she peeped out through the blinds. After the last verse a gentle clapping was heard. The minstrels responded to the encore with other songs, and ended by blowing kisses up to the window.

"Good night, my Romeos! I'd throw you down roses if I had any," called the little belle of long ago. "You've given me the sweetest serenade I ever had! Good night—one and all!"

Back in the loft once more, their lantern carefully extinguished, the girls wrapped themselves in the warm blankets, and, nestling in the hay, one by one drifted off to the Land of Nod.

There was a comical awakening next morning: they sat up, staring about them in bewilderment at their odd surroundings, and laughed to see the wisps of hay adorning one another's hair. Sunshine and storm-cloud were contending in the sky, as they found when they stepped out to bathe their faces at the pump, and the high wind warned them that the lake must be whitecapped still.

After breakfast, as the girls waited for the guides, who should turn in at the gate but Dr. Hamilton, driving Cyclone, and he was followed by Mr. Lennox with Hiawatha. The lakes being too rough to admit of a return by water, they had driven to the village boarding-house, expecting to find the missing campers there, but not discovering them, they had come to the Perkins farm.

"Now Uncle Henry can drive you to Halcyon, and then you won't be afraid with Cyclone," said Cecily to the fairy godmother, who had hobbled out to the porch.

Dr. Hamilton drew up before the door and looked at the white-haired lady, and she looked at him.

"Good morning, Henry," said she. "You did n't expect to see *me* here, did you?"

"Aunt Sarah! Is that you? How did *you* come here?" exclaimed Dr. Hamilton. Down from the carriage he sprang, and greeted her with a hearty kiss.

"I hear that my nephew Van Courtlandt has gone out West," said she. "If he does n't come home quick he'll be too late to get his tip. I'm going to be only a fortnight at Halcyon."

Cecily and Jean collapsed against the Virginia-creeper vines! Frances sat down on the steps and gasped!

"What are you fainting away for, children?" asked Fairy Godmother. "It's quite true my namesake has n't seen 'old Miss Van Courtlandt' since he was a little rascal of a boy, but it's high time *she* saw *him* again, if there's to be any talk of a legacy!" She chuckled like a witch over the perplexed amazement in the face of the doctor.

The whole party could by no means be accommodated in the two surreys, but the stage route from the Junction led past the farm, and already the stage was in sight. Carol and Jean ran down to the gate to hail it. There were only two passengers that morning, and they were both boys. A moment more, and a cry of joy broke from the girls, "It's Eric and Douglas!"

The stage halted; down jumped the travelers. Carol threw her arms around the prodigal, and he

smothered her with a loving bear-hug. Jean and Douglas gripped each other's hands, their faces radiant.

"You found him, Douglas! I told them all you would! I knew you 'd be the one!" cried Jean. "How did you get home so soon? We did n't expect you till to-morrow. Did n't you stop in New York?"

"No; we came back by Chicago and Buffalo to Albany, and then came straight up here. Is Court home yet?"

"No; he's out in Michigan still, seeing to some business for Mr. Armstrong," answered Jean.

Eric and his sister released each other, and Carol clasped the hand of her faithful knight. "Douglas, I can never thank you as long as I live!" she said. "None of us can ever repay you!"

"Don't, Carol, please," he begged. "Remember what you did for me last year!"

When the stage continued its journey Jean was beside Douglas, in Eric's place. Her father took Carol and the young runaway in his own carriage.

"Farewell, Conquering Hero!" Carol called back to the head of the league, as the light surrey left the lumbering stage behind. Then she turned to her brother. "Now, old man, tell me everything. I know you ran away to find work and help the family, and as soon as I could report you were safe, I wrote that much to poor Mother; but that's all any of us know."

"I want to tell you, too, Mr. Lennox," said Eric, and as Douglas's guardian turned to listen, he burst out impetuously: "I got into an awful scrape, and Gordon got me out of it, like the brick he is. And now I can't pay him back a cent! But I *will* some day! I'm going to get a job as quick as I can, and I'll work till I've paid up, if it takes me ten years!"

"You got into debt, Eric? Was that it?" asked Carol, anxiously.

"Yes. It started 'way back in the winter, at school. I—well, I don't know how it happened—I did n't think I was running up much of a bill—but a fellow can't be stingy! I had to treat the other fellows, and then—there was the new building for the boat club. I promised fifty dollars."

"Mercy, Eric!" cried his sister, aghast; and Mr. Lennox remarked: "You do things on a large scale, young man."

"Well, and then that old fake separator came along—"

"*Separator!*" Carol interrupted. "What on earth do you mean?"

"It's a machine for separating gold from the sand. A fellow named Renshaw invented it—Stan Rossiter knows him. Well, the shares were selling at twenty-five cents, and Stan said it was

such a chance. He bought a lot, and I did, too—I bought eight hundred!"

"Two hundred dollars' worth!" cried poor Carol. "Why, Eric, you should n't have put *one penny* into it without asking Father!"

"You must have had a generous allowance," commented Mr. Lennox.

"N-no, but I had the hundred my uncle Eric gave me. I drew it out of the savings-bank, and—and then I borrowed another hundred from the fellows at school."

"Alan knew nothing about it!" Carol broke in.

"No, I did n't tell him. Well, I thought I had to hustle to get the shares, so I just put everything into it. And then, of course, there was that fifty I'd promised for the boat club. I'd been meaning to get it out of the bank, but here I'd gone and used up every cent I had. I could n't back down after I'd promised, so I had to borrow for that. But I thought the invention was going to pay right off, you know. And I was going to save up my allowance and ask Dad for more. But then the failure came, and my allowance had to stop, and I could n't raise a cent! I had all those bills to pay, too, and I found I was owing about two hundred dollars all around! And then, when I saw what a scrape I was in, I did n't dare tell Dad, and I knew Howard and Al would say I was a fool. And I was—an awful old fool! Oh, come, now, Sister! Pitch into me! But don't *look* at me like that!"

"Eric, you should have gone straight to Father and told him everything," said Carol. "It was the only right and honorable thing to do. Don't you know how full of love and sympathy he is? He understands so well what it means to be a boy."

"I know. I was a donkey all along," muttered Eric, dropping his eyes before the love and grief that looked out of hers. "Well, I did n't know what to do. So finally I told Gordon I was in a scrape, and he promised he would n't give me away, so then I told him all about it. He tried to get me to own up to Dad, but I just *could* n't. But he said he had two hundred dollars and he'd pay all my debts, and he did!"

"He paid them all!" exclaimed Carol. "He must have given all the money he had in the world! I never knew anything so noble and self-sacrificing in my life! But I never dreamed—! Mr. Lennox, can you ever forgive this boy?" She looked imploringly at Jean's father, and he answered kindly: "Douglas was glad to do anything for a brother of yours, I know."

"I thought I'd be able to pay him back in just a little while," Eric went on, "but I waited till I was tired! And after I came up here, I got a letter from Rossiter. He said he was going to

run away and join Renshaw in San Antonio and go out to Arizona to see how the concern worked. He said there was a big chance for a fellow out there, so I made up my mind I'd skip to San Antonio, too. And I did,—hooked rides, you know,—and when I got there, I found the machine had

fellow! Eric Armstrong, I know Stan Rossiter's been your hero, but just you take *Douglas* now, and keep *him* for your hero—you could n't have a better!"

"You're right there!" cried Eric. "There's nobody like Gordon!"



"DOUGLAS, HERE IS A KEEPSAKE FOR YOU." (SEE PAGE 1084.)

gone up the spout! And Rossiter and I are dead broke, and so 's Gordon. But I *will* pay it back yet! And I'm going to write to Dad to-day and tell him the whole thing."

"That 's the right spirit," said Mr. Lennox. "I'm glad to see you're manly enough to make a clean breast of it now."

"And we'll both of us work till we've paid the two hundred back," said Carol, earnestly. "But, Eric, we can never repay Douglas for *all* he's done—for the way he's stood by you like a brother from first to last! The splendid, noble

Jean and Douglas arrived at Rest-a-bit to find Father and Mother waiting on the porch, and with them Carol and Eric. The mother gave her "son" a loving welcome home. Then Mr. Lennox grasped him warmly by the hand. "Well done, Douglas!" he said. "I'm proud of you, my boy. You've proved yourself worthy of our trust."

Jean thrilled at the words, but she understood their full meaning only when Eric's sister spoke.

"Douglas, Eric has told me everything," said Carol. "What a brother you've been to him! Jean, he gave all his money to save Eric from

debt! Oh, Douglas, our hearts are just brimming over with gratitude! No, no, you can't stop me—I *will* speak out, and you must listen respectfully, no matter how you hate to be thanked! But we can *never* thank you as you deserve—nobody could! I'll tell you one thing, though, if it's any reward to know it: you're going to make a man out of Eric by what you've done for him. If he turns out the man we hope to see him, we'll thank *you* for helping to make him so. And you'll be his brother always, won't you, Douglas? He'll never act so badly again—he's learning his lesson; and you can influence him more than any one else, I'm sure. And the best wish I can wish for Eric is that he may grow to be like *you*!"

CHAPTER XV

MORE TREASURE TROVE

As soon as Court returned, a beach tea was held at Eagle Cliff. All the inmates of Huairarwee, Rest-a-bit, and Hurricane were there, and even spry old Aunt Sarah Van Courtlandt herself. Beneath the high crag the rocks made a natural arm-chair, and there amid cushions the girls seated their fairy godmother. After tea the members of the league held a meeting around the stone chair, and they summoned Carol to attend it. Court enthroned her by the old lady's side, and Jean mounted a table-like rock for a rostrum.

"Illustrious Councilor of State," began her Majesty, "the hour has come for you to know the meaning of the mystic letters *L. S. R.* They stand for the *League of the Signet-Ring*. We all love you so much that when the troubles came last spring we nearly broke our hearts thinking there was nothing we could do to help you. And then Douglas thought of something that we really *could* do—rally around you and show you we were loyal. He proposed that we should form an annex to the Silver Sword, for the sake of standing by you, and call it the League of the Signet-Ring. So we founded our league, and we made him the head, and all the rest of us here are members of it. And we've made Fairy Godmother an honorary member. I'm afraid most of us have n't been able to do much, but we're true to you and we love you, Carol, dear."

"You think you have n't done much for me!" cried Carol, springing to her feet. "Every single one of you has done more for me than I can ever tell you cheering me up and helping me to be brave! I can never, *never* tell you how full of gratitude my heart is to the members of the league! I said once to Jean, and I'll say it again now,—I'm downright thankful for the dark times

I've been through, for they've taught me what it means to have true friends! You've saved my brother and given him back to me! You've saved *me* from slaving in the city heat, and brought me here,—that was the work of the league, I know. You've fought for me with the silver sword, and protected me with the golden shield! They say clouds have a silver lining, and it's true. The clouds looked very black to me at first, but I found they had both a *gold* and a silver lining."

Court now came forward with something in his hand which he had hitherto been carefully hiding. It was a hard black substance, and on it reposed the amethyst ring.

"Here comes the signet back again!" said Carol. "But what on earth is that thing it's on? A piece of coal?"

"What *in* earth, you'd better say," Court corrected. "It was buried pretty deep. I have a story to tell. I'm not much on finding lost brothers, but I don't make a bad sort of an Aladdin. In the course of my travels I found a rock with an iron ring in it. I lifted it up, and found a staircase leading down into a subterranean palace full of silver and gold and precious stones. The palace was built inside of an *iron mine*, and here's a piece of iron ore to prove it!" Then, while the wonder grew in Carol's eyes, Court turned from the Arabian Nights to plain facts. He told her of his discovery that the Armstrongs' Western acres were richly stocked with iron, and how in the hotel at Marquette he had overheard the plot to buy them in before their owner should discover their true value.

"And now," he ended, "your father has just sold them for what they are really worth, and it's a good big price!" If Aladdin's genie had then and there appeared, Carol could not have looked more amazed. "And I have a message for you from your father. He says, though this does not make him rich, yet with this money your family can live, not in luxury, but in comfort, and you can still keep Wyndgarth. He won't have to sell the old home after all!"

Carol's color came and went, and her heart beat fast. If she had found herself mistress of the palace of gems, not one tenth of the joy would have shone in her face that Court saw there now. "You've saved my father!" she cried, and she gave him both her hands in gratitude. "I believe you've saved his life! The burden was too much for him! It was crushing him down, and now you've taken it away! And you've given us back Wyndgarth! Oh, it's too wonderful! It's too beautiful! But is it really true or am I dreaming, Court—I mean Aladdin? No, you're the genie of the ring himself!"

"Upon my word, I believe I 'm going to be proud of my grandnephew after all!" exclaimed Miss Van Courtlandt. "But what are you dawdling with that ring for? Put it on her finger, Court!"

The new Aladdin slipped the ring on Carol's finger, and then the fairy godmother handed him a check. "My first tip to you for being a good boy," said she.

"Whew! You 're a *lady* genie, Auntie! But I 'm afraid I shall never deserve such a magnificent tip as this!" said Court; and he promptly saluted her faded cheek.

"And you won't have to work, after all, will you, Big Sister?" asked Jean, as they pressed about to congratulate Carol.

"Yes, Little Sister, I *shall* work, for a while at least," Carol answered. "We 're not *rich* even now, you know. And, besides, Fairy Godmother and I have a plan!"

"I 'm half blind, as I tell you," said Miss Van Courtlandt, "though nobody 'll believe me; and I have to be in New York this winter, close to the oculist's, or I shall grow blinder still. And I 'm getting old enough to need a companion, so this dear girl 's coming to take care of me. I 've adopted her, Court, as a grandniece."

When night fell, the picnickers were called to attend a second meeting at Eagle Cliff—a starlight rally of the order. This time Cecily mounted the rostrum. "Yesterday we battle maids held a secret session," she announced. "The chief counselor presided in the queen's place. And, your Majesty,"—she bowed to Jean,—“we unanimously elected you Queen of the Silver Sword for life!"

"Elected me—for *life*!" cried Jean.

"Yes. When your Majesty founded the order you said it was to last all our lives. But we 've bound ourselves to resign, every one of us, unless you promise to reign over us as long as you live."

"But I can't! It 's not right! I 'm not fit for it!" Jean protested. "It 's not fair to the rest of you to have me *always* queen!"

But her maidens would not take back their threat, so the happy girl was obliged to yield and promise. And Eagle Cliff echoed back the cheers for the Queen of the Silver Sword. Then Aladdin the Second, in lieu of rubbing a lamp, set fire to some powder in a gipsy kettle on the sand. A ruddy smoke began to ascend. A red light spread over beach and cliff, and the whole company became illumined in the glow. It faded, but now a

green light flooded rock and strand; then a blue, then a white, bathed the scene. Lastly the red fire shone forth again, and in its joyous brilliance the young queen stood, and around her the ring of loyal battle maids over whom she was to reign through all the years to come.

So Jean was made queen of the order for life, and when she left school and went to college, she carried with her the silver coronet with which she had been crowned in the first year of her reign. But the league had given Carol the title of Guardian of the Royal Signet.

It was at the beginning of Jean's sophomore year that, one bright September day, a grand rallying of the order and the league took place at Tallulah-on-the-Hudson. The occasion was a wedding at the village church, and when it was over the prettiest of receptions was held at Wyndgarth. The bride was Carol herself. Amid a bower of green there she stood, with the bridal veil around her, and by her side was Court. It was a sight exactly to the mind of the white-haired fairy godmother, who, on this his marriage day, had given her grandnephew the "legacy" ahead of time and called it a wedding gift.

Near by, with their bouquets of roses, were gathered the seven bridesmaids chosen by Carol from the league and the order, and in their costumes lay a pretty hint of colonial times. Jean, the maid of honor, was in pale blue; her six companions were all in white; and each girl wore a quaint fichu about her shoulders, and a white picture-hat tied under her chin with blue ribbons—an exact copy of the one in Grandmother Veronica's portrait.

Jean was standing close to the bridal pair as Douglas Gordon, now a junior at Yale, came up to greet "Mrs. Hamilton." Then from her finger, where now shone a circlet of gold, Carol slipped the amethyst signet. She had promised Court to wear it until he should put the wedding-ring in its place. "Douglas, here is a keepsake for you," said she. "But don't keep it forever. Some day you must give it away. Only be sure you choose the right person to wear the *signet-ring*."

Douglas guarded the keepsake long and carefully; but at last there came a time when he *did* give it away; and one day Cecily found the amethyst ring shining on her queen's finger. Jean blushed a telltale rosy red. "I 've promised Douglas to wear it," she said softly, "until he puts a *wedding-ring* in its place."



THE ARTIST'S NIECE AND NEPHEW—ZAYDE AND WILLIAM HOLLAND.
FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM THORNE.

THE NONSENSE BOY

BY CHARLOTTE CANTY

CHAPTER VII

"'DO YOU BELIEVE IN FAIRIES?'"

UP among the stars a pale young moon hung, and the garden was a land of mystery, of faint shadows and witching distances under the soft light. Delicate fragrance from the blossoming garden beds floated in at the tent doorway, and the moonlight stretched like a silver rug from the door to Donald's bed. A soothing hush was over the world, but Donald lay, open-eyed and awake, listening to the faint whirl of the garden creatures and the distant murmur of singing water.

The little boy's reverie stopped, caught by the faint, tremulous "Whoo! Whoo!" of an owl. For answer came a musical protest, like the call of a singing-bird abruptly awakened. That, too, sank into silence, and again came the owl's note, "Whoo! Whoo!"—this time directly behind the tent. The little boy smiled happily.

"Whoo!" he repeated softly. "Whoo! Whoo!"

The low call was hardly more than a breath, but it served. Donald heard a swift, light step outside the tent, and an instant later the Boy stood in the doorway, slender and tall in the soft light, his fair hair glinting with a silvery shimmer in the faint moon-rays.

"At night!" breathed Donald, ecstatically. "Think of coming at night!"

"Think of staying at home on a night like this!" returned the Boy. "Is n't it a dream?" He spoke in a very low tone; the nurse's tent was only a few yards away. "Does n't it make you believe that all the fairies in creation had a hand in fitting up a night like this?"

"Fairies?" echoed Donald. "Do you believe in fairies?"

"Well, rather! Don't you?"

"I 'd like to," said the little boy, "but I 'm so old—"

"Seven and a half. That *is* pretty old. Now I 've been living about eight years longer than you have, but I 'm not nearly as old as you are. I *know* there are fairies. And say, kid, one particularly lovable fairy has written to my father, and although her letter did n't change his point of view, he had to tell me, as she requested, that she believes in me. Do you wonder that I believe in fairies?"

The Boy went down on the floor in the moonlight, and leaned his head against Donald's pillow. The little chap glowed with satisfaction.

"That 's fine!" he said. "That 's just where I like to have you," and his head went closer to the curly blond one.

The Boy laughed, an amused, tender laugh that seemed to fit into the harmony of the night.

"It 's pretty good to be here, Don, and to feel that things have cleared up a little," he declared. "Just as I say, Queen Mab has ridden over the world and has swept out all the discord. Don't you like to think, Don, that all the beautiful things that go out of our lives are gathered up above to make the sky more lovely? Think what a consoler it is, that big, starry sky! And think what a big, weary old world it has to comfort and coddle! Did it ever strike you that that 's the reason why the sky is so wide?"

"No," answered Donald. "I 've never thought about it. You see, I 've never known the sky very well until lately. I was nearly always in bed before the stars came out, and saw only about one at a time when I looked out through the window. But out here the sky comes down to me."

"That 's it, Don, that 's it," whispered the Boy. "The sky comes down to us."

Instinctively his hand closed on that of the little lad, and they were silent, looking with reverent eyes into the star-hung canopy. The sweet bond between them held them content without words, until a clock in the house chimed out the hour.

"Ten!" counted the Boy, startled, as he scrambled to his feet. "That means that I 'll have to go!"

"Of all sad words I know about,
The saddest are these: 'Locked out! Locked out!'"

"Locked out!" gasped Donald. "Would they lock you out?"

"They might," nonchalantly.

"But what would you do?"

The Boy did a little capering dance in the moonlight, and striking an attitude, he sang in a subdued voice:

"I might go roosting with the owl,
For he 's a very kindly fowl;
But underneath his wing I think
That I should hardly sleep a wink;
For every night and all night through,
He keeps on asking, 'Whoo—whoo—whoo?'"

Donald laughed softly, and the Boy stopped short.

"That 's a pretty wide-awake laugh for ten o'clock, Don. You're usually asleep at this hour."

"I 'm not *usually* asleep at any hour."

"Don't you sleep well, Don?" asked the Boy, in sudden concern.

"It 's after ten o'clock," said Donald, warningly, "and here comes my nurse, and you 're forgetting all about those saddest words!"

And the Boy was half-way down to the hedge before he realized that Donald had not answered his question.

CHAPTER VIII

TROUBLES AND HELP

A PERSISTENT whir sounded from the side wall of Donald's tent, but the little boy was too listless to attach any special significance to it. The side walls of the tent were rolled up from the bottom, and the little chap could see nothing unusual in the appearance of the roll of white canvas, until he observed that it was no longer hanging, but lying along the floor, and at times wiggling in a way that was singular, to say the least. Fully roused, he looked at it closely, and called in a weak, husky tone: "Oh, Boy! Is it you?"

A muffled voice came from within the roll.

"Sure. I rolled up here when that eagle-eyed nurse of yours came sallying back to look at you."

The Boy hastily crawled out from the canvas and crossed to Donald's cot.

"Are n't you—you 're feeling all right, Don, are n't you?" he inquired.

The wasted face and wide eyes answered, giving a reply that went straight to the Boy's heart.

"How does the doctor talk these days, Don?" he asked.

"About me?"

"Of course—about you."

"I was thinking about his boy. You know—"

The Boy's lips hardened. "Never mind Burchard, sonny," he said. "Let him take care of himself. What about you?"

"Oh, I 'm—I 'm— You see, I don't sleep. I ought to; the hip is getting along pretty well, but there is a—a—compycation?" He finished interrogatively.

"Complication, yes, Don. But don't you sleep at all?"

"I used to sleep. But I 've been so much awake lately that it 's a sort of a habit now. I 've been awake all night—oh, lots of nights."

"But, Don," protested the Boy, "you ought to sleep. If you don't get lots of sleep, kiddie, you 'll undo all the doctor's work. You would n't spoil his magnificent victory by—well, in any old way at all, would you, Don? There is n't another man in the country that could plan your cure in the same safe, right, get-there way that my—"

The Boy stopped short in dismay, but Donald was looking beyond him, his face tense, uncomprehending.

"I 'm listening, Boy," he said. "But I don't seem to be listening very well, do I? I did n't hear the words, really. I was just listening to—to you!"

The Boy's face cleared, but he assumed an offended air.

"Nice way to listen," he observed scathingly, to cover his relief. "I might have been telling you the thrilling story of the chipmunk that devoured the elephant, and you would n't have heard a word of it."

The heavy look was creeping again into Donald's face, and his bright eyes seemed to see nothing. The Boy bent toward him in alarm, and the little fellow's attention came back.

"Yes, Boy," he said; "oh, yes, I heard that. And the chipmunk devoured the elephant. That 's the end, is it? And the chipmunk was—was—where was he, Boy?"

The Boy took a turn up and down the floor before he spoke.

"Never mind the chipmunk, Donnie boy," he answered gently. "I 'll tell you a different story. Is n't there one that you 'd rather hear?"

The little lad's eyes met his with a sudden flash of interest.

"Yes," he said quickly. "I 'd like a story all about—you!"

Again the Boy looked disturbed.

"Why, Don, old man," he said, "I should n't make a good story. And besides, how could I begin my own story at the end? I have n't come to the end of me yet—not by a good deal."

The little chap had turned away.

"You could n't begin at the beginning just once, could you?" he suggested.

The Boy laughed, an unnatural burst of forced gaiety.

"That would be queer, would n't it," he said, "to give up all my cast-iron ways of story-telling simply because it happened to be a story about me? Well, I may do it sometime, but just at present— What is the matter, Don?"

Trouble lay deep in the Boy's eyes, but he turned a merry face to the little patient and whistled peremptorily.

"Come out of it, old man," he ordered. "What do you mean, mooning off to the Land of Nothing?"

"Is that where I was? In the Land of Nothing?" A faint touch of interest came into the little lad's face.

The Boy nodded. "That 's where you were. But a better way to get there is to close your eyes

tight and drift off in the dream-boat down Sleepy-time Stream."

"The dream-boat does n't come for me any more," said Donald. "I thought I told you so."

"That 's because you 've stopped hanging out your signal. Now here 's your wharf"—indicating the little lad's pillow. "If you put a quiet head down on it every night, you won't be overlooked when the dream-boat comes by. It 's only a fairy bit of a boat, moved by dreams and guided by dreams, and it 's easily blown out of its course. You have to be ready for it when it comes."

"Are you always ready for it?"

The Boy laughed. "You bet I am. Sometimes I have missed it, but that was because of a gale of trouble winds. They don't often come at night, however, no matter how hard they blow by day."

"The trouble winds blow here at night," said the little boy, with a deep sigh. "Your trouble winds and mine and the Burchard boy's and everybody's."

"Why, Don, you should n't permit any such thing!" The Boy paced the floor in energetic protest. "You have n't any troubles. And as for me—I mean Burchard—that is—both of us—Say, Don, old man, you have n't really been letting that sort of thing keep you awake, have you?"

"It does n't *keep* me awake," corrected Donald, "but I think of those things when I *am* awake. If I were a big fellow, and strong, I 'd like to help you and Dr. Burchard's boy. I *would*!"

The Boy's hand gripped that of the little chap.

"Don," he said, "you have helped me more than you 'll ever be able to understand. And listen, old chap. You 've done things for Bob Burchard that he 's going to remember all his life."

"For Bob Burchard?" the little fellow said. "How could I do anything for Bob Burchard?"

"I 'll tell you some day. He thinks you 're the squarest chap he ever knew. And he 'd like to be a chum of yours for ever and ever."

"Is he—you did n't say that you knew him. Do you think—he 'll come—to see me?"

The little lad's voice was husky and very weak,



"'TIRED, DONNIE? WHY, OF COURSE YOU ARE!'" (SEE PAGE 1091.)

and the Boy noted with alarm the two bright spots burning feverishly in the thin cheeks.

"He 'll come on one condition, Don. That is that you get some sleep between now and tomorrow. If you can do that, he 'll probably come."

There was no reply, though the Boy uneasily waited for an answer. He bent over Donald and

looked into his eyes. There was no recognition in them; nothing but that bright, blank stare, born of sleeplessness and fever.

"Don!" called the Boy, and then in alarm he called the name more loudly. The light in Donald's eyes shifted vaguely, but the child did not speak.

With pain and dread at his heart, the Boy seized the bell-cord and rang for the nurse. He waited, holding the cord, until he heard her step almost at the door. Then he quietly slipped out under the rear wall of the tent. From the jasmine trellis he watched the mother come down to join the nurse, and heard her send in haste for the doctor. When Dr. Burchard arrived, the weight of dread lifted a little, but the Boy's heart was heavy as he turned toward home.

At the hedge he paused, and his eyes filled as he looked back to the tent on the grassy slope.

"Keep up your courage, youngster," he whispered. "He 'll pull you through if any one on earth can do it."

But deep in his heart the Boy knew that his own courage had ebbed very low.

CHAPTER IX

"MY BOY! MY NONSENSE BOY!"

ALL afternoon the doctor had worked over the little boy in the tent. There had been a long struggle to get him out of the wakeful stupor that held him, for he was slow to respond even when the pressure of the weights had been relieved. An error on the part of the nurse had been the cause of part of the trouble, but even after the weights had been adjusted there were many conditions that baffled the doctor. The whole system betrayed the exhaustion of Donald's long wakefulness.

"If only he could sleep!" thought the doctor. "Three hours—even two—of natural sleep would get him out of this." He had tried everything within his resources, and Donald's mother had tried to soothe the little lad, but to no purpose. Heavily quiet and feverishly excitable by turns, he had put in a most distressing day, and the coming of dusk found the doctor alone with his patient, puzzled and troubled. He had sent the nurse and the mother away, and now he sat beside the little boy's bed, very quiet, but keenly watching every change in the child.

The shadows fell deep around the tent, and presently the doctor rose and lighted the night lamp. Donald did not move, and the doctor was almost persuaded that the little chap slept. Then the small head turned slowly on the pillow, and the wide eyes opened in protest against the light.

The doctor nodded understandingly. "Better have it for a little while, Donald," he said gently. "I 'll turn it low."

The little chap turned wearily, and there was silence in the tent. The doctor sitting back in the shadows, watched the restless little form. The lower part of the body was held rigid by the weights, but in the troubled breathing, the twitching hands, the unquiet head, the doctor read restlessness. Would he be forced to release the limbs, and give up the ground gained by suffering on Donald's part, by infinite patience and delicate skill on his? Only a little longer, and the normal use of every muscle would be won. If Donald could but hold out! The symptoms were very grave, indicating a turn of affairs wholly unexpected and unprovided for. The doctor went deep into his thoughts as he reviewed the steps by which he had brought the little fellow so far along toward complete recovery. To be checked, baffled, at this stage of his patient's progress was bitter.

Presently the doctor roused himself. The little fellow had grown quiet again, and through some instinctive sense the man became aware that Donald's seeming repose was the strained quiet of listening. Intently the doctor listened with him. Over the faint hum of living things that stirred in the summer night rose a whistle, exquisitely soft and sweet. It sounded like a bird's note at first; then it changed gradually into a marvelous medley of trills and croons, wonderfully soft and tender. The doctor listened as breathlessly as did the little sick boy on the cot. Something in the quality of the smooth tone caught and held his attention, and presently the whistle came to him bearing a familiar strain of music, a fragment of melody that belonged to other days. The little boy heard the doctor start, and he held up a warning hand and again turned a disturbed glance toward the lamp. Obeying the suggestion of the glance, the doctor rose and put out the light. Then he moved softly into the dark shadow behind one of the tent-flaps. The soft glow faded, and all was dark within the tent, save for the broad path of bright white moonlight, stretching from the doorway to Donald's cot.

Sweet with much love, the witching whistle came nearer, and the doctor felt its soothing spell stealing over the troubled little patient. He even heard the little lad's tremulous, broken whisper, "My Boy! My Nonsense Boy!" and he knew himself forgotten in the shadows.

Presently the whistle ceased. One minute, two, three, passed in absolute silence. Then there was a sound at the rear wall of the tent, a deep, swiftly drawn breath. The canvas stirred gently,

and a blond head was thrust into the stream of silver moonlight.

"Shall I come, Don?" said a guarded voice.

Donald reached out a hand in answer, and the Boy drew himself within the tent.

"Pulled you out, did he?" he asked cheerily. "I knew he would. Your doctor is the best ever, is n't he?"

Donald did not answer, but he moved his head, and the moon's rays shone full upon his face. Even in that light the Boy could see the fever spots in the cheeks, and the sleep-forsaken look in the weary eyes. Something tugged at his heart and hurt, but he forced his voice into a blither note.

"You gave me something of a shock to-day," he observed. "I was n't at all flattered to learn that your nurse would be better company for you than I. I've been wasting my talents—eh?" He paused, looking down at the quiet little face on the pillow. "Don, old man," he said, with a change of tone, "are n't you going to talk to me?"

The little lad roused himself at the summons. His glance cleared, and he met the Boy's look lovingly. "You talk, Boy," he said weakly. "Maybe I can talk to-morrow when—when the Burchard boy comes."

"But, Don, you 'll have to keep to your bargain. You must get some sleep if he is to come. Maybe I'd better go at once."

The thin little hand reached out for the Boy's and clung to it.

"Don't go." The voice was faint and broken. "Stay with me, Boy, and hold me. You can't hold all of me, but put your arm under my pillow as my mother does, and—and— Oh, Boy!"

The little fellow's arm went close around the Boy's neck and clung there. A mighty dread came into the Boy's heart, but he spoke quietly, pressing his cool cheek against Donald's hot head.

"Steady, now, Don, steady!" he said. "Here's your wharf. The signal's a quiet head, you remember, and the dream-boat will come for you and take you down Sleepy-time Stream—"

The arm about his neck tightened its clasp.

"Don," he said very gently, "shall I ring for some of them for you?"

Another close pressure of the arm answered him. "Not now," said the little boy. "Now I want—only just you. Could n't you tell me—a story? That story—about you?"

"Would you really like a story—all about me, Don?" he asked, with grave sweetness.

A touch of the encircling arm was the answer, and neither boy caught the start of the doctor, waiting in the shadow.

"Then you 'll have to know who I am, to begin

with. You've never had a name for me, have you?"

"Not a real name. I called you the Nonsense Boy," said the little chap.

"Well, I have a real name, Donnie. I'm Bob Burchard."

Donald's arm dropped in surprise, and he gazed pityingly into the Boy's earnest young face.

"Then I—ought to be—twice as sorry for you, ought n't I?" he whispered.

The Boy smiled gravely. "Maybe," he answered, "but I don't think so. It's worth a good deal just to be the son of a man like Dr. Burchard. But, Don, how can I keep square with him and yet tell him the truth about that scrape of mine? He would never give a fellow away to save his neck, and he'd be ashamed of me if I did. You see, it was this way:

"All the fellows had joked about the principal's love-affair, and no wonder. He was moony and absent-minded, and it was funny. No one thought Miss Temple funny; all the fellows loved and none of us would dream of joking her. I kept out of it, but a lot of the fellows used to write things on the board for the principal's benefit, and—are you listening, Don?"

"Yes; oh, yes," came the faint, rapt whisper.

"Well, one day he stayed in the lecture-room to write to Miss Temple. I was finishing some work, and so was Morley—Jack Morley. The principal stopped at my desk on the way out, and when he had gone I noticed a paper on the floor. I picked it up, laid it on my desk, and then Morley came down the aisle and saw the thing.

"'Something belonging to "Prexy" Ransome?' he said.

"I told him yes, and did n't pay any more attention to him until I heard him giggle. He had opened that sheet of paper and read it—a letter to a lady! I jumped up, ready to thrash him, but he stood me off coolly and reasonably enough.

"'It's all right,' he said. 'I'll give it back to him,' and, like a fool, I let him go.

"Next thing I knew the letter was pasted up on the bulletin-board in the big hall, and every fellow in school was reading it. I jumped into the crowd, ready to whip the whole lot, and just as I got there along came Prexy Ransome himself. He had n't seen Morley in the lecture-room; he could n't remember having seen any one but me, and Morley would n't speak up. I got hold of him privately later on, and when he saw that I meant business he promised to straighten the matter out, but he never did. So my father thinks I did it and that Prexy was right to suspend me."

The Boy choked on the words, and Donald's comforting grip tightened. His eyes lighted up.

"No—he does n't now, Boy—surely he does n't," he whispered. "He thinks you—did n't trust him—and—I 'll tell you—what he said—to my mother—maybe to-morrow when—I 'm not so—tired!"

"Tired, Donnie? Why, of course you are!" The Boy's face was tense with remorse as he bent over the little lad. Why had he been so selfish as to tell his story on this night, of all others? Why could he not have held his peace, and spared the little fellow all this concern? Why—

But suddenly the Boy's self-reproach vanished in the presence of a miracle. The little lad's skin was moist and cool; his face, though tired, was alight with interest, and his eyes were soft with sympathetic tears.

"I feel—so much—better," he breathed. "And I know—that I 'm going—to sleep."

The little body relaxed in the strong young arms, and the Boy lifted his heart in thankfulness. The atmosphere seemed suddenly cleared of danger and dread; sleep, long astray, was coming to the little patient, and the Boy could almost fancy that he heard the oars of the dream-boat splashing in Sleepy-time Stream.

Peace stole upon them as they clung together, and the Boy began to whistle, a strange, soft lullaby strain with countless tender changes. All the sweetness of the Boy's big, loving heart went into it, and the little chap rested and sank into sleep. Fainter and more faint the lullaby grew as the little boy drifted away in the dream-boat.

The whistle ended in a breath that was as soft as a sigh, and as the Boy finished he heard some one rise in the dark corner of the tent and step softly across the floor. There was no thought of flight this time. The Nonsense Boy waved a hand in warning, and held his little friend a moment longer before withdrawing his arm. Then he turned, still on his knees, and the moonlight fell on his softened, uplifted face as he looked up at the doctor. In a flash he realized that his father had heard all.

"Dad!" he breathed, but the doctor did not answer. He was gripping the outstretched hands and there was no need of words between them. Then the Boy stepped outside to wait, ecstatic, under a sky of glory, while his father made sure that all was well with Donald. Sleep would complete the cure that was to make Donald walk and make world-wide the doctor's reputation.

It may have been a few minutes, it may have been an hour, that the Boy waited, for he had no

thought of the time. He saw his father step softly to the nurse's tent, and watched her, in turn, as she sped up to the house to summon Donald's mother. He saw the little group standing apart from Donald's tent, and heard the murmur of their low-toned colloquy. A word of relief from the nurse, and a broken sob of thankfulness from the mother, rose above the guarded pitch of their soft tones. The little group noiselessly dispersed, but still the Boy's spirit was soaring and singing with the stars. All that he knew was




"THE LITTLE CHAP IS GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT."

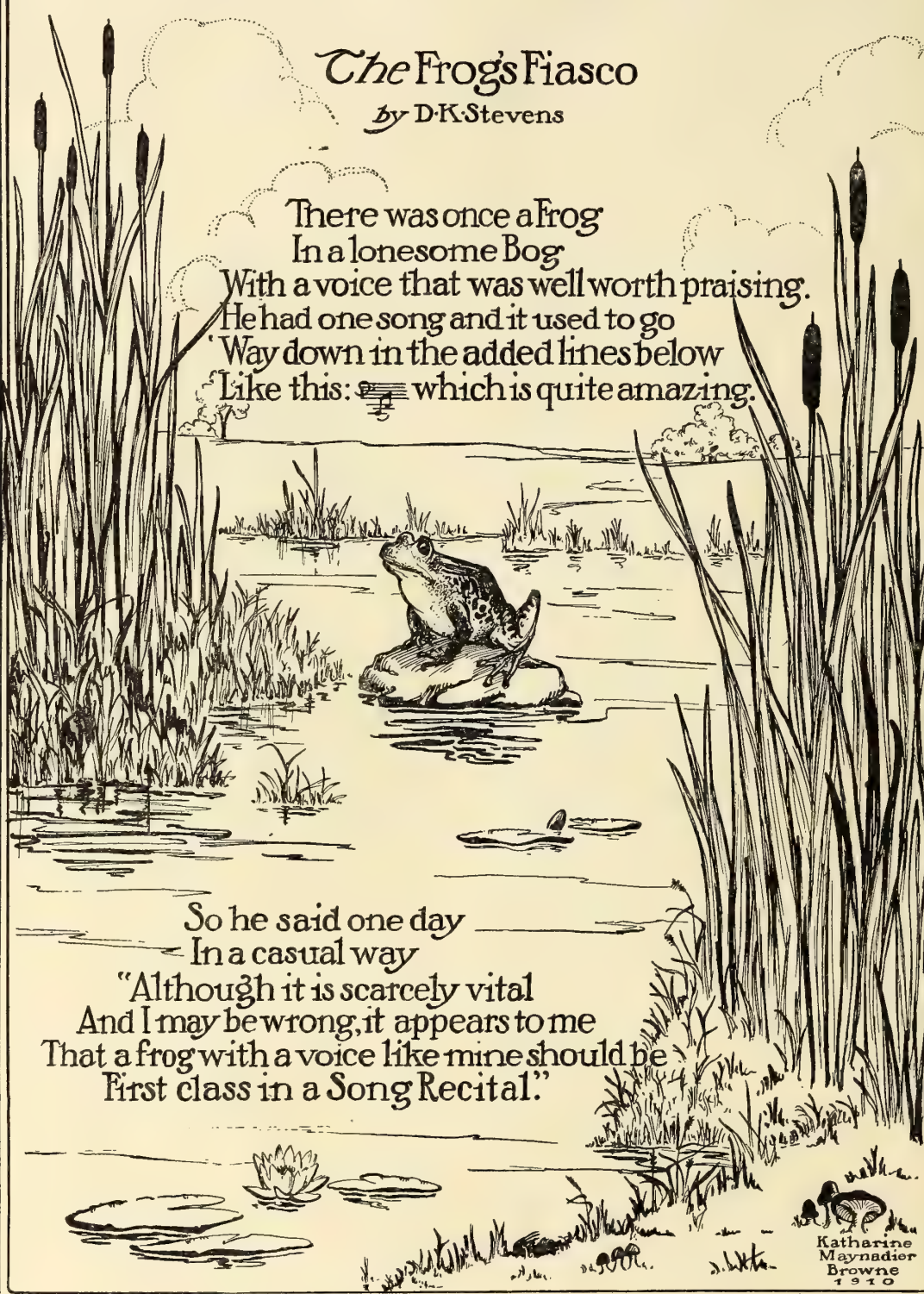
that, at the end of a blissful wait, the doctor came to him, humble and happy in his triumph, and said: "The little chap is going to be all right, Boy,—*thanks to you.*"

And then the doctor laid his arm across his son's slim shoulders in the old familiar way, and they went home together in the glory of the moonlight.

The Frog's Fiasco

by D-K Stevens

There was once a frog
In a lonesome Bog
With a voice that was well worth praising.
He had one song and it used to go
Way down in the added lines below
Like this:  which is quite amazing.



So he said one day
In a casual way
"Although it is scarcely vital
And I may be wrong, it appears to me
That a frog with a voice like mine should be
First class in a Song Recital."

Katharine
Maynardier
Browne
1910

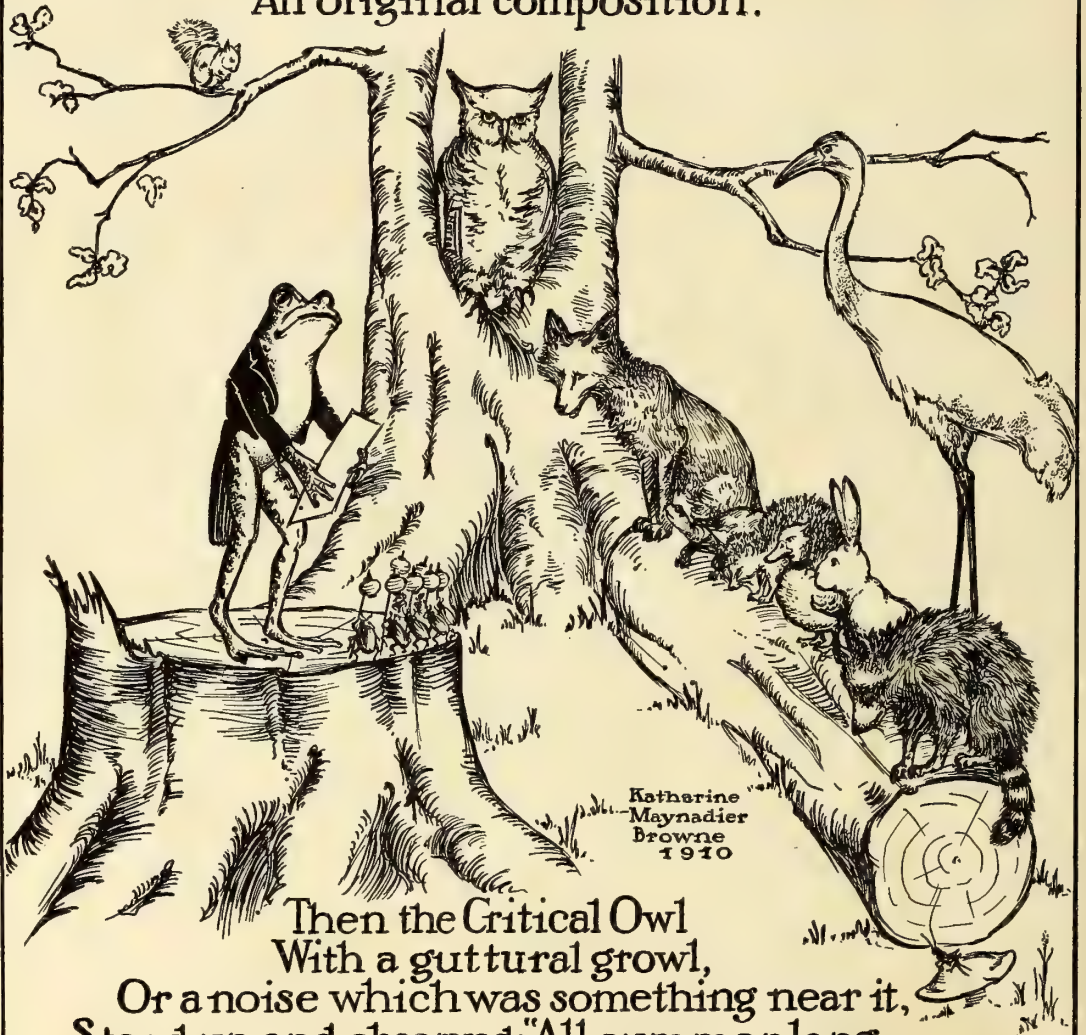
So he posted sheets
 In the village streets
 With the date and the price: one shilling;
 And he billed himself "*Signor*" because
 He thought he would get immense applause
 By the aid of a little *frilling*.



Katharine
 Maynardier
 Browne
 1910

Well, it came about
 That his friends turned out
 From the Crane to the Curious Cricket,
 With the Hare and the Hedgehog, Coon and Fox,
 And the Critical Owl in a private box,
 (On a Complimentary Ticket.)

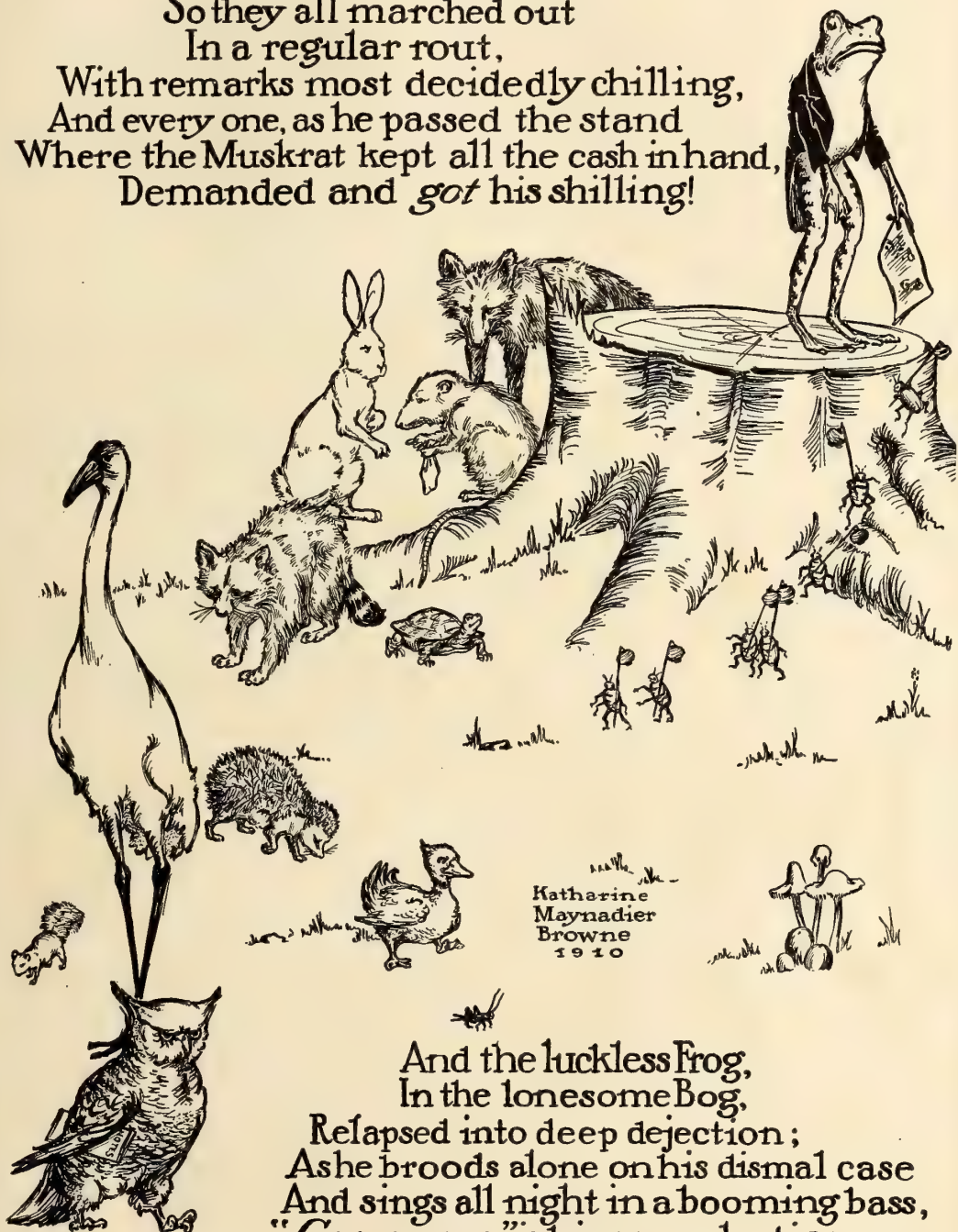
When the clock struck eight
Signor Frog in state
 Thus opened his exhibition:
 "For my first attempt on the concert-stump
 I shall render a song that is called '*Ger-rump*,'
 An original composition."



Katherine
 Maynardier
 Browne
 1910

Then the Critical Owl
 With a guttural growl,
 Or a noise which was something near it,
 Stood up and observed: "All summer long
 From dusk till day you have sung that song—
 And why should we *pay* to hear it?"

So they all marched out
 In a regular rout,
 With remarks most decidedly chilling,
 And every one, as he passed the stand
 Where the Muskrat kept all the cash in hand,
 Demanded and *got* his shilling!



And the luckless Frog,
 In the lonesome Bog,
 Relapsed into deep dejection;
 As he broods alone on his dismal case
 And sings all night in a booming bass,
 "*Ger-rump*" is his one selection.

THE YOUNG WIZARD OF MOROCCO

BY BRADLEY GILMAN

Author of "A Son of the Desert"

CHAPTER XIX

PURSUING A SULTAN

AN attendant now entered the room where the boys were reclining, and beckoned them to go out with him. They obeyed at once, and followed the man into the central patio; and there they were greeted, in a hearty English fashion, by Kaid McKenzie, who was being served with sherbet, and had evidently just taken a refreshing bath. "I begin to feel more like myself," declared the kaid. "I have just returned from a boar-hunt to which I was invited by one of the sheiks beyond the mountain; I did n't care to go, but, for reasons of state, I was obliged to."

Here he took a few sips of the sherbet, and directed the man who was fanning him to stand a bit farther away. "You see that brown chap over there, near the fountain?" he asked; and the boys nodded assent. The man thus pointed out was naked, save for a strip of cloth about the waist, and was lean and wiry, and seemed even more fatigued than the kaid. "He is a rekkah," continued Kaid McKenzie, "a messenger, you understand; in fact, he is my personal private messenger. He has just come, at great speed, from Mekinez; and he tells me that the Sultan is there, but is very ill indeed; in truth, probably in a dying condition."

After a short pause and some reflection, the kaid continued: "The Sultan is likely to be kept quite a while at Mekinez because of his illness, even if he finally recovers. So, after thinking the matter over, and guessing a good deal as to where the Russian, Petrovsky, is, I believe it would be best for us three to go at once to Mekinez. If Petrovsky reaches the Sultan before we do, and gets from him a pledge of support for the Russian government, we might find it hard to bring about a change in the Sultan's attitude."

He was speaking with deliberation; and, as he paused, Achmed bowed and responded: "We leave the decision in our Scottish brother's hands. He has been long in the councils of the Sultan, and knows best what should be done."

Ted added a few words of the same sort, and the kaid at once settled the matter. "We will set out early to-morrow morning for the holy city of Mekinez; six o'clock will be the hour; that is none too early; the days, at this season, are becoming terribly hot."

Our young friends took this to mean that the conference was at an end, and went back to their inner room. Ted, glancing back as he swung aside the heavy rich rug which served as a door, saw two entirely naked black fellows pouring jars of cool water over the heated and exhausted rekkah, who still clung to the long staff which these desert messengers always carry, as if he could not relax the grasp of his rigid fingers upon it.

The next morning, promptly at the hour appointed, a party of nearly fifty set out, our two friends, and of course Mall'y, being of the number. The kaid usually travels with a large escort, partly for effect on the natives, who are thus awed, and partly for protection. Ted had stipulated that faithful, but extremely slow, Moleeto should be brought after them by a few of the stable-servants of the kaid. The journey to Mekinez was made by Ted and Achmed on horses, and the plodding donkey could not equal their speed.

At the end of the second day, after what seemed to Ted a killing pace,—for he was somewhat out of practice at riding on horseback,—the white walls of Mekinez came into view. The whole cavalcade encamped, just before sunset, a mile outside the walls, in a grove of dwarf-palms which grew on the banks of a shallow stream.

Kaid McKenzie, accompanied by a half-dozen armed men, rode forward and entered the city, where he was already perfectly well known. He had expected to remain there, at the Sultan's palace, all night; but in an hour he came riding rapidly back, and held a hurried interview with Ted and Achmed. "I cannot quite understand this," he said, with puzzled face. "The Sultan and all his court, several hundred persons in all, have left the city; he left it yesterday; and he did not go toward Fez, else we would have met him. A sheik at the palace whom I know to be trustworthy told me that the whole party, with the khalifa, the Sultan's lieutenant, in charge, went up toward the northwest—toward Rabat, on the coast, as was surmised; although nobody at the palace knew the Sultan's exact destination, but they did know that when last seen, several days before, he had seemed extremely sick and feeble."

The kaid pondered and pondered; and Ted, to make conversation, in a courteous and sympathetic way remarked: "I wonder why they are

going toward Rabat. Does the Sultan often go there?"

"No, he does not," replied the puzzled Scotsman, with a rather worried look; then he roused himself and added: "But I found out one other thing which troubles me even more. That energetic, persistent fellow, Petrovsky, was here in Mekinez three days ago, and he left the city with the Sultan's caravan, or soon afterward."

thing for us to do," was the further comment of that resolute, resourceful soldier. "We must get after the Sultan and his caravan as soon as possible." Then, after a moment of silence, he said: "I have an idea that the Sultan may be headed for Rabat because he believes he has not long to live; you see, Moulai Ben Ali, the nephew and favorite relative of the Sultan, lives at Rabat; and if the shrewd old Sultan knows his end is near, he will wish to have his nephew close to him to take control promptly when he gives up. That is only an idea of mine, but I may hit pretty near the truth. At any rate, let's to bed now, and to sleep, if possible. Tomorrow morning, at dawn, we must break camp, and make all haste toward Rabat."

CHAPTER XX

THE OCCUPANT OF THE PALANQUIN

THE night was a restless one, at least for Ted and Achmed. They had not really turned in until nearly midnight, and promptly at dawn they arose and made ready for their forced march. They had seemed so near the successful termination of their perilous journey down through this wild country; and now, by the sick Sultan's unexpected departure from Mekinez, they felt as if they were beginning all over again their adventurous and uncertain quest.

Ted was not one to forget his faithful, plodding friend Moleeto; and he arranged

with the kaid to send messengers to head off the men who were coming on from Fez with the donkey, and order them to alter their course toward the northwest, and even to continue, if not met, until they reached Rabat and the English consul at that seaport.

A portion of Kaid McKenzie's company was now ordered to remain at Mekinez; and with the remainder the energetic Scotsman set out. Ted and Achmed—Ted carrying Mall'y—rode near the kaid, who, despite the rapid pace which they kept, conversed freely and gave them much useful information regarding the country and the various interests of several European powers in its affairs.



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"I WAS STOPPED BY A MESSENGER SENT BY THE KHALIFA, WHO WAS RIDING NEAR THE PALANQUIN." (SEE PAGE 1098.)

"Ah, indeed!" ejaculated Ted; and he and Achmed both grew anxious. "Do you know, Kaid McKenzie, whether or not he obtained an audience with the Sultan?"

"As to that point," replied the kaid, "you may be assured that I made very close inquiries; and I fully believe that he did not. The Sultan is a very sick man, and has granted no audiences for several days; probably the Russian was disappointed, and followed the caravan and the royal court, hoping to get a hearing."

This seemed a natural explanation to our young friends; and again they looked to the kaid for advice and leadership. "There is simply one

There was an abundance of everything to make the kaid and his young friends comfortable—food, and servants to prepare it; and when they halted, at noon, for two hours, the heat being great, two light pavilions were quickly set up, and under these the heat of the sun was not so overpowering. At night, also, the boys were made comfortable again; and the kaid's Moorish body-servant offered, kindly, to take charge of little Mall'y, whose cleverness had much attracted him; but that cautious animal eyed him and showed his teeth, and evinced a decided preference for the society of Europeans.

The next day, in the middle of the forenoon, the kaid discovered the Sultan's cavalcade in the distance. It was moving along the bank of a stream, skirting a range of hills; evidently the guides were seeking a good ford. A half-hour more and our friends came nearly up to it, and could see a great struggling army of people, marching in not very good order, at which the soldierly kaid expressed some scorn. "That khalifa," he remarked, "is an adroit courtier, but has no military instincts." Then he continued: "I wish you two young men to remain here for a while. I have given orders to camp near yonder grove of olive-trees. I will press on with a dozen horsemen and try to get at the Sultan. The khalifa always makes a show of his friendliness for me, but I am suspicious of him. Wait here, therefore, and I will return in a few hours." Saying this, with a genial smile the gallant soldier rode away, and a dozen of his guard rode rapidly after him.

In various ways our young friends occupied themselves, each striving to conceal the impatience and anxiety which he felt. There was a secrecy, a mystery, in the very air. Why had the Sultan started on this unusual journey to Rabat? Where was the Russian, Petrovsky? And so on they questioned, each of himself, but each tried not to increase the unrest of the other.

Early in the afternoon they saw Kaid McKenzie returning, at greater speed, if that were possible, than when he set forth. He rode at a gallop into the little camp, gave some sharp orders in Arabic, then to the lads he said: "Quick, my young friends! Let us mount and start! I will explain my hurry after we get away."

Rapidly the tents were struck, the horses untethered, the two or three riding-camels unhobbed, and away our friends rode; not moving straight toward the banners and standards of the Sultan's company, but striking the river lower down, nearer the sea-coast.

As soon as Kaid McKenzie had seen everything in good marching order, he drew rein near the

two lads and began his explanation: "Important events are happening; but let me tell you the steps of my strange discovery. I reached the Sultan's company, and, as I am known to all his officers, I made my way into the center of the struggling mass. I found no hindrance until I came near the body-guard of a hundred spearmen which always surrounds the canopied palanquin in which the Sultan usually travels. There I was stopped by a messenger who was sent, as I noted, by the khalifa, who was riding near the palanquin.

"Of course I was annoyed at this; for I have been accustomed to having free intercourse with the Sultan whenever I had important business for his ear. So I spoke rather sharply to the man, and he hesitated; then, as he glanced over at the khalifa, that official gave a signal; and the messenger repeated more firmly his previous order that I was not to approach nearer to the Sultan. So I drew away, much out of humor at being thus humiliated. As I passed among the various companies of horsemen and foot-soldiers, nodding to this officer and that,—for I know all of them and trained them,—I caught a sign given me by a young fellow whose life I had saved from the Sultan's wrath one day at Fez.

"I answered cautiously, and slowly worked out toward the edge of the slowly advancing crowds of servants and soldiers. Presently the young fellow came up to me, and made a show of arranging my stirrup and easing my horse's bridle. As he did so he astounded me with this piece of news: 'The Sultan no longer lives,' he said. 'I am among the few who know this. He died at Mekinez. His dead body is in the palanquin, and the curtains are tightly fastened. The khalifa is hurrying to get to Rabat and Moulai Ben Ali, the heir to the throne, before the Sultan's death is generally noised abroad.'"

Ted and Achmed were too much astonished to speak. What could they say? What could they do? They sat with compressed lips, trying to think out their best course of action. Then Achmed suddenly bethought himself. "Did you see anything of the Russian?" he asked.

The kaid's brow cleared a little. "That is one hopeful way out of at least your difficulty, and perhaps mine also," he said. "I did see a man who is, I think, this Petrovsky. He was riding in the midst of a squadron of Berber horsemen—not a prisoner, I think, at least not bound in any way; but I think he has made himself obnoxious to the khalifa, probably by trying persistently to treat with the Sultan."

The kaid's spirits seemed to rise as he went on with his narration; and now he said, with a smile and a confident nod of the head: "Our course is

perfectly clear. We are now heading directly for Rabat. I know a gorge in that range of hills ahead, through which we can travel, and shorten the usual journey. Are you both all right? Nerves steady and muscles firm?" And he laughed like a man who had never a care in the world. "Then close up the line! Now to Rabat and the new Sultan! If we can show ourselves the first to tell him of his good fortune, he will be properly grateful, and grant any reasonable request."

CHAPTER XXI

THE NEW SULTAN

It was the hardest ride of Ted Leslie's life, that ride of the first ten hours toward Rabat, over eighty-five miles away. At first he noticed the features of the country—a rough one—through which they cantered and galloped. But soon his riding and almost his thinking became automatic under the long-continued tension of his muscles. Late in the evening they arrived at a small Arab village whose sheik Kaid McKenzie knew; and here they toppled off their horses, and dropped asleep almost before they stretched their tired bodies on the sedge-couches allotted to them.

They awoke early in the morning, but the hardy, seasoned kaid had awakened even earlier; and he had left a message that they were to remain and rest where they were, and he would ride on to Rabat on a riding-camel, and return with news as soon as possible.

That afternoon the kaid's men from Fez came in, leading or rather dragging Moleeto, who wagged his ears intelligently when the boys spoke to him and scratched his shaggy forehead.

An hour later a letter, in the kaid's large, plain handwriting, was brought in, and it bade the two boys come on at once to Rabat, and said that all was well—"and could n't be better."

They took leave of the friendly sheik with the usual farewells of the country, and rode away at a moderate speed up the coast toward Rabat. Now at times, from some hilltop, they could see the blue of the Atlantic Ocean; and before long the white sails of Rabat became visible. A mile outside the gate one of the kaid's guard was awaiting them, and led the way into the city and into a house which had been made ready for them.

Somewhat to their surprise and disappointment, our young friends were given but little to eat. Whether or not this was a part of a plan—to make their appetites keen, in preparation for the luxurious and satisfying feast which came to them later—they did not know; but they did know that they never felt hungrier in their lives.

But if they could, just at present, eat little, they could sleep; and sleep they needed almost as much as food. So they packed themselves with cushions into a shady corner of the court, and gave up to profound slumber, such as comes only to those whose bodies are exhausted, and whose minds have been relieved of a strain of care and anxiety long borne.

How long our weary young friends slept, they could not tell; but they were roused from their slumber by a visit from Kaid McKenzie, whose beaming face told, before he opened his lips, his satisfaction and his success.

Over the usual cups of tea the kaid imparted his information. No news had reached Rabat from the approaching royal caravan. The whole city of Rabat now knew that Moulai Ben Ali was Sultan, "both by right and as a fact," as the kaid put it; and all the people rejoiced, for Ben Ali was much liked.

Then the kaid went on to speak of the political mission of his young friends, and the proposed alliance with Great Britain; he had laid the matter fully before the Sultan,—as he was amply qualified to do, from his acquaintance with Lord Cecil Seymour, and from his deciphering of the message on the girdle,—and the Sultan had agreed heartily, even before seeing the parchment girdle and the document from the sherif of Wezzan, taking the kaid's word for these, and postponing an examination of them until after the funeral ceremonies of his predecessor had been duly carried out.

During this conversation with the kindly yet shrewd Scotsman, pleasant and gratifying as it was, Achmed and Ted could hardly conceal their desire for food. At last Ted broke out: "Now, Kaid McKenzie, if you will pardon me, I must tell you that we are both terribly hungry; we have n't had a square meal for a long time; and I thought that when we reached this somewhat civilized place we would find something really worth eating."

Ted tried to throw his remark into a partly humorous form, but his smile, as he spoke, was rather feeble. Kaid McKenzie, on the contrary, seemed to be enjoying some idea of his own immensely; he chuckled openly now as he listened to Ted's mild complaint; and when the boy had finished, the kaid laid his hand gently on his shoulder, and said: "Bear up, my lad! And not for long. In ten minutes you two will begin an attack on a toothsome feast which the new Sultan has ordered for you."

"Well, by all the saints in Morocco, or even from here to Mecca, I am glad to hear you talk of any *feast!*" exclaimed Ted, impulsively, for

he had never, in all his life, felt as hungry as at that moment. Then he bethought him and asked: "Shall we see the new Sultan himself?"

Kaid McKenzie shook his head. "No," he replied. "He will now follow the usual policy of sultans in Morocco, and seclude himself considerably from public gaze. But a younger relative of his, whom he will make his khalifa, his lieutenant, will come in person and act as our host. There! I hear the sound of the gong now in the garden. I trust we shall find everything about ready."

These were sweet words to half-famished Ted and Achmed; and they followed Kaid McKenzie with eager steps through a cool passageway which led to the garden.

This inclosure was an acre or two in extent, and was surrounded by a high wall, on which vines climbed and sent out from their blossoms an agreeable perfume; the whole place was dense with palms, lemon-trees, oleanders, and rose-bushes which reached the height of the pear-trees of temperate zones. In the center was a clear pool and goldfish, and a fountain splashing with that cool, moist sound so agreeable in torrid regions.

Upon a stone platform near the pool a large number of cushions had been placed, leaving an open space in their midst. Upon these cushions the lads—weak and trembling from their long fast—now threw themselves, as directed by the kaid, and waited as patiently as they could.

Presently, through a gateway at the end of the garden, a line of Sudanese servants, clad in white, appeared; they were large, strong fellows, and each one bore in front of him a kind of platform, like the top of a circular table with the legs gone; on each of these huge trays was a cone-like cover,

like a Swiss beehive; and the boys felt their mouths water, as they noted that each of these plaited straw covers sent out through its crevices little shreds of steam.

"That looks something like, Achmed!" ejacu-



ON THE LONG, HARD RIDE TO RABAT.

lated Ted, who could almost have cried with hunger. The slaves set down their luscious burdens, and stood a few moments, flicking away the flies which hovered around the steaming food. Now entered the khalifa, a young man of twenty-five; and the usual greetings were exchanged by all, and the khalifa seated himself between Ted and the kaid, and clapped his hands lightly.

At once the feast began. Four of the Sudanese slaves advanced, each with a flagon of water and a basin; and Ted, following the example of his host, received the stream of water upon his right hand—and right hand only—as the slave poured it from the flagon and caught it in the basin. The right hand is the one solely used in Morocco in eating at a formal feast.

The nearest beehive tray was now brought forward, the cover removed, and Ted beheld a large glazed earthenware dish filled with a rich gravy, in which floated three roasted chickens. Then their host, pronouncing, "Bismillah" ("In the name of Allah"), set them the example, and each plunged his right hand into the steaming dish, and broke and tore off pieces of the chickens, which were tender and well cooked.

Ted tried to appear dignified and in no hurry, as the rich, luscious morsels melted away in his mouth; but he rolled his eyes toward Achmed, and even winked at him several times, while the kaid and the khalifa conversed about Moroccan affairs.

The three chickens disappeared rapidly; but no sooner was the dish emptied than another Sudanese advanced with another covered tray, and that was found to contain three more chickens, stuffed with fragrant herbs, and sending forth a most appetizing aroma.

This dish was harder to separate into morsels, Ted found; but this difficulty gave their attentive host an opportunity to display one of the courtesies of the country; and he deftly separated several choice morsels of the meat, and motioned for Ted to open his mouth. When this was done, the khalifa dexterously tossed these morsels into his guest's mouth; and Ted nearly choked, as he laughed and swallowed at the same time.

Thus the feast went on; one after another the trays were brought up, were uncovered, and were attacked; the food in the first of them had wholly disappeared, under the assaults of our famished young friends; but the later ones (there were eight in all) were only partially eaten. Although Achmed and Ted felt, at the beginning, as if they could never have enough to eat, they presently

found a very comfortable sensation of contentment replacing the gnawing hunger with which they had begun the Sultan's banquet.

The feasting over, silver-covered bottles were brought; and these contained rose-water and other scented liquids, with which the hands and faces of the guests were sprayed. Then a brass brazier was brought in, and various aromatic gums were burned upon it, and the scented smoke was wafted, by fans, over the garments of the guests.

At last it was all over. "The finest meal I ever ate in my life!" declared Ted, as he tried to straighten up, but found that difficult. So they said the usual farewells to the courteous khalifa, and he went away, bearing their messages of greeting and good will to the new Sultan, his master.

Another long sleep, and Ted and Achmed felt themselves "fit" once more; and they now began to think about a short sea voyage up the coast to Gibraltar and European civilization. The kind-hearted American lad had already arranged to have the faithful Moleeto given to the British consul at Rabat, for he knew that the animal would receive better treatment in English hands than in Moorish.

A steamer of the French Navigation Company, from Gibraltar and Marseilles, was leaving Rabat, so they learned, in a few days, if the sea—always uncertain on the west coast of Africa—was favorable. This gave Ted time to get himself back into European garb and civilized ways, which he was not unwilling to do. He was kindly aided in all this by the British consul, Mr. Wilkes, and also in his money affairs and in some purchases.

At last all was ready, farewells were said, and Ted and Achmed, with the ever-active Mall'y, set forth on their brief, comfortable voyage of some forty-eight hours to Gibraltar; and Ted Leslie, looking at his own face in the cracked mirror in his stateroom, shook his finger at it, and said, with a hearty laugh: "I know you, old chap, and you look remarkably like that other chap whom we left behind there in the interior; I mean 'The Young Wizard of Morocco.'"

THE END.

PARENTAL THOUGHTFULNESS

BY EUNICE WARD

My big doll is called Hildegarde;
The little one is Marjorie;
The paper dolls are Evelyn,
Bettina, and Elaine.

The rag doll is named Claribel;
The baby I call Gwendolen.
I've different taste from my mama—
She named *me* Susan Jane.



HOW THEY ORNAMENTED THE STERNS OF OLD SHIPS. A WOODEN CARVING FROM A CLIPPER WHICH ADORNS THE POST OF A SEASIDE HOME IN MASSACHUSETTS.

OLD FIGUREHEADS

BY DAY ALLEN WILLEY

WHEN we see the great steamship silently and slowly entering the harbor or passing out to sea, the smoke pouring from its funnels and the water foaming away from its bow, our sight is arrested because it is such a display of power, of might. When a vessel approaches, the first thing noticed is usually the bow, or the front part. Back in other days the sailor believed the ship itself could see, in some mysterious way; so it often had eyes set in a framework in front of the bow, to look out for the rock, the coming storm, other vessels, and thus warn the craft of danger.

Such was one reason for what we now call the figurehead; but in the older times the figurehead was set up not only that the ship might see, but sometimes as a likeness of the war deity of the nation to which it belonged, or it was an image of some so-called animal, bird, or reptile held sacred by the people. They made such figureheads even in the days of the ancient Egyptians, who, historians believe, were among the first to

go upon the seas. Many of their boats were painted and decorated, and among their decorations there were figureheads of ibis or cow, the lotus and the phenix, sometimes placed on the raised-up prow itself, or just behind it. To-day, as then, the design shows that the sailors believed a ship had a personality of its own, and in one form or another it has maintained its position on the bows century after century. It is almost universally used in China. "If no have eye, how can see?" asks the Chinese sailor; and the expression, "Right in the eyes of her," is still heard among our own seamen, meaning as far forward in the ship as possible. The ships of the Greeks and Romans preserved the "eye" on their bows and carried a projecting and distinguishing figurehead at the extreme bow.

Old Roman coins have been found on which are clearly shown these figureheads, also vessels bearing designs of lions, or even crocodiles, which looked over the water with great eyes and gaping

jaws intended to terrorize pirates and any other enemies the sailor might meet, as well as to frighten away, as they thought, gales and other storms. The dragon, however, has probably been used as a figurehead by more seafaring people than any other emblem. Many of the modern as well as the ancient Chinese boats are entire figureheads in shape, the head of the imaginary beast forming the bow of the craft. It was also used by nations of Europe centuries ago, especially on their fighting ships. This was because it was considered a most powerful evil spirit, capable of doing great harm to an enemy.

The craft built in British and American shipyards in the last century, however, to cross the sea were ornamented with different designs of figurehead—that is, before the era of the steam-vessel, for after the steamer came into service the clipper, the bark, the sailing-ship, all the graceful craft carried here and there by the winds, began to pass away, and with them the figurehead. So a custom which has a history dating back thousands of years is now no more.

Along the shores of New England are a few reminders of the skill of the figurehead-carver who adorned the clippers and other vessels flying the American flag. Each has a record worth telling, for some have gone a hundred voyages from old Salem, New Bedford, and Boston to the

ing to their home ports. Practically all of the fleet of the colonial days that sailed out of Massa-



"THE PRINCESS"—FROM THE *WESTERN BELLE*.



"THE GREEK WOMAN"—FROM THE SHIP *IMPERIAL*.

ports of the Orient. Others have "looked" for whales in the Arctic and Pacific, and have done this duty for two years at a time, before return-

ing to their home ports. Practically all of the fleet of the colonial days that sailed out of Massachusetts Bay had some type of figurehead, but not the sort of the ancient times. Some were enormous eagles and gulls. Mounted on the bows, with wings outstretched and heads bent forward, they seemed to be in full flight, taking the same course as the vessels. Others were large statues of such designs as the goddesses of Liberty and Justice, while others were intended to resemble the owner of the vessel or some one of his family.

When the wooden ships returned from their last voyages, often to be sold for "junk,"—the iron and wood in their hulls,—their destroyers thought so little of the beautiful and historic that, if the figurehead was not knocked to pieces, it was thrown into a corner of the junk-yard and there left to be discolored, disfigured, perhaps rotted, if not turned into kindling-wood. A few were reserved by museum collectors, but there is no doubt that hundreds of what would now be historic objects went the way of the rest of the ship and were destroyed.

Here and there the traveler may see a figurehead in a place of honor. Usually it is in New England, as might be expected. It is well worthy of study, since it shows the work of what might be called our ship sculptors—artists of their kind, who are now only a memory. That some of their

efforts were not only beautiful but highly artistic is shown by these figures. One of the best pre-



TWO SMALL FIGUREHEADS FROM THE MARINE RELICS IN THE MUSEUM AT SALEM.

served is that of a Greek woman whose figure is notable for its perfect proportions as well as the classical arrangement of the draperies. Though of very large size, the work is indeed a striking likeness of the human form that would do credit to the marble sculptor. The face is extremely natural and of thoroughly human expression, while the unknown carver has carefully finished every detail of the hair and eyebrows, so that the resemblance is strikingly realistic. This figure-head ornaments the grounds of a seaside home on Cape Cod, and came from the ship *Imperial*—a famous world-voyager.

A more modern design of the female figure-head attracts attention in an Italian garden at Marblehead, the famous old New England harbor. It is of very large proportions, but of such perfect outline and finish that, though time has marred its surface, the talent of the artist is still clearly revealed. It is the work of "Sampson of Bath," a Maine genius who was one of the most expert Yankee figurehead-makers. For years the "Princess," as it is called, stood on the bow of the *Western Belle* and pointed the way as she journeyed over the oceans even to the Asiatic coast. The Princess was found lying in a lumberyard and taken to ornament the garden of her present owner.

On the Chandler estate at Brookline, Massachusetts, is a bust of the Apostle Paul made for the old ship *St. Paul* of Salem. When the ship was about to start for the Philippines this figure-

head was removed for some reason, in spite of the protest of the second mate, John Hancock, who predicted that the vessel without this emblem for good luck would never reach her destination. His fears were realized, for she was wrecked. After the disaster the design remained for many years over the door of a tavern on Salem Wharf until finally purchased by Mr. Chandler.

Not only were the old-time American figure-heads carved of gigantic size, but of very small stature as well. Very few of these, however, are in existence. Two very lifelike specimens are in the quaint collection of marine relics of the museum at Salem. One is a well-modeled portrait bust of a man from the bark *Solomon Piper*, wrecked in 1861, and the other a female figure taken from an unknown vessel wrecked on Cape Cod. The faces are remarkably true to life. The latter figure bears before her a medallion with a portrait which has been conjectured to be that of Thomas Jefferson.

A few figureheads of our war-ships of the past are to be seen on the grounds of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, in fact, one of the most famous of all figureheads is here—the statue of General Andrew Jackson, which for forty years was on the frigate *Constitution*. One night the head of the effigy was sawn from the body but the missing head was recovered, fastened on again, and the likeness has since been in service.

Many of the most notable of these lookouts, however, have gone beneath the waves with the ships to which they were supposed to bring good luck. The statue of Napoleon Bonaparte, for instance, on the bow of a New Bedford whaler, was



HOW THE OLD-TIME FIGUREHEAD HAS BEEN SIMPLIFIED.—BOW ORNAMENT OF THE CRUISER *NASHVILLE*. (THE GOVERNMENT HAS DECLINED TO ABOLISH EVEN THIS ORNAMENT IN THE NAVY.)

lost in the Arctics in the eighties and the carved "swallow" on a ship of that name went ashore on the coast of Georgia a few years ago.

A NEW SPORT FOR BOYS

HOW TO MAKE AND FLY MODEL AÉROPLANES

RÉSUMÉ—PART III

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS

It is only within the past few years that we have guessed the secret of the graceful flight of birds. In the early attempts to build flying-machines, the wings were made to flap up and down. The sad fate of Darius Green is a case in point; nor did the other imitators, dating far back into ancient times, fare any better. When it was discovered, however, that the birds might balance themselves merely by bending the tips of their wings, the modern aéroplane became possible.

A great many experiments have been made to find whether the flat or curved wings give the better support, and how sharply the curve should be drawn. The wings of birds are curved slightly upward, and in the end, after all the experiments, it has been found that this curve is just the right one. All forms of aéroplanes will fly more swiftly and steadily if the planes be slightly

the resistance offered to the air will be greater than with the flat plane. In every case, the end



FIG. 1. AN EFFECTIVE MODEL WITH WOODEN WINGS ONLY TWO INCHES WIDE. THE SMALL PLANE IS IN THE FRONT.

bowed or flexed. After you have built your aéroplane with flat wings it will pay you to replace them with flexed planes, and you will find that your previous experience in building models will make this construction very simple.

The lighter and more flexible materials, such as bamboo or cane, are best for the curved planes. After you have decided upon the dimensions of the wings, cut the pieces for the ends slightly longer than the depth of your planes. These pieces may then be bent by steaming them over a kettle of boiling water and bending to the desired curve. When dry they will hold their shape remarkably well. Another plan is to use a flexible strip and pull the ends together by a strong thread or wire until the wood is bowed to just the right curve. A corset steel or whalebone may readily be curved in the same way. It is a common mistake to curve the plane too sharply, when



FIG. 2. A SIMPLE MODEL. THE PROPELLER AT THE LEFT, WHICH IS THE FRONT, EXTENDS TOO FAR BEYOND THE FRONT PLANE.

pieces of the planes and the intermediate stiffening ribs are bent with the convex curve uppermost, so that when the planes are covered with silk or muslin, the whole plane will have the convex side uppermost.

A plane two or three feet in width cannot be held in shape merely by curving the end pieces. A series of ribs must be added at equal distances, each having, of course, exactly the same upward curve. The ribs may be fastened to the sides of the planes with small brads or simply with glue or wire. The covering should then be drawn tightly over this frame and sewed or pasted down. A very smooth covering may be made of



FIG. 3. HERE THE VERTICAL RUDDER IS TOO LARGE—OTHERWISE IT IS AN EFFICIENT MODEL.

rice-paper. Cut the sheets the proper size and lay them for a few minutes between moistened cloths. Now stretch the paper carefully over the

frame and glue in position. When dry the paper will contract and leave a smooth, taut surface like the head of a drum.

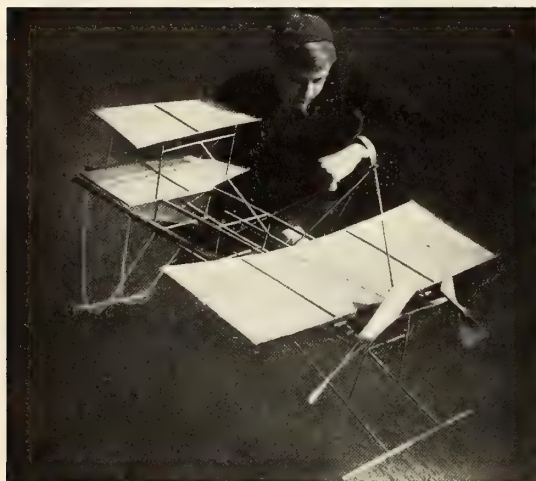


FIG. 4. MODEL HAVING DOUBLE FORWARD PLANES AND TWO MOTORS. A GOOD MODEL BUT THE FRAME IS RATHER COMPLICATED. IT IS A "QUICK RISER."

Much depends upon the curve of the plane. A wing, whose curve is not a perfect arc of a circle, but which is rounded just back of the front edge and flattened at the rear, will be found to offer the least resistance to the air. The best plan is to study the curves of the large *aéroplanes* and



FIG. 5. A GOOD MODEL. IN DESIGN NEARLY THE REVERSE OF FIG. 4.

models and imitate them. Different models require different planes. It is a problem which each young *aéronaut* must work out for himself.

The question of rudders or guiding planes is

very important. It is too much to expect of even the best model that it will fly in an unswerving line. Any simple vertical plane which may be turned from side to side and held in position will act as a rudder. There is great difference of opinion as to the proper size and position of these guiding surfaces. It is argued by some aviators that the rudder should be placed above the plane, where the air is undisturbed, while others believe that the partial vacuum created above the wings in flight makes this rudder ineffective. Still others argue that a rudder placed back of the planes affords a leverage, and is therefore more effective. Try a rudder in each position. It is impossible to lay down a law for all models.

The larger models should be equipped with twin

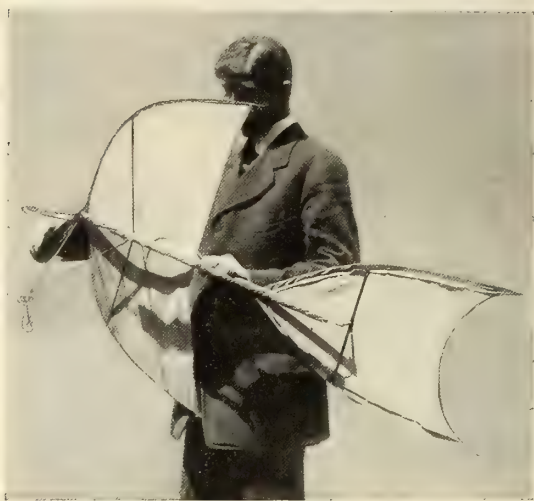


FIG. 6. A FOLDING MODEL. THE PLANES ARE TOO LARGE.

propellers. In building these the greatest care should be taken to have them exactly the same size, weight, and pitch. Twin propellers should, as a rule, be placed at the front of the machine, that is, they should pull and not push the planes. If by any accident the motor of one should fail, the second propeller will continue to keep the *aéroplane* afloat and retard its fall on descending. With the propellers at the stern of the little airship, the failure of one would cause the plane to pitch downward, and the remaining propeller would drive it down to possible disaster.

In winding up the two motors, care should be taken to give both the same number of turns. The *aéroplane* may be launched by holding a propeller in either hand and releasing simultaneously. The double motor insures a steadier as well as a longer flight. *Always turn the propellers in opposite directions.* In flying they must spin around either toward each other or away from each

other. If they turn the same way they will give the model a torque which no rudder could possibly overcome.

Although there is a regular mathematical equation for working out the exact size and pitch of



FIG. 7. AN EXCELLENT FRAME, CAPABLE OF LONG FLIGHTS.

the propeller, the best plan for models is to design your propellers as nearly as possible after those shown in the photographs and test them out and modify them according to their behavior. As a general rule for a plane three feet across, make a single propeller fourteen inches in length. Should you use two propellers with this machine, make each twelve inches long.

THE CAUSE OF FAILURES

Your model, perhaps a beautiful one, finished in every part, may twist and tip about as soon as it is launched, and quickly dart to the ground. The fault is likely to be in the propeller being too large for the size and weight of the machine. This may be remedied by adding a weight to the front of the machine, by wiring on a nut or piece of metal. Should this fail to steady the aeroplane, the propeller must be cut down.

When your propeller is too small the machine will not rise from the ground, or, if launched in the air, will quickly flutter to earth. If the model, on leaving your hand, with the propeller in full motion, fails to keep its position from the very start, the blade should be made larger; there is no use in wasting time and patience over the machine as it is.

Many a beginner, with mistaken zeal, constructs a too powerful motor. The power in this case turns the propeller too swiftly for it to grasp the

air. It merely bores a hole in the air and exerts little propelling force. An ordinary motor when wound up one hundred and fifty turns should take about ten seconds, perhaps a trifle longer, to unwind. It is a good plan to time it before chancing a flight.

Bad bracing is another frequent source of trouble. The planes should be absolutely rigid. Test your model by winding up your motor and letting it run down while keeping the aeroplane suspended, by holding it loosely in one hand. If the motor racks the machine, that is, if the little ship is all a-flutter and the planes tremble visibly, the entire frame needs tuning up. It is impossible for an aeroplane to hold its course if the planes are in the least wobbly. The braces should be taut. A loose string or wire incidentally offers as much resistance to the air as a wooden post.

The flight of your model aeroplane should be horizontal, with little or no wave-motion. Your craft at first may rise to a considerable height, say fifteen or twenty feet, then plunge downward, right itself, and again ascend, and repeat this rather violent wave-motion until it strikes the ground. To overcome this, look carefully to the angle or lift of your front plane or planes and to the weighting.

The explanation is very simple. As the aeroplane soars upward, the air is compressed beneath the planes, and this continues until the surface balances, tilts forward, and the downward flight commences. Your planes should be so inclined that the center of air-pressure comes about one third of the distance back from the front edge. The center of gravity of each plane, however,



FIG. 8. THE SAME AS FIG. 7, SHOWN MORE IN DETAIL.

should come slightly in front of the center of pressure. After all, the best plan is to proceed by the rule of thumb, and tilt your planes little by little, and change the weight in one place or another, until the flight is horizontal and stable.

If your *aëroplane* does not rise from the ground, but merely slides along, the chances are the trouble is in your lifting plane. Tilt it

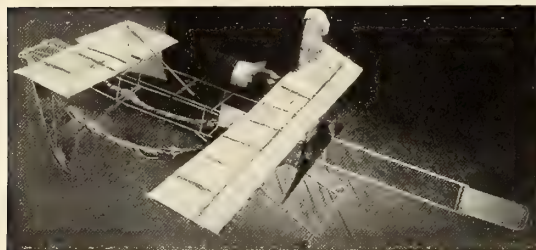


FIG. 9. AN ADMIRABLE DESIGN. NOTICE THE THREE VERTICAL-STABILITY OR RUDDER PLANES.

a trifle and try again. The simplest way to do this is to make the front skids higher than those at the back. If the front skids are too high, the plane will shoot up in the air and come down within a few feet.

Bear in mind that one of four things is likely to be responsible for the trouble. The planes may not be properly placed on the frame; they may not be properly flexed; they are not set at the proper angle of elevation; or your motor is at fault. Watch these points, and you will soon have your machine under perfect control. In the extremely complicated models it is often difficult to locate the fault. Build your model so that these parts may be adjusted in a moment without taking apart.

After you have built an *aëroplane* model, even if it be of the simplest design, the pic-

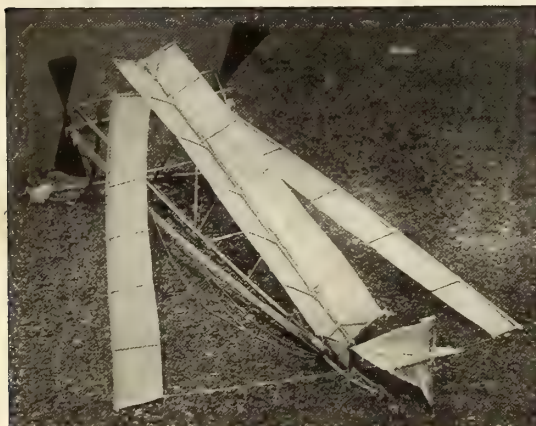


FIG. 10. AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

tures of other *aëroplanes* will have a new meaning for you. Every new model you see will give you some new idea. A number of the most successful *aëroplane* models in the country are shown in the accompanying photographs. Study these

carefully, and you will learn more from them of practical *aëroplane* construction than from any amount of reading. But do not be slavishly bound by the designs you see. There is no reason why you should not evolve a type that will outfly all other types of model *aëroplanes*, and be a "pointer" for the adult flyers of full-size *aëroplanes*.

Always bear in mind that the supporting power of planes depends more upon their shape than their size. A remarkably efficient model may be made with planes which are little more than knife-blades (Fig. 1). The planes are made of white wood slightly flexed, with a sharp entering edge. The only stability plane is a knife-like blade placed vertically just before the rear plane. A narrow strip of shellacked silk attached to the rear of the planes increases their efficiency. The

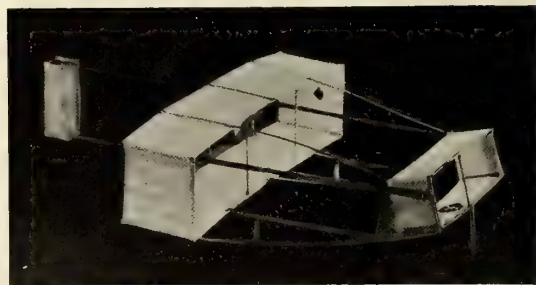


FIG. 11. A CELLULAR MODEL. THIS TYPE AND FIG. 12 ARE SAFER AND MORE STABLE IN FULL-SIZE *AËROPLANES* THAN IN MODELS.

propeller should be small and mounted well back of the center of gravity. Such models have flown for more than three hundred feet. The secret of this flight lies doubtless in the perfect form of the planes.

A well-thought-out little monoplane model which well repays study is illustrated in Fig. 2. The propeller is set well in front of the lifting plane, which is the larger of the wings. The rear planes may be readily inclined up or down, and the rudder is easily adjusted. The arrangement of skids is excellent, enabling the model to rise from the ground with little loss of friction. The method of flexing the front planes may well be imitated. Another simple monoplane worth imitating is shown in Fig. 3, although in this case the vertical rudder is too large.

An entirely original model is illustrated in Fig. 4. The elevating planes forward are double, after the manner of the Wright model, while the rear plane, which is considerably larger, is single. Two motors are employed, set well back of the center of gravity, which insure a steady flight. The model rises easily. The methods of attaching the

skids may be studied to advantage. The weak point of the model is the rather complicated frame. Good results may be obtained by reversing this arrangement, as in Fig. 5.

There is danger, of course, in having too much lifting surface, as is well illustrated in Fig. 6. The model has far too much surface, both fore



FIG. 12. ANOTHER CELLULAR MODEL.

and aft, and will not fly. The frame is built like an umbrella, and the whole folds up into a very compact form. A useful idea may be borrowed here. By using an old umbrella-frame for the backbone of your model you may utilize the ribs, which are firmly attached to the frame, and bend them to form the edges of the planes, the skids, and the braces.

The most successful flights, nowadays, are made by adaptations of the monoplane forms (Fig. 7). The broad V-shape or dihedral angle

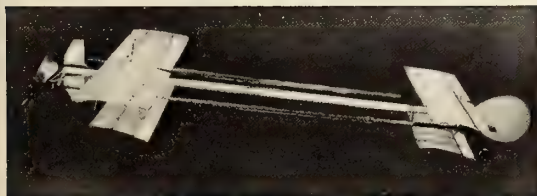


FIG. 13. HERE THE PLANES ARE TOO CLOSE TOGETHER. THE WORKMANSHIP IS ADMIRABLE.

of the planes gives them greater supporting power than those held horizontally. The large stability plane beneath is especially recommended. It utilizes the motor frame or base and does not add to the weight of the model. The rear of this plane is adjustable and serves as a rudder. The front section of each wing is stretched over dowel-sticks, the rear section being unsupported, thus forming efficient soaring blades. The wires running to the corners of the planes are fastened to small brass rings which are slipped over the upright sticks or posts in the center of the planes, thus making the tuning-up process very simple. For a detail picture of the propellers see Fig. 8.



FIG. 14. A CYLINDRICAL MODEL WHICH FLIES WELL.

A somewhat complicated monoplane form very well thought out is illustrated in Fig. 9. Its elevating and stability planes are skilfully flexed and well spaced, thus insuring a steady horizontal flight. The model carries three rudders, one above the front plane, the second beneath the main plane, and the third placed unusually far back from the center of gravity. The motor base, it will be seen, is comparatively simple, consisting of a box-like arrangement of dowel-sticks



FIG. 15. A WRIGHT MODEL. BETTER AS A "REAL" AËROPLANE THAN AS A FLYING TOY.

mounted on skids. The length of the frame makes possible unusually long and powerful motors. The position of the rear rudder gives it unusual leverage, so that a very small plane in this position is more effective than a much larger one forward. An interesting experiment has been made in Fig. 10 by building a model with three lateral planes.

The cellular or box-like form of aëroplane has many enthusiastic friends (Figs. 11 and 12). It is believed by some to be the most stable of all

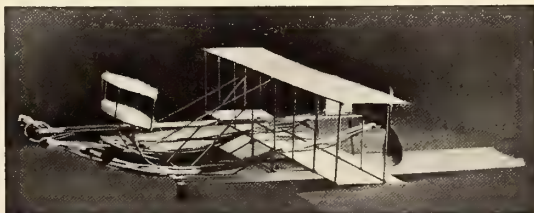


FIG. 16. ANOTHER VIEW OF THE WRIGHT MODEL.

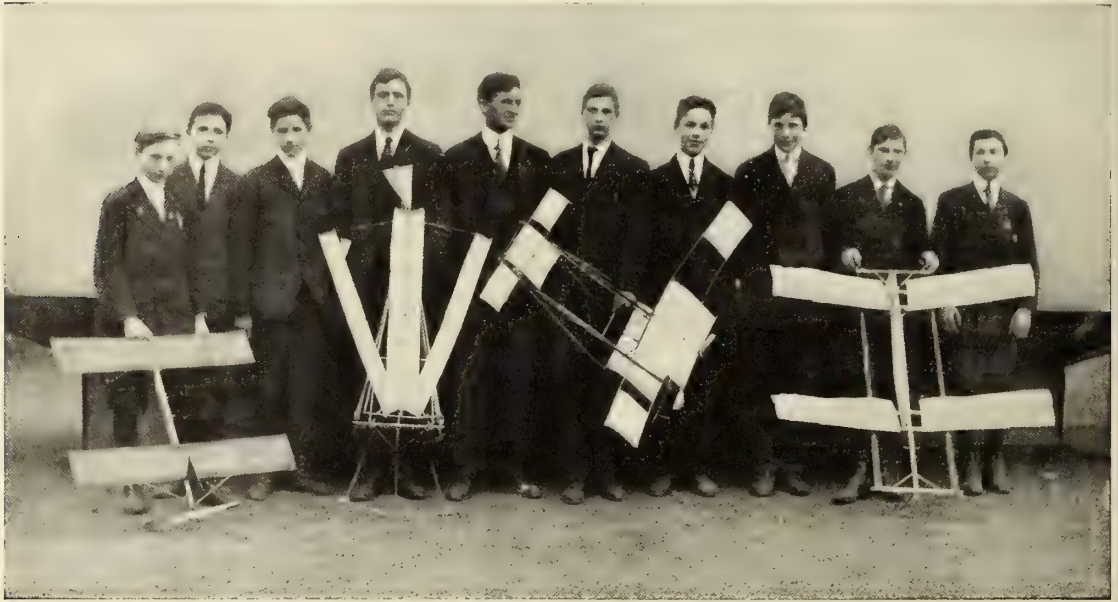
aëroplanes, since the inclosed ends keep the air from slipping off the edges of the planes. There is all the difference in the world, or rather in the

air, however, in an actual flight and the control of an *aéroplane* model. The aviator, by adjusting his stability planes both fore and aft, may adjust the craft to suit conditions. In the model *aéroplane* the adjustment must be made before starting, once for all. Your cellular model is likely to be knocked off its course by a puff of wind, and the flight spoiled.

These cellular models are easy to construct, and any one who has built a monoplane will have little difficulty with them, especially if no attempt is

constructed, has its planes much too close together, and will therefore not fly. This general proportion should not be followed in biplane construction. Excellent flights may also be obtained by using a cylinder for the main plane, as in Fig. 14. The regular Wright biplane, although a beautiful model (Figs. 15 and 16), does not make a good toy and will scarcely repay one for the labor of constructing it.

Of the making of *aéroplane* models there seems to be no end. Almost daily the papers announce



A JUNIOR AÉRO CLUB IN ONE OF THE NEW YORK PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

made to flex the planes. The cellular type must be equipped with a double lifting plane forward, which may be easily adjusted to any angle. The model will be made more stable by adding a second stability plane or rudder at the rear. The models illustrated herewith are very simple forms and clearly indicate the necessary framework. It will be found that these models require an unusual amount of ballast. Incidentally, the surfaces of a biplane should be separated by a distance equal to their width. The biplane model here illustrated (Fig. 13), although beautifully

new *aéroplanes*, and every meet of the boy aviators brings out scores of original models, some bad, but many surprisingly good. Nature herself offers a bewildering variety of models for imitation in the wings of innumerable birds and insects, which have proven successful monoplane types. Here is encouragement for the young aviator. Since so many models may be made to fly, the target for which we are aiming is a very broad one, not easily missed. Almost any model, when properly ballasted and propelled with considerable force, may be made to fly.

AN EXCEPTION

DISHONESTY in sports we hate,

Except in certain cases:

For instance, in base-ball, it's great

To see the men "steal" bases!

Nixon Waterman.

A LETTER FROM PALOS

LA RABIDA, PALOS

DEAR READERS OF ST. NICHOLAS:



NOT so very long ago, but once upon a time, when I was young (I am twenty-two now), I used to be an active member of the St. Nicholas League.

By "active" I do not mean that I was one of

those shining lights who capture a cash prize or the gold or silver badge. Oh, no, not at all; I mean that I was one of those who send in contributions whenever they can and do not get discouraged.

I used to live in the north of Spain then. Sometimes I did not get ST. NICHOLAS in time to compete, but more often I sat nibbling my pen during the first week of every month, looking up at a big picture of Chillon that hung over my desk, and wondering what I would tell my fellow-members of the League:

Now I live in the *south* of Spain, and if I were to nibble my pen and wonder what I was to write about, I should look up a big photograph of the Giralda, the beautiful Old World tower of Seville, from which your Madison Square Garden tower, in New York, was copied, or another photograph, which I am going to send to ST. NICHOLAS, of the beautiful tomb of Columbus in the great Seville cathedral.

But I do not nibble my pen, for I hope it will be a pleasure for ST. NICHOLAS girls and boys to read a letter from Palos, the little village from which Columbus sailed for America four hundred and eighteen years ago.

I do not live in the village itself, but about two and a half miles from it, and quite near the old abbey, "La Rabida," where Columbus once found friends and supporters who helped him to reach the queen.

The jolly, fat Franciscan friars are all gone now, but you can still enjoy the cool breezes and the fine view from the *mirador* which once delighted the good monks.

The *mirador* is a gallery inclosed only on one side, with arched openings on the remaining three. On Sundays and feast-days picnickers come to dance the Sevillian dances, to sing and eat, and again dance and sing, in this *mirador*; and all the way from our house you can hear the rattling of the castanets, the clapping of the hands, and the "Olè! Olè!" of the rollicking merry-makers.

The *mirador* is not all that is left of the monastery by any means. There are a chapel, two patios or inner courts, and innumerable cells and small rooms, to say nothing of the dining-room, which is still paneled with the tiles of the period in architecture that belongs to the time immediately following the expulsion of the Moors. There is a very quaint little doorway leading into one of the patios, at which, the legend tells us, Columbus and his young son called when they were still obscure and discouraged by constant failure. On the vestibule wall you can also see the outline of the window from which one of the brothers looked out to inquire who the new-comers were. The masonry benches of the vestibule, on which the weary pair probably sat while waiting to be admitted, are still solid in spite of the many generations of Andalusians who have rested and reclined upon them in these four hundred years.

At Palos there are a few of the leading villagers who are very ambitious; they talk a great deal of the past greatness of Palos. And this enterprising group have long cherished a beautiful dream—they want to get all the American republics interested in the preservation of Palos, and to get each of them to promise that it will set up a pavilion on the road between Palos and La Rabida and establish a permanent Pan-American Exposition here, as a New World monument of the place made historic by Columbus's footprints. It is a very big dream for a little group of men, but the thought of all that was said of the Genoese wool-carder in his own day and of his final triumph discourages the passing of hasty judgment on ambitious enterprises.

And now I must tell you something about what the country is like right here and of a visitor who broke in on the solitude of La Rabida not long ago, in a way connecting the monastery once more with distant America.

If I look out of the window I can see pine-trees all about me, and beyond the pine-trees, across the road, that is, looking north, the copper-colored Rio Tinto, which takes its rise in the famous copper-mines of the same name; beyond the Rio Tinto is a marsh, beyond that the river Odiel, and beyond that again the white houses of Huelva, clustered on the river-bank like a flock of sea-gulls. There are pine woods and vineyards on either side of the road close at hand, and it is only the wood-cutters, the shepherds, the rural guards, and a few of the laborers who pass one on the road. Most of them ride on little black donkeys with trappings gay or dull according to

the length of time they have been in use. Some of them have guns slung over their shoulders.

For days at a time no one but these peasants goes by the house, and when night sets in, the silence is so intense that one looks out of the barred windows and imagines that one can almost hear the moonbeams brushing over the pine-needles and creeping through the branches of the trees.

Not very long ago I was outside, feeding my two little dogs "Columbus" and "America," when I heard the distant jingling of mule-bells. I am quite a rustic by this time and can hear them a long way off. I know those bells well. They mean that a carriage is coming from Moguer, some ten miles away, which is the nearest town that can boast of a carriage, though not of a railroad. I looked discreetly round the corner of the house, another local custom I have learned to cultivate, and there, sure enough, was the carriage coming as fast as its three mules would carry it. It was not a victoria, you may be sure, or a dainty trap, or a runabout, or any of the newfangled things; it was a big curtained "bus" with a door in the back, and it was full of little dark men, as those Moguer 'buses always are. But who do you think one of the little dark men was? The Spanish artist Sorolla, whose paintings many of you saw two years ago, when they were exhibited in the United States. And next day, our Sevillian newspaper announced that Sorolla had come to La Rabida because he had been commissioned by an American financier to paint a picture of Columbus embarking for America, and that he meant to paint a very different Columbus from the Columbus that has been pictured for us heretofore.

Now I hope, while you have been reading this letter, you have made up your minds to believe that Palos and La Rabida are not just names in your geographies and histories, but real places; and that some day when you come to Spain you



THE TOMB OF COLUMBUS IN THE CATHEDRAL AT SEVILLE, SPAIN.

will take the trouble to run down on the railroad from Seville to Huelva, spend the night there, sail down to La Rabida in the morning, and devote one day, at least, to following Columbus's footsteps from the monastery at La Rabida to the wooden pier at Palos.

Very sincerely,
AN EX-COMPETITOR OF THE LEAGUE.

A LUCKY PENNY

(More "Betty" Stories)*

BY CAROLYN WELLS

"THERE 's no doubt about it," said Jeanette, "Betty is the most popular girl in school."

"Not only in school," amended Dorothy; "she 's the most popular girl in our whole set. The boys all adore her, too."

"Yes, they do," agreed Lena Carey. "My brother Bob thinks she 's just about perfect."

The three, on their way to school, had paused in front of Betty's house, and she came out and joined them.

It was late in October. The McGuires had been back in their city home for several weeks, and both Betty and Jack were in school again.

"Do your ears burn, Betty?" asked Dorothy, as they two fell behind the other couple; "for we 've been throwing bouquets at you in our talk just now!"

"They did n't hit my ears," said Betty, laughing. "What sort were they?"

"Oh, we just said you 're a disagreeable old thing, and nobody loves you!"

"Nothing of the sort!" cried honest Jeanette, turning her head. "We all agreed that you 're a general favorite and the boys like you better than they do any of the rest of us."

"Spare my blushes!" cried Betty. "Which of the boys confided this startling news to you?"

"Of course we can see it," said Lena, "but, to make sure, I asked Brother Bob. I said to him: 'Which girl do you like best of all our set?' and he said: 'Why, Betty, of course,—does n't everybody?' and I said: 'Yes.'"

"Oh, Lena, you goose!" said Betty, but she was unable to repress a pleased smile at her friends' talk.

It was really true, Betty had become a prodigious favorite among the circle of Boston young people with whom she associated. She was so whole-souled and good-hearted, so ready to help everybody, so merry and full of fun, and withal so unostentatious and simple-mannered, that nobody could help liking her.

And though only a little over sixteen years old, an innate spirit of coquetry had begun to show

itself, and her dark, roguish eyes and dimpling smile often captivated the boys who belonged to what the school-girls called "our set."

Not that Betty was really romantic. Her coquetry was more mischievous than sentimental, and, though she loved to tease, her warm, generous nature never allowed the teasing to hurt the feelings of another. It was an open secret that both Harry Harper and Ralph Burnett were especial admirers of Betty, and, in an amicable, good-natured way, were rivals for her favor.

But Betty was impartial, and at dancing-school or at the little "neighborhood parties" would never give either the preference.

However, Betty's popularity was only a matter of degree, and gay, laughing Dorothy, lovely, quiet Jeanette, and pretty Lena Carey were also favorites in school and out. As the quartet walked along, Lena said:

"I 've a lovely secret to tell you. I 'm going to have a party! It 's a Hallowe'en party," she said, and then had to wait for their delighted exclamations to pause before she could proceed.

"Hallowe'en is a week from Friday," she went on, "and Mother said last night that I could have a party if I liked. So Bob and I talked it over, and we decided that a ghost party would be fun. I have n't planned it all out, because I thought it would be more fun for us to plan it together."

"What a duck you are!" cried Betty. "I love to plan parties! Can we wear fancy costumes?"

"Oh, let 's be witches!" said Dorothy. "We ought to on Hallowe'en, you know."

"Witches or ghosts, either, would be all right," put in Lena. "But Bob and I want to get up some new fun,—not just the usual Hallowe'en tricks."

"I think so, too," declared Betty. "Anything ghostly or witchy, or with fortune-telling,—eh?"

"Yes. Do you know any new tricks of that sort?"

"I know we can make some up."

They all knew Betty's cleverness in making up games, so they felt sure of a great success.

A CONDENSED OUTLINE OF "THE STORY OF BETTY" AS ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN ST. NICHOLAS.

* Betty McGuire, a waif from an orphan-asylum, is an under-servant in a boarding-house.

Suddenly she comes into a large fortune, which she inherits from her grandfather who died in Australia. Somewhat bewildered by her good luck, but quite sure of what she wants, Betty buys a home, and then proceeds to "buy a family," as she expresses it.

She engages a lovely old lady as housekeeper, but adopts her as a grandma, and calls her so. She takes Jack, a newsboy, for her brother, and she selects a dear little child from an infant orphan-asylum for her baby sister.

With this "family," and with some good, though lowly, friends who were kind to her when she was poor, for servants, Betty lives at her new home, Denniston Hall.

By reason of several circumstances Betty feels sure her relatives may be found, if she searches for them.

Her search results in finding her own mother, who is overjoyed at finding again the daughter who, she supposed, had died in infancy.

"There 's the school-bell," said Lena. "You all come to my house this afternoon, and we 'll plan it all out."

The girls agreed to this, and then they turned to the school-room, where, I am sorry to say, their rebellious pencils persisted in drawing witches or broomsticks, instead of copying the plaster cast of a classic leaf form which was their task for the day.

Not only that afternoon but several others were spent in arranging the details of the party.

Jeanette, who was inclined to the serious rather than the grotesque, favored the idea of the guests appearing as Druids, who, she said, were really the originators of Allhallowe'en.

But Dorothy declared that Druids were poky old things and that witches were much more fun.

So, as Betty and Lena insisted on ghosts, the invitations were finally compiled to read like this:

DRUIDS, WITCHES, AND GHOSTS

ARE INVITED TO ASSEMBLE AT THE HOME OF

MISS LENA CAREY

AND

MR. ROBERT CAREY

ON ALLHALLOWE'EN, OCTOBER THIRTY-FIRST

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

This gave the guests ample choice of costume, and if they chose they could come simply draped in sheets and pillow-cases, as at the old-time phantom parties.

Betty, after much deliberation, decided to wear a witch's costume.

And very becoming it proved. The skirt of scarlet silk was sprinkled with strange hieroglyphics and mystic signs which had been cut from black silk and pasted on. The pointed scarlet bodice was laced up over a soft white neckerchief, and over all was a long black cloak lined with red. Then she had a high, peaked hat, made after the most approved style for witches, and on her shoulder was perched a toy cat. This furry animal was of most lifelike effect, and his green eyeballs glared by reason of tiny electric lights concealed in his head. Betty carried a broomstick wound with red ribbons, and, with high-heeled red shoes, she made a complete picture of the traditional witch.

Jack was a ghost. But he disdained the idea of a ghost in white.

"No," he said, "I want a real ghost's robe. It must be made of thin, almost transparent, fluttery stuff—yards and yards of it—and of a sort of brownish smoke color."

Mrs. McGuire caught his idea, and herself fashioned a voluminous robe of smoke-colored chiffon.

It was made something like a college gown, but there were several of them, and after donning a sort of ulster-shaped garment of dull brown muslin, Jack put on one after another of the floppy gauze robes. The effect was fine. The least breath of air sent the shimmering material into billowy waves, and the "ghost" almost seemed to disappear at times. A deep cowl-like hood nearly concealed his face, and made his features dim and indistinguishable, and when Jack stalked about with theatrical stride, and gave voice to fearful, hollow groans, he seemed as fine a ghost as one could wish.

Jeanette and Constance had chosen to wear Druids' costume, and, as several others had like taste, quite a number of shapes in flowing classic raiment lent their dignified effect to the party. There were many white ghosts, some weird and terrible ones, several witches and wizards, and many nondescript costumes.

The guests assembled on time, as all were anxious not to miss any of the fun.

When Betty and Jack arrived at the Carey house and rang the door-bell, the door swung slowly open, and though no one was in sight, a sepulchral groan greeted them. Then a strange-looking, cloaked figure, with a lighted Jack-o'-lantern for a head, ushered them into the drawing-room.

Betty herself had helped to arrange this room, but when the party began, it looked even more effective than when they had decorated it.

The room was very dimly lighted, and the walls had been hung with black muslin on which were painted grinning skulls and cross-bones in gleaming white. The big wood fire at one end of the room shone through a screen of red transparent stuff, which gave a crimson glow to the room.

Jack-o'-lanterns were all about, and the candles inside them lit up the grotesque faces of the pumpkins.

Bob Carey, who announced that he was the ghost of Hamlet's father, introduced the other ghosts to each other.

"This," he would say, indicating a sheeted figure, "is the ghost of Banquo. We used to play together as boys. And here is the ghost of a man who expired a-laughing. You will observe his laughter when I tickle him."

The ghost, when tickled, would give howls of demoniac laughter, in which the other guests involuntarily joined.

When all the weird-looking figures had assembled, the fun began.

Another room had been prepared as a fortune-telling room, and into this each guest was invited to go, alone, to learn his or her fate.

Just who was the fortune-teller was a great secret. No one outside the Carey family knew who it was who greeted the seekers for knowledge as they entered one by one.

But apparently the strange being knew his cli-

the card, a roar of laughter went up from all. It was a playing-card, the jack of hearts, and ghostly Jack himself seemed quite satisfied with the episode.

Every one who went into the Room of the Fates returned with a talisman indicative of their future career.

It might be a doctor's diploma or a fireman's badge. It might be a thimble, indicating spinsterhood, or a spray of orange-blossom, indicating matrimony. But in every case the souvenir bore sufficient meaning to prove that the fate-dispenser was some one who knew the individual traits of his auditors.

When it was Betty's turn, she entered the Fate Room, determined to guess, if possible, who the wizard was. All of the young people of their set were in evidence as guests, so the mysterious fortune-teller must be some older person or a stranger.

As Betty entered, she was met by three draped figures, representing the three Fates.

These, she knew, were Harry Harper, Ralph Burnett, and Elmer Ellis, for she and Lena had invited these boys to act these parts.

They were robed in brown, flowing draperies, which they did not manage in classic fashion, but kicked about in derision. One carried a distaff, one a ball of cord, and one a pair of shears, in imitation of the traditional three. The room was draped with white sheets, and at the far end was a sort of throne on which sat the Master of the Fates. He was gorgeously robed in a scarlet satin

suit and a purple velvet cape edged with ermine. A flowing white wig, bushy white beard and eyebrows, completely disguised his features, while a high, peaked hat added to his "wizardy" effect. Grouped about him were a globe, a map of the stars, a divining-wand, and a Book of Fate.

Bats, cut out of paper, swung by invisible threads from the ceiling, and were set fluttering by sly puffs from bellows by the three Fates, who scampered about, on mischief bent.

In the white room were several black cats also. These added greatly to the weird effect, and, as they were good-natured old tabbies that Lena had



"A STRANGE-LOOKING, CLOAKED FIGURE, WITH A LIGHTED JACK-O'-LANTERN FOR A HEAD, USHERED THEM INTO THE DRAWING-ROOM."

ents, for many jokes and secrets were exposed, and often the victim came out giggling, but looking a trifle sheepish.

Jack was really very fond of Dorothy. Indeed, she was his favorite of all the girls—after Betty, of course.

So, when Dorothy went into the Room of the Fates to learn what future fortune might befall her, and came out holding a card in her hand, the others clamored to know what had been told her.

Dorothy looked mysterious and refused to tell, but when the boys and girls insisted on seeing what talisman had been given her, and she showed

borrowed from neighbors, they just stalked about and lay dozing in the white-draped chairs.

The three Fates ushered Betty with great pomp and ceremony to the chair facing the wizard, and begged her to be seated.

"What do you most want to know?" droned out the magician, as he gravely wagged his head.

"Who you are!" said Betty, so suddenly that he fairly jumped.

At this the three Fates doubled up in gleeful antics, but the wizard recovered himself, and continued in slow, deep tones:

"That you may know sometime, but not now. I will now foretell your fate."

"Do," said Betty, wondering where she had heard that full, deep voice before.

"You have strange adventures awaiting you. You will travel by land and sea, and great good fortune shall be ever yours. In the years to come, you will meet your destiny. The stars ordain that a fitting mate shall claim you, but it will be neither of the two Fates who are now dogging your footsteps."

At this Harry and Ralph gave forth despairing groans and pretended to pommel one another. Betty giggled, but the wizard remained grave.

"That you may know your fate," he went on, "I give you this talisman."

Now, Betty had no mind to be teased as Dorothy had been, and receiving the talisman from the wizard, she slipped it into her pocket. Then, as the wizard dismissed her, she rose to take leave.

"Thou mayst not depart until thou shalt exhibit thy talisman," said Harry Harper, striking a dramatic attitude before the door.

"Oh, yes, I mayst," said Betty. "Avaunt thee, Fate, and let me pass, or I cast o'er thee my magic spell!"

"Already hast thou done that," said Harry, his tone exaggeratedly sentimental.

"Let the witch pass!" interrupted Elmer Ellis, and, amid the chuckling exclamations of the three, Betty departed.

"What did you get?" "What 's your talisman?" cried those awaiting her. "Let 's see your fate!"

But Betty laughingly showed her empty hands, and could not be persuaded to admit that she had received anything. But as soon as she could get a moment unobserved, she took out her talisman to examine it.

It was a bright new cent, dated the present year.

"Oh," said Betty to herself, "a penny! And 'Penny' is our nickname for Hal Pennington! I *thought* I had heard that voice before! What a little witch Lena is, to keep it so secret! I never dreamed of his coming. But I know him!"

Betty was glad he had come, for though they

had met only a few times, they were good friends, and it was a compliment indeed that he had given her himself as a fate! Of course it was just for that evening, and Betty thought it was very jolly.

With shining eyes and rosy cheeks, she rejoined the others.

"Let 's play a joke on Betty," said Dorothy to Jeanette, as it neared supper-time.

"How do you mean?"

"This way. Lena says we girls each have to select her partner for supper. She says she won't have the old-fashioned way of pairing off by matched nuts or flowers or things. Each girl has to ask a boy herself. Now, of course, nobody will ask the boy she really likes best. I would n't myself!"

"Well," asked Jeanette, "what 's the joke on Betty, then? She won't ask either Harry or Ralph, and we know she likes them best."

"That 's just it! Of course Lena will make her choice last, as she 's hostess. Let 's fix it so Betty will be next to last, and let 's leave those two boys till the last. Then Betty will *have* to choose one or the other of them, and that will be a good joke on her."

"Yes, it will! And it is n't a mean joke, either. If there are only those two, she 'll have to select one."

"But how can we be sure nobody else chooses either Harry or Ralph?"

"Oh, nobody will. They 'll know enough to leave them for Betty. But I 'll whisper to Constance and a few of the girls to make sure."

The scheme worked well. Lena, in burlesque authority, ordered each fair damsel to choose the knight she most admired, to escort her to supper.

This made great fun, as each girl deliberately ignored the boys she liked best, and chose a brother or a comparative stranger. Betty had made up her mind to choose Jack, and thus evade an embarrassing decision between her two admirers.

But, as one girl after another was called, Betty began to surmise there was some joke in progress.

But Lena said to her, casually, "You and I will go last, Betty," and so she really suspected little.

But at last no boys were left but Ralph and Harry, and, as Lena announced with twinkling eyes that Betty must make her choice, she saw at once that the girls had prearranged this.

It was a difficult situation. Betty had no wish to offend either boy by choosing the other, and she was decidedly in a quandary. She stood looking at them and smiling.

"It 's so hard to choose between you," she said, provokingly, but really to gain time. Suddenly she bethought herself of the penny in her pocket!

Ah, here was a way to circumvent those mischievous girls!

"I'm sorry," she said, with a little sigh, "that I can't choose either of you very gentlemanly appearing boys. But my Fate was foretold me, and my talisman here bids me await the coming of the knight appointed for me by Destiny."

Betty held up her penny with a roguish look.

chosen by such a merry witch! I am lucky indeed!" So the girls were foiled in their little plot, and Lena, accepting her defeat good-naturedly, declared she had to choose both the remaining knights, and taking an arm of each, she followed the procession to the dining-room.

The feast was abundant and the guests very merry. More fortune-testing was provided in the



"'WHAT DO YOU MOST WANT TO KNOW?' DRONED OUT THE MAGICIAN."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Lena, who knew nothing of what Hal had said to Betty in the Room of the Fates.

"Ah, here he comes! Here's the Bad Penny, who always turns up when he's wanted!"

Hal was just entering the room, his first appearance except in his disguise as "Fate." He had removed the uncomfortable wig and whiskers, but still wore the gorgeous costume.

The smile with which Betty greeted him quite took away the sting of being called a Bad Penny, and he said gaily: "A Lucky Penny, rather, to be

mottos and snapdragon, and at last the "fortune-cake" was cut. This looked almost like a bride-cake, save that its frosting was red and chocolate instead of white.

It was decorated with tiny witches and black cats, which were, of course, confectionery, and candles were burning all round it.

In it had been baked a thimble, signifying spinsterhood; a gold ring, betokening matrimony; a penny, meaning wealth; a gold pen for literary fame; a button for a bachelor; and many other tiny emblems of fortune, only one to a slice.

By dint of clever manœuvering Lena arranged that Betty should get the slice with the penny in it, and this caused a shout of laughter at Betty's expense.

But she did n't mind, and only glanced merrily at Hal, as she said:

"We seem to be irrevocably fated, don't we?"

"I 'm satisfied to have it so," he replied gallantly, making a gesture like a real stage suitor; and Betty returned saucily:

"So am I—during supper-time!"

After supper they assembled in the "black room" for a fagot party.

The screen was removed from the blazing wood fire, and all sat on the floor, or on cushions or ottomans clustered round the big fireplace.

Each was given a "fagot," a bundle of tiny sticks tied together with red and black ribbons, and each, in turn, threw the fagot into the fire. While the fagot burned, the thrower was to tell a ghost story, which must stop as soon as the sticks were entirely consumed.

This was a most exasperating performance, for in nearly every instance, just as the thrilling climax of the story was reached, the sticks burned out, and the narrator was not allowed to proceed.

Hal Pennington's was the most interesting.

"Mine is a fearful tale," he said, as he threw his fagot on the fire, "and I will tell it rapidly that you may all hear the marvelous and almost incredible dénouement."

The others crowded closer to hear, for Hal spoke in low, mysterious tones.

"It was a house up on Cape Cod," he began, "an old-fashioned, rambling sort of house, that was said to be haunted. It had long borne this reputation, and one room in particular, a small room at the end of a long ball-room, was said to be the room where the ghost appeared. The people who told about it always shuddered, and refused to tell what horrible shapes the ghost assumed when it made itself visible."

Harry Harper gave a scared sort of gasping groan, and then the other boys groaned dismally, while the girls shivered and giggled both at once.

"A lot of us fellows," went on Hal, "did n't believe in this ghost, and we decided to spend a night in the old house and test it."

"Did no one live in the house?" asked Betty.

"Oh, no; it had n't been occupied for years, because of the ghost. Well, eight of us went there one evening, and one, Phil Hardy, said he would go into the haunted room and lock himself in, while we kept watch in the ball-room."

"Why did he lock himself in?" asked Lena.

"Because he thought the ghost was some person playing a trick on us. He was n't afraid of a

ghost, but he was of a real marauder. So we other boys stayed in the big, dark, empty ball-room. That is, it was nearly empty—only a few chairs and sofas ranged against the wall. We hid behind these, having previously locked all the doors. The story was that the ghost came from the hall into the ball-room, went the full length of that, and then entered the little anteroom where Phil was keeping watch.

"For a long time we crouched silently behind our chairs, and then—then we heard the latch of the door click! We knew it was securely locked, but our hair rose on our heads as we heard it open and close again. Then footsteps—"

"Hollow footsteps!" interrupted Harry.

"Yes, hollow footsteps—"

"And clanking chains," put in Harry, again.

"Look here, who 's telling this?" demanded Hal. "Well, hollow footsteps and clanking chains resounded on our ears, as we heard the ghost glide the full length of that long room!"

"Half scared to death, we peeped out from behind our chairs, but could see nothing, though we all heard the footsteps."

"Then, though it did n't move, we heard the door open into the room where Phil was, and close again. We trembled and turned cold with a mysterious horror, when suddenly an awful shriek broke the silence!"

There was a breathless pause, and then Betty exclaimed: "Oh, what was it?"

"I can't tell you," said Hal; "my fagot has burned out!"

"Oh, you fraud!" cried Lena; "you timed it so on purpose!"

"Perhaps I did," said Hal, smiling; "anyhow, I confess I did n't know quite how to end it up myself!"

"Pooh! that 's no sort of a ghost story!" said Lena, but the others all agreed that it was the best one, and Hal must have the prize.

Then the party broke up, and the ghosts and witches went for their more prosaic hats and wraps. Hal Pennington asked to escort Betty home, but she said: "Thank you, no; Jack will take care of me."

"Then may n't I go to see you to-morrow?" he said. "Remember, you chose me to-night in preference to your two devoted swains."

"That was to disguise my real preference," said Betty, roguishly; "and, besides, I had to choose you, because it was so decreed by Fate!"

"There 's many a true word spoken in jest," declared Hal, theatrically, taking a couple of stagy strides across the hall, his eyes rolled up to the ceiling; and then, after a chorus of general good nights, Betty and Jack went home.

MORE LEAVES FROM THE JOURNEY BOOK



GERMANY

NEXT WE COME TO
GERMANY

IT IS CALLED AN EMPIRE BECAUSE
IT IS MADE UP OF SEVERAL
COUNTRIES ALL UNDER ONE
EMPEROR WHOM THE PEOPLE
CALL "THE KAISER"



As you travel about here in railroads and boats like those you have already seen in other countries, there will not be any pictures of them; but these are some sights you will see as you go along.



On the Rhine



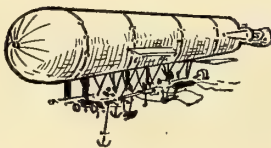
Bavarians



A waiter



A nurse-maid



An air-ship



Students

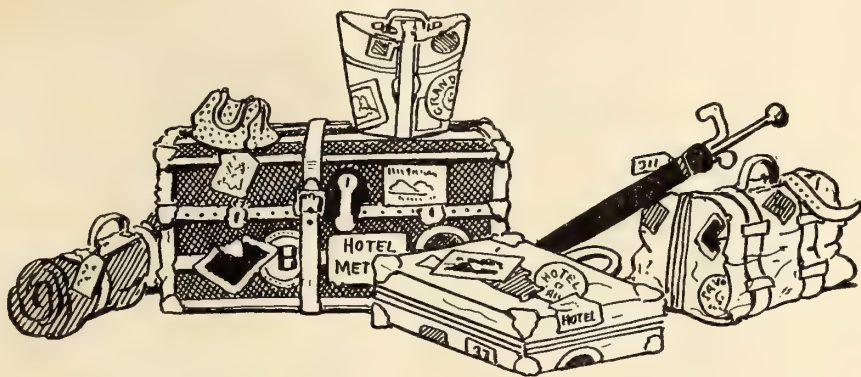
In Germany they have a very fine army, and you will see soldiers everywhere.



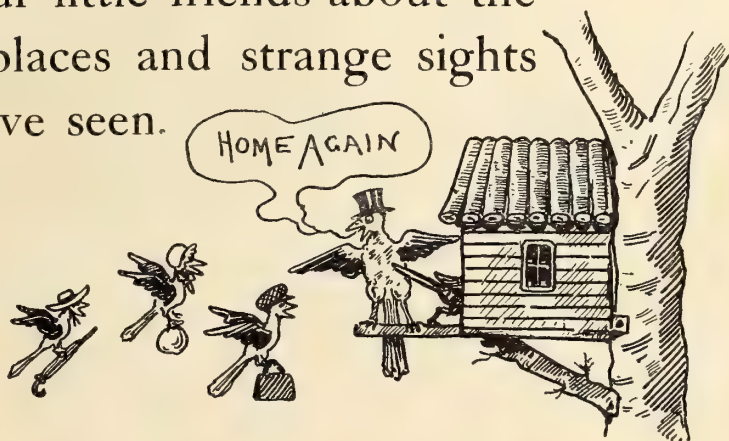
Here are some on parade.

Germany is the country where most of the toys are made. Here are some you will see in the shops.





By this time you must be tired of traveling, and want to get home again to think it all over and tell your little friends about the many places and strange sights you have seen.



“GOOD-BYE”



FOR SAFETY



It 's always safe to have a dog,
When one goes to take the air;

But such a tiny little dog
Might make the people stare.

JINGLES

BY DEBORAH EGE OLDS

THE BOWL OF A TEASPOON

Look in me sideways,
You 'll laugh from ear to ear;
Look in me lengthwise,
You 'll scare your mother dear.
Fat man! Lean man!
Oh, dear, how very queer!

WHINY-BOY

WHINY-BOY, whiny-boy,
All the day through.
You don't like any one;
No one likes you.

PICK-A-PACK-A-POO!

PICK-A-PACK-A-POO!
Now I lace my shoe!
Here an eyelet, there an eyelet,
Sir, how do you do?

WHAT JOHNNY WISHED

I WISH I was a Brownie dear
And had a little suit so queer.
What sport to wear a peaked cap
And never, never take a nap!
And teach the young to be polite,—
(Their manners simply *are* a fright!)

THE REFUGEE

THE STRANGE STORY OF NETHER HALL

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES GILSON

Author of "The Lost Column," "The Lost Empire," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII

REVENGE

THE household of Nether Hall was always up betimes. Sir Michael himself was an early riser. In his younger days, when he lived in London, an early morning gallop had been his habit. And Cicely, too, was often up with the lark.

On this particular morning, in the gray half-light of dawn, the tall trees in the garden had hardly taken upon themselves distinct and separate form, when, after much drawing back of bolts and bars and clashing and jingling of chains, the front door was thrown open; and it was Mr. Bannister, the butler, who deigned to sniff the morning air.

"Lor'," said he, "what a night! Lor', such a night as I never did see in all my mortal days!"

And having thus soliloquized, he turned, and came face to face with Cicely, who had come lightly down the stairs.

"Good morning, Bannister."

"Good morning, Miss Cicely. You *h'are* early! Why, the sun ain't up yet!"

"I never slept," she answered. "What a wind there was in the night!"

"Indeed, miss," said Bannister, "it howled that dreadful it were n't possible to sleep."

"I saw from my window," she went on, "that one of the branches of the big cedar is completely broken down."

"What a calamity, miss!" exclaimed Bannister, lifting his hands. "I have always regarded that there cedar-tree as a hornimint."

Cicely laughed, and saying she was going round the garden to see what other damage had been done, passed on; while Bannister, a moment afterward, was joined by Betty.

"An angil!" Mr. Bannister reflected, looking after Mistress Cicely. "An angil, that 's what she is!"

In Betty there was a bit of common sense.

"I 'm sure, Mr. Bannister, we all love her," she pouted; "but, when all 's said an' done, and the more credit to her, say I, she 's only flesh and blood, the same as me and you."

"Nonsense, my gal," said Bannister. "She h'ain't." With which astounding assertion, he went into the house.

Cicely seated herself on a garden seat, close to

the river-bank, and looked back upon Nether Hall. It was the house in which she was born, the only home she had known. Every spot in the garden had its own childish recollections: here she had cried pitifully when Anthony killed the squirrel; and there the bumblebee had stung her when she was six—she had picked it up in her fingers, because Anthony had said that bumblebees were never able to sting. The very tree beneath which she was seated was that on which as children they had been wont to have their swing.

Thence she could see the old house, built in the reign of Elizabeth, with its ivy-covered, red brick walls, its stone-mullioned windows, its gabled roof, and tall, stately chimneys, dark with age. Small wonder that she loved it! And small wonder that she never dreamed that she looked then for the last time upon her home!

She busied herself for some little while in the garden. Trees were broken; branches snapped; and the blossoms from the orchard had been blown across the lawns.

As she returned to the front of the house, she found Betty, still upon the door-step. She went into the drawing-room, hung with chintz, as was the fashion of the day; and there she found that several bricks had fallen down the chimney during the night, and lay broken in the grate.

Though the daylight was now far spread without, the sun was not yet risen, and this room, upon the western side of the house, still lay half in darkness. On this account she went to get a lamp; and that small event was at the root of all the evil that was to come.

She returned to the hall, whence she noticed that the girl upon the door-step stood as if she listened. Cicely passed into the drawing-room, set down the lamp, and came back to the hall.

"Oh, Miss, whatever 's this!"

It was strange, after such a night of storm, how still the morning was; for, though everywhere the birds were singing joyfully, no breath of air stirred even the slenderest branches of the trees.

In that same stillness a certain sound struck sharp upon the morning air. They were but a little distance from the highroad; and thence, rapidly growing louder, came the violent clattering of a galloping horse's hoofs. They were alarmed; for the rider, whoever he might be, came forward as if a legion of imps were loosed

upon his heels. He was on the Gun Hill—a hill as steep as any in the county; and yet he never drew rein, but rather seemed to increase his headlong velocity. Either the horse was bolting, or the man was riding for his life.

When he reached the foot of the hill, they expected he would pass the turnpike, and thought to hear him thundering over the bridge. But, to their alarm, he turned to the right, along the Dedham road, that passed the gates of Nether Hall. Betty ran and called Bannister, who came to the door from the kitchen. Cicely, she knew not why, moved down the drive toward the gate, where she stood eagerly watching.

And presently the rider himself came madly round the angle of the road. His horse, with neck stretched forward, was white with foam from its mouth. His boots were thrust to the insteps through the stirrups. His hat was gone; the powder had been brushed in patches from his hair. His feet were working wildly, and there was blood upon his spurs.

At the gate of Nether Hall he reined in with all his strength, throwing back his head. His face was livid green. The horse, endeavoring to check itself in the midst of such a tempestuous course, slid on with straightened fore legs, sending a shower of stones across the road; and then came down upon its knees, turned over, and lay upon its side, with its flanks going like bellows, its nostrils distended, and its every muscle too tired to move another step.

The rider was upon his feet, and came staggering, toward the gate. Cicely gave him one look, and then, with a shriek, turned, and fled toward the house. It was Louis des Ormeaux, his face drawn and haggard, his eyes bloodshot, his teeth set upon his underlip.

She came into the hall, as pale as a sheet, her fingers twitching in her dire distress. It was Bannister to whom she cried.

"He has come," she called. "He has come again!"

"Who, Miss?"

"Monsieur des Ormeaux!"

She swayed. She was forced to support herself with a small white hand upon the wall. "Go," she cried. "Tell my father. Quick!"

The old butler hesitated. Faint-hearted though he was, he hardly dared to leave her then.

"Oh, merciful Powers!" he groaned, and stood by, helplessly wringing his hands.

"Go, Bannister! Quick!" And there was panic in her cry. She herself had tried to move toward the stairs, but she had not the strength. She stumbled; it was as if her limbs were no longer governed by her will.

The man's footstep was upon the gravel without. The butler turned and rushed headlong up the stairs.

All this time Betty had stood like one struck paralyzed and dumb. She now fled into the kitchen; for at that moment des Ormeaux stepped into the hall.

Cicely drew up and faced him, stiff and proud, and white as driven snow. The man—dirt-stained as he was and all but broken down—stepped forward, and bowed with all his old address.

"Mademoiselle, I have not yet accepted my defeat."

"What do you here?" she asked, in a voice so faint as to be hardly audible.

"Why ask?" said he. "Why ask?"

"But you must go. We do not wish you here."

"Wish!" he repeated. "Ma foi! since when must I consult the wishes of others?" He then drew closer to her, and spoke in a voice quite low, as though a mountain weight of meaning were pressed upon his lips. "Mademoiselle, you know I love you."

"I know," she said.

"No! You do not," he cried loudly. "You do not know what kind of a thing is this love that you despise. Listen," he went on more quietly still. "Yonder is the daybreak. There is nothing you or I can do to stop the rising of the sun. Nor can my love more easily be stayed. Ma foi, I was sought after, in palaces and courts! I was among the greatest in the land, the friend of ministers, the companion of a prince. Am I not therefore worthy to aspire to the hand of the daughter of an English squire?"

"You are a spy," said she.

At that all the rhetoric went out of him. He had ended in something akin to a sneer. He now stepped back, and out came his snuff-box.

"I must live," said he, with a shrug.

"Dishonestly?" she asked.

And he turned upon her with his eyes aflame and his lips working fast.

"You are not wise to taunt me," he rapped out. "You know already there are no lengths to which I dare not go. I am not here as a pleader. I may have come for revenge."

He moved forward, his brows knit together. She stood her ground defiantly; and when he was close, she snatched from the wall one of her father's hunting-crops, and struck him across the face.

He went back, carrying his hand to his face; and then, on a sudden, drew his sword.

It may, for a second, have been in his mind to slay her where she stood; for the man was blind to what he did. But he had taken only one

step forward, with eyes afire and the drawn sword in his hand, when a loud voice held him to his ground: "Stop, by Thunder, or I put a bullet through you!"

He looked up; and there on the stairs was Sir Michael, coatless, with a burning face, and a heavy pistol leveled at the Vicomte's chest.

Des Ormeaux sprang quickly back; for a moment seemed to hesitate, and then passed into the drawing-room, and closed the door.

Sir Michael came down, tried to force the door, but found it locked. He was about to go round to the window, when he heard the key turn; and once again the Vicomte stepped forth into the hall.

He met Sir Michael face to face, and bowed, as was his wont. He even smiled.

"I have to ask your pardon for this intrusion," he began. But the old Squire took him up.

"What does this mean?" he roared. "If I spare to shoot ye, 't is only because hanging 's the only death ye merit."

"Shoot, Monsieur," cried the Vicomte. "Here is my heart. At this distance you cannot miss."

He stood upright, with his feet together, and both his hands extended on his breast. It looked as if Sir Michael was in half a mind to fire.

Instead, he turned and pointed to the door.

"Out with ye!" he roared. "You 've come here of your own free will; 't is only that which saves ye. And though I 've a score to pay, I let ye go scot-free, though I found ye with a sword drawn upon my daughter."

"Your magnanimity disarms me," said the Vicomte, with a sneer.

"Out with ye! I want neither your long words nor your company. I 'll not have vermin here. Ye came to my house, near three years ago, an outcast from your own benighted land. I found ye first in my son's room yonder, and listened to your lies. I took ye in; I gave ye all the hospitality that lay within my power; I treated ye generously and well. In return, ye thieved my daughter, and brought robbers into the house. And all the time ye was a spy! By Heaven, my blood boils when I think of it all! Out of me house, I say!"

"Monsieur," said the Vicomte, "I have stood here, and listened to your insults, and possessed my soul in patience. *Ma foi*," he cried, with a rap of the foot, "I am but flesh and blood! I must ask you more carefully to pick your words; else, old though you are, I call upon you to draw."

"Draw!" roared the Squire. "I would sooner do the hangman's work than cross swords with a knave like you. If fight I must, sir, egad, I 'd never fight with a traitor and a spy."

The Vicomte was black as a cloud. Clearly, he only refrained from rushing upon the old man sword in hand, because he feared that the Squire would shoot him down.

"You have the advantage," he hissed out, between his teeth. "I am without my pistols."

He stood there shaking in silent rage. All this while, a smell as of burning had slowly extended throughout the house. And now something fell in the drawing-room with a crash.

"What 's that?" exclaimed the Squire.

"What is it?" said the Vicomte. And the same look stole upon his face that they had seen that night at the dinner-table, when the key had turned in the lock.

In the Squire's face there flashed a still alarm.

"Put back your sword!" he cried.

The Frenchman never moved, and the Squire's pistol was leveled at his head.

"Put back your sword! or, by the Lord Harry! you 're as good as dead."

The old man's face was purple in his wrath. Des Ormeaux's sword rapped sharply home to the hilt.

Cicely, who all the time had stood by, her face white to the lips, rushed past the man, and flung back the drawing-room door.

A cloud of smoke gushed forth into the hall.

The house had been set on fire.

CHAPTER XXIV

PHENIX

WHEN the milk is spilled, the housewife, if she be wise, will think of saving what remains in the jug before she boxes the culprit's ears. And so was it now with the household of Nether Hall.

During the altercation that had taken place in the hall between the Squire and the Vicomte, a large body of servants had gathered on the stairs, whence they viewed the quarrel with looks of the utmost consternation. Now, upon the sudden outcry of "Fire!" one half of these rushed up to the topmost story to save their trinkets and gewgaws; while the remainder, among whom were Bannister and Whitehead, came down in all haste to the hall, and followed Sir Michael and Cicely into the burning room. But not one had a thought—nor, for the matter of that, the courage—to lay hands upon des Ormeaux.

The Vicomte, laughing like a madman, stepped out to the drive, whence he contemplated the black smoke rolling from the windows of the house. He knew well enough that the fire was already too far gone to be quenched, and that nothing now could save the house. He had not been in the drawing-room longer than a minute, but in

that brief time he had taken the burning lamp from the table, where Cicely had set it, and applied it to each of the curtains in turn. The flames had leaped forth upon the instant, spreading quickly to the chintz about the room; and by this time the beams across the ceiling and the woodwork in the walls were fairly all alight.

Sir Michael, with no other thought than that to save his house, marshaled his servants, making such dispositions as would enable him to combat the flames. He formed a long string of men and women from the drawing-room to the scullery, where two strong men were set to work the pump; and buckets of water were passed by hand to the Squire himself, who stood in the midst of the smoke.

As for des Ormeaux, he seemed suddenly, and in the confusion, to have disappeared.

"Good riddance!" cried the Squire, when they told him.

But, despite their most strenuous efforts, the fire continued to spread. The flames pierced the ceiling, and ran up the walls of the room above. Thence they extended right and left, so that the passages and corridors were filled with smoke and fumes. The smoke rolled forth from a dozen windows, and living flames darted from the chimney-tops.

Before this the Squire had been forced to leave the drawing-room. He came into the hall, his hair singed, his clothes burnt, black from head to foot from smoke.

Even there the heat was nearly insufferable; and the only man who remained to the last by his master's side was Thomas Timms, who now was in charge of the stables of Nether Hall.

"Timms," said the Squire, the perspiration pouring from his brow, "we must give it up, my lad. The house is gone. We must save as much as we can."

They passed round to the eastern wing. There, from a side door that opened on to the lawns, a narrow flight of stairs mounted to a long passage, called the "Ladies' Gallery" since the days of good Queen Bess; since, when that sovereign stayed at Nether Hall—as indeed she really did—here were lodged the ladies of her court.

This part of the house was as yet untouched by the flames—a fact that had already been turned to the best account. For the bulk of the domestics—the men from the stables as well as those from the house—were assembled at the door; and upon the grass was a great pile of valuables—ornaments, silver, and plate. Indeed, it was surprising how much had been already saved, and highly creditable to Cicely and Lady Packe, for it was they who had gathered together those men

who were not fighting the flames with Sir Michael, and set them about the work.

Had these ladies not taken such prompt, decisive action, beyond a doubt everything would have been destroyed. For at that moment there came a series of gusts from the west—the aftermath of the gale—that fanned the flames, and blew them like a tide across the house.

A great body of people now came running, helter-skelter, from the town; men and women, old and young. They swarmed through the gates of Nether Hall, trampling down the flower-beds, and then stood idly by with opened mouths and eyes.

And then, over the place where the fire was kindled, part of the roof fell in; a great jet of fire sprang forth and mingled with the rays of the rising sun. Walls tumbled; and showers of sparks and embers danced into the sky, to be carried far away upon the wind. Ever and anon, beams and oaken rafters broke like minute-guns. They could see the red fire curling from the windows and shooting upward to the roof, while clouds of smoke rolled toward the town.

Yet it was at this juncture that old Sir Michael dared to enter the burning house. He had a mind to gain his office, which was situated at the farther end of the Ladies' Gallery, at the head of the oak stairway that descended into the hall. Here he had many valuable documents, title-deeds and the like, also a cash-box, filled with money and notes.

The smoke was rolling forth from the door even as he entered. Yet the old man boldly climbed the narrow stairs. The fumes all but suffocated him, but he struggled on, and at last gained the passage-head.

A moment later he staggered out, breathless, with red-hot embers smoldering on his coat. It was some time before he could find his voice; and then he pointed frantically toward the house.

"That man 's in there!" he cried. "He seems to live in the flames!"

Now, of all that crowd of rustics there was not one who did not know the story of Nether Hall; who would not, with a right good will, have struck the traitor down.

The truth was known among them, passed by word of mouth; namely, that the Vicomte had returned and set the place afire. He must have been some time within the house, for no one had seen him enter. That he was in there at all, and alive, was nothing short of a miracle. For all that, one thing was sure: he must come out, or burn to death.

Suddenly a window, as yet untouched by the flames, was flung wide open. It was that which

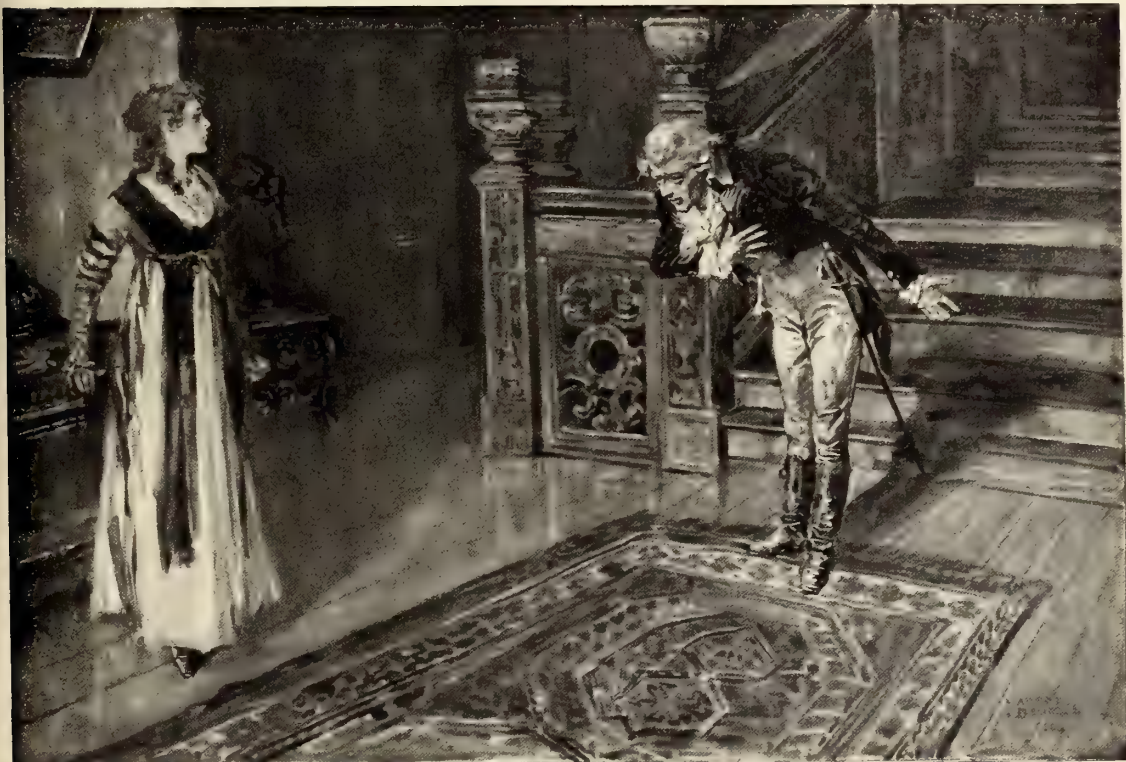
was at the eastern end of the Ladies' Gallery, over the door. And there, before them all, stood the man himself, burnt and grim and black.

The crowd raised a great cry—a cry of rage and hate. Fists were shaken toward him, and a hundred exclamations showered upon his head. *They dared him to come out.*

But he only laughed—madly, and waved his

For all that, it was the Squire's intrusion that brought des Ormeaux face to face with his danger; and when he went to the passage window, and saw the great crowd there assembled, ready to tear him to pieces, he must have recognized himself for lost.

None the less, he would not come out: to be clubbed to death by a village mob was never the



"MADemoiselle, I HAVE NOT YET ACCEPTED MY DEFEAT."

arms in the air. And at that a silence fell upon them all: those simple-hearted yokels, whose lives ran commonly in uneventful course, were rooted there in awe.

There was no doubt of the truth: des Ormeaux had made his way to the Squire's private office, with intent to gain possession of certain documents and papers, the value of which he must have known.

For it was there that Sir Michael found him, seated at the desk, with all the drawers open and ransacked, and money upon the floor. Angry words had passed between them; and then the Squire, unable any longer to remain within the room, had been driven forth by the smoke and fumes. He said, time and again, to his dying day, the most wondrous thing he had ever seen was "that man" alive, like the phoenix, in the flames.

end he would covet. He stood and jeered at them, always laughing, and casting insults.

And then, of a sudden, Captain Hood, with Anthony Packe close at his heels, came down the Gun Hill as if they raced for life.

They turned at a breakneck gallop into the Dedham road, and a moment afterward rode in at the gates of Nether Hall, where a still panting horse lay stretched upon the ground.

Roland drew rein on the open lawn. Anthony was but a second later. The boy's face was white, and his teeth were set. After so short an absence, this, indeed, was a tragic home-coming! He went straight to his father and sister, who, with his stepmother, were now face to face with the reality of it all, and bowed with grief.

Des Ormeaux, seeing his old and hated rival, cried out that he had brought the house about

their ears, as he had warned them that he would; and that revenge was sweet.

At that Roland drew his sword, and moved quickly toward the door. Cicely saw his action, and rushed toward him, as if to hold him back. But he was blind from hatred of the man; he never saw her, but passed in, and up the stairs.

He found the Vicomte in the passage; and the man fled at his approach. Courage—his only saving quality—seems to have deserted him at the last; for his sword was at his side, but he did not draw. The heat scorched their eyes. Their mouths were filled with smoke. They could hear the falling rafters all around them, and the crackling and the roaring of the fire. Moreover, their lives hung upon a thread, for the flooring burned beneath their feet, and any moment might fall in, and they be hurled into the burning mass below.

Des Ormeaux fled down the Gallery, until he could go no farther by reason of the flames. There he turned, and then again looked back. Behind him was the raging fire; before him, Roland Hood, his eyes flashing defiance and a drawn sword in his hand.

The man arched his back like a cornered cat. He glanced around him for some loophole of escape, and finding none, whipped out his sword, and came forward step by step.

The blades clashed together savagely.

Both men were desperate, and seemed to fight with something of the fierceness of the furnace all around. Teeth were clinched, and eye was fixed to eye. Des Ormeaux pressed forward, thrust following parry with almost lightning speed. No one but a master swordsman could ever have kept him off.

On a sudden, Roland sprang back, dropping the point of his sword. The man lunged short, and then gave out a short cry of pain like that of a wounded thing. Before he could recover, his guard had been struck aside; and Roland's sword passed through his body. The victor stayed but for an instant, and then turned and fled.

As he reached the head of the staircase, the Ladies' Gallery fell through, amid a great upheaval of sparks and living flames.

Roland came forth from the burning house, with the sword in his hand, and a face that was white and solemn. For Louis des Ormeaux's dark career was ended.

The villagers, pressing around Roland Hood, cheered him to the echo.

He passed through them; and seeing Cicely, with Anthony and the Squire, he cast his sword aside. She came toward him with a white face, wet with tears, and love shining in her eyes; and

forgetful of the crowd, the burning house, and of all the world beside, he took her in his arms before them all.

CONCLUSION

AND this is the end of the story of Nether Hall.

If you go to Dedham in Essex to-day, and walk from the foot of the Gun Hill to "Freeman's Corner," you will come to the place where tall trees overhang the road. Here, upon the left, a large field drops down from the road to the river-bank, in which, if it is summer-time, the corn will rustle in the breeze.

This field was once the site of Nether Hall; but now nothing remains: the stately trees that once adorned the garden have long since fallen under the ax; the gravel pathways of the open lawns have been cut time and again by the plow, and the wheat grows and ripens where Sir Michael Packe and his old-time friends, with their lace ruffles and powdered hair, were wont to walk.

To say that Sir Michael never felt the loss, were to set down that which is very far from the truth; but he was a rich man, for those days, a great landlord, besides money in the funds; and within a short time he had built a house on the Suffolk side, where he ended his days at a ripe old age, though badly touched with the gout.

Roland and Cicely were married in Dedham Church; and that was a great day for Dedham, for the place was gay with flags, and the company at the Sun Inn and the Marlborough Head kept it up to daybreak, at the Squire's expense.

Anthony, though he had shown small taste for it at first, greatly distinguished himself as a politician, and during Lord Liverpool's administration was promoted to cabinet rank, holding no less exalted a post than that of Secretary of State for Preservation of Foxes and Feathered Game.

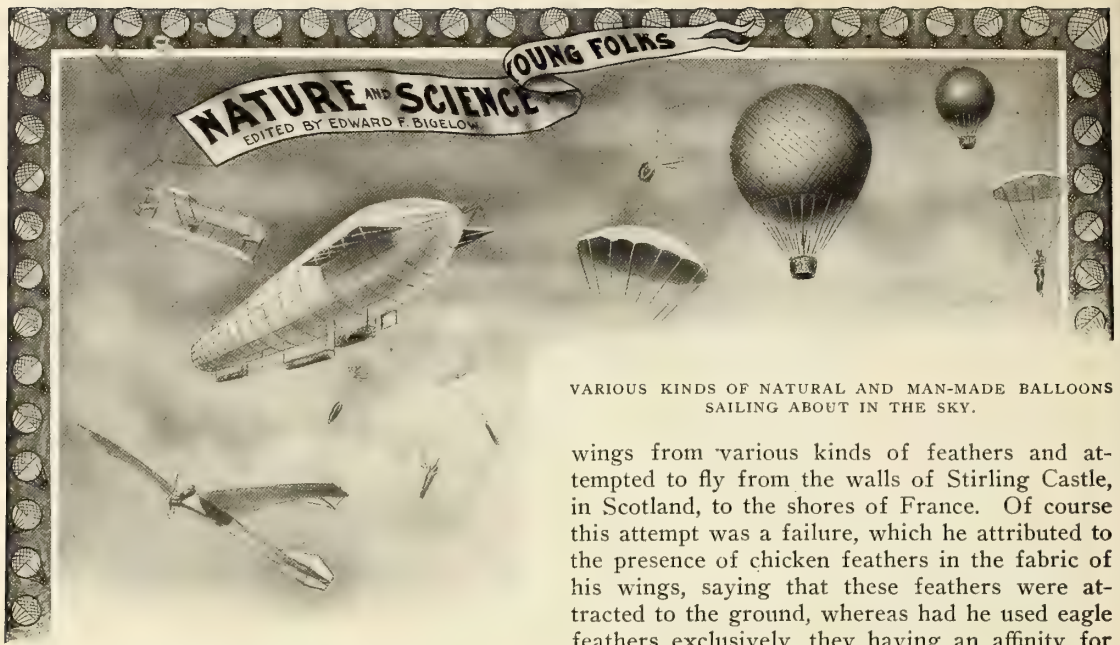
Thomas Timms married Betty, the housemaid; and Mr. Whitehead retired to London in disgust. Bannister, the butler, married the cook, and set up at "The Compasses" in Dedham Street.

Of John Constable's fame all the wide world knows, for he became one of the greatest of English painters.

And there remains only that one slim figure, with the black mask and the hooded riding-coat. Throughout his trial Jerry Abershaw preserved his courage and coolness, but they availed nothing and he was sent to the gibbet on Monday, the second of August, with a dense crowd thronging all about. He had been famous as a highwayman, and he came to a sad but a well-merited end, for it was but just that he should suffer, at last, the penalty of his misdeeds.



"ROLAND AND CICELY WERE MARRIED."



BALLOONS AND AIRSHIPS

MADE BY MAN IN FANCY AND FACT

PROBABLY the first mention of human flight is the story of the mythical Athenian Dædalus, who made himself and his son each a pair of wings of feathers fastened together with wax. By means of these, so runs the fancy, they escaped from an island on which they were imprisoned by King Minos. In the joy incident to the exercise of this new power, Icarus, the son, flew too high, in spite of the advice of his father. The heat from the sun melted the wax that fastened his wings together, and he fell into the sea!

The germ of fact on which this myth is founded is the probability that Dædalus used sails, which up to this time had never been known. Quite naturally he outdistanced the king's pursuing galleys, which were equipped only with oars.

During the darkness of the Middle Ages common superstition credited every one at all distinguished in the science of physics with the power of aerial flight. A vestige of this superstition remained into the last century, when the so-called witches were likewise accredited with the power of flight through the air, and are pictorially represented usually as mounted on a broom.

In the early part of the sixteenth century, during the reign of James IV, we pass from fancy to fact and have real names and dates. Quite naturally the first attempt at flying was by means of wings in imitation of the birds. At this time an Italian alchemist constructed himself a pair of

VARIOUS KINDS OF NATURAL AND MAN-MADE BALLOONS
SAILING ABOUT IN THE SKY.

wings from various kinds of feathers and attempted to fly from the walls of Stirling Castle, in Scotland, to the shores of France. Of course this attempt was a failure, which he attributed to the presence of chicken feathers in the fabric of his wings, saying that these feathers were attracted to the ground, whereas had he used eagle feathers exclusively, they having an affinity for the air, the flight would have been successful and so he would not have fallen and broken his leg!



THE GAUDILY DECORATED BALLOON OF THE MONTGOLFIER BROTHERS AND THE ONE USED BY BLANCHARD.
Note the parachute on this one as a safeguard in case of the collapse of the balloon; also the wings for protection.

Next came the ridiculous idea of bringing down a bag full of the thin ethereal substance which

floats above our atmosphere. The difficulty of procuring any of this substance of course prevented its trial. An idea along this line, no more practical but showing an advancement in science, was the proposition, in 1670, by Francis Lana. This idea was to construct four large copper balls of very thin material, exhaust the air from them, and fasten them to a suitable car. There being no air in these balls, they would be lighter than the surrounding air and would naturally rise. The difficulty in this case would have been to prevent the balls from collapsing.

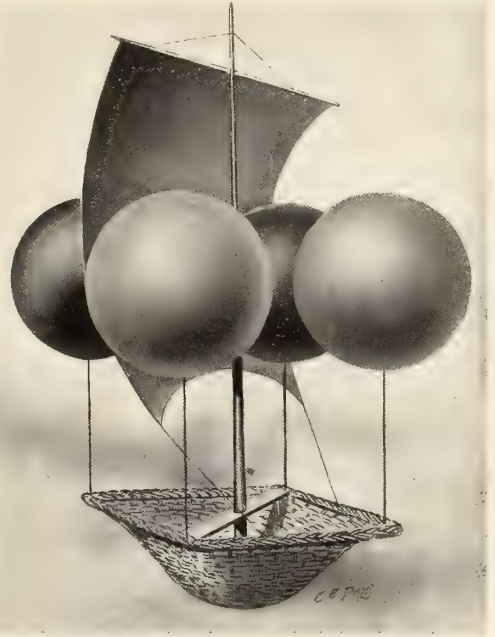
The first practical idea of the balloon originated more than a hundred years later, when the Montgolfier brothers, noticing how smoke rose upward into the air, conceived the idea of filling a bag with smoke. The development of this idea resulted in the construction of the first hot-air balloon in June, 1783. This consisted of a spherical cloth bag about thirty-five feet in diameter and inflated over a fire fed with bundles of chopped straw. The next step was the use of hydrogen gas, and the balloon was practically invented as used to-day. The use of this gas was the idea of M. Charles, a professor of natural philosophy at Paris. All the features of the modern balloon as now used are practically due to him, including the valve at the top and suspending the car from a network surrounding the balloon. His first balloon rose rapidly to a height of about three thousand feet. It came down shortly and landed in a field, where the terrified peasantry tore it to shreds.

The first balloon to carry living freight was in September, 1783, when Joseph Montgolfier sent up a sheep, a duck, and a cock, all of which landed safely. This balloon, as seen in the picture, was very gaudily decorated. The first human being to ascend in a balloon was a young French naturalist, M. François Pilâtre de Rozier, who used a captive balloon for his first attempts. Then on November 21, 1783, he and the Marquis d'Arlandes made the first trip in a free balloon. This was made in a hot-air balloon, and fire was kept burning in a brazier suspended beneath while up in the air.

Balloon ascensions have always attracted a great deal of attention. It is related that in 1784, when Lunardi, who was the aerial hero in England, made an ascension, a criminal was on trial. He was about to be convicted, but, to save the time of further argument, he was acquitted in haste, so that the court could view the balloon. The king was also in discussion with his ministers. On hearing that the balloon was passing, he adjourned the meeting, remarking that they might resume their deliberations but might never see

Lunardi again. Most of us lately saw in one of the circuses a woman sitting on a horse which was standing on a platform suspended from an imitation balloon, which was then drawn to the top of the tent. This act, thrilling as it was, can scarcely compare with the original, in which a Mr. Green made a real ascension astride his pony in this manner.

The limitations of the gas-bag type of airship have caused numerous experiments with the sail-



THE IDEA OF FRANCIS LANA, 1670.

He proposed constructing a number of huge copper balls, exhausting the air from them to make them light, and attaching a car to them. Of course his idea was impractical.

ing or gliding type of flying-machine. At first these were sailed like a kite, with the string fastened to an automobile, which was speeded away. The sailing device rose into the air or not according to the success of the designer. When the fact was ascertained that these machines would ascend and carry a man, the towing automobile was abandoned and the machine itself was equipped with a high-powered gasoline engine to run a propeller. This line of experimenting resulted in the modern aeroplanes with which we are all familiar.

BALLOONS MADE BY NATURE IN PLANTS AND ANIMALS

MAN's progress in the invasion of the realm of the birds is more than marvelous, but he is not alone in this competition. Compared with the hosts of tiny airships sent up by every field and meadow, he is but a novice. Heavenward they go

with every breeze that blows, from early spring, when the willow, the cotton-tree, and the dandelion send forth their downy swarms, until the snows of winter drape the landscape—catching, per-

eddies upward from the sunny fence corners. Among this scurrying family of aerial voyagers the members of the great composite and the chicory families, "veritable children of the breeze," will usually predominate. After frost, though, the silken-tufted milkweeds lend their liberal quota. The cattails, the "hardy Norseman" of these air voyagers, find the icy gales of winter their favorite sailing-times, and they leave the dried and fluffing head in clouds.

Ascending among this airy fraternity during early fall, you may perchance notice a slender bundle of a few long, glistening, silky strands, loosely gathered together about their middle, leaving their free ends flying in the wind, waving upward from their weighted center. You might make many fruitless guesses as to what this queer seed is, and be wrong each time, for it is no seed, but a tiny animal. It is one of the little araneid balloonists. These tiny spiders were not caught



A VANISHING TRAIL OF THE NATURAL MEADOW
BALLOONISTS.

Showing among them a human aëronaut hanging from his parachute.

chance, the last fledglings of the common dandelion. These tiny, inanimate balloonists were veterans in the art long ere man existed, and well may he study some of their devices. How like, indeed, is he, descending in his parachute, to some of these ballooning seeds! In our picture he is placed among a drifting trail of these various tiny aëronauts, which vanish in the airy distance. See how naturally he fits in and harmonizes with the others, an atom among atoms, with merely a different form of pappus, or tuft of down, each freighted with its living tip. Any playful wind-gust down the country road sends thousands of these little wandering airships in tiny dusty

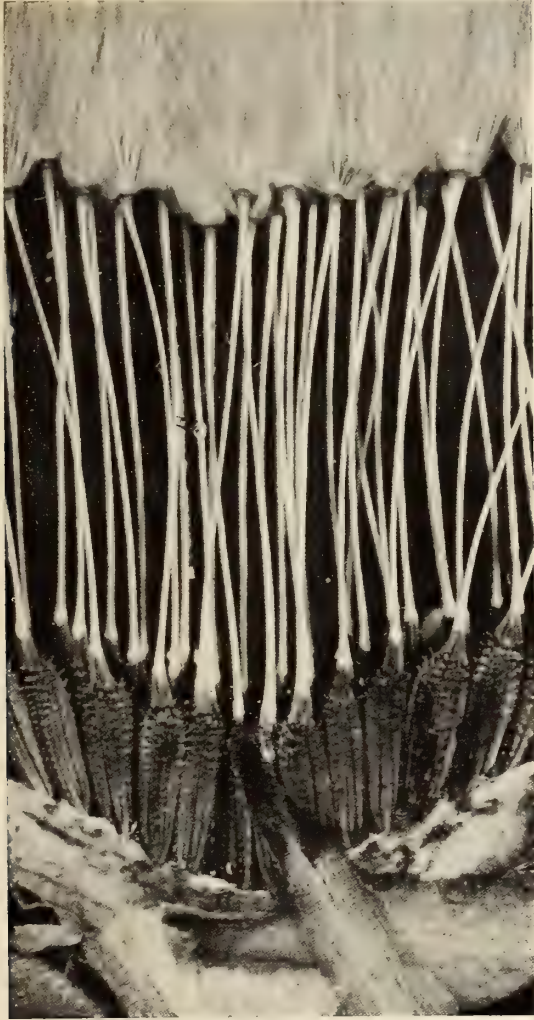


THE SPIDER BALLOONISTS.

On the leaf the one to the left is almost ready to depart. The one next to him has just sprung off. The one in the air a little to the left of these has just started. Note the position. The highest one and the one next, to the right and a trifle below, are in the attitude of smooth sailing. The last one to the right is taking in sail and is descending. Note the little pellet held by his legs. In the panel are shown some tiny flies entangled in the web. They are merely entangled, and not stuck by the viscid drops as with the cross lines in the common orb web of a spider, for these strands have no viscid drops.

in the wind accidentally, but their flight was intentionally and deliberately planned. The Rev.

Dr. McCook, the Boswell of the spider fraternity and from whom they have kept but few of their



A PEEP INTO A DANDELION HEAD.

By the aid of a pocket magnifier showing each "balloon" with its "basket" (or seed) ready to start.

secrets, says that these little fellows climb to the tops of weeds, twigs, and, what seems the favorite place, the tops of fences, for their flights. He says that September is a good month to witness these spider flights, though October is a better time. The practice is about as follows: the little spider climbs to the highest point and faces the wind. It then elevates its body to an angle of about forty-five degrees, and stiffens the legs so as to stand as high as possible. From the spinnerets a single thread or ray of threads is spun, and is drawn out by the wind to a distance of several feet. When enough web has been let out, the

force of the wind upon it draws hard on the spiderling, who then lets loose all feet suddenly, and apparently springs into the air, and floats away, usually back downward. In most cases the body is then turned round so the head faces the way in which the wind is blowing. Meanwhile a ray of threads is spun out, and the spider now hangs from a little framework suspended from long, buoyant streamers ascending from each end. When the spider wishes to descend, it draws in the forward ray, rolling it into a little pellet held close to its body.

These little fellows ascend to great heights and travel many miles. Mr. Darwin noticed them at



THE "AIRSHIPS" OF THE CLEMATIS IN FLIGHT.

a distance of sixty miles from land, and they have also been reported more than two hundred miles offshore.—CLEMENT B. DAVIS.

HOW CALIFORNIAN ORCHARDS ARE PROTECTED FROM FROST

IN many parts of California the temperature falls below freezing-point on only a few nights in a year. Enormous damage, however, may be done in an orange grove, a prune orchard, or an apricot

It also stops any direct draft that would carry the warmth and smoke up into the air away from the trees.

A complete plant for frost prevention costs from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred dollars.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

A VERY LARGE CRAB

THE largest crab in the world, a specimen of the giant spider-crab from Japan, is now at the Museum of Natural History, New York. This remarkable crustacean was secured by Professor Bashford, Dean of Columbia University, from Miura-Misaki. The spread of the two largest legs, or arms, having saw-like teeth, called "pincers," is nearly twelve feet, and the body portion is over one foot in diameter and about the size of a large dinner-plate. The monster crab inhabits the sea and islands of Japan, and is known to occur at a depth of over two thousand feet. The eight arms resemble sections of bamboo growth, and are extremely elastic. One of the odd features of the crab is its faculty of assuming a disguise. This feat they are able to perform owing to the flexibility of their pincers, and to the hooked hairs and spines with which their numerous arms are studded. By means of these pincers they tear off small fragments of sponges, seaweeds, and various other marine growths. After first putting these to their mouths, which contain a glutinous saliva, they place them on the surface of their limbs and body, by sticking them fast with a rubbing movement. By this method the crab succeeds in completely changing its appear-



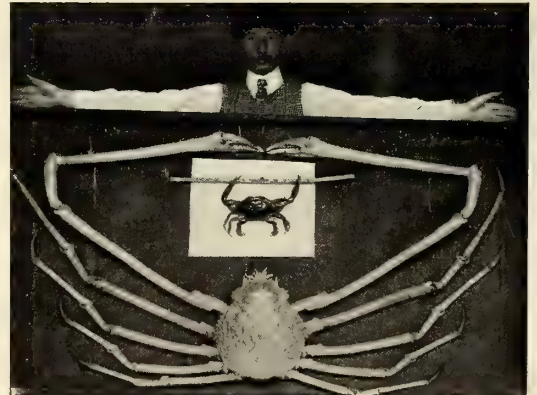
THE FIRE-POT FOR PROTECTION FROM FROST.

plantation by frost during a single night. Some orchardists near Fresno have adopted a novel plan to protect their fruit against the damage caused by frost.

In the bedroom of the manager or owner of the orchard is placed an electric-alarm thermometer which can be set at any temperature that is deemed likely to hurt the crop. When the temperature drops to that point, the electric bell rings automatically and gives warning. The manager stirs up his men, and they fall to work lighting fire-pots which are set out in the orchard—about forty or forty-five to an acre. They are filled with crude petroleum, which creates a great deal of smoke while burning and wraps a blanket of warmth around the trees.

It has been found possible in this way to raise the temperature of an orchard five or six degrees, and to save large quantities of fruit that would have been frozen without these precautions.

About one gallon of oil is put in each pot and is lighted by squirting a little gasolene into it and applying a torch. A space of four or five inches is left between the top of the pot and the lid, this tending to keep the heat down and make the warmth and the smoke spread over a wider area.



THE LARGE CRAB.

ance, and while crawling along it seems as though a portion of the ocean bed is in motion, so close is the resemblance of the great crab to the bottom of the sea which it inhabits. They are usually hauled up in drag-nets.—WALTER L. BEASLEY.

A LIVING TOWER

ON the banks of the Russian River in Sonoma County, California, are large forests of redwood, or *Sequoia sempervirens*, the evergreen sequoia. The region is very pretty and abounds in summer camping-places, near one of which, known as Meeker's Camp, four tall redwoods were found growing at the corners of an almost perfect square.

The boughs were lopped off and seven wooden platforms deftly built in, at even distances, uniting the four trunks. Little boughs have been put forth by the trunks, which still have a leafy, evergreen appearance. Access from the ground to the first platform, and from one platform to another,



THE LIVING TOWER.

is obtained by flights of wooden steps. The whole forms a "living tower" which Arthur Inkersley (who sends the picture) says, is, so far as he knows, unique.

SPONGE BORES CLAM-SHELL

A CLAM-SHELL is very hard and a sponge very soft. Yet, astonishing as it may seem, a sponge, known as the boring species, can so fill a clam-shell with holes that it looks like the top of a pepper-box!

This sponge (Latin name *Cliona sulphurea*) is also injurious to the shells of oysters, riddling them with galleries and holes and finally growing over the outside. The boring-sponge is abundant along the shores from South Carolina to Cape

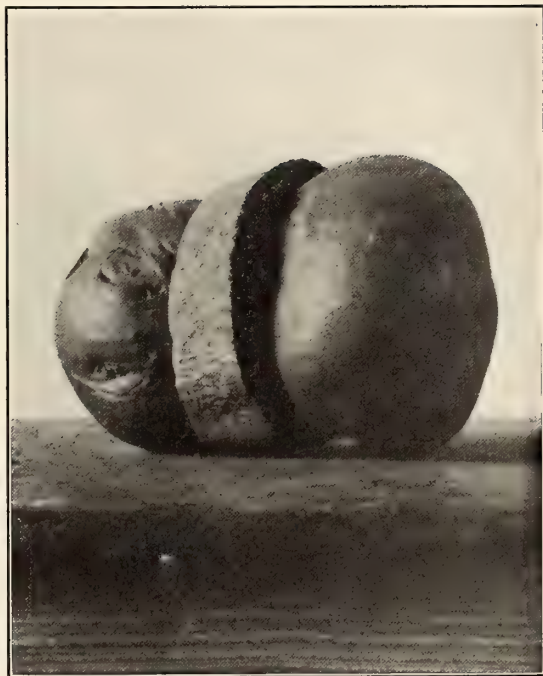
Cod. We are indebted to the New York Aquarium for this information and the illustration.



A CLAM-SHELL INFESTED WITH BORING-SPONGE.
From Long Island Sound.


A POTATO THAT GREW THROUGH A BONE

THIS photograph shows a potato that grew through a section of bone that happened to be in the ground. The potato was found by a resident of Chandlers Valley in the State of New York.



THE POTATO GROWN WITHIN A SECTION OF BONE.

“BECAUSE WE
WANT TO KNOW”
????????????



St. Nicholas
Union Square,
New York

WHY STARS TWINKLE

MILTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me the reason why the stars seem to twinkle and the planets remain “motionless”? It has always been a great mystery to me, and perhaps to other people, but if you would please tell me in ST. NICHOLAS I shall be much obliged.

Always yours very sincerely,
LOUISE L. WHITE (age 14).

As you know, stars shine by their own light; planets by reflected light. The light of the star passes through streaks of air of unequal density, carried by the wind. These cause the light to waver (twinkle), somewhat as the ripples on the surface of water cause the light to be mottled and varying on the sandy bottom of the brook or pool.

Another cause is known as “interference.” The light ray is “slender,” coming from a mere point (optically), and is easily refracted and changed from its course, which destroys some wave-lengths and substitutes others. Planets twinkle less than stars because the light does not come from an optical point, but from disks of measurable diameter.

A BRAVE LITTLE BIRD ATTACKS A BIG HAWK

MELROSE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day I was going to Boston through the woods, and a bird, a hawk, I think, was flying



THE LITTLE BIRD ATTACKING THE HAWK.

in the air, and a little bird was following it. I thought the hawk would eat the little bird. But the little bird gave a saucy little squeal, the hawk lowered a little, and

the little bird hopped on his back, and a few minutes later I saw the same bird and the little bird on his back. I would like to know the reason it did so.
RHEA HOUSER (age 12).

Many parent birds bravely defend the young in their nests from the attacks of hawks. In such defense are included not only the crows and jays, but smaller birds such as the king-bird, which you probably saw.

The smaller bird makes up for its lack in size and in strength of beak and claws, such as the hawk has, by its greater quickness of movement. He gives a fierce “peck” and is away before the hawk can return the attack.

Size and strength do not always win. Some of our small stinging insects can kill a horse, and even one bumblebee might make things unpleasant for an elephant!

THE “SUN DRAWING WATER”

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: To-day as the sun was nearing the western horizon my mother called my attention to a curious fact. To explain this I will have to tell what the clouds were like. All around the sun were heavy dark clouds that looked as if they held rain. The upper edges of these were very misty, and there were streaks going straight up into the sky, so that if they had been coming down instead of going up I should have said they were pouring rain down somewhere farther west. Above these heavy clouds were some light ones, and their lower edges all were tinted with the colors of the rainbow for a little way up.

My mother suggested that there might have been a rain-storm somewhere farther west, and that we were on the other side of the rainbow—on the eastern side. Could that be possible, and is it probable that that is correct? I forgot to say we had had no rain here.

If you have room, I wish you could answer this letter and tell me the cause of this.

Your interested reader,
DOROTHY STABLER.

The phenomenon commonly known as the “sun drawing water” is due to rays of sunlight between the shadows of clouds. It is seen to best advantage when the atmosphere is somewhat hazy, and when the sun is wholly or partly behind a cloud, and is not in the higher part of the sky. Patchy strato-cumulus clouds are most favorable for the formation of these rays, and they are probably most distinct when seen in the part of the sky below the sun, when they appear to extend either directly or somewhat obliquely downward; it is in this form that the effect is most commonly called the “sun drawing water.” But such rays may extend in any direction, so that they diverge from the sun as a center. No rain need be falling anywhere near the observer, though it is not impossible for the rays to be visible at a time when rain-streaks also are visible in part of the sky; the rain-streaks, however, do not diverge from the sun, but are in lines of the falling rain.

The Buddhists of Ceylon call the diverging beams "Buddha's rays," from their likeness to the



"THERE WERE STREAKS GOING STRAIGHT UP INTO THE SKY."

rays represented as surrounding the images of Buddha. The people of some of the Pacific islands call the phenomenon the "ropes of Maui," from an old legend about the great hero Maui, who, they say, attached ropes to the sun-god and held him fast till he agreed to move more regularly and slowly through the sky, so that men might have a better chance to finish their day's work. Even after the promise was given to Maui he left the ropes attached to the sun-god. The Danes sometimes say, "Loki is drawing water," Loki being an old Scandinavian god. Rays which seem to shoot upward from the sun, just before it rises in the morning, are in some lands alluded to as ropes by which the sun is drawn up.

These beams of light are very frequently seen as one voyages among the tropical Pacific islands, streaming down like an open fan, as the sunlight shines through chinks in the clouds. In our country and in Europe the "sun drawing water" is not very uncommon.

Miss Stabler saw rays extending upward from the sun. These may be visible before or after

sunrise and before or after sunset. However, haze or smoke is needed to bring out the paths of the rays of sunlight, whether the rays extend upward or downward or sidewise; just as smoke or dust in a room makes a beam of sunlight more distinct. The colors of the higher clouds which she speaks of were apparently merely sunset colors and had no connection with rain; but they were seen to very good advantage, probably, because of the sun's being behind low, heavy clouds. —H. E. WILLIAMS, Assistant Chief of the United States Weather Bureau.

THE CURIOUS BRANCHING OF AN APPLE-TREE

NORTH ABINGDON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Out in the field behind our house is quite a curiosity. Over forty years ago a small apple-tree was chopped down and left lying where it fell; but it grew right where it was, shooting roots from its trunk into the ground, and sending out new branches, until now it is a good apple-tree, only its trunk lies on the ground and its two largest limbs serve as a trunk. The picture does not show the roots shooting from the trunk, but they are there. The tree is now loaded with promising green apples.

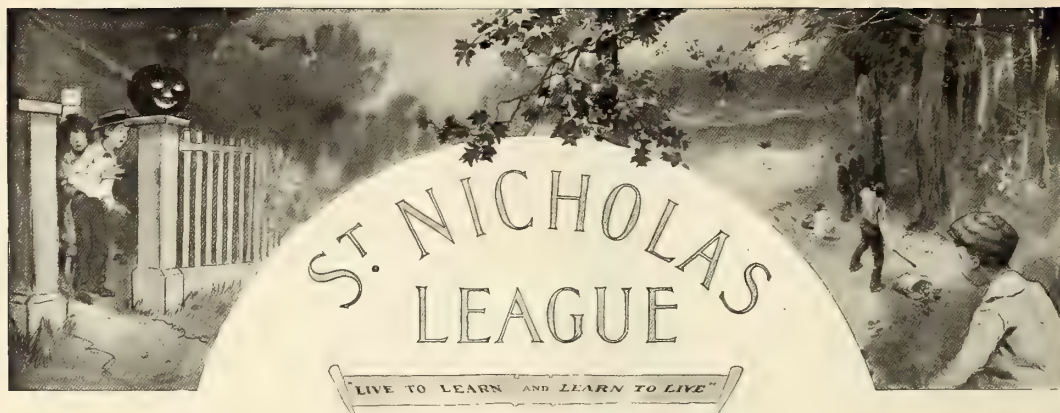
Your interested reader,

EDITH BENEDICT (age 14).

This is a remarkable example of a prostrate trunk of a tree that has become root-like, and branches that are trunk-like.



THE CURIOUS BRANCHING OF AN APPLE-TREE.



ONE of the subjects assigned for this month has given us quite a surprise, for, in response to the question implied in "What I Would Like to Do After Vacation," the majority of the League competitors have promptly answered: "*I would like to go back to school!*" Evidently, school is not a dreary place to the boys and girls of to-day, and contains no bugbear that a good long vacation does not rob of all its terrors. This is as it should be; and better still, according to these young writers, this willingness (and even *wish*) to return to their desks is not due mainly to the fact that they have become tired of vacation, or bored with idleness. It is inspired by the honest, worthy ambition to succeed in their studies, and by the feeling of joyous com-

radery with their teachers and schoolmates. We congratulate teachers and scholars alike upon this happy state of things, and are glad indeed to see how many League members there are who do *not* "creep, like snail, unwillingly to school" when vacation days are over.

The young verse-makers, this month, have kept their laurels green by several contributions of unusual merit, and the lines written by the winner of the gold badge and by two or three of our honor members are genuine little poems. Both artists and photographers always give a good account of themselves; and their pictures this month present a very interesting array, combining beauty, novelty, and variety.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 128

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Silver badges, **Julia E. Lancaster** (age 14), Amherst, Mass.; **Harold Eaton Wood** (age 13), Lovell Village, Me.; **Dorothy Southam** (age 14), Montreal, Que.; **A. Roy Willmott** (age 15), Sault Sainte Marie, Ont.; **Virginia L. Frazier** (age 15), Huntington Park, Cal.

VERSE. Gold badge, **Rosamond Parkinson** (age 17), Norden, Lancashire, England.
Silver badge, **Waldemar Oswald Doescher** (age 14), New Washington, O.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **L. William Quanchi** (age 17), New York City, N. Y.

Silver badges, **David B. McLaughlin** (age 14), Chicago, Ill.; **Louise A. Bryant** (age 15), Crenshaw, Miss.; **Bodil Hornemann** (age 16), Copenhagen, Denmark; **Gene Davis** (age 12), Chicago, Ill.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver badges, **Harriet A. de Lancey** (age 9), Waterbury, Conn.; **Stella Piatkowska** (age 15), Paris, France; **Alexander Scott** (age 14), Paris, France; **Henry W. Thurston, Jr.** (age 17), Chicago, Ill.; **Oakes I. Ames** (age 16), Readville, Mass.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Phoebe Schreiber Lambe** (age 15), Ottawa, Can.; **Eva M. Willingham** (age 13), Kirkwood, Ga.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badge, **Helen Tyler** (age 14), Whitinsville, Mass.

Silver badge, **Isabel Shaw** (age 12), Scarsdale, N. Y.



"AN OCTOBER HEADING." BY GENE DAVIS, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"AN OCTOBER HEADING." BY LOUISE A. BRYANT, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

REST

BY THÉRÈSE H. MC DONNELL (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

AT summer eve, when nightfall is begun,
O'er mountain summits, mingling with the sun
The ever-changing rainbow colors die
And blend to azure in the purpling sky.

Death is the height that darks the sun of life,
That drops its veil of mercy on our strife.
Existence sinks behind the mountain crest,
Till we, like yesterday, have gone to rest!

But, after all, history has the most permanent interest, so I would visit the field of the battle of Hastings, one of the most decisive in the world's history; Runnymede, where the Magna Charta was signed — I would even see the precious document itself, in the British Museum.

Westminster, where so many of the world's famous characters lie buried, and the Tower of London, where the little princes met their death—what two buildings are more full of interest?

In Scotland, also, there are as many places interesting to the historian as to the reader.

This, to me, would be the most interesting way to spend the time after a restful vacation.

REST IN A GARDEN

BY ROSAMOND PARKINSON (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge)

REST from the heat in shadows of green trees,
Beside the soft and crumbling old red wall,
And listen to the monotone of bees
That hang o'er hollyhocks, and gently fall
To bury their warm, furry little selves
In rose-pink petals sweet, like dusty golden elves.

List to the blackbird, with his cool, clear note.
He flutes arpeggios full of rapid joy;
Catches a little tune, and stays to gloat,
And pipe it forth again, the merry boy!
First to himself, then to the world around,
And ripples, trills, and pipes — a cataract of sound.

WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO DO AFTER
VACATION

BY HAROLD EATON WOOD (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

THERE are so many "wants" in the minds of young people that I hardly know what to choose that I would like to do after vacation.

But I think the thing I would like to have this fall is to carry with me, as I enter high school, the power to study



"SOMETHING OUT OF DOORS." BY L. WILLIAM QUANCHI,
AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO DO AFTER
VACATION

BY JULIA E. LANCASTER (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

AFTER a summer of freedom and fun, I should, most of all, like to journey to England and Scotland, to see for myself the places made famous in prose and poetry by England's greatest authors.

In London, Mrs. Todger's boarding-house, the Old Bailey, the house of Dombey and Son, and many other places familiar to readers of Dickens are still to be seen.

I would take an early opportunity to visit Stratford-on-Avon, the home of the world's greatest poet, Shakspeare.

Then off across England, through the "Lorna Doone" country and towns George Eliot has made famous. Tennyson's birthplace, and the home of Wordsworth are full of interest.

Over the border, in Scotland, there is scarcely a foot of ground not made illustrious by Sir Walter Scott. I should like to visit Abbotsford first, and then see some of the old castles that he has made to glow with life.



"A VACATION SCENE." BY STELLA PIATKOWSKA, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

diligently and faithfully all the four years, and that at the end I may be able to look back on my school work, not with regret, because my time was ill expended, but with pride, feeling that I had done my school work to the best of my ability.

WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO DO AFTER VACATION

BY DOROTHY SOUTHAM (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

IT seems rather a foolish thing to want to do after having a lovely summer vacation (such as I have really had this



"SOMETHING OUT OF DOORS." BY DAVID B. McLAUGHLIN, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

summer), but the thing I would like to do most would be to go to Japan.

I would like to leave here in October or November and travel easily to the coast before sailing for Japan itself.

I think the two places there I would like best to visit are Tokio and Kioto,—especially the latter, for it has a great many Buddhist temples, which would be so interesting.

I have read several times "The Lady of the Decoration," which is all about Japan, and I think it is lovely. The people there seem so happy and contented and they were so brave, for such tiny men and women, in the war with Russia.

Then there is also the Mikado, whom I would like very much to see. I think the operetta named after the ruler of Japan is very amusing.

I think the Japanese costume is so pretty. Their bright-colored kimonos are so becoming to their height and black hair.



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY BODIL HORNE-MANN, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

I do not think I will go to Japan this autumn, as I would like to do, but perhaps in some year not *very* far away I may be lucky and go to the land where the cherry-blossoms bloom.

REST

BY WALDEMAR OSWALD DOESCHER (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

THE sun has set, and o'er the western skies
Has left its path of glorious, crimson sheen;
Among the drooping pines the night wind sighs,
While in the sky the twinkling stars are seen.

Again has ceased the factories' noisy clank,
Or humming buzz of yonder ancient mill,—
With tender glow, the softly veiled sun sank
And now the moon peeps o'er the wooded hill.

Far down the gloomy vale the cow-bells knell;
The silent water laps upon the beach;
While far within a darkened forest dell
An owl disturbs the silence with his screech.

Another day of human toil is done;
Again the sun has sunk beneath the west;
Another portion of our race is run;
The weary world has once more gone to rest.

REST

BY ANNA BEMIS STEARNS

(AGE 14)

THE sun has vanished;
over all the woods
The stars now spread a
dim and silv'ry light;
The birds have ceased their
songs, but far away
An owl sends echoing

his nightly cry;
Some bats are flitting thro'
the trees, with wings
Of silence; and the
brook, that, during
day,

Ran merrily along and
sang, now seems
To hush its laughter;
even flowers have
closed

Their petals for the night;
and the west wind,
That murmurs in the
pines, now whispers,
"Rest."



"A VACATION SCENE." BY HENRY W. THURSTON, JR., AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO DO AFTER VACATION

BY A. ROY WILLMOTT (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

ON first thinking of this question, especially as vacation draws near, one is likely to say, unthinkingly, that he would wish to leave school, to enter the arena of business life, to try his wings — in a word, to fly.

But a little thought soon convinces one of the futility of any such plan. What, I ask myself, could I do? Am I not far better off at school? True, I could easily obtain a place as office-boy, as clerk, or perhaps do even better, and by hard, diligent work I could gradually rise and become of importance in the world. But will I not be much better off, ultimately, if I continue in school, study steadily and well, pass my examinations, take a university course, and then embark upon business life? I think so. My parents believe so, and I think with reason. But I am straying from the subject.

Briefly, then, I would answer the question and say, "continue in school." As I have thus given my reply, it may be in order to state my reasons, in some detail, for so answering. And to enable you to better understand my



"A VACATION SCENE." BY HARRIET A. DE LANCEY, AGE 9.
(SILVER BADGE.)

point of view I shall first briefly relate my present circumstances. I am, then, a high-school student and a prospective member of next year's matriculation class. I am fifteen years of age and have the ambition to succeed—through honest, hard work. And I also naturally wish to be an honor to my parents.

Thus ambition coupled with filial affection will help me onward and upward. Having, then, the ambition to win success and to be worthy of it, I would be blind indeed if I



"A VACATION SCENE." BY OAKES I. AMES, AGE 16.
(SILVER BADGE.)

did not see that a broad education is one of the first requisites for true success. And what better start than a high-school course could one have?

This, then, is the primary reason for answering thus: the ambition to become truly great. So when the holidays are over I would desire to continue my studies and prepare myself for greater things to come. This is my answer.

REST

BY BRUCE T. SIMONDS (AGE 14)

(Honor Member)

I ASKED the brooklet what was rest;

It answered me: "The sea.

To ride upon the wave's green, tossing crest
Is rest for me."

I asked the moonbeam what was rest:

"The sun's pure yellow rays.

When they flood all with light, bright, brilliant, blest
We rest—in days."

I asked the pine-trees what was rest:

"The stillness and the calm.

When thoughtless breezes blow not from the west
It seems like balm."



"A VACATION SCENE." BY ALEXANDER SCOTT, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

I asked an old man what was rest:

"'T is blessed peace of mind.

I've lived for years; I surely know what's best,
Though I am blind."

I asked no more; I knew the rest

Of pine-trees stirred by wind,

Of brook, of sage, of moonbeam—but the best
Is peace of mind.



"A VACATION SCENE." BY COLEMAN SELLERS, 3D, AGE 17.

WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO DO AFTER VACATION

BY VIRGINIA L. FRAZIER (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

AFTER vacation I always like to go back to school. I not only like to, but I am anxious to once more settle down to my books. Although I am glad when school is out and I can have a rest, free from care, for a short time, I am much happier when it commences than when it closes.

It is such pleasure to return to the old school and renew friendships with our teachers and schoolmates, as well as to make new associations with new-comers.

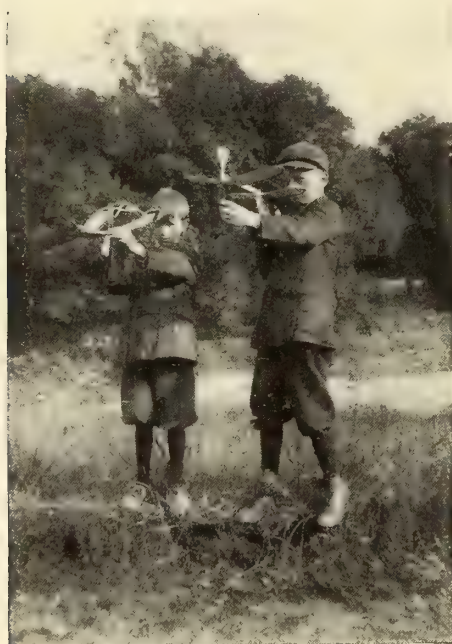
During the vacation many people go to some mountain or beach resort. For this reason there are not so many social festivities during the summer months.

The reopening of school marks the beginning of a period of good times lasting from September to Commencement.



"A VACATION SCENE." BY MARY COMSTOCK, AGE 14.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

Not only does it mean parties, theaters, and dances, but athletics of all sorts take a fresh start. There are no big foot-ball and base-ball games or track meets during vacation. What is more fun than to "root" for your own school team, shouting when it is victorious, and despondent when it is a loser? What more thrilling than to see one of your friends perform some particularly difficult feat?



"FLYING MODEL AÉROPLANES—A VACATION SCENE."
BY ALICE LANE JONES, AGE 13.

By the time the hot summer months are over, I am always tired of doing nothing, and willing to go back to work. I shall always enjoy going to school better than anything

else I can do, for when I am studying and learning I am more contented than when I am doing nothing, or at least nothing that amounts to much.

When we are studying and going to school our thoughts turn oftener to the mysterious future where it is so much fun to ramble in our dreams.

These, then, are my reasons for liking to return to school, after a long vacation, better than anything else I could do.

THE SCHOOL-BOY'S REST

BY DOROTHY DAWSON (AGE 15)

How through the long term's dreary space
Have I longed for this moment of bliss!
How I have pictured the days of rest,—
The joys of the summer—and this!
Here 'neath the shade of this oak-tree's boughs,
In this mossy, verdant nest,
Lulled to sleep by the robins' song,
I will lay me down and rest!



"A VACATION SCENE." BY MARGARET LINDABURY,
AGE 14.

You talk of the joys of a sylvan sleep,
And the peace of the woodland shade?
Will you please to look at my hands and face?—
Those are stings that the gnats have made.
Do you note the harassed look on my face?
You would if you 'd heard that wren!
A high, shrill pipe of distressing sound,
Repeated again and again!

My legs and my back with rheumatics ache
(That charming green moss was damp),
And my cricketing flannels, though clean to-day,
I would scorn to bestow on a tramp!
So never again a damp moss-bed for me,
Which small songsters and insects infest.
Next time I 'll repair to my comfortable bed
When in search of a holiday rest.

WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO DO AFTER VACATION

BY GLEN DRISCOLL (AGE 15)

WHEN vacation is over and fall is just coming to the nice balmy days, how hard it is to stay in a warm school-room!

You cannot help thinking of the nice times to be had in the country!

For instance, the apples are just ripening, and how pleasant it is to get into a full tree of rosy Jonathan apples and find the nicest red and juicy ones! Of course this is the time when rowing and paddling a canoe is fine, and to be near a nice clear river or lake and go bathing and swimming each morning, then trot back in the fresh country air to the farm-house, and ride a little pony through the sweet-smelling woodlands, until the sun gets well toward the center of the heavens.

Then to gallop back, and what a nice country dinner set out in the yard, perhaps, or in a cool, breezy summer kitchen!

In the afternoon you may go out into the fields and watch the men cutting hay and husking early corn, or go to some distant farm-house, select a cool and shady spot, and watch the wonderful machinery threshing oats, wheat, or clover-seed. The yellow straw looks very enticing, but well we are aware of the chaff which would soon fill our necks and ears.

But then, again, how nice it is to sit in a wagon and let the grain from the machine fall upon you!

By this time you may wish to go to the farm-house, and there at any time you may get a "snack" and a glass of good fresh milk. The horses will be coming in after their day's work, and you may be allowed to feed or water them. At 6:30 P.M. supper is always ready, and a very good one it is, you may be sure.

Then the folks will go to the large sitting-room, and



"SOMETHING OUT OF DOORS." BY CECILIA A. L. KELLY, AGE 17.

many a wonderful story you will hear. Last of all, take a good drink of pure milk and go up-stairs to a nice cool bedroom.

There are many other things to do on a farm in the months of September and October. Hallowe'en soon comes, and the nutting season is not far off.

These are only a few of the delightful sports to be had after vacation, but they are all cheering and wholesome—and, in fact, great health-bringers.

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WHERE REST IS

BY ADELAIDE FAIRBANK (AGE 15)

IN the purple of the morning, ere the sun begins to rise,
When the first faint flush of dawning tints with pink the
cloudy skies;

When we rise from troubled slumber weary still and
unrefreshed.

Turn to small tasks without number — where, oh, where
can we find rest?

Through the daytime's busy striving tossed by care and
toil about,

When our minds are tired of thinking, and our bodies are
worn out;

SOMETHING OUT OF DOORS-----



"SOMETHING OUT OF DOORS." BY HELEN SVEINBJÖRNSSON, AGE 17.

When we long for peace and quiet, just a little time at
best,
When our inmost soul longs for it — where, oh, where,
can we find rest?

In the stillness of the evening, when the world sinks into
calm,
And o'er the universe is stealing a sweet and peaceful
balm;
When our tasks are still unfinished, close and closer on
us pressed,
And our precious time diminished — where, oh, where
can we find rest?

In gentlest tones of tenderness, how pitying, sweet, and
clear,
In this our time of great distress a welcome voice we hear.
What gracious, soft, and loving tones, how soothing
and how blest:

"Come unto Me, ye weary ones, and I will give you rest."

PRIZE-WINNERS should not be disappointed if they do not receive their badges at the time of receiving their magazine. To avoid loss in the case of changes of address that have not been brought to our notice, badges are sent out on the twenty-fifth of the month — ten or more days after the magazine is issued.

LEAGUE LETTERS

Here are three beautiful and heart-cheering letters from members of the League, who have won their prizes. There is a note of sadness in every "graduation-time," but the tribute they pay to the League will dwell long in our memories. And all their fellow-members will wish these successful competitors continued triumphs in the years to come.

WARREN, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is most difficult for me to express on paper my gratitude for the great pleasure and profit I have gained through your pages, and for the beautiful gold badge awarded to me not long ago. All I can say is that I thank you, dear ST. NICHOLAS, very, very much, indeed, and wish you the greatest possible success in the future.

And now I have come to the very hardest thing to write, and that is, good-by, dear old League. How often, when reading the farewell letters of your members, have I wondered, vaguely, how it must feel to have attained the *advanced* age of eighteen! At last I, too, must write my farewell, and stand aside while others, who are eagerly striving to win a place among the Honor Members, hurry by me. Good luck, my fellow-leaguers. But it is, I fear, rather unwillingly that I relinquish my place among you, for the League has given me so many happy hours, new ideas, ambitions, and even friends. At I feel as though I were, indeed, parting from a very old and dear companion who has never failed to banish my childish troubles.

But, ST. NICHOLAS, it is, after all, no real parting, only a widening of the distance between us, for, though I am no longer converse with you through your pages, I may still follow your progress through the coming years.

When I look back to the time that I began to send my monthly contributions, and see how each succeeding year brought me a little nearer to the top until, finally, I proudly held the gold badge in my hand, I cannot but feel a great sense of thankfulness for the fulfillment of my greatest desire since I was twelve years old,—to be an Honor Member.

And oh, ST. NICHOLAS, it does seem as if I could not say good-by to you! Why can we not stay always young, like *Peter Pan*, and continue to have the jolly times of our childhood days? Well, as there seems to be no answer to that question, I suppose I must accept the inevitable and, like the dear old Vicar of Wakefield, be inflexible and lay down my pen with a smile.

Good-by and good-luck, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

MARJORIE E. CHASE (Honor Member).

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The front door has just closed on the last of my birthday guests. In the dining-room tea is being cleared away. Among the cups and saucers and empty plates are the remains of a birthday cake, and it is because of this birthday cake I am feeling sad. It is not owing to the effects of the cake that I have this feeling. It is on account of the candles that stood round it in a flickering circle. For the number of these candles was eighteen! And although every one tells me what a beautiful age this is, and how each one would be the same age, if they only could, I do not want to be eighteen at all, for I am no longer a member of the ST. NICHOLAS League, and this is what I can't forget, and what no quantity of birthday presents can ever make up for.

So I say good-by to you, ST. NICHOLAS League. I send you every good wish, and I hope that some day the names of my children and grandchildren will be found on the Roll of Honor, or even perhaps under the heading of "Prize-winners." If they are never to be found in either of these places, you can be sure they are nevertheless readers, as interested and devoted as their mother or grandmother.

FRANCES G. WARD.

CAMDEN, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to thank you for my cash prize and to say good-by, for "Friends" was my last contribution. I am going to buy with my five dollars a beautiful copy of "Browning," whom I admire so much that my prize will give me more pleasure in that form than in any other.

Although I shall never write for the League again, I shall not allow myself to become a stranger to it. You have been a great help and a great encouragement to me, and I am sorry to grow up and leave you.

Your loving graduate,

EDNA VINCENT MILLAY.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Miriam L. Smith
Clarice Goff
James T. Duke
Katharine E. Biggs
Elizabeth B. Mills
Katharine Ruth
Needham
Alice Marie Decevee
Martha Kirsten
Katharine Faulkner
Swift
Elizabeth King
Fannie E. Ruley

Fritz Korb
Gladys M. Buckner
Winona Jenkins
Marie H. Wilson
Helen MacLeod
Dorothy Klein Ross
George M. Maynard
Mamie Urie
Bertha Titus
Rose Saffran

PROSE, 2

Naomi Lauchheimer
Alfred Santanda

Elizabeth Gardner
Dorothy Ritz
Nelle E. Rea
Mary Jerome
Dora A. Iddings
C. P. B. Jefferys, 3d
Laura Paris
Mary Daboll
Marcella Tibbitt
Mary Flaherty
Grace E. Campbell
Abraham Samuel
Stern
Dorothy Schmidt
Laura E. Gibson

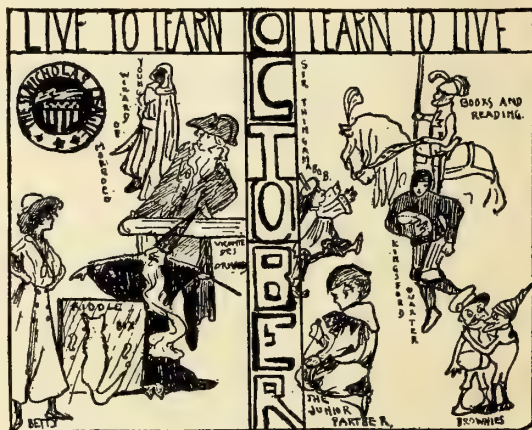
Helen M. Child
Jennie Spindler
Stella Green
Ida May Syfrist
Mildred C. Roberts

VERSE, 1

Maude Ainslie
Carrie Andrews
Winifred Sackville
Stoner
Clara Bell Aloe
Marian Stabler
Eleanor Johnson
Hattie Tuckerman
Leila M. Taylor
Eleanor Baldwin
Nellie Adams
Annette Blake
Moran
Pauline Nichthausen
Frances G. Ward
Margery C. Abbott
Rowena Lamy
Ruth H. Bugbee
Ruth Campbell
Doris H. Ramsey

Helen Staples
Alice Trimble
Mary Frances
Williams
Frances E. Huston
Marguerite Atterbury
Cora Degli Antiori
Lorna A. Russell
Esther Marie
Christensen
Douglas Robinson
Gray
Katharine Balderston
Erna Ball
Elka Saul Lewi
Maurice Duffy
Marion F. Hayden
Wilhelmine Zurcker
Mildred Porter
Mary Jane Stratford
Dorothy Barnes Loye
Dorothy Hardy
Elizabeth Hope
Cheney
Katharine Wardrope
Florence Fleming
Louise Sophie May
Gertrude Ragle

Margaret F. Foster
Laura Aselton
Josephine Witherspoon
Charlotte J. Tougas
Douglas Ellis
Beatrice Starr
Bessie Heller
Helen Leffingwell
Helen Ries
Daphne Kimball
Lucy F. Rogers
Ethel A. Van Lieu
Alice Macy Beers
Marjorie M. Frink
Lilian Prentiss
Fay A. Hull
Velma Dorothy
Hooper
Margaret Paterson
Clare Mary Harding
Margaret Dart
Elizabeth M. Stockton
Helen May Baker
Jacques Leon Wolff
Harry R. Till
Arnulf Ueland
George P. Lindberg
Beryl Morse



"AN OCTOBER HEADING." BY CONSTANCE G. WILCOX, AGE 14.

Caroline C. Roe
Elizabeth Page James
Norah Culhane
May Bowers
Mary Bradford Landis
Grace Noerr
Sherburne
Katharine W. V. R.
Arnold

DRAWINGS, 1

Margaret R. Bennett
Minna Hyman Besser
Gertrude Kline
Jeanne Demétre
H. J. Burden
Hester Noyes
Lois Louis Wright
Carl E. Weber, Jr.
Margaret Davis
Helen F. Morgan
Anne Lee Haynes
Edith Ballinger Price
J. B. O'Grady
Dorothy Greene

Katharine Earle
Carter
Helen Amy Seymour
Estelle Spivey
Gustrine Key Milner
Carl Edwin Ohlsson
Virginia Stuart Brown
Elizabeth Vardell
Marie Maurer
Ethel V. Martin
Charles H. Bell
Mary Horne
Aimee Atlee Truan
Pauline Hopkins
Edna Lois Taggart
Marie A. Van Pelt
Charlotte Knapp

VERSE, 2

Ruth Starr
Rose B. Jacobs
Elsie Finch
Margaret Cornell
Helene Birgel
Grace Barron
Warren L. Marks
R. L. Peek
Jennie Edith Everden
Adele Noyes
Vera Mikol
Jeannette Fellheimer
Edith Bayles
Julia Davies
McMahon
Laura Wirt White
Katherine Donovan
Mildred Menhnick
Ethel Warren Kidder
Clarice French
Alice H. Forbes
Madeline Hicks
John C. Farrar
Mary Lockhart
Jeannette Armstrong

DRAWINGS, 2

Theresa R. Robbins
Robert Maclean
Gladys Wright
Margaret A. Foster
Margaret V. C. Ogden
Walter Cedric Bronson
Ambrose H. Hardwick
Louise Henry
De Wolf
Reeves Harris
Mary Iona Cook
Sally Calkins Wood
Marion Wood-
Bullwinkle
Helen Dorothy
Baker
Elizabeth Bowers
Frank Leach

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Anna Halsted
de Lancy
Roger Rowse
Katherine A. Hoag
William Hyde Payne
Mary Louise Marfield
Elizabeth Gribbel
John D. Wagenet
Alice M. MacRae
Allan Lincoln Langley
Lois Donovan
Coleman Sellers, 3d
Sarah M. Talbert
Dorothy Dockstader
Genevieve Brosseau
Helen C. Culin
John Palache

Katharine S. Hunt
Frank E. Harris
Josephine Sturgis
Isabel S. Gettings
Laura F. Stilson
Katherine Kuhn
Vivian L. Tompkins
Margaretta C. Johnson
Jessamine Patterson
Marie A. Krell
Clarence Oppen
Mildred Miller
Stephen Wheatland
Florence Huestis
Alice Dornin
Kathryn Barnhisel
Vivian Ada Nicholls
Marcia E. Edgerton

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Dorothy E. Beeler
John N. Benney
Eleanor Towne
Margaret E. Hoffman
Anne L. Forstall
Dorothea A. Bennett
Margaret Benney
Ina Gilbert
Florence Rideout
Margaret Richmond
Timothy Holden
Eloise Sommermier
Emmet Mueller
Dorothy Hall
Helen Prescott
Anna L. Roberts
Pauline F. May
Viola C. Flannery
Portia Wagenet

Mary Dorothy Huson
Catherine Goss
Georgiana A. Reynolds
Margaret Reynolds
Dorothy Hall
Dorothy Farrand
Muriel Baker
J. Mortimer West, 3d
Clarkson L. Farnsworth
Amy H. Requa
Ruth Thayer
Louise Wiggenhorn
Mary Smith
Frances Mack
Charles I. Morton
Catherine I. Colligan
Lucile Liebermann
Francis B. Foster
Doris L. Huestis
Esther Whited
Margaret Goodspeed
Margaret Dugger
Henry H. Blodgett
Pauline B. Flach
Miriam Folsom
Helen Tenney
Dorothy G. Pownall
Elise De Ronde
Dorothy Ogle
Helmie
Donna V. Jones
Stanley Daggett
Sarah E. Elmer
Constance Ayer
Mildred J. Schneider
Eunice S. Williams
Olive Garrison
Elizabeth S. Warner
Cassius M. Clay

Charles J. Hobart
Dorothy Todd
Scott Fitzgerald
Frances A. Labaw
Helen Mack
Dorothea Kluge
Marjorie Acker

PUZZLES, 1

Alma Schock
Ruth Burnett
John R. Schmertz
Mary E. Hale
Dorothy C. Haskell
Helen Dirks
Frank J. Philippi
Marion P. Huffman
Emile Kostal
Frances Crosby
Hamlet
Thérèse H. McDonnell
James C. Thompson
Eleanor Linton
George B. Larkin
Emma K. Anderson
Hart Shields
Rebecca S. Janney
B. Stewart McLean
John W. Cance
Mildred Bolles
Francis Stabler
Winifred Irvine
Foster Chapman
Harriet Henry
Charles P. Eldred
Henry M. Justi
J. Roy Elliott
Leonora Andrews
Clara Hawkins

No. 1151. President, William McBride; Secretary, John Pierce; eight members.
No. 1152. President, Freeda E. Wagner; Secretary, Lawrence R. Keefe; eight members.
No. 1153. President, Gladys Bass; Secretary, Frances Shark; five members.
No. 1154. President, Frances E. Clow; Secretary, Frances Moore; five members.
No. 1155. President, Alice L. MacBain; Secretary, Sarah E. Elmer.
No. 1156. "Alpha Lambda." President, Elizabeth D. Macy; Secretary, Madeleine J. Fuller; six members.
No. 1157. President, Mary Thurman; Secretary, Dorothy Schmidt; twenty-eight members.
No. 1158. President, George Lawton, Jr.; Secretary and Treasurer, Isaac Sobel; seven members.
No. 1159. President, Delphine Burr; Secretary, Helen Gibson; seven members.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 132

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to a gold-badge winner who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 132 will close **October 10** (for foreign members **October 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **February**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Gratitude."

Prose. Story or article of not more than three hundred and fifty words. Subject, "A Great Man," or "My Favorite of February's Great Men—and Why."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "An Introduction."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Vanity,"—or a Heading or Tail-piece for **February**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the *contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the *margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
Union Square, New York.

ROLL OF THE CARELESS

A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be entered for the competition:

LATE. Robert Gifford, Virginia Brand, Margery Brown, Phillippa J. Hendra, John T. Swift, Florence E. Fessenden, Madeleine Dillay, Miriam Howell, Ruth Badlam, Ruth M. Peters, Dora Guy, Guy Bernhard Robertson, Laura F. Willis, Robin Hill, Dorothy H. Allen, Lillie Garmany Menary, Douglas Inglis, Alice W. Eastman, Alice L. MacBain, Josephine Tickell, Lamar Callicott, Elmer Johnson, Larissa Martin, Flora McD. Cockrell, Helen Lahm, Frank Paulus.

NOT INDORSED. Indra Dickenson, Roger Earl Clewette, Margaret C. Entwistle, Fred Stone, Constance Fahys, Charles Nagel, Jr., Mary Valentine, Grace Hendrie.

NO ADDRESS, OR INCOMPLETE. John Rankin, Lily A. Lewis, Anna Raushkolb, Katharine Fivay, Doris Bigelow.

WRITTEN IN PENCIL. Robert C. Ball, Ethel M. Foster, Helen Altstock.

WRONG SUBJECT. Jenny Heyne.

NO AGE. Anna F. Hellyer, Isabel Hower, Frank V. Freethy, Putnam Macdonald, Frances Savage, Frederick Schnitzer, Dorothy Schnitzer, R. Ziesing, Phyllis Kennedy.

SIZE OF DRAWINGS NOT ACCORDING TO RULES. Marian Rubins, David Rubins, Ralph Rubins.

WRITTEN ON BOTH SIDES OF PAPER. Beatrice R. Gritz, Miriam R. Small, Anna Laura Porter.

WILD CREATURE IN CAPTIVITY. Herbert Metzger.

NEW LEAGUE CHAPTERS

No. 1140. President, Benjamin Weis; eight members.
No. 1141. President, Charles Bauer; Secretary, Asa S. Bushnell; eleven members.
No. 1142. President, Josephine Daniels; fourteen members.
No. 1143. "The Violet Chapter, No. 2." President, Reba Edwards; Secretary, Dorothy Summer; five members.
No. 1144. "Little Women of ST. NICHOLAS." President, Gertrude Burger; Secretary, Edith Hoffman; six members.
No. 1145. "Merry Hearts." President, Nora Belle Johnson; Secretary, Emma Williams; five members.
No. 1146. President, Helen Eckel; Secretary, Lydia Thompson; six members.
No. 1147. President, Phæbe Guthrie; Secretary, Helen Barton; five members.
No. 1148. President, Eula Irene Thayer; Secretary, Mabel Maud Thayer; eight members.
No. 1149. President, Eve Bolen; Secretary, Petrah M. Hummel; nine members.
No. 1150. President, Samuel Cohen; Secretary, Frank Kurlander; fourteen members.

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

PATRIOTISM

ALTHOUGH it will be October when you read this, it is only about the Fourth of July as I write, and not unnaturally my thoughts are occupied with our country, its short but glorious history, and with those great men and women who have helped to make it.

To love one's country is apparently an easy matter; that is, to feel stirred and thrilled when the sailors and the soldiers come marching along the street, with the band playing patriotic airs and the sun shining on their arms; or to have the heart beat faster when of a sudden, in some foreign city far from home, the eye meets the Stars and Stripes floating from a building, and memories throng the mind. This emotional quality of patriotism comes easily enough. But real love of country means a vast deal more than this sort of thing. Real love carries with it a power of sacrifice, of suffering if need be, and the power, too, to fight what is wrong in the thing loved.

One of the best ways of understanding what the love of country is, is to know the lives of those Americans who have truly loved America, and who acted up to their love. Read their lives, or read what they have themselves said or written. There are many such books, and you should know them all; but I am going to speak of but two of them just now—two that are extremely different from each other, though each is the work of a great man, who, in his own manner, loved and served this country of ours. The stories in both these books are sad, even tragic, but in one we find the tragedy of failure and wrong-doing, bitterly repented. In the other is the noble tragedy of a mighty task faithfully accomplished under immense difficulty, misunderstanding, and anxiety, with death at the end.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!

The first of these books is a story and was written by Edward Everett Hale. This story, "The Man Without a Country," tells the tragedy of losing, through unworthiness, the right to serve the country that gave you birth, to share in her life, to rejoice in her good, or suffer in her evil fortune.

There is something deeply touching in the fate of the unfortunate hero, who, having in a moment of selfish rage insulted and disowned his native

land, is sentenced nevermore to set foot upon it, or to hear its name spoken, or to see a scrap of writing that might inform him of its progress. As you read the book, you realize, perhaps more clearly than by any other single means, how much it is you owe your country, how fine and strong are the bonds that unite you to it. By showing us what it was to lose the right to have a country, Dr. Hale gives us a wonderful conception of the glory of having one, and of being permitted to love and to serve it, to follow its triumphs and its sorrows, and to feel its closeness to the very fiber of your life.

The first time I ever heard the story was one Fourth of July years ago, when we were living in the tropics, and America seemed terribly far away, for none of us knew just when we should return to it. We all sat out on the broad veranda, where the air but not the sun came softly through the green jalousies, fragrant with stephanotis and coffee-blossoms, and my father read the little book aloud to us. I think we were all crying by the time he had finished. I know *I* was, and I really do not see how the tale can be read without tears. For though it is not written with any straining to be pathetic or to force your feelings, it is so exquisitely and delicately written, with such a deep compassion for its hero, and yet so high a sense of justice, that it touches you profoundly. It seems to take you up into the mountain-tops, from which it is possible to look far out across life, to see its mistakes, to see also the suffering and sorrow these mistakes bring, and, still farther, to the beauty and the goodness which are often the final outcome of all.

The portion of the book where, not knowing what is coming, Philip Nolan is reading aloud to his friends the recently arrived "Lay of the Last Minstrel," by Scott, and reaches the poem whose first lines I have quoted, and goes on faltering from line to line, until at last, in a passion of grief and pain, he suddenly throws the volume overboard, is one of the memorable scenes in literature. No one is likely to forget it after reading it, nor to forget the feeling it evoked.

This, then, is one of the books, and in it we find, told with high art and tenderness, the tragedy of failing to realize what the love of country means until too late. The hero loves his country, loves her with intensity, but he did not achieve that love till after he had lost the privilege of serving her; toward the end, to be sure, his sentence is remitted. But then he is an old man,

and the best he can do is to tell the young people about him how blessed is the power of service and how greatly to be valued, and that to him who will not give, nothing is given.

I claim of thee the promise of thy youth;
Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase:

The second book of which I want to speak is that in which are collected the writings and the speeches of Abraham Lincoln. He was the Man With a Country, a country he loved and served to the utmost, and which owes him far more than simply what he did for it, great though that was.

Not to read Lincoln is to miss the finest expression of the soul of America that has ever come to us. His style itself reminds one of the natural features of the land, of the mighty forests set to music by the winds, of the mountains rising by sheer leaps and noble slopes to the high heavens, and wrapped in the white dignity of everlasting snow, of the rivers on their immortal path to the sea, or the wide prairies covered with grass and flowers. For his language is like the thought it clothes, large, simple, revealing always the majesty of the spirit, so much greater than any majesty of the body. Do you remember what Lowell said of him?

For him her Old-World molds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

Lincoln put a great deal of himself into what he wrote, and when you read him you come very close to him. The fact that he was a great man, moved by lofty ideals and serving a mighty cause, did not prevent him from being a very human one. He had a keen sense of humor, and many a time as you read he will make you laugh, as he was wont to make his friends, even his enemies, laugh in the days of his campaigning against Douglas, or later when he held the Presidency, or earlier, when, a raw country boy, he first began to measure himself against the world. It is good to read one of the biographies, of which there are several that are excellent; but it is better to know him as he has put himself down on the page, to come into direct contact with his personality.

HERE then, in these two books, you find two men who stand at the extremes of patriotism.

One of them is the imaginary hero of a story—yet he exists all about us. For each of us who puts his own ease or pleasure or desire before his country's need is a Philip Nolan to that extent. To be sure, the country does not throw us off; we may own land and houses, we may vote, but none the less we are people without a country. For it is only by service that we become citizens, not through possessions; you must live *for* your country as well as in it to be an American.

In the other book we find the purest example of a man to whom the service of his country comes before everything. Unlike Nolan, he was real, but unfortunately there are few indeed who resemble him. Nolan found a certain measure of happiness at the end, of peace and content. Lincoln died just as there was the possibility of the coming of such a reward for him, after the long and hard years of struggle and the misjudgment of many of his countrymen. He gave, he never thought of receiving, he loved, nor asked for love again, and then, just as his country realized the greatness and the value of her son and turned toward him with a throb of passionate thanks, death stepped in and took him. Yet, and this is strange were it not so simple, we envy Lincoln as deeply as we love and reverence him. Which proves again, what has been so often proved, that the measure of life is not what we get nor what we have done for us, but what we do for others and what we give. "I am always for the man who wishes to work," said Lincoln. He himself was always the man who worked for others.

You are coming back now from summer play and idleness, from the sweet green woods and the blue ocean, from lake or camp, back to the towns and cities, to school and work, to long winter evenings and busy winter days. You will find it good to read some of Lincoln's writings, with their high appeal to all that is most generous and elevated and human, in its best sense, within us. A half-hour every now and then spent in his society is surely worth an effort—what would you not give to sit with him just one half-hour in life? And yet there is so much of him in the words he left behind that too often we let pass unread and unnoted. The Gettysburg address is probably the most perfect specimen of his style, of the clarity, conciseness, and universality of his mind, and of the tenderness and beauty of his heart; but everything he wrote is worth reading, as everything he did is worth remembering.

Keep the two books side by side on your shelf. Between them they contain a large part of life.

EDITORIAL NOTE

ST. NICHOLAS has the good fortune to print, this month, two articles that will greatly interest every one, young or old, who loves to play or to watch the game of foot-ball. As all American boys and their elders know, the game has fallen under much censure during the last few seasons, because of the numerous severe injuries, and in several cases fatalities, that resulted from some of the plays; and while accidents are bound to occur occasionally in every form of athletic sport in which men or boys are pitted against each other, yet there can be no doubt that a change in the rules, or methods, of playing foot-ball was imperatively necessary, if it was to survive, at all, as a college and school recreation. In obedience to this demand the committee appointed to revise the rules have considered every point with the utmost thoroughness, bent upon making the game a safe one; and so we shall probably see, this fall, a very different game from that which has been a familiar spectacle during the autumn months of the last few years.

For the new rules involve many radical and important changes. Therefore, all boy readers of ST. NICHOLAS will be glad to read the article on page 1073 of this number, in which Walter Camp, the leading authority on foot-ball, explains these rules and suggests the various effects which they are likely to have upon both the offense and defense of the game. And another contribution, equally important and welcome, is the article by Edward H. Coy, in which the famous captain and full-back of the Yale team makes a strong plea for foot-ball as a "game for gentlemen." We hope, moreover, to print in our November and December numbers two other articles by Mr. Coy suggesting certain plays that younger players could "try out" during the present season, and dealing in detail with the strategy of the game under the changes which the new rules will enforce.

THE LETTER-BOX

MOBILE, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you better than any other magazine we take. I like "The League of the Signet-Ring" and the "Betty" stories best. I love to read the Letter-Box. I am going to tell you about my home in Mobile. Mobile is a nice large city, and I think it is a very pretty place indeed. I have a large playhouse in the back yard; it has two windows and a mantelshelf and a door. It is matted and wall-papered. I have three little black and white kittens, too. I must end my letter now as it is getting too long.

Your loving reader,
CLARA E. QUINLIVAN (age 10).

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You were one of my Christmas presents, and I like you very much. When we came over, we stopped at Gibraltar. It made me think of the story of "The Young Wizard of Morocco," which I like very much.

My mother likes "Kingsford, Quarter," but I like the "Betty" stories best of all.

Mother took you when she was a little girl.

We have come to Switzerland to stay five years. I hope I shall take you all the time. We came abroad to learn French. I go to a French school, which is great fun.

In America we live in Virginia, on a farm; in the summer we go in swimming, which is lots of fun.

Your fond and interested reader,
ELIZABETH JACKSON TURNER (age 9).

ROSARIO, ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is only the second time I have written, though we have taken you for ten or eleven years.

You are the nicest magazine I have ever read and I especially enjoy the lovely stories by R. H. Barbour. I think "Kingsford, Quarter," will be the nicest of them all.

This is going to be a great year for the Argentine Re-

public as it is the centennial of the first revolution which led to the independence of the Republic.

Many North Americans are coming here to see the exhibitions and military parades.

Hoping this letter is not too long, I remain

Your very interested reader,
EDWARD W. BAKER.

CADIZ, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for about three years. I enjoyed reading "The League of the Signet-Ring," "Kingsford, Quarter," and "The Young Rail-rovers" series. I am interested in the Letter-Box and thought I would write you a letter. I would not part with you if even I would get any two other magazines. I think I will have to close. I remain as ever,

Your reader,
WILLIAM WRIGHT (age 10).

MONTREAL, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for four years and I like you very much. My mother took you when she was a child, and she thinks there is no better children's magazine. I thought "The Lass of the Silver Sword" was a delightful story, and I am glad there is a continuation of it.

I am very fond of books and pictures. I have over eighty pictures, being copies from Watts, Greuze, Reynolds, Raphael, Carlo, Dolci, Gainsborough, and Rembrandt, besides many others. I am also fond of Dutch pictures. I have also thirty-one lives of artists and six art scrap-books. I like Miss Hawthorne's articles on "Books and Reading," as I have read most of the books she has mentioned. I think of all the American poets Longfellow is my favorite. I belong to a very nice library, and I take both drawing and music lessons. Last year I won a scholarship in drawing.

I hope this letter is not too long.

Your loving Canadian friend,
FREIDA WONHAM (age 14).



ALL of the nine pictured objects may be described by words of equal length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower left-hand letter) will spell the name of a famous story-teller.

DIAGONAL

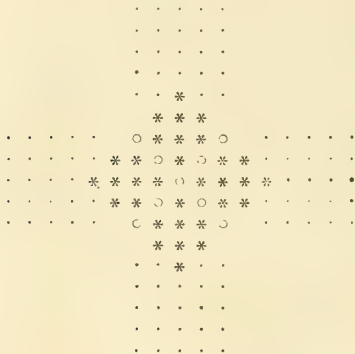
ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning with the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, right-hand letter) will spell the name of a famous writer.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An Asiatic ruler. 2. A great wave. 3. A narrative poem. 4. Pertaining to the teeth. 5. Elder. 6. A romping girl.

EMILE KOSTAL (Honor Member).

CONNECTED SQUARES AND DIAMONDS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A law which excludes females from inheriting a throne. 2. Solitary. 3. To diminish. 4. To inoculate. 5. The goddess of corn.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To perspire. 2. Value. 3. Mistake. 4. To expiate. 5. A number.

III. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A relation. 2. The religion of the Mohammedans. 3. To run away. 4. To skip. 5. A substance used for polishing.

IV. LOWER SQUARE: 1. To take by force. 2. A wanderer. 3. To elude. 4. A coarse grass. 5. Forest growths.

V. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In early. 2. To lease. 3. Kingly. 4. A label. 5. In early.

VI. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In early. 2. Yet. 3. Countrified. 4. To strike lightly. 5. In early.

VII. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In early. 2. A call to a team of oxen. 3. To depart. 4. The close of day. 5. In early.

VIII. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In early. 2. A kind of dessert. 3. Sovereign. 4. To instigate. 5. In early.

PHOEBE SCHREIBER LAMBE.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL

I	.	.	.	3
.	*	.	*	.
.	.	*	.	.
.	*	.	*	.
4	.	.	.	2

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A Norse god. 2. A title of nobility. 3. The national god of the Philistines. 4. More uncommon. 5. To hesitate.

From 1 to 2; a pledge; from 4 to 3, a vehicle.

BETTY PENNY (League Member).

NOVEL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of words. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a poet, and another row of letters will spell the name of his most famous poem.

1. Made of burnt clay. 2. Moving impetuously. 3. An entrance. 4. To insult. 5. A boat race. 6. Secluded. 7. To take notice. 8. A time of darkness.

KATHARINE EARLE CARTER (Honor Member).

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE

ONE word is concealed in each couplet.

1. Tell Norma Belle is waiting here
She says the time for starting 's near.
2. Should I dare name a later wain
They 'd take their journey all in vain.
3. There 'll be a star in foot-ball play
When Richard joins the team some day.
4. Then Sue will see how fine the game,
She 'll take such pride in Richard's fame.
5. Just put the plate right down and lend
Your aid to hurry off your friend.

H. A. S.

A CHANGE
from Coffee
TO
POSTUM

may clear up your
thinker and let you
push on to the front.

It's worth trying—
“There's a Reason”

Postum Cereal Co. Ltd.
Battle Creek, Mich. U. S. A.

Sixty Million Cans Sold in '09

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Griddle Cakes
Hot Biscuit
Waffles

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Ginger Bread
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Library slips with every bottle and tube



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JELL-O

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**THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.**



St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 106.

Time to hand in answers is up October 10. Prizes awarded in December number.

RYHMED-PROVERB ACROSTIC

Everybody put on thinking-caps! This Competition is going to make it necessary. The Judges want you to put into rhyme the following list of proverbs, making the initial letters of each line spell the advertised article which has been placed by the side of the proverb; thus, No. 1 is the proverb "A rolling stone gathers no moss," and the advertised article is Postum.

Here is one way to do it:

"Pause, and look well, oh, hasty youth,
On all the proverbs. There's much truth
Shut within the olden one —
'The moss grasps not the rolling stone':—
Unless you try to settle down
Much of fortune will have gone."

Here are twelve proverbs with accompanying advertised articles:

1. Postum: A rolling stone gathers no moss.
2. Karo: Don't count your chickens before they're hatched.
3. Gold Medal Flour: The early bird catches the worm.
4. Velvet Grip: Don't buy a pig in a poke.
5. Libby's: The proof of the pudding is in the eating.
6. Ivory: Don't cross a bridge until you come to it.
7. Meriden: Let well enough alone.
8. Peter's: A stitch in time saves nine.
9. Mennen: Birds of a feather flock together.
10. Swift: 'T is an ill wind that does n't blow somebody good.
11. Fairy: It's a long lane that has no turning.
12. Pond's: He laughs best who laughs last.

While the Judges want you to try to rhyme all twelve proverbs, if you send in nine very clever ones you will have a chance to win a prize.

The prizes and conditions are as follows:

- One First Prize, \$5.00.
- Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each.
- Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each.
- Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each.

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

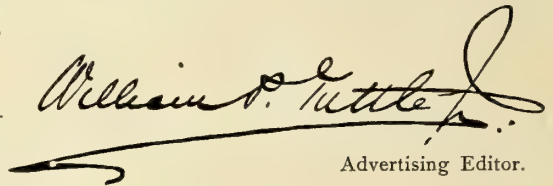
2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (106).

3. Submit answers by October 10, 1910. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 106, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York.



Advertising Editor.

REPORT ON COMPETITION NO. 104

Full of the funniest surprises! And nearly every one took part. The Judges looked as though they had been swept by a gale which had blown all the papers in New York in the window. Large sheets and small—written in black, blue, and green ink—from Maine to Mexico. The prize-winners were chosen because their telegrams and sentences were cleverer and brighter than the others. Here they are:

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Marjorie Herman, age 12, New Jersey.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Adelaide Fairbank, age 15, New York.

Constance Vanclair, age 12, Pennsylvania.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Mary Keedy, age 14, Maryland.

Edith S. Sloan, age 15, New York.

Edna V. Horton, age 13, New York.

Ten Fourth Prizes \$1.00 each:

Madelene B. Palmer, age 15, New York.

Ruth Hoag, age 14, New York.

Mrs. M. A. Richards, age 72, New York.

Dorothea Mattes, age 15, Pennsylvania.

Dorothy Barrington, age 15, Illinois.

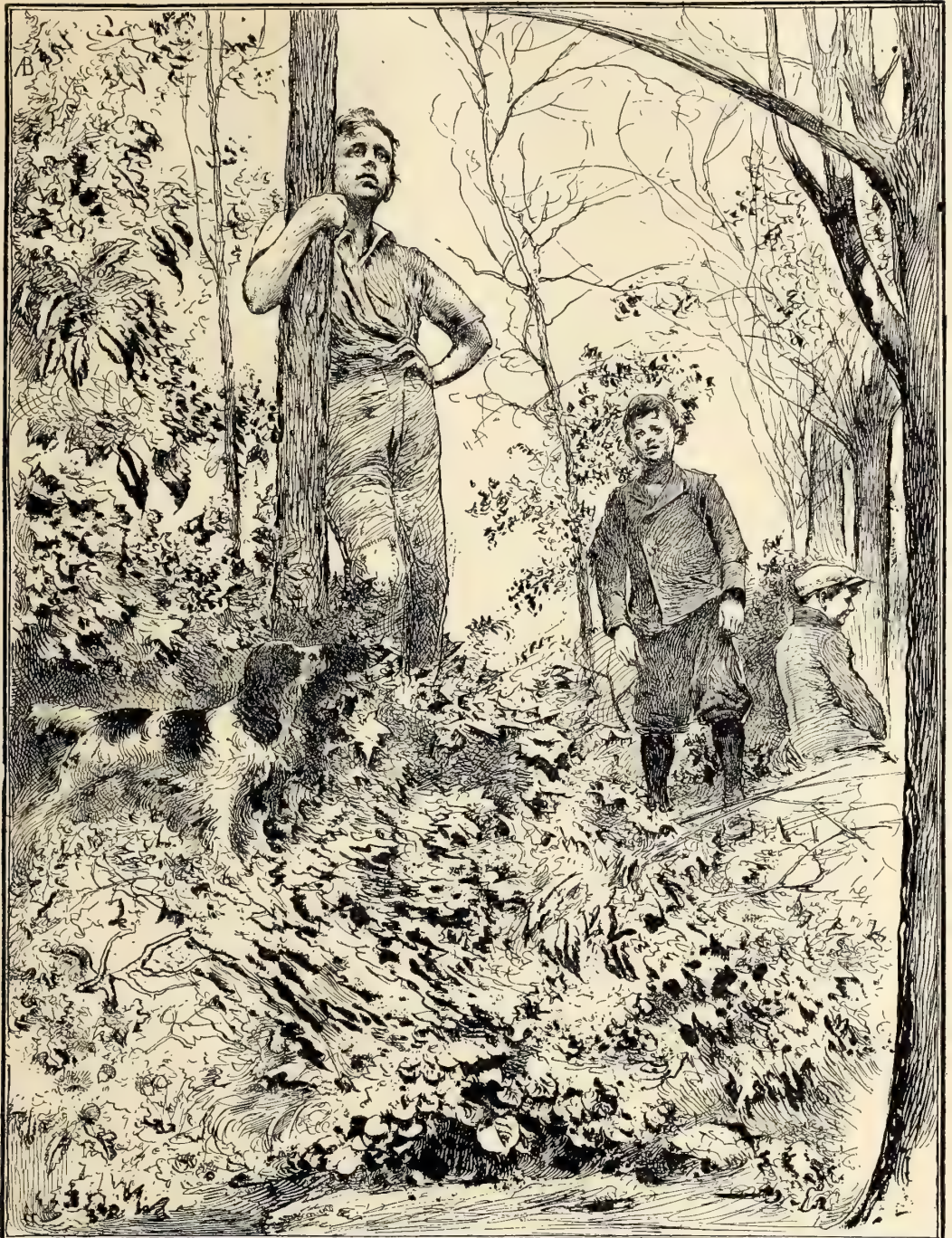
Elsie Macdonald, age 11, Winnipeg.

Kathryn E. Smith, age 9, Colorado.

Mildred Menhinick, age 12, New Jersey.

Helen E. MacDonald, age 17, New York.

Alfreda C. Lewis, age 13, Pennsylvania.



VOICE FROM THE TREE:
"Oh, well! Suppose I *do* fall. We've
got Pond's Extract in the house."



ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

AGAIN KING GEORGE

NEARLY every English stamp paper which reaches us has either original or copied matter relative to the contemplated new issues which will result from the accession of the new king to the throne. Such comments were only to be expected from the philatelic press, but it is somewhat surprising to note how widespread is the interest taken by the general public in these coming issues, and how general is the dissatisfaction with the current set. Incidentally it is well to note how much praise is given to the beauty and artistic appearance of the present issue of the United States. Our own stamps are held up as a model of what a stamp should be.

Unquestionably the pence issues of Ceylon, early St. Vincent, and similar stamps printed by Perkins, Bacon & Company, are far more artistic and beautiful, both in color and design, than anything which the mother country or any colony can show at present. But, alas! the cost of production of these philatelic gems kills all hope of a similar issue in these utilitarian times; but the marked awakening of public interest is a hopeful sign, and gives promise not only of a more beautiful design for the new series, but also of a wide increase in the popularity of the fad which is so attractive to us.

Undoubtedly in the new issue of coinage the head of King George will be a profile and facing to the left. On coins it is the custom, if not the law, that the head of the succeeding sovereign shall face the opposite way to that of his predecessor. There is no such precedent to follow in the matter of stamps. No ruler previous to Victoria issued stamps, and there was no fixed rule covering the Victorian issues. Her portrait appears variously, not only to the left, as on her coins, but as well to the right, and also full face. So, also, the portraiture of Edward shows a similar range. All stamps bearing George's head, so far issued, show a nearly full face, and it is quite likely that this type will be followed in the succeeding issues. All designs for stamps are submitted to the Crown for approval; and as the decision now rests in the hands of a thorough philatelist, the new stamps will undoubtedly be more artistic than any hitherto accepted. Their advent is awaited with great interest.

PREPAID POSTAGE

PREVIOUS to the year 1855 the prepayment of postage upon letters in the United States was at the option of the sender, but in that year the use of stamps became obligatory by law. Letters without stamps were no longer forwarded as addressed, but were sent to the Dead Letter office. The new law brought forth much opposition, and, moreover, enabled a few persons here and there to indulge in a little stamp speculation on their own account. In the smaller towns, and in mining sections, some shrewd Yankee would buy up all the low value stamps held in the post-office. This would corner the market, so to speak, and no letters could be forwarded unless stamps were bought from the speculator, or the writer made use of the express company. The latter course in those days was decidedly expensive, so the speculator had the community at his mercy. To be sure there was a law against selling stamps at more than their face value, but this was easily evaded. What more simple than to stick a three-

cent stamp on an envelop, or on one of the letter sheets then used, and ask fifty cents for the combination. The use of split provisionals checked this practice somewhat, but the carrying of larger stocks by the postmasters soon stopped it altogether.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

THE editor of this page is always glad to receive inquiries, and to answer them as fully as possible. In making such queries, the readers of ST. NICHOLAS should be exceedingly careful to give their full post-office address, in order to have replies reach the questioner promptly. This page is necessarily written some time in advance; and as waiting time is always a long time, even for grown people, it is natural for the smaller folk to get a bit impatient. For this reason, the editor prefers to answer by personal letter when the address is given. A letter was recently received from "Lansdowne," but the reply sent was returned by the post-office, as the carrier was unable to deliver it. ST. NICHOLAS will, however, in the columns of this page, from time to time, answer the questions asked by this reader. The three surcharged stamps of Canal Zone which are listed in the Standard Catalogue as numbers 25, 26, and 27, can be readily distinguished by noting the relative position of the vertical and horizontal lines of the surcharge. In No. 25, the word "Canal" is on a line with the first and last letters of "Panama"; in No. 26 it is well above this line; in No. 27 the line of value (two cents) is on a line with the last letters of the vertical surcharge, while in the other two numbers it is far below. This description should enable you to locate all three very readily. The first issue of Brazil is one of those where neither the name of the country, nor the coin represented, appears upon the stamp. Similar stamps are seen in the issues of other countries, especially in postage dues. The Brazilian stamps were probably engraved and printed in Rio de Janeiro, but this has been questioned. All three values, 30, 60, and 90 reis, were printed on the same sheet. The initials "C. C." and "C. A." water-marked in the paper of the various British Colonies stand respectively for "Crown Colonies" and the succeeding title of the same body "Crown Agents." The term "Local" usually means an issue not authorized by the general or central government. It is usually a private speculation, or issued by some express or delivery firm. The term "Russian Locals" is very different, as these were governmental issues for use in the interior of Russia. In this instance, the term "local" is really a misnomer. The stamps generally are very beautiful. There is talk of an issue of Russian stamps which shall bear the portrait of the Czar instead of the customary coat of arms. Nothing very definite is known yet as to the probable date of issue of the new design. The later issues of Belgium have at the bottom a small perforated tag or label. If the sender of a letter leaves this label attached to the stamp, then the letter will be delivered on Sunday, otherwise not. For purposes of the stamp collector it is better to have the label attached. There is a Standard Catalogue of stamps, for sale by all our advertisers, which quotes prices of these stamps both with and without labels. In all instances where there is any difference in the quoted price, the complete specimen is priced higher than when the label has been detached.

Scott's Catalogue, 800 pages, paper covers, 60c.; cloth, 75c.; post free. Albums, 30c. to \$55 each. Send for illustrated price-list.



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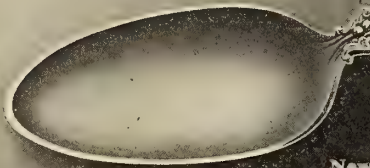
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OMING, coming, coming, with the coming of the bright fall days, new books, and new books, and yet more new books—a joy to young and old in their freshness and beauty and richness. Here are some of the best of the new books

written and made specially for boys and girls. Most of them will be on the booksellers' shelves before the end of the month.

That jolly story of "Kingsford, Quarter," which readers of *St. Nicholas* have so enjoyed through 1910 will be ready in book form September 24th. It will have a foot-ball boy on the cover, and fourteen full-page pictures by Relyea, and some chapters not in *St. Nicholas*; and if it goes to as many readers as the author's earlier books have done it will make a very wide circle of friends. For Ralph Henry Barbour's books—"The Crimson Sweater," "Captain Chub," "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," "Harry's Island"—unfailingly sell and sell in numbers that prove there is no more popular writer for young people to-day than he.

Ralph Henry Barbour is a native and resident of Cambridge, Mass., and a devoted lover of all outdoor sports. Of course he is! Could any man write of young life and play, and outdoors, and foot-ball games as he does, who was not friends with these things!

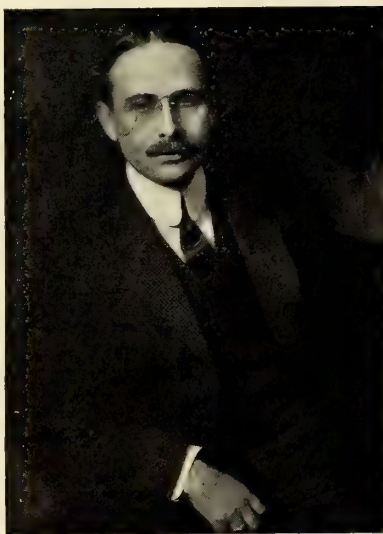
Coming September 24th, too, is the book of "The Young Railroaders," gathering into one story all the unusual experiences and adventures of Alex Ward and Jack Orr, plucky, quick-witted, manly, modest, brave chaps, whose nimble brains and cool courage stand them in good stead in many a tight place—the kind of young Americans it is good to read about. This is a splendid kind of adventure book—boys will be fascinated by the clear, vivid, direct telling; and parents will approve the lessons of manliness and modest courage the story teaches.

Everybody, big and little, will chuckle over De Witt Clinton Falls's "The Journey Book." The portions of the book which have appeared in *St. Nicholas* do not begin to show the wealth of funny pictures, merry nonsense, and unique features contained in the book. Every page has lots of pictures, and the cover is in color, while the nonsense of both pictures and text is delicious.

Rupert Hughes has written another jolly Lakerim book, a sequel to his "The Dozen from Lakerim" and "The Lakerim Athletic Club."

The Lakerim Athletic Club was made up of "twelve of the boyishest boys" who ever played foot-ball and base-ball and tennis and golf, or skated and coasted and canoed, or enjoyed every other possible kind of outdoor fun.

This is the story of one vacation when one of "the dozen" ran away from home and the other eleven went after him in their war-canoes. They forgot to telegraph home that the wanderer was found—they were too busy playing ball and engaging in water contests with new friends and rivals. But they had the best time twelve boys ever had; and Rupert Hughes's telling is very jolly.



RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Carolyn Wells's "The Story of Betty" was made into a book eleven years ago; and the story of pretty, saucy Betty and her finding of a fortune and a mother has been a favorite all these years. Now, the story of "Betty's Happy Year" has been made into a companion volume, with twenty-two delightful pictures by Birch. Think of all the fun Betty had in the first year of her good times, with her home, and her mother and her friends, crowded into one happy book!

For the older girls who read *St. Nicholas* Mrs. Burton Chance has written a wholesome, helpful book of counsel, called "Mother and Daughter," motherly, inspiring "talking over" of health of mind and body, character-building, self-control, etc.



for Boys and Girls

"The parent who would erect some barrier against this engulfing flood must have in his own house books of strength and vitality. He must have a library that is something better than a literary catch-all."

—From an editorial in the *New York Evening Post*.

Readers of *St. Nicholas* in the last few months have had just a taste, in Francis Arnold Collins's articles, of the pleasures to be had from aeroplane models. Now Mr. Collins has made a book, "The Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes," which will give lads a helpful store of information about how to make aeroplane models and how to fly them. It will be a book of many pictures, of course.

Henry Hatton and Adrian Plate, magicians of repute both in this country and abroad, wrote "Magicians' Tricks" specially for brother magicians, but also for the deft of hand who wish to attain to some skill in feats of magic. It tells the secrets of different tricks so simply and helpfully that bright boys and girls can have lots of fun with the book, and can learn to provide much entertainment for their friends.

Mary Constance Du Bois's sequel to "The Lass of the Silver Sword," "The League of the Signet-Ring," will be published in book form September 24th. The story of the book will be more than twice as long as the story in *St. Nicholas*; and will have thirteen of the pictures which have made the *St. Nicholas* serial attractive, a full page each.

Palmer Cox's new book of Brownie quaintness and fun, when it appears this month, will be called "The Brownies' Latest Adventures," and will be a companion volume to the earlier Brownie books.

Mr. Cox's interest in Brownies dates back to his boyhood days, when his Scotch-Canadian neighbors

entertained him with folk-lore tales. The Brownies, they told him, were small male spirits similar to fairies. They differed from the old English gnomes, in that they were kind and helpful little fellows who delighted in performing little acts of helpfulness for the farmer and his housewife. All that was required to keep in their good graces was to leave for them occasionally a little bowl of cream or home-made malt. While never visible, they were supposed to be tanned brown by the sun, and to have brown hair, hence the name. In the first series of the Brownie stories, the Brownies were all alike and went in bands. Later, one by one, were introduced into the stories, the dude, the policeman, the soldier, the Irish, and all the different nationalities, until there are over forty different Brownies, all of whom are copyrighted separately.

Charles F. Lummis's "Pueblo Indian Folk-lore Stories" is a new edition of the book, for some time now out of print, formerly issued under the title, "The Man Who Married the Moon." Grown-up readers as well as boys and girls will enjoy this curious collection of Indian folk-lore tales enriched in this new edition by an entirely new story, "P'a-i'-shia," "a tale of the old." The story is shown first in the original Indian of the telling (in Teewhan dialect), with an interlined translation in which each Indian word has under it the English word, or words, for which it stands. Such an absolutely literal translation, while interesting, is almost unintelligible. There follows, therefore, a free and readable rendering of this quaint Pueblo tale.



PALMER COX'S HOME, GRANBY, CANADA

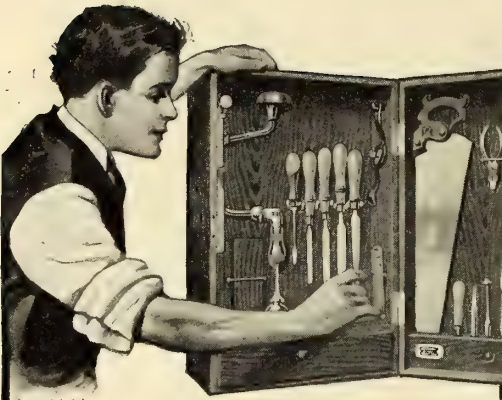


Illustration is of No. 52

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Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," "Kingsford, Quarter," etc.

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In the October, November, and December numbers there will appear a notable feature in the form of

THREE FOOT-BALL ARTICLES

Written especially for St. Nicholas

By "TED" COY

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A plea for a fair and patient test of football under the new rules, as "a game for gentlemen," with suggestions of certain special plays for boys to "try out," and offering many suggestions and side-lights upon the strategy of the new game.

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| <i>No. 140 Manilla Oak</i> | <i>No. 131 Brown Weathered Oak</i> | <i>No. 178 Brown</i> |
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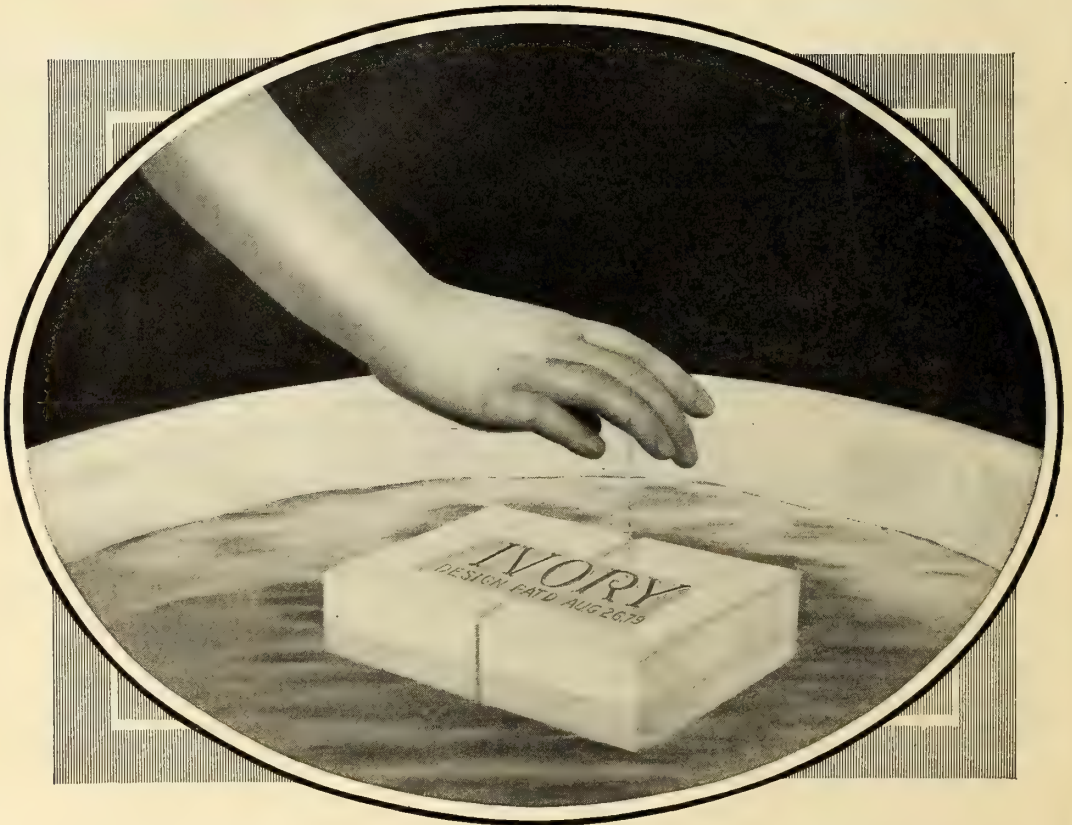
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